

THE WRONG CUSTOMER.

A Confiding Young Man Runs Across a Kusto and a Crelone.

[New York Sun.]

He was the greenest old man ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before, and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By and bye a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Ma! Oh, I'm goin' to see my darter in Connecticut."

"Ever travel much?"

"This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen haint no comparison to these keers."

"I should say not. It takes a lot of money to go to Connecticut and back."

"Drafful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could charge a \$100 bill for me?"

"Oh, jist as well as not."

"I may want you to by and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Strordinary weather for fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a while the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for ten minutes, but at last his head fell back, and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his breast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement was that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper fast, and his voice was heard calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knowe! all the time what you were after! Where's the conductor!"



"You blamed skunk!"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, confused pickpocket and an indignant, but yet elated old man.

"Consign his pictur, but he took me fur an ole haystack from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap fur me and fall into it yerself, eh?"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't cheek enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Ye see," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers, "I hain't orter done it. When a man has been constable, sheriff or drover all his days, travelin' all over and meetin' with all sorts of folks, he hain't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I felt sort o' reckless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my sperrits; I'm gettin' too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' youn'z meal!"

The Horrid Predicament of a Dainty Dude.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Alfonso was a dainty dude, a member of that class we should from daily wear exclude and put in under glass. He could not take a hearty breath, for like excess of steam, so tightly was he squeezed beneath, 'twould open every seam. He had his cane tied to his hand with dainty silken string; if it should drop and he should bend 'twould ruin everything. He reached a massive garden wall, a foliage hid retreat; was just about to give a call when, falling to his feet, a silver dollar—all he had—went ringing to the street. I will not say the dude was mad; the word is incomplete. Here was a pretty how to do; the dude was desperate. He dared not bend, for well he knew what that would be his fate. He was no Vanderbilt, to lose a dollar in that way. There wasn't much for him to choose, any time for no delay. There was no Arab there to scoff at his sad misery, so he must take his trousers off or let the dollar lie. Now all was dark; no one was near. Ah, shield him, shades of night! He did the deed in trembling fear, and got his tin all right. Bow wow! What's that! Alfonso knew; he'd heard that sound before. Just as he was, like wind he flew; but through an open door old Towser leaped, made a break and caught the trousers.

Alfonso didn't stop to shake his grip hurried fast. The gardener came running—"Hi, Towser, bring it here! Ha, that dude's been here again; but this is mighty queer. He must have jumped fur from his clothes, I'll bet a dollar note. I see the trousers now, I guess, for sleeves to fix my coat."

"If You Don't Keer."

[Atlanta Constitution.]

There are some good stories told on some of the members of the legislature. When one of the new members arrived and was sworn in he took his seat, and the next thing he observed was the election of the doorkeeper, who were thereafter stationed at the various doors. After remaining in his seat until his legs got cramped and he wanted exercise the member arose and, timidly approaching a doorkeeper, said in a whisper:

"I—I—I—say, I'd like to go out—if you don't keer. I—I—won't be gone but about ten minutes."

The doorkeeper let him out. Before the session was over the member learned that he could ride home on his free pass and stay a week and nobody would miss him but the clerks, when, vainly trying to make sixty or seventy men count up a constitutional quorum.

Detroit FreePress: A little Delaware girl was compelled to don a dress to which she took exceptions. For a long time she sat moping, never saying a word. "What's the matter, dear?" asked her mother. "Oh, I believe this dress makes me bilious."

The Universal Small Boy.

[Contemporary Review.]



Nothing hurts him.

A far more diverting personage is your "boy," the irresistible, universal boy. I often come upon him grazing in the most prominent manner upon the health. He goes about with a stick, whacking the bushes and carrying his juice-smudged face in front of him as if he was within his right's. His brown hands are all cobwebbed with fine scratches, and down his cheek runs a centipede scrawl showing where the bramble had sprung back. Not that he cares much for such accidents; they are all in the day's work, and so he strides along marauding with a fine assertion of natural rights, which is very diverting. He is human, of course; but all the same, he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folk in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas of right and wrong; theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and held unaccountable opinions about school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit, is he found afield. What a happy little wretch it is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stones, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every severe accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter much how he tumbles. There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, and that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether, and he has been known to run prodigious distances to report the calamity to the domestic circle, roaring all the way. For one thing, the wasp is, like the boy, a rummager in hedgerows; for another, it is very fond of blackberries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon providence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not, as a rule, detect the insect upon the berry or inside the plum till it is too late, and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble bush, picking with both hands, and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds and ends that he must consume in the course of a day's delirium.

The Hell Gate Explosion.

[Life.]

From a scientific point of view, the blowing up of Flood rock was as great a success as its engineers could have wished. Not only was the rock completely shattered, but many curious phenomena as to the traveling capacity of shakes were discovered. Gentlemen of undoubted veracity, and of so far advanced a stage of scientific culture as to be able to distinguish an earthquake from the fall of a roller skater, were stationed at various points along the road from this city to Boston, with instructions to report the exact time at which the vibration reached them.

At New Haven the shock was felt twelve minutes before the explosion took place, a fact which is vouched for by a celebrated shakeologist, notwithstanding the equally positive declaration of others that a furniture van passed his house at the same moment.

At Hartford it was felt at 11:25 by one scientist, and at 11:20 by another. The phenomenon about this is that each observer is prepared to take his solemn oath that his watch was and is right.

At various other points on the road equally astonishing phenomena were observed. At Springfield a gentleman who had been afflicted with the ague for twenty-five years is prepared to affirm that the shake reached him five minutes before the advertised hour, and hasn't left him since.

The Economic Deacon.

[Boston Globe.]

At a recent meeting in Boston to raise funds for the support of Barnell the following anecdote was related of a pious deacon at a church meeting. The deacon got up on the platform to advocate repairing the church and opening a subscription therefor. A good many members wished to tear down the church and build a new one. He was of an economic turn of mind and he said: "No, let us repair the old church instead of going to such a big expense, and I subscribe \$5 for that purpose." Just as he had said those words the ceiling fell down and struck him on the head. He looked up, saw the very damaged condition in which the old church was, and was generously struck, and in a moment said: "I will subscribe \$50." Whereupon a pious member said: "Oh, good Lord, hit him again."

An Artless Child.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

Town woman (to honest farmer)—Are you sure these chickens are fresh? Honest farmer—Oh, yes, mum; I killed 'em this morning. Artless farmer boy—You didn't kill this old hen, pap, for she died while we was eatin' supper.

Evansville Argus: An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE Charlotte Observer.

Now in Its

Thirty-Fourth Volume,

THE DAILY OBSERVER

GIVES

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

From at home and from abroad, and from all quarters of the globe, besides all the Current News of the day, Local and otherwise. Its complete and accurate daily

Telegraphic Market Reports

Are an important and valuable feature to the business man, and are alone worth the subscription price of THE OBSERVER.

No other daily in the State enjoys such

Excellent Mail Facilities.

AS IS POSSESSED BY

The OBSERVER,

As it reaches all the surrounding towns and all the important postoffices in the State, as well as remote points, North, South and West in other States, on the

Day of its Publication.

This makes it a most valuable news serving publication, as well as advertising medium. It pre-eminently the leading Daily of the State, and has established its claim to this merit.

THE OBSERVER'S new Eight-Page form enables it to give more reading matter than ever before.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily edition, by mail, One year, \$8.00 " " " " 6 mos., \$4.00 " " " " 3 mos., \$2.00

THE Weekly Observer,

A Large Eight-Page Paper,

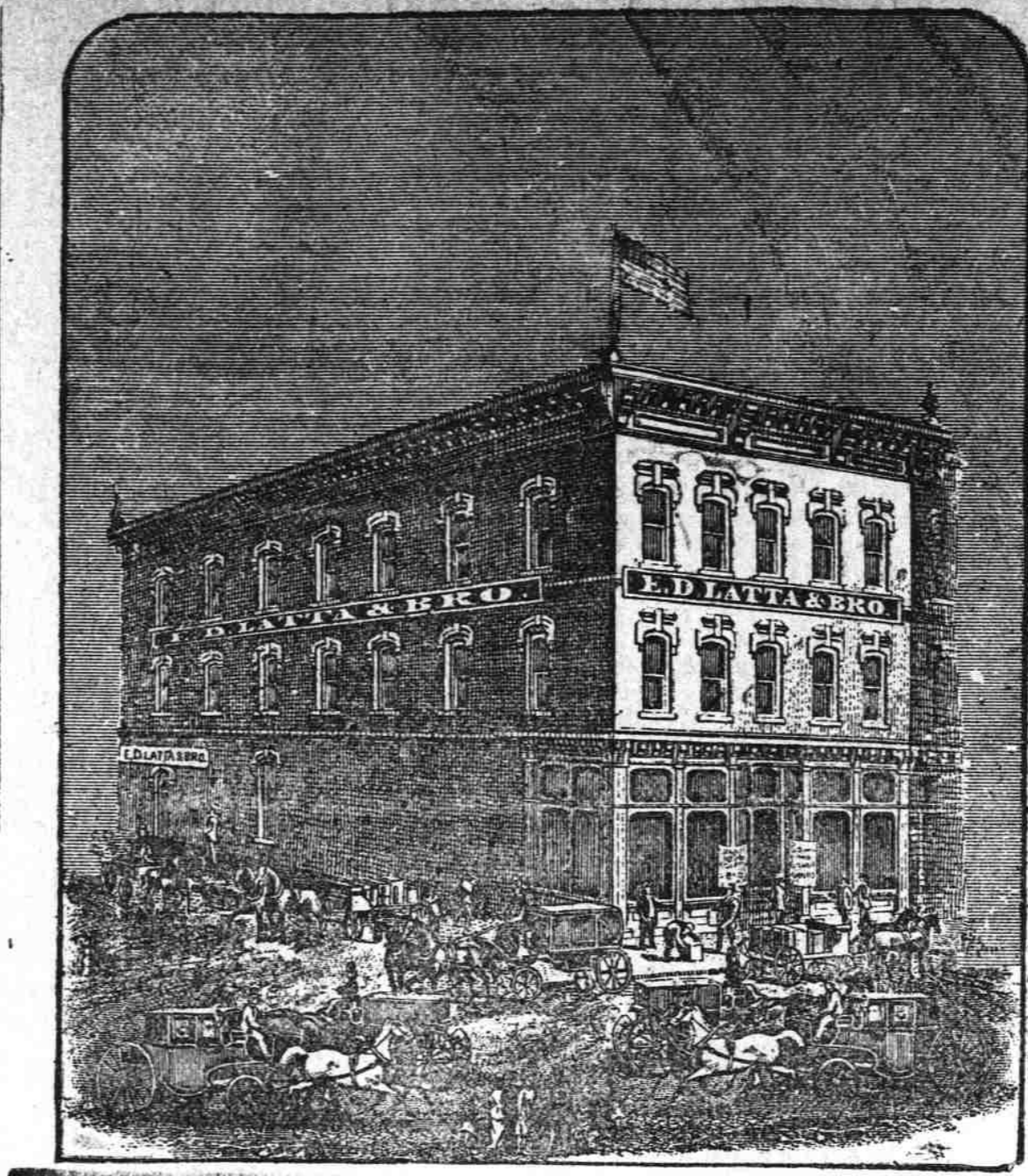
Issued every Thursday. It gives full local reports, Telegraphic News, State News and General Miscellaneous Matter, and enjoys an immense circulation.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Weekly edition, One Year, \$1.76 " " " " Six months, \$1.00 " " " " Three months, .50

To advertisers the Daily and Weekly OBSERVER constitute an unexcelled medium, as they circulate thickly throughout the State. Contract rates supplied upon application.

None who want to keep up with the news of the day can afford to be without THE OBSERVER.



HANDSOME OUTFITS

FOR MEN, YOUTHS & BOYS.

Our Hat Department

Including Fur Goods, at moderate prices; Polos, in an extensive assortment of colors, at 50 and 25 cents; and navy-blue military silk band caps we will sell during this week, to put "the ball in motion."

Our Hat Department

Is an important feature in our business. We have everything that is new and desirable in soft and stiff blocks, and not forgetting our juvenile friends, we have provided for them in great variety,

CAPS OF ALL GRADES,

At Only Fifteen Cents.

We are well prepared now for an extensive business, and we shall use every effort to secure the patronage of those intending to buy.

E. D. LATTA & BRO.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY. Pneumonia, Consumption, Dyspepsia and Wasting Diseases. Positively Relieved and Nature assisted in restoring Vital powers.

THIS WHISKEY SHOULD BE FOUND ON THE SIDEBOARD OF EVERY FAMILY. IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSEL OIL. DO NOT BE DECEIVED.—Many Druggists and Grocers who do not have Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey in stock, attempt to palm off on customers, whiskey of their own bottling, which being of an inferior grade and adulterated, pays them a larger profit.

ASK FOR DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, AND TAKE NO OTHER SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Send us your address and we will mail book containing valuable information. Sample Quart Bottles sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely packed in plain case, Express charges prepaid on receipt of \$1.25, or Six Bottles sent for \$6.00.

E. M. ANDREWS, Furniture!

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE STATE! Baby Carriages, Window Shades, Cromos, Oil Paintings, Cornice Poles, Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases, Burial Suits.

I BUY LARGELY AND I SELL CHEAP. NO CHARGE FOR PACKING OR DRAYAGE.

SEND FOR PRICES. E. M. Andrews.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD. N. C. DIVISION. Condensed Schedule.

Table with columns: TRAINS GOING NORTH, May 21, 1885, No. 51, No. 52, Daily.

Table with columns: TRAINS GOING SOUTH, May 21, 1885, No. 50, No. 53, Daily.

Table with columns: N. W. N. C. RAILROAD, GOING SOUTH, No. 50, No. 53, Daily.

Table with columns: N. W. N. C. RAILROAD, GOING NORTH, No. 51, No. 52, Daily.

Table with columns: STATE UNIVERSITY R. R., GOING NORTH, No. 1, No. 2, Daily.

Table with columns: STATE UNIVERSITY R. R., GOING SOUTH, No. 4, No. 3, Daily.

BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE. On trains 50 and 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Greensboro and Asheville.

Houses Rented. Houses rented and rents collected, in the city advertised free of charge. CHARLOTTE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

MRS. JOE PERSON'S REMEDY Restores Vital Energy. Lost by Indigestion, Overwork, Worry, Mental Strain, or other causes.

It is Nature's Great System Renovator AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Just Received! CHOICE NEW CROP.

ORLEANS :: MOLASSES. BUCKWHEAT, OAT FLAKES, OAT MEAL and CRUSHED WHEAT.

The largest and best assorted Stock of Heavy and Fancy Groceries In the city.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK. BARNETT & ALEXANDERS.

Free delivery. Telephone call 81.