

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times. "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure every-thing?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure every disease for which a reliable preparation would be prescribed. It is a powerful tonic, and it is the only one of its kind known to the profession, and history of any kind, and it is the only one of its kind known to the profession, and history of any kind, and it is the only one of its kind known to the profession, and history of any kind...

Horsford's SELF-RAISING Bread Preparation.

The Healthful and Nutritious BAKING POWDER. It is a well-known fact that the process of making wheat flour removes with the bran in the bolting, a portion of the natural phosphates of the grain. Phosphates are of the greatest value in sustaining mental and physical vigor. Of all the preparations used to raise bread, Horsford's Bread Preparation is the only one that replaces the phosphates of the grain, which are of great nutritive importance. It is composed of acid phosphate of lime which takes the place of the cream of tartar in all other preparations, and is a union of the phosphoric acid and the soda, thus liberating the phosphoric acid, which performs the rising process. The resulting phosphate of lime and soda...

T. C. SMITH, M. D.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 27, 1885. It is a well-known fact that the process of making wheat flour removes with the bran in the bolting, a portion of the natural phosphates of the grain. Phosphates are of the greatest value in sustaining mental and physical vigor. Of all the preparations used to raise bread, Horsford's Bread Preparation is the only one that replaces the phosphates of the grain, which are of great nutritive importance. It is composed of acid phosphate of lime which takes the place of the cream of tartar in all other preparations, and is a union of the phosphoric acid and the soda, thus liberating the phosphoric acid, which performs the rising process. The resulting phosphate of lime and soda...

C. GRESHAM, Prop'r Railroad Restaurant.

Commercial and other travellers in the South will attest to the fact that two of the best railroad restaurants south of Virginia, are to be found at Charlotte, N. C., and Way Cross, Ga. Bad bread is the crying evil in the Southern States, and the quality of the staple article of food, not only in the important matter of bread, is due to the use of this, the best of all Baking Powders.

We Have Received

Our second stock of Millinery, comprising all the novelties of the season. A full line of Felt Hats.

Ladies and Misses' Hats and Bonnets

MRS. BENSON & REEVES. We invite you all, especially this week, to inspect our trimmed...

THERE NEVER WAS.

There never was an earthly dross That mingled not too soon with clouds. As sunbeams with the night, his light That faded not from that fond heart. Where once it loved to stray, And left that heart more desolate. For having felt its way! There never was a glad, bright eye, But it was dimmed with tears, Caused by such griefs as ever dull The sunshine of our years. We look upon the sweetest flowers of the withered acorn and honey. We gaze upon a star, to find But darkness where it shone. There never was a noble heart, That hid not, in this sinful world, so some sorrow for its dower. The laurel on the brow had hid, From many a careless eye. The secret of the soul within, Its fook of agony. There never was a restful soul, Unmoved by grief or pain, Or sweetest hour of earthly bliss. Free from sad sorrow's stain, We mark the downward on the grass, In flash of early day. Yet soon the seething surges come, And drink them all away. At the first blush of day, Behold how changed they are at night, How dull and dense and gray, So with the birds in tuneful spring; How sweet their songs in May! Nor thought they have, nor care they take For blasts of Winter's sway. There never was a bubbling fountain, An ever-flowing spring, Whose waters to the fevered lips Unfailing we could bring. All changes on Time's sinful shore, Or hides from mortal sight; Oh, for that world where joy and peace Reign endless as the night! —Luther G. Kings, in Boston Folio.

UNCLE PHILO.

"From Uncle Philo!" said Jenny Sanford, in a tone of consternation, staring at the signature of the letter she held. "By Jove!" her brother Tom ejaculated, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of deep astonishment. "What's up?" said John Barry, from the doorway. John was not one of the household, but being engaged to Jenny, he was nearly always on hand. "He's coming!" said Jenny, sinking into a chair despairingly. "Oh, by Jove!" said Tom again, with a horrified intonation. "You don't seem fond of him!" John observed. "Fond of him?" Jenny repeated. "We detest him! Haven't we ever told you about him? He's the bane of our lives. You know when grandfather died, he left most of his property to father—this house among the rest. To Uncle Philo (he lives away off in Dalton; Tom and I have never seen him)—to Uncle Philo, who is worth, nobody knows how much—father says he is the richest man in the county—he left only a thousand dollars, just a memento. Of course he was right; Uncle Philo didn't need the money, and father did. But Uncle Philo wasn't satisfied. Jenny's blue eyes burned with indignation. "He wouldn't touch the thousand dollars; he wouldn't even come to poor grandfather's funeral; he declared he was going to contest the will. Why he didn't was a mystery to us. Father says he is a dreadfully determined man. But this explains it," Jenny turned to the letter with quivering lips. "He's simply been taking his time about it, and settling his affairs so he can leave them safely; and now he's coming out here—he states it boldly—to look at the place, and see whether it will be worth his while to contest the will. He's a wretch!" Jenny's feelings overpowered her. She pulled a dainty handkerchief from her pocket and sobbed into it—Tom and John gazed on compassionately. She was not given to such outbursts—she, who had been a dignified little woman ever since she was fourteen, filling her dead mother's place with absolute perfection. "I'm glad poor father's away," she said at last, raising her blonde head. "It's a plagued shame!" said John, energetically—restraining a desire to use a stronger adjective. "I'll thrash him within an inch of his life if he comes here!" Tom declared. "No wait," he added, with something of a grin—"I'll introduce him to Mr. Dobbin. That will settle him!" "Mr. Dobbin?" said Jenny. "He's a man that's selling lightning-rod man in town," Tom explained. "He's a suitor of mine yesterday, and got an order out of me before I knew it. He's got the longest tongue of any man I ever saw. You can't get away from him. I'll present our beloved Uncle Philo, and he'll go back to Dalton on the next train. Dobbin's coming this afternoon to put up the rods, Jenny. Don't get him started to talk, I warn you." Jenny smiled through her tears. "You'll stay to dinner, John?" she said, more cheerfully and vanished into the kitchen. So absorbing was the preparation of dinner, so entire her success—Jenny was a born cook—and so gratifying were the praises which Tom and her future lord had showered upon it, that Uncle Philo and the danger which threatened them were almost forgotten. But as she stood in the doorway and watched their departure together—Tom and his prospective brother-in-law were clerks in the same office—she felt her indignation returning. How contemptible, in the hardness of his mercenary heart, and the meanness of his motives, was this man who proposed to rob them of their home! He, with his houses and his lands, his stocks and his bonds; while her father's struggle through life had always been a hard one, and her grandfather's bequest had been unspesakably welcome to him. Was not the difference great enough now? Jenny went back to her dishes, with one small hand unconsciously clenched, that family would have been—

She was putting the last brightly-polished glass in the cupboard, when there came a knock at the kitchen door. It was a loud, aggressive sort of knock, and Jenny went to answer it timidly. "What she saw reassured her—merely a small man, with thin, grayish hair, and bright little eyes, and a carpet-bag about as big as himself. He looked up into her pretty, blonde face with a sort of astonished admiration, and came in without being invited. "I don't want to buy anything," said Jenny, with a suspicious glance at the carpet-bag. "Oh!" as a sudden recollection of Tom's words came into her mind, "you're the lightning-rod man, Mr.—Mr. Dobbin? Take a seat." The little man sat down in silence, with no diminution of the admiration in his sharp eyes. Jenny sat down, too, wondering a little at Mr. Dobbin's reserve. It did not agree with Tom's description of him; but Tom was slightly given to exaggeration. "You'll want a ladder, I suppose?" said Jenny, encouragingly. Mr. Dobbin was evidently bashful. "But where are the rods?" Mr. Dobbin smiled a little, and coughed uneasily. He was overcome with timidity and embarrassment, evidently. Jenny's soft heart was melted with pity. "I was relieved to find it was you," she said, pleasantly, with a desperate desire to put him at his ease. "I am expecting somebody else—whom I am not anxious to see." "Indeed?" said Mr. Dobbin, finding his voice at last. His tone betrayed so much interest, and his bright eyes, fixed approvingly on her face, shone with such a friendly curiosity, that Jenny felt a sudden liking for the little man, and an impulsive desire to pour her troubles into his sympathizing ear. "It is my uncle," she said, with her prettiest pout. "And I abominate him. I'm very unnatural, am I not?" and she laughed. The lightning-rod man did not respond; but he betrayed a sudden increase of interest. "I'm unnatural," Jenny repeated. "But I don't believe an angel could feel any other way in this case." Mr. Dobbin coughed again, and wound one of his short legs around the rungs of his chair. "Might I inquire," he said, mildly, "what this case is?" "It is the most dreadful you could imagine!" said Jenny, impressively. And, with an uneasy consciousness that she ought not to confide in a stranger, she launched into an indignant recital of Uncle Philo's unpleasant behavior, from her grandfather's will to the present crisis. She even brought Uncle Philo's letter, and read it aloud, with scornful emphasis, pointing out the heartedness it indicated, and dwelling on its general wickedness. "To think," she cried, "that he, with all his money, should begrudge us this! It is not much; it would only make him a little richer; but it is everything to us. And father his only brother! He must be utterly heartless." Her soft eyes were bright with a pretty wrath, and her face was charmingly flushed. The lightning-rod man watched her with fascinated eyes. "I have thought," Jenny went on, musingly, "that if he knew how things are, he might feel different. If he knew how hard father has always worked, and how unfortunate he has been, and how much he needed the money, and how many things we'd like to do that we can't even now—how much I, for instance—she stopped suddenly, with a flush. Mr. Dobbin drew his chair a little closer. "How much you what, my dear?" he said, gently, looking at her timidly. Jenny looked at him timidly. "I'm afraid I have bored you," said Jenny, compunctuously; "and it is quite absurd to have told you at all." "I am glad you have," said Mr. Dobbin, with a kind smile. "But have I hindered you?" said Jenny, rising hastily. "Of course you wanted to be at work." "Not at all," Mr. Dobbin rejoined, "—that is, I think I will come to-morrow, if it will be quite the same." He picked up his carpet-bag and offered a cordial hand, and Jenny watched him to the gate with smiling eyes. "He was really very nice for a lightning-rod man." Tom was home early that night, and Jenny met him at the door. "Mr. Dobbin came," she said, brightly. "And I never shall believe you again. He isn't such a talker at all." "He isn't?" said Tom, amazedly. "He was asleep then, or temporarily insane." "I'm afraid, come to think of it, that I didn't give him a chance," said Jenny. "You must have been hard at it to keep Dobbin quiet," Tom ejaculated. "What were you talking about?" "Uncle Philo," Jenny replied. "I don't know how I came to, but he seemed such a nice little man, and so sympathetic." "Little?" cried Tom. "Dobbin little?" "Well, not tall," Jenny protested. "And then he is older than father. His hair is quite gray, and I didn't mind—'Gray' Dobbin's hair?" said Tom. "He looked at his sister in alarm, as though he suspected her of having taken leave of her senses." "There was a sudden knock at the door," said Jenny, opening it. A very tall and very lanky man, with a shock of bright red hair, looked in affably. "I'm a little late, you see," he observed, nodding to Tom; "but better late than never, you'll find in this case. You'll never regret, sir, having invested in an article which no honest citizen, valuing his life and the lives of his family, can afford to be without. And for neatness, durability and unfading efficacy, these rods of mine can't be beaten. Why, sir, only last week, they saved a family of fourteen from total destruction. There isn't a particle of doubt but what, if my rods hadn't been on that house, that family would have been—"

Jenny turned to her brother in bewilderment. "Don't talk, eh?" said Tom, in an amused undertone. The red-haired man, perceiving that he was not heard, disappeared, smiling, around the corner of the house, continuing the account of the rescue of the family of fourteen under his breath. "Is that the lightning-rod man?" said Jenny, anxiously. Tom nodded. "The same dreadful suspicion came into the mind of both." "Uncle Philo!" said Jenny, faintly. "Could it have been Uncle Philo? And I told him everything! How dreadful!" "Dreadful!" said Tom, with a feeling of mirth. "I consider it extremely jolly. He knows your opinion of him, anyhow, and now let him do his worst." "Uncle Philo's worst was a vast surprise to everybody." Tom came home, a week or so later, holding a thin letter, and handed it to his sister. "From Dalton," he said, solemnly. "I don't dare to have you open it. Of course it's the formal notice of Uncle Philo's proceedings against you." "Perhaps there was a remembrance of a kind look in a certain pair of sharp little eyes in Jenny's mind. At any rate, she tore open the envelope bravely. It contained merely two slips of paper—one a check representing a sum which it took four figures to express; the other a half-sheet of note-paper, with five words written upon it. "Your dowry—from Uncle Philo." And the will was never contested. —Emma A. Opper.

Use MULLEN'S CELEBRATED Hornets' Nest Liniment. The Favorite Household Remedy. IT NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL ACUES AND PAINS. W. N. MULLEN, Proprietor, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DR. LESLIE'S KASKINE, A POSITIVE CURE FOR Constipation, Biliousness, AND DYSPEPSIA. WHAT CAUSES DISEASE. PREVENTION OF DISEASE. S. B. ARCHER, Proprietor, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

FULL AND ATTRACTIVE. CHAS. HEISER. A Full Line of Trunk, Valises and Hand-Bags. Our store is now full of the choicest and most desirable goods in our line. One stock of Boots and Shoes this season being in all grades larger and more comprehensive than ever, we are fully prepared to meet any reasonable demand in the way of Handsome Styles, Low Prices and good, serviceable goods. Everything will be found just as represented. We invite inspection, and guarantee entire satisfaction in every particular to all who favor us with their patronage. Orders by mail will receive careful and prompt attention.

A. E. Rankin & Bro, Johnston Block, Tryon Street. Mrs. S. & G. Newcomb. Osborne & Maxwell, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Fall Millinery. French Bonnets and Hats. Straw Goods. TO THE TAXPAYERS. MECKLENBURG COUNTY. Steel Creek, Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1885. Berryhill, Collins & Store, Wednesday, 14. Paw Creek, Thursday, 15. Long Creek, Friday, 16. Lemley, Monday, 19. Davidson College, Tuesday, 20. Huntersville, Wednesday, 21. Mabey Creek, Thursday, 22. Crab Orchard, Friday, 23. Oak Creek, Monday, 26. Morning Star, Tuesday, 27. Providence, Wednesday, 28. Sharon, Thursday, 29. Enfield, Friday, 30. ALL TAXES MUST BE PAID PROMPTLY. L. A. POTTS, Sheriff.