

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases. Especially good in bronchitis, pleurisy, consumption. Ask your doctor all about this. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

SIDE BY SIDE WITH SON.

Both Veterans of the Civil War Still Living and Residents of Hagerstown, Md.

Baltimore, Md. Feb. 6.—Forty-one years since the end of the civil war there are few men living who participated in that bloody strife who were old enough at the time to have a son to fight beside them in the same cause. In Maryland, however, there is at least one instance of the kind.

Colonel E. M. Mobley, of Hagerstown and his son, Edward C. Mobley, fought together in the same company of the same regiment from 1861 to the close of the war.

They are both living today in Hagerstown.

In 1859 Colonel Mobley was elected sheriff of Washington county. Just after the expiration of his term of office President Lincoln issued his first call for 75,000 volunteers. Colonel Mobley immediately became interested and began to recruit a company. He was successful in procuring a sufficient number of men. They were formed and mustered in as Company A, Seventh Maryland Infantry, with Mobley as captain.

The ranks was the captain's son, Edward C.

The regiment was soon sent to the front. It participated in many hard contested fields. Captain Mobley's bravery on the field in every battle in which his command was engaged attracted the attention of his superior officers, and he was gradually promoted until he was finally breveted colonel. He was severely wounded three times during the struggle and still bears the scars of battle.

His son also earned the title of a gallant soldier and has had a record of which any one would be proud.

Colonel Mobley had ten sons, eight of whom are living. They all would have joined him in the war had they been old enough. One who, in the year of today was a "kid" did run away from home and tried to join the army, but was refused enrollment on account of his tender age and was sent back to his mother.

One of the sons, Harry, now employed in the Custom House, was seven years old at the time. He said yesterday:

"I remember distinctly seeing the regiment especially my father's company, as both of my eyes were fixed on that part of the command, march out of Hagerstown on the way to the front. And how I did wish I was big enough to go with my father and brother."

Colonel Mobley also has a brother living, Walter Mobley, who was a member of the Seventh Regiment.

Colonel and Mrs. Mobley in 1893 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, the eight surviving sons being present.

The lady has no daughters. Mrs. Mobley died in 1900.

Colonel Mobley was married when nineteen years old. He is now eighty-one.

WELLMAN TO GO NORTH IN JUNE.

Plans to Make Experimental Flight in Airship at Spitzbergen.

Paris Correspondent of the Chicago News.

Walter Wellman's preparations are progressing in such a business-like way that he expects to be in Spitzbergen by June to begin the preliminary trials of the airship in which he hopes to reach the north pole. The airship which he has just ordered from Louis Godard, the expert state balloonmaker, measures sixteen meters (about 57 feet 6 inches) long. Therefore it will be unlike the Santos-Dumont type cigar shaped gas bags. The envelope will be composed of three heavy tissues.

The airship will be propelled by two motors, one of twenty-five horse-power and one of fifty horse-power. These motors will be capable of working either separately or together. The speed of the airship when both motors are working will be, it is estimated, about sixteen miles an hour. With 300 liters (317 quart) of gasoline in the reservoir the motor will be able to work for 175 hours—in other words, long enough to cover more than twice the distance from Spitzbergen to the pole.

Mr. Wellman's choice of airship type has been criticised in certain quarters, but this selection was not made until after many days of investigation, comparison and study. The disposition which was first shown to doubt the seriousness of Mr. Wellman's intention has entirely disappeared. Although it is generally doubted if the pole can be discovered in this manner, it is agreed that if it can be, Mr. Wellman is the man to do it.

"At Spitzbergen in June I will make ascension which will permit the study of aerial currents and meteorological conditions," said Mr. Wellman to the correspondent of the Daily News today. "This experience will be necessary for the following year, but if all conditions are essentially favorable we shall not hesitate to make an effort to reach the pole this year."

The airship will cost \$14,000.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal: San Francisco wants to celebrate a birthday in 1912 with a world's fair. Uncle Sam has too many municipal children settling along in years to give each a world's fair for a birthday present.

STARVING TO DEATH.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugs that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep, and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters, with the wonderful result that improvements began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health Tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by Woodall & Sheppard, Druggists.

The South the Place to Die.

Two Southerners now living in a Northern City were exchanging recollections.

"Whatever became of —, who came up here from Selma a few years after Reconstruction?" asked the Kentuckian.

"Went back, baggage and accounts—went back four years ago," answered the Georgian.

"Didn't he do well here?"

"Better than he ever did before. But Jim had a streak of that fool sentiment, which has kept so many Southerners down at the heel. He was always pining."

"If he was doing well, why did he pine?"

"He always used to say to me that this was the best town on earth to live in, but he always got the blues when he got to thinking about dying here. And what do you suppose was the kick about that?"

"I was up at his house on night and he got to doing business with the undertaker as usual. I made myself very inquisitive, for I had got tolerable tired of hearing him on that topic."

"Thereupon he dug up a bundle of Southern newspapers. They were from several States. Jim began opening the file. Nearly every paper had an obituary of some prominent man or woman."

"Look at 'em!" said Jim in a forlorn sort of way.

"Well, Jim," I says, "what about 'em?"

"That's it," he replied. "Every one of these obituaries has mourning rules at the top and bottom, and in some cases the whole of the page is in mourning. They read as if the writers were broken-hearted. Some of the articles have poetry in them. Now and then there is some latin."

"I asked him if it wasn't alright for a good man to have such a send off."

"He allowed as I was right."

"That's what I'm talking about," he said. "That's what I want. A fellow like you an' me has no chance to get a notice here. The other day one of the best men in Alabama shuffled the coil and he got less than seven lines, and some of the papers here don't know yet that he is dead. When I got my batch of Alabama papers they had left out the sheriff's sales and some of the county news in order to make a spread of my old friend. It's the same whenever a good man dies down there."

"It was a streak of sentiment in Jim. He couldn't help it. It preyed on him until he just quit business here and hiked to the back-yonder."

"And he is waiting to die, I reckon, so as to get a good obituary."

"No, he died about a year ago. I got an Alabama paper printed the day after his demise, and all there was in it was the usual death notice that looked as if it had been paid for."

"In some parts of the South it is considered a crime for a man who has lived down there to go anywhere else. If he goes back he never seems to be as big as he was before he left."

"That was what ailed Jim. I reckon if he had stood still in Alabama he would have been good for at least a column in his town paper."

Plenty of Air.

From "Success Magazine."

A crowded trolley car slowly wound its way from the city of Newark northward toward New York.

A bald-headed man who looked like "Citizen Fixit" clutched a strap with one hand and gesticulated with the other. He was addressing the crowd collectively.

"Not a ventilator open," he shouted—"not a window or a door! How we are penned in like a lot of animals; we are longing for a breath of fresh air. But what does the company care?"

A tall man with a derby hat dodged instinctively to avoid the waving arm.

"We get aboard; we pay our fare," declared he of the bald head, "and the doors are shut, the windows are shut, the ventilators are shut. We cannot move; we are stifled!"

"Has anybody got aboard?" suggested the tall man. "Fixit" withered him with a glance, and then shouted excitedly:

"What kind of air is this we are breathing now? I ask you—what kind of air is this we are breathing now?" The tall man in the derby shouldered his way toward the back of the car.

"Hot air," he replied, with a grin.

TEXAN TOOK TAINTED MONEY.

And in the Morning the Finger of Suspicion Was Levelled at Him.

From the New York World.

Don Singer, from Texas, cattle raiser, mine owner, inventor, and all-around good fellow, sat in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday and looked sad. Some one asked the cause, and this is what he said:

"It's tainted money that's got me locoed. These here newspapers talk about tainted money as though it were a great joke; but it ain't no joke to me; and I'm subscribin' to the truth from out'n a big fund of experience."

Don refused an invitation to go to the highball counter by saying:

"Not on your life, I'm havin' no more of this Broadway booze. I'm going to wait till I get back to Fort Worth, where I know the people that sell it. It always gets me into trouble up here, and between that and tainted money, I'm sure up ag'in it this trip."

He looked sadly out into Madison Square and went on:

"I had a long business trip down in the Mazama district yesterday, and as Mrs. Don was taking dinner out I took on a date to go along with some of my sky-scraping financiers friends to dinner, and we started up town late after a long business meeting. We lunched in a few, from the Savarin to the Savoy, and when we got to the table I began to feel something like the age I was when I attended a party in the old round-up times. I don't know whether it's because they thought I needed it, or because they wanted to show how good they were, but anyway them fellows started spraying with that gold water with the tickly bubbles in it along with the soup, and by the time we got to the condensed milk and cocoa I was feeling just as springy and bright-eyed as I ever did in the days when I thought the only way to spend an evening was in a honky-tonk in the pueblos."

"Then we went to a variety show and then to one of them lobster joints to get something to eat. After that I got going some and felt I ought to let out a hole or two and begin to do some buying myself. We started down that street out there they call the White Way, and feeling rich, I can't see it to lay down anything but gold pieces, even for a round of drinks. Of course they hand me back the change in that dirty rag money that seems to be fashionable down here, and I stuff it in my pocket to give to the bellboys."

"I never got to a bar one mind you. It was always sitting down in some small place where they don't care what kind of society comes in so long as it's got the price. Well, I have in about midnight, with a regular old-fashioned tired feeling on, and after listening to Mrs. Don's remarks about the wickedness of men in general I goes to sleep. This morning Mrs. Don comes to me and says, 'Don, I want some change for the chambermaid,' and I tells her to go to my pocket and get it. In about three seconds she came back, and stuffing a wad of short change in the shape of dollar bills under my nose, wants to know who my company was the night before, because that rag money had been in some perfumed person's kick."

"If it wasn't for my past record I know Mrs. Don would have down knuckin' on the door of one of them divorce lawyers right now. As it is, she's out buying a new fur coat, and I've promised not to touch another drop till I get home."

Casual Philosophy From a Common-place Person.

Warwick James Price in "Success Magazine."

What one goes into debt for, nine times out of ten, is a luxury.

Gossips have no use for people who refuse to furnish material for them. A man always making excuses leaves himself no time to make anything else.

Whoever wastes time brooding over time earlier wasted ages so much the faster.

They say there is a snare in good looks, but it usually catches those that haven't the looks.

Business based upon friendship threatens both; friendship based upon business strengthens both.

That man can best ignore the enmity of those who don't understand him who goes home to wife who does.

Dishonesty, in its last essence, is the forsaking of permanent advantages for those that are merely temporary.

It runs in a circle. If trouble drives you to drink, drink leads you to more trouble, and there you are.

Tranquility is a decent enough guest to entertain, but life's car's that she also does not bring along her twin sister—ennui.

It is a good deal easier to pray for men's souls than to pour balm into their wounds—not to mention that it costs less.

The Supreme Court has not yet decided which is the weaker man—he who is not able to see his own weakness, or he who has no faith in himself.

The millionaire who has caught up with fortune turning sharp corners is much poorer than the bankrupt who failed doing his honest best.

That much-talked-of "armor of suspicion" may protect the wearer once in a while, but usually it is of about as much help as a winter ulster in a hundred-year dash.

From an intellectual point of view, that time of one's life most wasted when he tries, in a spirit of dumb loyalty, to admire all those things that are popularly considered admirable.

"I Trust You." O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

"I owe my salvation to three words you spoke," he wrote; "when all the world was against me you said, 'I trust you.'"

If every boy or girl who has made mistakes and gone astray could have such a friend, a great many of them would return to a normal life.



Boy—"Gee! There comes old March Wind. Wonder what he's after?"



March Wind—"I want a spring hat, sonny."

Warwick James Price in "Success Magazine."

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The feeling that somebody believes in us, trusts us—no matter what others believe or say—touches the heart. Criminals are sometimes totally reformed through the consciousness that somebody still believes in them, no matter how low they may have fallen.

Could we realize how much this trust and confidence would do for a man when everything else has failed, we should be more generous of our confidence in our fellows.

Something to be Thankful For. Sir Wemyss Reid wrote as follows of one of his early experiences as a reporter: "On the first occasion of witnessing an execution, as I stood trembling at the foot of the scaffold on which the victim was about to appear, I noticed an old reporter, for whom I had entertained a great personal respect, pacing up and down beside me reading the New Testament."

"In the passion of horror and pity that filled my young heart I concluded that my friend was seeking spiritual comfort in view of the event in which we were about to take part as spectators and recorders. I said something to him about the horror of the act we were shortly to witness."

"He looked up with a placid smile from his reading, and said gently—for he was essentially a gentleman: 'Yes very sad, very sad; but let us be thankful it isn't raining.' And then he calmly returned to his daily reading of the Word."

Pittsburg Dispatch: Interesting as are these disclosures of how Mr. Wallace "took off his hat" to Mr. Cromwell and Mr. Cromwell's eyes were "dimmed with tears," they are not moving any dirt at Panama. Is it not about time that the Senate Committee go down to business and abandoned this profitless excavation of personal quarrels?

Coughs, Colds

Lots of people look at a cough or cold as if it were inevitable, and refer to it as some ailment which they naturally expect during the stormy winter months. No person need have the slightest attack of cold or la grippe, nor even pneumonia, if their system is properly fortified. Rexall Mucuo-Tone will fortify your system against any such attacks. Since we make this strong statement we will tell you how Mucuo-Tone does this: Coughs, colds and pneumonia are but the result of a catarrhal condition, which is in reality an internal scrofula. If the system is free of catarrhal germs you need never fear coughs, colds and pneumonia. Mucuo-Tone will do it, because Mucuo-Tone clears the system of every trace of catarrhal germs, tones up the system, shakes off hanging on tag-end coughs and colds, revitalizes the entire system, increases the appetite and makes you put on flesh. You take no chances in buying Mucuo-Tone, because we back it up by refunding the price if you are in any way dissatisfied. We couldn't afford to spend our time selling this remedy if it didn't benefit ninety-eight out of every hundred persons who use it. We want you to try, on our personal recommendation, a large trial-size bottle that we sell for fifty cents.

A REASON

The United Drug Company, manufacturers of the Rexall Remedies, for whose preparations we are agents in this city, make 200 remedies, one for each ill. Each one is especially prepared to cure one disease, and that only. This is an age of specialists. You don't contract with a plumber to build your whole house, do you? Why should you contract with one proprietary medicine to cure all your troubles?

For Nervousness—Rexall Americanitis Elixir, 75c.

For Dyspepsia—Rexall Dyspepsia Cure, 25c.

For Coughs—Rexall Cherry Juice, large bottle, 25c.

And—196 other Rexall Remedies for 196 other ailments.

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We have Today 125 Horses and Mules in our Sales Stables, and they are the best selected lot of stock we have had this season. Each animal sold must be as represented.

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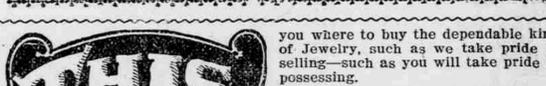
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AGENTS



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READY TO FILL THEM TO YOUR SATISFACTION. WE HANDLE ONLY THE BEST COAL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—

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ROOM 7, 40' BUILDING.

SEABORD.

Air Line Railway. Direct Line to Principal Cities, North, East South and Southwest Schedule Effective Jan. 7th 1906.

Trains Leave Charlotte as Follows.

No. 40, daily, at 5.01 a. m. for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington, connects at Monroe for Atlanta and points South, at Hamlet for Raleigh, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, New York and all points north and east, for Columbia, Savannah and Florida points.

No. 123 daily, at 10.10 a. m. for Lincolnton, Shelby and Rutherfordton, connects at Lincolnton with C. & N. W.

No. 122 daily, at 7.15 p. m. for Monroe, connects for Atlanta, Birmingham and points South, also Hamlet, Raleigh, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, New York, and all points North and East, at Hamlet for Columbia, Savannah and Florida points. Pullman Sleeping Car Charlotte to Portsmouth, Norfolk.

No. 124 local freight, daily except Sunday with coach attached at 9.00 a. m. for Monroe.

Trains Arrive at Charlotte as Follows:

No. 133 at 10.00 a. m. from points North and South.

No. 132 at 7.05 p. m. from Rutherfordton, Shelby and Lincolnton.

No. 39 at 10.45 a. m. from Wilmington, Hamlet and Monroe, also from points North and South.

Connections are made at Monroe with all through trains for points North and South, which are composed of Vestibule Day Coaches, Pullman drawing room sleepers and dining cars between Atlanta through Richmond and Washington to New York.

For rates, time tables, reservations apply to ticket agents or JAMES KER, C. P., Charlotte, N. C.

C. H. GATTIS, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

C. B. RYAN, G. P. A., Portsmouth, Va.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

In Effect February 11, 1906.

This condensed schedule is published for information and subject to change without notice to the public.

4.06 a. m. No. 8, daily for Richmond and local points, connects at Greensboro for Winston-Salem, Raleigh, Goldsboro, New Bern and Morehead City, at Danville for Norfolk.

6.05 a. m. No. 27 daily for Rock Hill, Chester, Columbia and local stations.

7.10 a. m. No. 16 daily except Sunday, for Statesville, Taylorsville and local points; connects at Statesville for Hickory, Lenoir, Blowing Rock, Asheville and points west.

7.15 a. m. No. 39 daily, New York and Atlanta Express, Pullman Sleeper to Columbus, Ga., and day coaches to Atlanta. Close connection at Spartanburg for Hendersonville and Asheville.

8.33 a. m. No. 33, daily, New York and Florida Express, for Rock Hill, Chester, Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville and Augusta. First class day coach Washington to Jacksonville. Dining car service.

9.25 a. m. No. 26 daily, Fast Mail for Washington and all points north; Pullman drawing room sleepers to New York and Richmond, day coaches New Orleans to Washington; dining car service. Connects at Greensboro for Winston-Salem, Raleigh and Goldsboro.

9.30 a. m. No. 37, daily, Washington and Richmond, connects at Spartanburg for Hendersonville and Asheville, and local stations.

12.25 p. m. No. 11 daily, for Atlanta, and local stations; connects at Spartanburg for Hendersonville and Asheville.

6.00 p. m. No. 25 daily, except Sunday, freight and passenger, for Chester, S. C. and local points.

7.00 p. m. No. 12 daily for Richmond and local stations, connects at Greensboro for Winston-Salem, Raleigh, Charlotte to Richmond, and Charlotte to Norfolk.

7.50 Taylorsville and local station; connects at Statesville for Asheville, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Memphis.