

DR. GEO. W. GRAHAM, Charlotte, N. C. PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE Eye, Ear & Throat.

E. M. ANDREWS! FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS, wholesale and retail. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

W. S. CHRISTENBURG, of Gaston county, with ALEXANDER & HARRIS! CHARLOTTE, N. C.

P. C. WILSON, DEALER IN BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, SPRING WAGONS, & C.

Best business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE. About five miles from Gastonia and Dallas on the Spencer's Ford road.

An Invaluable Aid in the treatment of YELLOW FEVER.

Worth Sending For Dr. J. H. SCHENCK, of Philadelphia, has just published a book on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW THEY CAN BE CURED."

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE HISTORY OF THE U. S. BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Water-Power FOR SALE. A fine Water-Power for sale on the South Fork of the Catawba river.

CHESTER & LENOIR NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD. Schedule of Mail and Passenger Trains, from Lincolnton, N. C., to Chester, S. C., taking effect at 8:30 o'clock P. M., November 21, 1881.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE R. R. Change of Schedule. On and after Sunday, July 9th, 1882, Passenger Train Service on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line Division of this road will be as follows:

GOING EAST. Mail and Express, No. 51. Leave Atlanta 2:40 p. m. Arrive at Gainesville 5:04 p. m.

GOING WEST. Mail No. 52. Leave Charlotte 12:50 p. m. Arrive at Gastonia 1:47 p. m.

GOING EAST. Mail No. 53. Leave Atlanta 4:00 a. m. Arrive at Gainesville 6:19 a. m.

THE "MODEL MILLS." This elegant newly erected Mill with an entirely new outfit is now ready for custom.

King Of The Singers! The above is the exact representation of the Sewing Machine we sell.

FOR \$20. It is in every respect the Very Best of the Singer Style of Machines.

LINES. WRITTEN FOR ANNIE W. MOORE, SEPT. 8, 1882. What means this happy throng to-night? Why so many boys and girls are seen?

"CHIPS." Chips was hungry. Well, there was nothing remarkable in this, at least to Chips, as he was often hungry.

When Chips was thus voraciously disposed he became exalted in rank, the height of his position depending upon the keenness of his appetite.

At this epoch he was a prince. When in this state Prince Chips often held imaginary conversations with invisible individuals, wherein he was expected to be answering such questions as "Will your lordship deign to partake of this salad?"

When he was thus engaged he would be conversing with the man who had been a church once. He had heard of a church once.

When it pleased our noble lords of the present day to metamorphose themselves into stage-drivers cannot a prince, with equal right, be a bootblack?

Far off? Oh, very far off; down among the shadows of that strange distant past he could dimly trace a ray of light.

Now to-day it was not alone the bill of fare that troubled Chips, although that was not such an actor, much less a prince, would have relished. But, alas, some one, unknown, had stolen his box and brushes.

king breaks forth in its anguish, "Oh, Ab-salom, my son, my son!" And, perhaps, a little quivering pain will always reach the father's heart when he hears a voice like unto "the one that is still!"

Chips does not sit long on the old stone steps. Somehow he seems growing reckless. He thinks he will go "home."

Chips has almost decided to become a king. He walks on and s tops right in front of that same counting house.

What sadder sight does the world hold than the despair of a human face. Moved by that instinctive pity which one wretched mortal has for another equally miserable,

There is something sacred in misery. Chips felt it as he moved quietly away.

Something comes to him just here, something that causes him to start and recoil with a shiver of horror.

Chips walks slowly through the streets. Yes, his philosophy has quite deserted him. He struggles, but cannot regain it.

And in this city and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face.

What did you say? Christopher Memyu has put aside his papers now and is coming out. Yes, he has turned; you can see his face better now.

Chips has almost decided to become a king. He walks on and s tops right in front of that same counting house.

What sadder sight does the world hold than the despair of a human face. Moved by that instinctive pity which one wretched mortal has for another equally miserable,

There is something sacred in misery. Chips felt it as he moved quietly away.

Something comes to him just here, something that causes him to start and recoil with a shiver of horror.

Chips walks slowly through the streets. Yes, his philosophy has quite deserted him. He struggles, but cannot regain it.

And in this city and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face.

And in this city and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face.

What did you say? Christopher Memyu has put aside his papers now and is coming out. Yes, he has turned; you can see his face better now.

Chips has almost decided to become a king. He walks on and s tops right in front of that same counting house.

What sadder sight does the world hold than the despair of a human face. Moved by that instinctive pity which one wretched mortal has for another equally miserable,

There is something sacred in misery. Chips felt it as he moved quietly away.

Something comes to him just here, something that causes him to start and recoil with a shiver of horror.

Chips walks slowly through the streets. Yes, his philosophy has quite deserted him. He struggles, but cannot regain it.

And in this city and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face.

And in this city and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face.

Failing! That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.