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Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' Wool Underwear.

Shirts and Pants. Childrens' and Infants Zephyr Underwear. Gents' Hosiery, Hair, and White Wool Undershirts and Drawers. 50 inch All-Wool Dress Flannels at 67c. 54 inch Tricots at 87c. 3 Lines of Dress Goods marked very cheap. Gray, Brown and Black Astrachams. A new line of Dress Trimmings received to-day. \$10 New Jerseys, among them some entirely new garments. Come and see. Truly,

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The Largest and most complete Stock of

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The best makes on the installment plan. Low prices and easy terms. Send for prices.

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ANOTHER LOT

CHOICE DRY WHITE CORN

Will be Sold at Bottom Prices.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Choice Fresh Corn Meal FOR TABLE USE.

Star Corn and Feed Mills.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN.

Read the Following Recommendation of Quick-Shot Powder.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 3, 1886.—Messrs. Brown, Waddington & Co., Gentlemen: Thanks for the keg of powder, which I was on the lookout for, and received promptly Monday afternoon. I loaded some shells that night and I must say that my first trial of it was very satisfactory. I did not find many birds, it being very warm and dry on Tuesday, but out of the twelve shot I bagged nine, and really found that my gun was not skidded up inside as much as after four shots a few hours ago with the Hazard's FG. I'll take part in the shooting at the Fair next week I shall try it at the city bird and see the result. I enclose check on Commercial Bank for \$1.50 to pay for it. Res. respectfully, T. H. GIBBS.

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—WE SELL ALL KINDS OF—

ENGINES AND BOILERS,

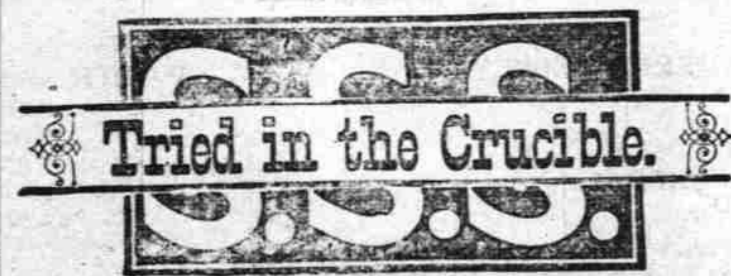
Also the Gullet Cotton Gins, and are general agents for Little & Co's

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and Saw Mills: We are agents for Morley's Fire Proof Safes, and can supply all sorts of Machinery, and carry a full supply of Beam Good, Steam and Water Engines and Boilers. We are closing out our stock of Harlow's, and Harlow's and Farm's who wish to add to their stock, can get special bargains. We have on hand several sizes of Second-Handed Engines in the right repair, which we will sell at very low figures.

BREM & McDOWELL,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.



Tried in the Crucible.

About twenty years ago I discovered a tumor upon my chest, and the doctors pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what Dr. J. S. had done for a cancer patient. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could not make that my cancer was healing up. My general health had improved so far that I was able to leave my bed. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me, and I grew stronger than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial. Miss. NANCY J. McCONAUGHY, Ashe Grove, Tippacanoe Co., Ind. Feb. 16, 1886. Scott's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., No. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

JEAN PEGOLAN.

Jean Pegolan, farmer of Eyevettes, is in a mood humor this evening. Around him the wind is sighing among the leaves of the trees the melancholy song of autumn: the low sun is sending its red, level rays through the branches; the sky is dark blue, and the sun is setting and spicing of the fallen leaves fills the forest, and Jean Pegolan, moved half unconsciously by the ripe, mellow beauty of all around him, touches his good gray beard with his whip, lightly to hurry her on her homeward way.

It is true that the German army is marching on Paris; true that the Prussians have shelled a village here, burned a farm house there, and even that they have shot some inoffensive peasants; but all this is out after all, what is that to Jean Pegolan?

His horses, his cattle, his fields have not suffered from the marauders. In the town where he has just sold his crops he saw some Prussians—and really they were not such monsters—but men like ourselves.

At the close of the day, at the Croix Verte, the village with its high church tower, the wind from the top, turned to burning, colors all by the rays of the setting sun, meets his eye.

At that sight Jean Pegolan smiles, already he tastes in imagination the good soup smoking on the table in expectation of his arrival, and his mouth waters.

But in a Grise stops suddenly. A German soldier-camp has ridden up, and he has been drawn into the narrowness of the road, and Jean Pegolan, being rather slow in turning out for him, the soldier raises his whip and the lash cuts across the farmer's face from ear to ear. Certainly the farmer of Eyevettes has a most profound respect for the conquerors of his native land, but at this blow rage follows the pain, and in his heart, he returns it with interest in his cart. The heavy wooden seat comes crashing down upon the head of the Prussian, who tumbled off his horse with a broken skull.

In the forest the trees are tall, silence prevails over all, the sun is shining brightly above the horizon from behind a veil of light, transparent clouds.

Pegolan, his face gone as quickly as it came, glances furtively about him.

The Prussian has tumbled head foremost into a dry ditch, his heels high in the air, his face buried in the mud at the bottom. There is small fear of his returning to relate this adventure to his brothers in arms.

"Alone!" Jean Pegolan! And the mare bounds under the lash and sets off for home at a gallop.

They have all been driven like a flock of sheep into the church—the peasants of the neighborhood.

They are huddled together in the nave of the building—some very pale, others very red—the throats of all choked with fear. Through the tall, unpainted windows of the church a crude light is cutting large holes in the darkness; the rays, blinding and bright, strike the faces, of which terror has drawn the lips and pinched the nostrils. Above the altar, between two tall, thin wax tapers, hangs a great plastic image of the crucifix.

At that moment the Prussian, who has been blessing those below, from the grave yard surrounding the church, come the heavy, pungent odors of the dyer's leaves, mingled with the clattering of the sparrow quivering among the tapers.

The evening before a German patrol had discovered at the crossroad of the Croix Verte the body of the murdered Urban Lyon in the ditch—murdered by one of the country peasants without doubt.

At that moment a battalion of Saxon chasseurs has marched into Eyevettes, and, by order of the commander, all the men round about have been driven into and shut up in the church.

They have been given five minutes to discover and deliver up the assassin to justice. That time past, and the murderer not found, the village with its outlying farms will be set on fire.

Half-past eleven has just been told from the clock tower. Oh, if they the peasants, only knew who this assassin, this murderer, this bandit was, who had brought them into this predicament, how gladly would they deliver him up, if necessary, they would hang him with their own hands. But, alas, they do not know, and time is passing. He who could free his neighbors and his friends from this embarrassment, who could say to them with truth, "The murderer, the assassin, the bandit, it is I—behold him!" he is very careful not to utter a word.

Seated in the shadow of one of the confessionals, his cap drawn down tightly over his eyes, sick with fear, Jean Pegolan thinks of his wife—so young and enticing; of his cows ruminating peacefully in the meadow; of his hay burning through the windows of his granary; and he tells himself that to die now is to leave all these good gifts of Providence forever.

Would he not therefore be very stupid to confess? After all, he did not mean to kill the Prussian; he had no idea he struck so hard. And with these arguments he quiets his conscience.

If the lot to die falls on an innocent man, why, so much the worse for the poor wretch—yes, everybody for himself in this selfish world.

Ding, dong, ding. Eleven and three quarters ring out from the church steeple. Only a quarter of an hour left them to make up their minds.

The vibrations of the bell die slowly away, and silence like a great dark bird falls upon the vaulted room. Then the regular heavy tread of a company of soldiers is heard outside—a harsh voice calls "Halt!" and the hubbub of a company falls with a hollow clanging sound on the ground. Decidedly it is time for the prisoners in the church to discover the murderer.

Now one among them whispers a name. It is only a whisper, yet somehow every one has heard it. Quickly, quickly those about who have no desire to be shot or turned out of house and home take it up—it resounds from every side.

Jean Pegolan draws a great breath of relief. It is not his name that he hears. It is that of a poor wretch, half wood-cutter, half peacher—a "red" who voted non in the plebiscite. The miserable man has a sickly wife and three small children, of whom the oldest one has just begun to run about alone.

The death of the father will leave his family to die of hunger. But if he did not absolutely kill the Prussian, he is capable of doing it. Then, too, he is a beggar—no thief—and the cure are rich farmers, honest tillers of the soil.

Yes, Justice before Mercy! In vain the unhappy wretch protests his innocence of the crime, affirming that on the day and evening of the murder he did not leave his hut. He had hurt himself the day before in felling a tree. All day long he lay on his bed; they can send for his wife, she will bear witness that he is telling the truth. In vain he lags himself on his knees from this one to the other, praying in a voice suffocated with agony for mercy, for pity, not for himself, but for his sickly wife, his children of such a tender age. Silence, stern, inexorable replies to his prayers.

From his corner bathed in sweat, Jean Pegolan listens to the condemned man's pleading, dreading that the prayers of the unhappy wretch may succeed in melting his hearers' hard hearts, and he may obtain the mercy which he implores.

But he is only too relieved to have at last found a way out of their difficulty. They are anxious to have done with the matter, to be rid of the sight of this man, who looks there tearing his hair and striking out against them with such boldness and cruelty. And the great image of Christ bends over them all.

his forehead head crowned by the cross. Now the portals of the church door are suddenly thrown wide open, showing the square outside bristling with bayonets. In the doorway appears the platoon of executioners; their guns shining in the warm, dusty light which falls down from above. Twelve o'clock rings out from the belfry.

A volley of musketry rings out, followed by a shout, passing shriek, and the corpse of the beggar lies there in the dusty road, his blood gleaming in the sunlight stains the soles of the shoes of the soldiers as they wheel about; while the mounted Cossack officers look down scornfully as they ride away upon the body of the French coward, who died screaming like a woman.

Jean Pegolan is returning to his farm. Smirch how pleasant it is to be home again. The hens are comfortably scratching in the barnyard, the pigeons cooing on the roof, the ducks lazily swimming up and down the pond.

From the out-enclosure, which have fortunately escaped the deprivations of the Prussians, comes the grave lowing of the milk cows, to which the strident bellowing of La Grise responds. The sheaves of wheat upon the granary floor fill the enclosure with a warm, yellow light, above the pile of hay threatens to burst through the low windows.

The farmer of Eyevettes gives himself a shake; he feels that his shirt is still damp upon his back. He enters his house. A woman—it is his wife—is kneeling by the bedside. She rises at the sound of the opening door.

"What they have not shot you?" she exclaims. "It was you," she continues, who killed the Prussian at the Croix Verte for all those months of the blunse you wore—there was blood on it."

"Keep quiet, keep quiet. It is quite true. But you will not betray me!" "Have no fear; but you," returns his wife, with a shudder, "you—you let another man be shot in your place!"

"It was not my fault. It was the maire who made the choice." "Jean Pegolan—you wretch, you wretched coward—adieu!"

Pegolan has fallen into a chair. Deep down in his breast he feels a feeling akin to remorse. And as the cart drives off, carrying away with it his wife, who has left him to return to her parents, he remains huddled up in his chair. Evening draws on, and the Saxon battalion marches away to the sounds of fife and drum.

The wife and children of the murdered man are left to die of hunger. But by this time Jean Pegolan had recovered his serenity. After all those bandits of Prussians did not burn his farm—Temple Bar."

A NEW HOTEL

Has recently been opened at Shoe Head. This Hotel supplies a long felt want of the Traveling Public. The Proprietor is well known in consequence of having been connected with many hotels in the South, and is situated in the most prominent part of the town, and is very convenient to the Rail Road. Meals on arrival of all trains. Orders and Fish always on hand. Call at the City Hotel and give me a trial. Respectfully, WM. GORMAN, Proprietor, Shoe Head, N. C.

IRON BITTERS

WORTH KNOWING. Iron Bitters which has been a house hold remedy in every part of the United States for years, enjoys and deserves the reputation it has won as the most perfect blood purifying medicine ever prepared. Its combination of the best and most powerful astringents to be found in the world of nature, with a preparation of iron, which has been discovered will not produce constipation or headache, ranks its production with the seven wonders of the world. In no other blood purifying medicine are the same strengthening properties to be found. The secret of the combination of Brown's Iron Bitters is so valuable to human beings, and so beneficial to human life, that it is but just and right that it should remain in the sole possession of its discoverer, the Brown Chemical Co. and for the benefit of those who desire to do their duty to the world when they offer Brown's Iron Bitters in its perfected form that enables the sufferer to be his own physician. If your stomach is disorganized, unable to do its duty, failing through lack of action to assimilate the food you eat, unable to assist in its digestion, among the serious results, the most tormenting, the most unbearable, the most depressing is Dyspepsia. Its torture all know. When it becomes acute then it is indigestion; the only sure cure for which is Brown's Iron Bitters. Better than a cure is prevention, and Brown's Iron Bitters taken at the slightest warning of this disturbance is a sure preventive of dyspepsia and indigestion. These warnings in the form of constipation and dull headaches should be heeded. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure them. All other iron medicines produce them, and if they are warnings of a disordered stomach it needs no suggestion to the thoughtful mind to see that Brown's Iron Bitters is the only iron medicine that should be taken to regulate and strengthen, to renovate and build up the tired, exhausted or worn out stomach. Being the greatest blood purifier known to medical science, Brown's Iron Bitters must therefore be the best stomach regulator and strengthener, for the imparting of the blood must be renewed, and the weak, watery, vitiated condition strengthened before the action through the stomach upon the system can be perfectly healthy. We are not alarmists, but we tell the simple plain truth when we affirm that all the ill of the body arise from impure blood, whether weak and watery or tainted with bile or other humors. Ulcers in the stomach, weakness of the kidneys, indigestion, enlarged liver, all follow these conditions of the blood. Attend upon it, regulate it, which result in general debility, a wasting away of the whole body, and mental strength are impaired digestion, loss of appetite, loss of strength, languid feeling, weakness of the muscles, eruptions of the skin, pallid mucous check, dropsy, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatism of the heart, sleeplessness, catarrh, dizziness, and all why continue the list, for if it produces terror to read them, then it is horror to suffer them. They can all be cured by the faithful use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Its effect is to strengthen the body and muscles, regulate the appetite and remove indigestion, to promote healthy refreshing sleep, and cease the pallid cheeks to resume a fresh healthy appearance and the eruptions by disappearing. The most delicate stomach will not be sensitized by Brown's Iron Bitters; the most sensitive organization will not revolt at its use as in the case of other iron medicines. Ladies who are suffering with nervous debility and impure blood will benefit from it, and its effect will be in regard to Brown's Iron Bitters is that it is the only iron medicine that will not injure or disorder the teeth, give rise to children in small and frequent doses it is of untold value in strengthening and toning up their system, removing the waste of nature and furnishing the endurance for the wear of school duties upon the growing bodies. Once more then Brown's Iron Bitters is adapted to the old and young, male and female; is the best blood purifying, strengthening tonic ever made. It is sold everywhere. Price only one dollar a bottle. Prepared by the Brown Chemical Co., Elk, Md.

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GOODS FOR THE SEASON.

Remember that my Stock of

Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Cloaks,

Embodies the greatest variety of styles and prices to be found in the city. Call and examine my Stock and you can be fitted both in style and price. "Cashmere and Wool Shawls," "Elegant Stock of Underwear for 'Gents', Ladies', and Childrens'." "Wool Hats for Gents", "Wool Hosiery for Ladies", "Wool Hosiery for Childrens'", "Misses'", and Gents' Cashmere Gloves.

Leggins for Ladies and Children.

Comforts at \$1.00, 1.50, 2.50 and 4.00. Heavy All-Wool Red Blankets \$5.00 per Pair. Gray Blankets \$1.25, 1.50, and 2.00. White Blankets \$1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 6.00, 7.00, 9.00, 12.00 and 20.00 per Pair. Big Stock Overcoats at \$4.00 to 25.00.

T. L. SEIGLE.

A Change in Business.

I am determined to close out my entire stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS,

Regardless of Cost within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS. The public will find it to their advantage to examine these goods and prices.

They Must Go by December First.

Country Merchants will POSITIVELY SAVE MONEY by calling on me before purchasing elsewhere.

J. LINDY.

Those who are indebted to me must come forward and settle at once. For the next thirty days I will pay farmers on their accounts a quarter of a cent per pound more for their cotton than the ruling market price.

CATCH ON!

I SELL E. & W. COLLARS AND CUFFS FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC HOSIERY, SILK AND LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. MY STOCK OF

NECKWEAR

Cannot be surpassed in the city. Supersedes all styles and best quality. The Best Garter, Cuff Holders, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs, &c. Underwear, both Plain and Fancy, best quality. Also a beautiful line of Walking Cane, suitable for the Dandy Dude to the Old Gents.

Silk, Cassimere, Stiff and Soft Hats.

TRAVELING HATS A SPECIALTY.

ALSO RUBBER HAT COVER, SOMETHING NEW.

GIVE ME A CALL.

M. P. PEGRAM, JR.

HABERDASHER

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SECOND HAND AND NEW

SCHOOL BOOKS

Sold and Exchanged.

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The time has not only come when parents can send their children to school free, but can also get their SCHOOL BOOKS for less than half the regular retail prices, by bringing their old School Books to

JOHN R. EDDINS,

Where they will be taken in exchange for NEW ONES, thus giving the parents an advantage never before offered.

—O—

Economy is Wealth.

I have also in addition to my regular line of School Books, Stationery, &c., a large stock of

Second Hand School Books,

Comprising a number of the kind now used in the City Graded Schools, for less than half the regular retail prices.

Don't forget to call on me before making your purchases, as I can save you MONEY.

J. R. EDDINS,

Charlotte, N. C.

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The largest and most centrally located Hotel in the city. Newly Painted and Refurnished. New Return Call System of electric bells and electric lights. SOUVILLE & BROCKENBROUGH, Proprietors.

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Next to Menthol Celebrated Hornet's Brand

Try it and be Convinced. To be Used Internally and Externally.

Cure Cramp Colic, Diarrhoea, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Croup, Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Rubberia, Scour, Bruises, Burns and Sprains, Stings of Insects, Corns and Bunions, Chilblains, and Frostbites. Price 25 and 50 cents per Bottle.

LOVE'S LEVEL, N. C. Dear Sir—I have used your Hornet's Nest Liment for hemorrhage of the lungs and find it to be an excellent remedy. Respectfully, BRUCE HYLAS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. Dear Sir—I used your Liment in a severe case of dysentery and was cured. I cheerfully recommend it to the public. Mrs. C. M. DARR.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. Dear Sir—This is to certify that a small quantity of your Hornet's Nest Liment cured me of a bad case of poison oak. M. C. CHORWELL.

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