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DOCTORS PRESCRIBE THEM. The CUTICURA Remedies are excellent remedies for all skin diseases. J. C. WILSON, M. D., HARVEL, ILL. CUTICURA REMEDIES. Are sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 25 cents; POTTER DRESSING and ESSENCE OF SOAP, Sold for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SPECIAL NOTICE. A desirable building lot, fronting 99 feet on Trade street, and running through to Fourth street, between the property of Col. H. J. Jones and Dr. O'Connell, known as the Dr. J. M. Miller place. Price, \$3,500. CHARLOTTE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

MARK TWAIN'S VISITOR. A Comprehensive Man Ventures Into Twain's Smoke-House. [Philadelphia Traveler.] A Washington correspondent tells how Mark Twain, when he acted as the national capital correspondent of a California paper, used to occupy a small, dingy room, and how he used to smoke a villainous pipe and murderous tobacco to rid himself of unpleasant visitors. This was assuredly an excellent idea for a man who could stand it, but it cruelly sacrificed those who, with the kindest of intentions, called to see the quaint writer who was beginning to make a reputation.

"Well, what can I do for you?" "Well, nothing 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 get you to make me laugh a little. I ain't had a good laugh in many a day and I don't know but what you might accommodate me."

"I'll 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. "Wah, hoo, wah, hoo! Don't you think it is a little close in here?"

"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 close in here now?" "No, not a bit, just right."

"Well, I don't know the style in this place, but I'll try 'n' 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 seegah fur it ain't got no strength.' 'Well then,' says Mur, 'don't smoke none.' I wanted to follow her advice, but I put my—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—old fuses in my jeans an' now I b'lieve I'll take a smoke."

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 bluing and the clothes wringer, and so on. And she wasn't half as good at returning as she was at borrowing.

The Power of an Old Song. [Chicago Ledger.] There is something about an old song that fits 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 regrets 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 horse 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 flood the heart of an old maid with memories more precious than beaten gold, and a few squeaking notes on the tangle of a fiddle peddler may have power to make a millionaire feel as wretched as a tramp in a bath tub.

An Unsatiable Requirement. [From Quills in Queen Anne's Lane.] A miser living in the eastern part of Virginia City has long been annoyed of nights by the braying of a donkey, the property of his next-door neighbor, a Chinaman. Now, there has long been a tradition afloat that during the Mexican war our soldiers, who were terribly annoyed 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 down he is so disconcerted 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 miser the other night affixed a large stone to the caudal appendage of the Chinaman's donkey and retired to rest.

Christmas Desert. [Illustrated London News.] 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 breast."

A Modern Fable. [Life.] A rabbit went into a swamp one day, and having provoked a quarrel with a hornet, 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 rate that was dangerous 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 swamp.

A Southern Snuff Dipper. [Austin Gazette.] Col. Yeager—Where are you going? Mrs. Yeager—Down on Austin avenue to "What do you want to get?" "A fresh bottle of snuff." "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 snuff a day to a woman who is nursing a child?"



SIX A. M. He opens his eyes with a cry of delight, There's a toy shop all round him, a wonder full sight!



EIGHT A. M. They are quiet at first—the girls and the boys, Too happy to make any riot or noise, And they mutually show to each other their toys.



SIX P. M. But, see! In the nursery a terrible racket, The dolls lose their heads, there are rents in each jacket, And if you've a toy, it's the fashion to crack it.



EIGHT P. M. The floor is all littered with signs of the fray, He is sulky and tired with much eating and play, And nurse, too, is cross as she bears him away.

The Young Idea. [The Bells.] "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 aplayin' train an' my train's got right o' way, it ain't goin' to stand around for no second-hand freight, and the freight's goin' to get frown from the track, that's all."

THE DRAGGING MINUTES. [New York Sun.] Bobby (to young Featherly)—Mr. Featherly, sixty minutes make an hour, don't they? Featherly—Certainly. Bobby—Ain't some hours more than sixty minutes? Featherly—No, Bobby, they're all alike. What put that idea into your head? Bobby—Sister. She told me 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 get 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 Iowa 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 rheumatism. E Unibus Pluram. [Lowell Citizen.] It is said that "an Old man planted the first American flag in California soil in 1833. Whether it grew or not is not stated, but we suppose, of course, it did. They have a glorious climate out there."

Use MULLEN'S CELEBRATED Hornet's Nest Liniment. The Favorite Household Remedy. IT NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL ACES AND PAINS. This certifies that I have used the medicine named "Hornet's Nest Liniment" sold by W. N. Mullen, and am satisfied that it has real merit. I can recommend it as a good remedy. W. W. CUTLER, Presiding Elder.

HOLIDAY GOODS CHEAP. BY R. H. JORDAN & CO., DRUGGISTS. Thousands of cases of Sick Headache are permanently cured every year (as the hundreds of testimonials in my possession will testify) by the use of DR. LESLIE'S Special Prescription. This medicine stands to-day with a rival, and with scarcely a competitor in the world. Thousands of physicians throughout the country have acknowledged their inability to cure it, and are now prescribing Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription for all cases of Headache in either its nervous, bilious or congestive form, arising from obstruction, congestion or torpidity of the liver. When I that Dr. Leslie's SPECIAL Prescription will cure the most obstinate cases of Sick Headache, I mean just what I say, and that it not merely relieves but

Positively CURED. Prescription will cure the most obstinate cases of Sick Headache, I mean just what I say, and that it not merely relieves but cures, no matter how long the case may have been standing. I have testimonials from persons who have been afflicted for twenty years, being cured in three or four days at a time every two weeks, that have been permanently cured by two bottles of Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. so that they have not had an attack for over five years. If you are troubled with Sick Headache, wish to be cured, be sure and give this remedy a trial. Price 50c. and \$1.00. S. P. ARCHER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. FOR SALE BY T. C. SMITH & CO., Charlotte, N. C.

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