

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times... Brown's Iron Bitters... It is the most reliable and most effective medicine for the cure of all these ailments...

SUFFERING WOMEN!

Read what the Great Methodist Divine and Eminent Physician Says of DR. J. BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator.

ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 20, 1884. Dear Sir—Some fifteen years ago I examined the recipe of Female Regulator, and carefully studied authorities in regard to its composition...

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator

is purely vegetable compound, and is only intended for the FEMALE SEX. For their peculiar diseases it is an absolute SPECIFIC.

TAYLOR'S "CHEROKEE" REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLIN.

The Sweet Gum from a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a few drops of the Mullein plant of the old fields. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

ITCHING Skin Diseases Instantly Relieved 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...

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 diseases...

TETTER OF THE SCALP.

I was almost completely bald, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. I used your CUTICURA REMEDIES about six weeks, and they cured my scalp perfectly...

COVERED WITH BLOTCHES.

I want to tell you that your CUTICURA REMEDY is magnificent. About three months ago my face was covered with blotches and after using three bottles of RESOLVENT I was perfectly cured.

BEST FOR ITCHING DISEASES.

THE CHEYENNE'S HATE.

(New York Sun.) The wife of a sub-chief known as Dog Killer was taken suddenly ill one night, and I was hastily sent for—that is, after the medicine men had held a paw-wew over her and made use of all their trickery and chicanery without avail...

I was now entirely out of medicines, except about forty drops of pain killer. Partly by signs and partly by words the squaw gave me to understand that she had been poisoned by eating some strange berries found on the banks of the stream...

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...

It was after 10 o'clock, and the village had been quiet for some time, before 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...

The Indian was there holding a horse. The animal was bridled and saddled, and I soon discovered that he was one captured from the soldiers. 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!"

My horse did not get a breathing spell until about 2 o'clock 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 looked keenly into the darkness toward the southwest...

"Dog Killer want to burn you!" It was the first word of English I had heard any of them use, and for a moment I was too astonished to do more than gaze at him with open mouth. "Hut! Injuns looking!" he whispered. "White man watch foot all the time!"

"So Dog Killer is my enemy?" I asked. "Heap mad! Want to kill you!" "Will the big chief let him?" "Big chief don't care!" I bent over his foot, putting on a fresh poutice, and, after a bit, he continued: "White medicine man must go away to-night. Lose scalp to-morrow!"

I had finished dressing the wound, and he got up and returned to his lodge, and I soon bundled up my herbs 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 favor, but they had no influence.

I was arranging some herbs over a slow fire when Dog Killer entered 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 devilish expression on his whole countenance that I could not keep my eyes on his face five seconds. I sat down 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 broken up.

freshly filled pipe, when he leaned over, spat full in my face, and hissed out, as he left the lodge: "Baby! Dog!" He had come to insult and degrade me, if not to provoke an excuse for killing me on the spot, and after he had departed I fully realized that with such an enemy in camp I could not feel certain of living another hour.

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 occupant was an aged squaw, who had not only been ordered to feed me, but I had gained her gratitude by healing a rank sore on her neck, first caused by a splinter from a load of fagots she was carrying. She had an unusually heavy supper ready, and as she saw that I had but little appetite she looked cautiously about her and then made signs for me to eat all I could.

Had my Indian friend taken her into his confidence? I had hardly asked myself the question when she answered it by pointing to the meat in the kettle, 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.

It was after 10 o'clock, and the village had been quiet for some time, before 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.

"Hurry! Ride fast! Maybe Dog Killer come after you!" He hurried away in the direction of the village, and I headed to the northeast, walking the horse 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 northeast.

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 northeast. 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 rising.

All around was an open plain. A way 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 Fort 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 while mine was going one, and I halted, leaped to the ground, and got my rifle ready. The wily savage halted at my movement. He had the idea that I let camp unarméd, while he could now see that I had a rifle. He was armed with

a much better weapon than mine, but did not care to face me on anything like equal terms. Probably suspecting that I had a single-barrelled rifle, Dog Killer first began to revolve 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 pursue 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 own 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 rifle, mine, tomahawk and ammunition, and likewise appropriated a government medal he was wearing around his neck. I didn't want two guns, and so slung mine away, together with the ammunition. I destroyed both saddles as well as I could, made a knapsack of blankets and provisions, and within an hour after first sighting Dog Killer I was heading for the fort on foot.

For the first fifty rods I looked back at brief intervals. I own that I 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 destruction. 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 clenched the rifle, and his glazed eyes seemed to be scanning my trail.

At daylight next morning I was made in Fort Dodge, and I had the scalp of Dog Killer to prove the truth of my story. What the President and Cabinet Read. (Was in the Star.) "Who is the best reader in the cabinet?" a Washington book seller was asked the other day. "Folks say Lamar 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 backs 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 don't know who reads them. I suppose many are got 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. 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."

Use MULLEN'S CELEBRATED Hornets' Nest Liniment. The Favorite Household Remedy.

IT NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL ACHEs AND PAINs. This certifies that I have used the medicine named "Hornets' 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. GUTHRIE, Presiding Elder, ROCKINGHAM, N. C., April 6th, 1885. Dear Sir—I used your Hornets' Nest Liniment in a severe case of diarrhea and am satisfied that it cured me. Respectfully, One dose cured me. H. B. WALLACE, OAR GROVE, N. C., July 25th, 1885. This is to certify that I used your Hornets' Nest Liniment on my sore throat and it cured me in two weeks by applying it three times a week. Respectfully, J. SCHIFF, CHARLOTTE, N. C., September 2nd, 1884. For sale by all Druggists and Country Merchants. W. N. MULLEN, Proprietor, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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Positively Cured. Prescription will cure the most obstinate cases of Sick Headache, I mean just what I say, and that 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 confined to bed for three 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. B. ARCHER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. FOR SALE BY T. C. SMITH & CO., Charlotte, N. C.

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