A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

or produce constipation—all other from ROWN'S IRON BITTERS, here and fare Effect all other thorough medicines, it sets
then taken by men the first symptom of
renewed energy. The muscles then become
a digestion improves, the bowels are notive.
the effect is usually more rapid and marked,
begin at once to brighten: the alim clears
by color comes to the cheeks; nervenness
if functional derangements become regua nursing mother, abundant sustanance
if for the child. Remember Brown's fron
the ONLY fron medicine that is not incommine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

SUPPERING MOMEN:

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 Female Regular, and carefully studied authorities in regard to its compo ments, and then (as well as now) pronounced it to be the most scientific and skillful combination of the really reliable renedial vegetable agents known organs, and the organs and parts sympathizing di rests with these; and, therefore, previding a speciac remedy for all diseases of the won b, and of the discent organs and parts. Yours truly, JESSE BORING, M. D., D. D.

CAUTION!

The country is flooded with quack nostrums, con taining IRON and other injurious ingredients which claim to cure everything-even FEMALE COMPLAINTS. We say to you, if you value your life DEWARE OF ALL SUCH!

Bradfield's Female Regulator

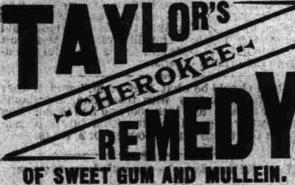
is purely vegetable compound, and is only intended for the FEMALE SEX. For their peculiar dis

Specific:

and by all druggists. Send for our treatise on he Health and Happiness of Women, mailed fre gives all particulars.

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FOR COUCHS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION USE



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

TTCHING Skin Diseases Instantly Reliev. ed by Cuticura.

TREATMENT.—A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration, pure and unirretating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall-Head, Dandruff and every species of Itching Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Scaly and Shin, when the best of physicians and remedies fail.

ECZEMA ON A CHILD. Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but shi not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

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TETTER OF THE SCALP. I was almost completely baid, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. I used your CUTICURA REMEDIES about six weeks, and they cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back

ick as it ever was.

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BEST for ITCHING DISEASES. One of our customers say your CUTICURA REMEDIES are the best he can find for itching of the skin. He tried all others and found no relief until he used yours F. J. ALDRICH, Druggist, Rising Sun, O.

old everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 ets.; AP, 25 ets; Resolvent, \$1.00. Prepared by the PTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass. and for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIWPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes and Baby Humors, use Curicura Spap. HOW LIKE OIL AND WINE TO the famished of old is a CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER to the aching sides and back, the weak and painful muscles, the sore chest and hacking cough, and every pain and ache of days toil. 25c. Everywhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A destrable building lot, fronting 99 feet on Trade street, and running through to th street, oetween the property of Col. H. C. s ao i Dr. O'Donoghue, known as the Dr. J. ARLOTTE REAL FSTATE AGENCY.

[New York Sun.]

The wife of a sub-chief known as Dog Killer was taken suddenly ill one night, ing me on the spot, and after he had departed I was hastily sent for—that is, after parted I fully realized that with such an the medicine men had held a pew-wew enemy in camp I could not feel certain of living another hour. trickery and chicanery without avail. I was summoned to the lodge, and warned that if I failed to cure her my life must

that if I failed to cure her my life must pay the forfeit.

I was now entirely out of medicines, except about forty drops of pain killer. Partly by signs and party by words the squaw gave me to understand that she had been poisoned by eating some strange berries found up the banks of the stream. I knew of only one thing te do, and it might be too late to do that with any hope of benefit. That was a plant called by the hunters "Throw up," and growing around the camp. It semetimes resembles lobelia in looks, though it is smaller. I hastily gathered a handful, made a strong tea, and gave the squaw such an emetic as she had never before experienced. She was deathly sick all night, but when daylight came she had passed the crisis and a handful, made a strong tea, and gave the squaw such an emetic as she had never before experienced. She was deathly sick all night, but when day-light came she had passed the crisis and was mending.

Dog Killer and a dozen of his braves were in and about the lodge to the last, and I fully realized that, should the squaw die on my hands, my doom was sealed. No excuses were to be taken and no mercy shown. When I felt that the woman was fully out of danger, I turned to the chief for a mod of comturned to the chief for a nod of commendation, but perceived a scowl black as midnight instead. Not one of the warriors dared who his approval, even if he so desired. I restized then that there were those in who hungered for my life, and that Dog Killer would much rather have seen his wife a corpse than on the rest to trought. When the squaw, were from pain and resting easily, have ged in signs to evince her gradients, are chief seemed very angry, and appreciated her in vigorous language.

ous language.

Naturally, I had thought of escape every day since my capture. The most serious difficulty in the way was the latenesses of the season. I knew that winners and that ter set in early in that region, and that to be caught on the plains or in the mountains without plenty of blankets and food meant certain death. While I had a fair general knowledge of my gesgraphical position, I was uncertain how high up on the Canadian we were. That stream had its rise in New Mexico, and emptied into the Arkansas in the eastern part of the Indian territory. I did not, as a matter of fact, know for sure that we were on the Canadian, but

knew that it must be either that or the Cimarron. My pocket map had been destroyed by the Cherokees, but I could remember the general course of the the two streams and the lay of the country. If I was from fifty to 100 miles south of Fort Dodge, as I tried to figure out, I stood a pretty good chance of escape if I got clear of the encamp-ment. From the direction the Cheyennes had come when returning from battle. I felt quite sure that Gen. Sully must have set out from Fort Dedge with his expedition. This would put me southwest of the fort, with a plain to travel and two rivers to cross. If I was out in my calculations as to Fort Dedge, then the nearest haven of security, providing I did not run across troops in the field, was Fort Lyon, 150 miles northwest, in Colerade. I shut myself up in my lodge and schemed and planned till mid-afternoon, and the result was that I determined to chance it on the Fort Dodge route.

I walked to the outskirts of the camp, ostensibly te gather herbs, but really to see where the horses were herded at night, and to determine what chancethere would be of getting clear of the village when night came. I was presently joined by a limping warries, whose wounded foot I had found in a shocking state and almost cured. He gathered a few handfuls of herbs, and then metiened for me to sit down and examine his foot. We were both down, and I had his foot in my lap when he cautiously remarked:

"Dog Killer want to burn you!" It was the first word of Englished had heard any of them use, and for a mo-ment I was too astenished to do more than gaze at him with open mouth.

"Hist! Injuns looking!" he whispered. "White man watch feet all the

"So Dog Killer is my enemy?" I asked.
"Heap mad! Want to kill you!"
"Will the big chief let him?"
"Big chief den't care!"

I bent over his foot, putting en a fresh poultice, and, after a bit, he con-

"White medicine man must go away to-night. Lose scalp to-morrow!" "How can I go!" "See tree over there!" It was to my left, and a quarter of a

mile from camp, a young tree growing alone a few yards from the river bank "When Injuns sleep you come. Find

me there. "To-night?" "Yes. White man heap medicine, ure foot. Foot most well. Go back

I had finished dressing the wound, and he got up and returned to his and sauntered in a careless way to mine, stopping here and there to examine the healing wounds of some of my patients. So far as the number went all were my friends, but none of them were veteran warriors or chiefs. They could speak in my faver, but they had no influence.

I was arranging some herbs over a slow fire when Dog Killer eatered my lodge. I made him a respectful salute, and arranged the blankets for a seat, but he stood stiffly on the other side of the fire and glared down at me. His jaw was set, his eyes burning with hate, and there was such a devlish expression to his whole countenance that I could not keep my eyes on his face five sec-onds. I saluted again and pointed to the blankets, but he made no sign. I felt that his eyes never left me, and I was soon in a tremble. Such a visit boded me no good, and, though I tried hard to appear respectfully indifferent, he must have seen that I was badly

For ten long minutes Deg Killer

THE CHEYENNE'S HATE. freshly filled pipe, when he leaned over, a much better wespon than mine, but spat full in my face, and hissed out, as did not care to face me on anything

he left the lodge:
"Baby! Dog!"
He had come to insult and degrade me, if not to provoke an excuse for kill-

I did not leave my lodge again until night, at which time I went to a lodge a few yards away to secure supper. The

and then to the tree under which I had agreed to meet him. When she saw that I comprehended she smiled and nodded her head. The grateful old squaw wished me Godspeed.

In an Indian village, when there is nothing of importance going on, most of the people have turned in by 9 o'clock in the evening, and at 10 only the dogs are astir. Had I been strange to these brutes I could not have stepped outside the lodge without creating a rumpus and without being attacked. I had moved about among them so long, however, that, although every canine in the village, from the oldest veteran down to the smallest purp bated me, they let to the smallest pup, hated me, they let me pass to and fro unchallenged.

It was after 10 o'clock, and the village had been quiet for some time, be-fore I moved. I reasoned that the boldest way was the best, and when once outside the lodge I started off like one having a perfect right to go and come. My footsteps must have been heard in some of the lodges, but no one roused out to halt me or make inquiries. I maintained an even pace to the outskirts of the village, and then halted for five minutes to listen. Everything was quiet, even to the dogs, and when satisfied of this I made straight for the tree.

The Indian was there holding a horse. The animal was bridled and saddled. and I soon discovered that he was one captured from the seldiers. A blanket and a quantity of provisions were strapped behind the saddle. As I came up the Indian extended his hand to grasp mine and whispered:

"Hurry! Ride two days! Come to

fort? Keep straight this way!"
"God bless you!" I said, as I wrung his hand. "Take rifle! Take powder! Take bullets!" he said as I mounted the

horse; and the articles were handed up one after another. "Good-bye!"

"Hurry! Ride fast! Maybe Dog Killer come after you!' He hurried away in the direction of the village, and I headed to the north-

east, walking the herse for half a mile. and then urging him to a canter and holding him to it for two hours. I had made a successful start, and was highly elated thereat. The only drawback was the fear that I might not preserve the proper direction. It was a dark, starless night, and it would have tested the powers of an Indian to keep dead to the

My horse did not get a breathing spell until about 2 o'cleck in the morning. I was then at least thirty miles from the village, and had heard nothing to alarm me. I dismounted on the open plain, removed the saddle, and had rested with the horse for perhaps half an hour when he suddenly threw up his head and leeked keenly into the darkness toward the southwest. I put my ear to the ground, and the thud, thud of a horse's feet on the plain was distinct. It was some one coming up on my trail, and it must be an enemy.

I saw my steed draw a long breath and throw up his head, as if to utter a neigh of welcome, and I had him by the jaw in a second. I could not make him lie down, and I dared not let go my grip. Thud! thud! came the hoof beats, and after two or three seconds a horse and rider passed within fifty feet of us, headed to the north-east. It was simply a blacker spot on the dark night, and my heart was in my mouth as it came opposite. I felt certain that it was Dog Killer on my trail. When I could no longer hear the hoof-beats I released my horse and sat down to plan my future course. The chief could not be following my trail in the darkness, but he was pursuing my direction. My escape had been discovered, and he, in all probability, reasoned that I would make for the nearest post. He may have depended on accident to overhaul me during the night. If this did not occur he could pick up the trail when daylight came, and perhaps might even be able to see me. To ride ahead was to encounter him

Therefore, as I saddled up, I determined to ride to the east for a full hour, and then bend back toward my true course. In this way, if he was waiting for me, I would flank him. I rode a distance of about eight miles and then turned square to the north, and kept moving until I saw the first signs of daylight. Then I dismounted and unsaddled again and was fortunate enough to find water for the horse in a small natural basin. Day was so long coming that the animal was fairly rested by the time I could distinguish objects a mile away. When I had the saddle adjusted the sun was

All around was an open plain. Away to the east I saw two or three black objects on the line of the horizon, but all other points of the compass was clear.

Mounting, I took up what I believed
to be a true course for Fert Dodge, and I had ridden for about an hour when Dog Killer suddenly left the cover of a dry ravine half a mile to the left and rode straight at me. My first impulse was to fly, but then came the thought that his horse could travel two feet that his horse could travel two feet while mine was going one, and I halted, leaped to the ground, and got my rifle ready. The wily savage halted at the movement. He had the idea that I lead to bacco like an American compositor.

like equal terms.

Probably suspecting that I had a single-barrelled rise, Dog Killer first man ruvered to draw my fire. He began circling around me, uttering yells and taunts and firing an occasional bullet, but I realized his object and refused to waste my bullet until the right moment came. By and by, when he was within fair range, I fired at his horse. If I could kill the pony the chief could no longer pusses me

At the crack of the rifle his horse rolled over, and fortunately fell upon its rider in such a way as to hold him to the earth for a moment. This gave me time to reload. As Dog Killer struggled up he drew up his rifle and fired, and my ewn animal went down in a heap, struck in the head. This left us face to face, each with a rifle in his hands. He fired twice at me before I raised my gun, but his bullets whistled over my head, while mine struck him in the chest and laid him on the grass.

After reloading I went over to him and found him, as I believed, stone dead. I took away his ri e, nife, tomahawk, and ammunition, and likewise appropriated a government medal he was wearing around his neck. I didn't was wearing around his neek. I didn't want two guns, and so slung mine away, together with the ammunition. I destroyed both saddles as well as I could, inade a knapsack of blankets and provisions, and within an hour after first sighting Dog Killer I was heading for the fort on foot.

Eor the first fifty rods I looked back at brief intervals. I own that I was awed and frightened at the kernel was awed and frightened at the knowledge that I had killed a human being, a thought in fair defence of my own life. Then, too, his fierce face, his half open eyes, the bloody froth on his lips, made up a picture to haunt me. I had gone perhaps half a mile, and had halted on a little knoll to survey the plain, when a bullet screamed past my ear and a rifle cracked spitefully. I wheeled around, and there was Dog Killer resting on his knees within twenty rods of me. That malignity which inspires only the red man had shaken off the clutch of death and forced him to follow me, in the hope of accomplishing my de-struction. He had picked up and loaded the abandoned rifle, and his bullet cut close to my head.

I drew up my rifle to shoot him, but he did not flinch. He waved his hand and tried to shout defiance. I could not pull trigger on a dying man, even if an enemy. I shouldered the weapon and walked briskly on, and I was only well out of range when he fired again. Five miles away I ascended a swell which gave me a good view of my trail, and I beheld Dog Killer creeping along over the path like the incarnate fiend he was. No wounded Bengal tiger was ever more determined on revenge.

Two hours before sundown I had the good fortune to fall in with a lieutenant and ten men, bearing military dispatches. A halt was made, and three men were sent to find Dog Killer and dispatch him and secure his weapon. The devil was only eight miles away, being only two hours behind me in all the day's walk. Death had come at last, however, although he still clenehed the ride, and his glazed eyes seemed to

be scanning my trail.

At daylight next morning I was sale in Fort Dodge, and I had the scalp of Dog Killer to prove the truth of my

What the Pres dent and Cabinet Read,

"Who is the best reader in the cabinet?" a Washington book seller was asked the other day. "Folks say La-mar is," replied the dealer. "He may be, but I never heard of his buying a book. If he reads, he doesn't keep pace with the times. I reckon Bayard is the best reader. He buys a great many books and keeps right along with the best writers. His reading is of a sober, statesman-like character, and he does lots of it. He comes in to buy his own books, and I have never seen him look at a novel.

"The president, I understand, is a good reader, but the only book I know of his having bought is Blaine's. He bought that a few days after he came to Washington. A great many books go to the White House. Col. Lamont buys many good books and nearly all the popular periodicals, but I den't know who reads them. I suppose many are get for Miss Cleveland. Secretary Whitney reads a great deal. He doesn't confine himself, however, to politics, history, or philosophy. He is very fond of novels, and reads many. Some are the best and some are the lightest. He reads such novels as "The Vagrant Wife," "The Tinted Venus," "Called Back," "Struck Down," etc. Secretary Endicott reads novels, too. But he never buys anything in English. He always gets French novels, and reads a great many of them.

"The other members of the cabinet we don't see so much of T. guess there is

don't see se much of. I guess there is no one in the cabinet who buys so many good books as Blaine does. He buys everything on sober subjects by well-known authors. He gets much the same book as Bayard does, only the range of his research is wider. Logan isn't anything for buying books."

Individuality of the Diamond. [Chicago News Interview.]

"Isn't it difficult to identify even a very valuable stone after it has been stolen and removed from the setting?'
"Not at all. To an expert every diamond has as marked an individuality as every man or woman has, and, like men and women, no two stones are alike, and women, no two stones are alike, nor will any two weigh just the same, as a rule. No stone was ever end without having some points about it that, if they are closely studied, will serve to identify it under any circumstances. Why, after I have made the acquaintance of a stone I could go on the stand and swear to it with as much certainty as I could to the identity of my nearest friend. It is because of this means of identifying stones that it is the work of identifying stones that it is the work of comparative ease to trace any very fine diamond when it is stolen. However, its setting may be changed; its individual peculiarities can not be altered."

Make Money, After All. |Estelline (Dak.) Bell | maintained the position I have described. movement. He had the idea that I led to bacco like an American compositor. Then I could stand it no longer. Rising camp unarmed, while he could now see they make a pretty good thing out of it to my feet, I was about to offer him a that I had a rifle. He was armed with after all.



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CELEBRATED Hornets' Nest Liniment



Household Favorite

IT NEVER PAILS TO CURE ALL ACRES AND PAINS.

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 what it is a good remedy. T. W. GUTHRIE.

Presiding Elder. Dear Sir:—I used your Hornets' Nest Lintment in a severe case of diarrhosa and find it has no equal One dose cured me.

Respectfully,

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Mr. W. N. Mullen:—This will certify that I have used your Horr ets' Nest Liniment and am satisfies that it will do what is claimed for it. It is good in colic, sore throat, headache, etc. J. A. POLK. This is to certify that I used your Hornets's Nest Liniment on sort Corns and it cured them in two

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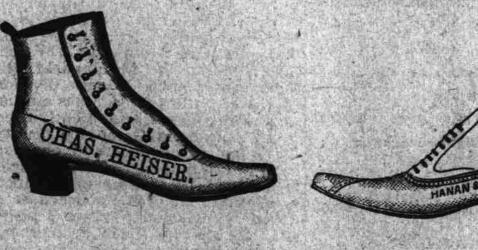
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so that they have not had an attack for over five years. If you are troubled with sick headachess

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