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Read what the Great Methodist Divine and Eminent'Physician Says of

DR. J. BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator.

ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 20, 1884. DR. J. BRADFIELD: Dear Sir-Some fifteen years ago I examined the recepe of F. male Regular, and sarefully studied authorities in regard to its compo nents, and then (as well as now) pronounced it to be the most scientific and skillful combination of the really reliable renedial vegetable agents known to science, to act derectly on the womb and uterine organs, and the organs and parts sympathizing di rectly with these; and, therefore, providing a specific remedy for all diseases of the won b, and of the diacent organs and parts. Yours truly, JESSE BORING, M. D., D. D.

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is purely vegetable compound, and is only intended tor the FEMALE SEX. For their peculiar dis ses 1 is an absolute

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The Sweet Gum from a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a fea made from the Mullein plant of the old fields. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

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FOR cleaning the Skin and Scalp of Disfigure ing Hemors, for allaying Itching Burning and Inflaviation, for earling the first sympioms of Eczema, Psorlasis Mick Crust, Scald Head Scrottia, and other inherited Skin and Blood Discontinuous Communications of Communication of Commu eases Curioura the gr at Skin Cure, and Curioura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Curioura Feschvent, the new Blood Purfier, Internally, are intelliable.

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MARK TWAIN'S VISITOR, Twels's Smoke-House.

A Washington correspondent tells how Mark Twein, when he acted as the national capital correspondent of a California paper, med to eccupy a small, dingy room, and how he used to smales a villainous pipe and murderous tebacce to rid himself of unpleasant visiters. This was assuredly an excellent idea for a man who could stand it, but it cruelly accriticed men who, with the kindest of intentions, called to see the quaint writer who was beginning to make a reputation.

One day, while the humerist was busily at work on a sketch which is now known in foreign languages, a tall, sallow-faced man, with a miserable expression of countenance, and a deep, consumptive sough, entered the room, and, without as invitation, sat down. In those days i hierar could not well affect that independence which justifies the ejection of a caller, so, turning to the visitor, Mr. Clemens said:

"Well, what can I do for you!"
"Well, nothin' in particular. I heard 'em
say that you are the man that writes funny things, and as I have several hours to loaf round before the train leaves, I thought I would come around and git you to make me laugh a little. I con't had a good laugh in many a day and I didn't know but what you mout accommodate me."

"Twain" scewled at the man, who, thinking that the humerist was presenting him with a specimen of facial fun, began to

"That'll de fest rate, eap'n, but I'd ruther heah you talk. I can make a mouth at a man about as easy as any feller you ever saw, an' w'at I want is a few words from you that'll jolt me like a wagin had backed agin me."

"My friend, I am very busy to-day and—"
"Yes, I know all that. I am busy myself except that I've get about twe hours to loaf an' as I said jest new, I'd like for you to git off something that I can take home." "Won't you have a cigar?" the humorist

asked, to learn whether or not the man was a smoker.

"No, I never could stand a seegyah." "Twain" smiled, and, taking up his pipe filled it with tobacce strong enough to float a skillet on its fumes and began to puff. "I'll keep him in here now," the smoker mused, "until he is as sick as a deg. I wouldn't consent to his departure if he was to get down on his knees and pray for deliverence."



"Ill keep him here now until he is as sick as a dog."

"Nothing does a man more good than a hearty laugh," the visitor said, coughing as a cloud of smoke surrounded his head.

"Oh, no," replied "Mark," arising and slyly locking the door. "I like a little fresh a'r, 'specially when

thar's so much smoke in a room," "Oh, there's air enough here. How did you leave all the folks?"

"Well, Gabe, my youngest-wah, hoo, wah, hoo-ain't as peart as he mout be, but all the others air stirrin'. You ain't got no chillun,

"No," the humorist replied, as he vigorously puffed his pipe.

"Well, I'm sorry fur you. Thar ain't nothin' that adds to a man's nachul enjoyment like chillun. That boy Gabe what I was talkin' about jest now, w'y, 1 wouldn't give him up fur the finest yoke of steers you

"You wouldn't?" "No, sir, wouldn't tech 'em with a ten foot pole-would refuse 'em pine blank ponder, don't you—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—think it's a gittin' a little too clost in here now?"

"No, not a bit, just right." "Well, I don't know the style in this place, but I'll try an' put up with it,"

"Mark" showed no pity. The visitor, after a moment's silence, continued: "When I left home, Mur-that's my wife-said to me, says she, 'Now say, while you are thar don't smoke that cob pipe.' 'Well, mother,' says I, 'what'll I smoke.' I never could stand a se gyah fur it ain't got no strength.' 'Well then,' says Mur, 'don't smoke none.' I wanted to follow her advice, but I put mywah, hoo, wah, hoo-old fuzee in my jeans an' now I b'l'eve I'll take a smoke."

He took out a cob pipe and a twist of new ground tobacco, known in his neighborhood as "Tough Sam," whittled off a handful, filled his pipe, lighted it, put his feet on the stove and went to work. "Mark' soon began to snuff the foul air, but he was determined to stand it. Had he been acquainted with the numerous strong points of "Tough Sam" he would have surrendered at once, but this was his first introduction to "Samuel." The visitor blew smoke like a tar kiln. "Twain" grew restless. Beads of cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. He felt dizzy and seasick. Then, throwing down his pipe, he hastily unlocked the door and fled. On the sidewalk

"Helloa, Clemens, what's the matter?" Twain told him what had occurred.

'Oh, you mean that fellow in brown

"Yes." "You ought to have had better sense than to light your pipe in his presence. He's a member of the Arkansaw legislature."

Eggs are Eggs.

[Boston Evening Record.] The wife of a certain suburban was that nuisance among good cooks-a perpetual borrower. One day it was a cupful of sugar; the next, a box of blueing and the clothes wringer, and so on. And she wasn't half as good at returning as she was at borrowing. One day in the midst of her cooking not an egg was to be found. Over she went to one of her neighbors, a widow of small means, and borrowed the two or three eggs she happened to have in the house. Several weeks elapsed, when one forenoon she appeared in the widow's kitchen with three eggs in a

paper bag. Good morning, Mrs. S. I have come to return something you let me have the other day. I had boiled eggs for breakfast this morning and these are three I had left over. Eggs are eggs, you know."

Harper's Bazar; Student (to servant at the door) -bliss brown? Servant-She's engaged.

Student-I know it. I'm what she's en gaged to.

The Power of an Old Song. [Chicago Ledger.1

There is something about an old song that icks a man up, body and boots, and carries him back to the long ago, when a dime looked as big as a barrel hoop, and no one can recall the days of childhood without being warmed with thoughts of good, and feeling sad re-grets that those bright moments should have had an end. An old fiddle with a string missing will make a grandmother forty years younger in two minutes, if it happens to get in the neighborhood of a tune that was whistled by a blue-eyed lad who now sleeps on the hillside under a willow, and the song of a young mother to the babe on her bosom, when the shadows of evening were beginning to gather, have been known to bring tears to the eyes of a man who would dye his hands with the blood of a fellow being for two dollars and a half.

Music, divinest gift of the gods, what treasures have thy melodies not given us! With a mouth organ at his lips a young man may feel rich in soul without a cent in his pocket or a crumb in his stomach, and with an old cracked piano at her tender mercy a young woman may flood an entire neighborhood with memories so precious that death could have no terror, no matter in what shape it might come.

Even an accordion as wind-broken as a preacher's herse may carry a Dutchman bigger than a woman's trunk from Milwaukee to Berlin in the twinkling of an eye, without putting out his pipe, and set him down in the midst of gladness cheap at \$100 a minute. The whistling of a school boy may floed the heart of an old maid with memories more precious than beaten gold, and a few squeaking notes on the bugle of a fish peddler may have power to make a mil-lionaire feel as wretched as a tramp in a bath tub.

The seethings of terment to ordinary mortals that come out of the end of a flute in the hands of a cold-blooded amateur across the way, will brighten the eyes of a man with a beard of snow, reverse the wheels of life, and carry him back to days deep buried with the dust of time. Once more he will be young, rolling in the haymow and sucking eggs on the sly. He may have won eminence and be honored of men, but memory holds the glass, and he sees a little barefoot, sheck-headed boy, with holes in the knees of his pantaloons, drinking from an old moss-covered bucket a draught sweeter than fame, and he feels that fortune has no joy attainable by man equal to the pure delight of innecessee in easy-fitting garments.

An Unsatisfactory Reperiment.

[Dan Be Quille in Carson Free Lance.] A miner living in the eastern part of Virginia City has long been anneyed of nights by the braying of a dealey, the property of his next-door neighbor, a Chinaman. Now, there has long been a tradition affoat that during the Mexican war our soldiers, who were terribly anacycd in the same way made the discovery that when a donkey starts in to bray he always elevates his tail, and if his tail is kept dewa be is so discemforted that he will not open his mouth. By tying rocks to the tails of all the donkeys of nights "our army in Mexico" kept them silent. So our miner the other night affixed a large stone to the candal appendage of the Chinaman's donkey and retired to rest. 'All was quiet for half an hour, when the mines heard the donkey say "yee," but went no fur-ther. The miner was just congratulating himself upon the success of his experimen when the donkey-which was tied up near the south side of his cabin-gave another "yee!" At the same instant came a crash of shakes and a fall and mashing of crockery. quickly followed by a most triumphant "yee "Wah, hoo, wah, hoo! Don't you think it is haw, ick ee-hoo-e!" The donkey had at las succeeded in elevating his tail, but in the "Oh, no," replied "Mark," arising and mighty effort required the rock had been hurled as from a catapult to the wreck of the miner's frail domicile.

Christmas Dessert.



Journalistic Gossip.

[Rambler.] Journalists are proverbially wealthy. To be sure we once knew one who was accustomed to write his "copy" on the soles of his shoes, and then go barefoot while it was being "set up." But that was no sign of pov-

erty. He probably did it from choice. New York Journal: "Can you tell me whose picture is on the \$10 bills?" asked a caller of a country editor.

"I don't know; I couldn't even tell you whose portrait is on \$1 bills," replied the pen pusher with an eight-line pica sigh.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: Bill Nye, the humorist, and wife were thrown from their buggy at Hudson, Wis., last evening, and had a marvelous escape from a very seriou accident. Mrs. Nye fortunately escaped un hurt, but Mr. Nye suffered a painful bruise of the leg which was broken in the cyclon of last fall. There's a Nemesis after William.

A Modern Fable. [Life.]

A rabbit went into a swamp one day, and having provoked a quarrel with a horner chased the insect into its nest. The rabbit then determined to blockade his adversary. and backed himself up against the door of the nest: but the next moment he was flying. through the woods at a tate that was dan gerous to previous records, and accompanied by a retinue of hornets. Having reached home, he announced that there was a riot, an earthquake and a prairie fire down in the

Moral-Don't batch your chickens before counting them; and be cautious about sitting on the nest in the dark.

> A Southern Snuff Dipper. [Austin Gazette.]

Col. Yerger-Where are you going?. Mrs. Yerger-Down on Austin avenue to the drug store.

"What do you want to get?" "A fresh bottle of spuff."

"But you had a fresh bottle yesterday Have you dipped it all up already?" "Already! Why, of course I have. What is one bottle of shuff a day to a woman who is nursing a child?"



He opens his eyes with a cry of delight, There's a toy shop all round him, a wonder ful sight!



They are quiet at first-both the girls and the boys, Too happy to make any riot or noise, And they mutually show to each other their



But, see! In the nursery a terrible racket, The dolls less their heads, there are rents in And if you've a toy, it's the fashion to



The floor is all littered with signs of the He is sulky and tired with much eating and

And nurse, too, is cross as she bears him

The Young Idea.

"Bobby, you mustn't play so hard with your little sister," mamma was saying reprovingly, after Ethel had been picked out of the mud puddle.

"Trains got to run on time, ain't they? When I'm aplaying train an' my train's got right o' way, it ain't goin' to stand around for any second-han' freight, and the freight's going to get frown from the track, that's

A slipper had the right of way across Bobby in a minute or two after.

A QUESTION THAT PRODUCED A COLD SWEAT. [Salt Lake Herald.]

At a dinner party the other night in the Twelfth ward: Hostess (to fashionable guest)-"What will

you have, Mr. Brown, a piece of he wing, leg, or breast?" Guest-"Thank you. I always take the

Hostess' Precious Child-"Isn't he weaned vet, mamma?" Explosion and cold sweat act by fashionable guest.

THE DRAGGING MINUTES. [New York Sun.]

Bobby (to young Featherly)-Mr. Featherly, sixty minutes make an hour, don't Featherly-Certainly.

Bobby-Ain't some hours more than sixty

Featherly-No, Bobby, they're all alike. What put that idea into your head? Bobby-Sister. She told ma that the hour she spent with you in the parlor last night was the longest she ever experienced.

> Investigate Him. [Merchant Traveler.]

When you see a young man on a cold morning going about without an overcoat and saying he does it because he wants his manly bosom to jut out into the bracing air of health you will do well to call at a pawnbroker's and see if he is telling the truth.

A Popular Medicine. [Newman Independent.] An lowa man has discovered a remedy for rheumatism, consisting of maple sugar dissolved in apple brandy. In less than a week after he made the discovery the whole neighborhood was limping around with the rhou-

> E Unibus Plarum. [Lowell Citizen.]

It is said that "mi Ohio man planted the first American flag in Californian soil in 18 8. " Whether it grow or not is not stated, but we suppose, of e urse, it did. They have a glorious climate out there.



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Hornets' Nest Liniment.

Favorite Household Remedy.

IT NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL ACHES AND PAIVS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., April 6th, 8

This certifies that I have used the medicine named "Hornets' Nest Liniment" sold by W. N.

len, and am satisfied that it has real merit. I can recommend it as a good remedy Will do wh
T. W. GUTHBIE,

Presiding Fide Dear Fir:—I used your Hornets' Nest Liniment in a severe case of diarrhoea and find it has no equ One dose cured me. Respectfully, B. B. WALLACE

Mr. W. N. Mullen:—This will certify that I have used your Hor ets' Nest Liniment and am satisf that it will do what is claimed for it. It is good in colic, sore throat, headache, etc. This is to certify that I used your Hornets's Nest Liniment on soft Corns and it cured them in the Respectfully.

CHARLOTTE. N. C., September 2nd, 1886

Respectfully.

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W. N. MULLEN, Proprietor......CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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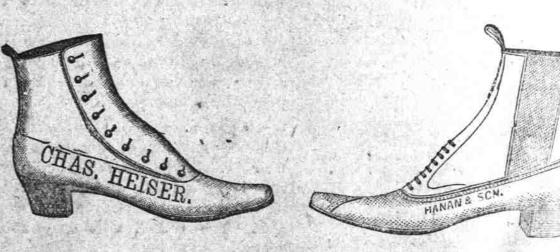
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