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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

ONLY TWICE AS MUCH READING MATTER AS ANY PAPER EVER OR NOW PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY.

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NIGGER UNDER THE BED.

Which Made a Salisbury Man's Hair Stand on End.

Burglars, robbers and sneak thieves have become so common at Salisbury that it would be a waste of time to notice all that have been done from. But here is an account of an adventure with one of the numerous thieving coons that is out of the usual run of events. The Herald relates the story this way:

Mr. Ed Heilig, a machinist at the railroad shops, while in the act of retiring, thought to put a purse of money received yesterday in a lower bureau drawer for safe keeping, and on stooping discovered a negro secreted under his bed. The negro seeing he was discovered made a bee line for the door running from the front to the back door several times before getting out. Mr. Heilig immediately raised an alarm and started in pursuit of the fleeing negro, who very wisely began shouting as he fled as he ran. The negro came down to Main street, and running down it to Council made a turn and escaped. Mr. Heilig did not identify the negro. This incident occurred about 10 o'clock.

A POOR PENSIONER

But Pay a Third of His Pension to a Legal Shark.

There has been some inquiry as to whether he be the meanest man. The people in the office of the State Auditor think that question is now settled. Yesterday the Auditor received the following letter from Joe Bolton, of High Point: "I want my pension for last year. I see that the legislature had so much taken off this year to put on those who missed last year. I only got $30 for this year, and I had to give a lawyer $5 to get that so that left me only $10. I think I had better come to go to the poor house." This a pitiful letter. The Auditor answered it, informing Mr Bolton that no application was received from him last year, nor until February 2d of the present year. Of course no pensions are allowed until application is made and duly passed on. The Auditor also wrote Mr Bolton: "It was a shame and outrage that the lawyer should have charged an old Confederate soldier $5 for the collection of a poor, pitiful $30 of pension money."

Silly the lawyer will refund it when he realizes what he has done. No one's legal services are needed to get pension paid. Was the charge in this case an evasion of section 11 of the pension act. That section is as follows: "Any person who shall prosecute or purchase for a less sum than that to which may be entitled the claim of any soldier or sailor, or widow of a deceased soldier or sailor, allowed and the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined or imprisioned, or both, in the discretion of the court." In the future, the auditor says, he will print this section on the pension warrants.—State Chronicle.

Looks Pretty Bad.

The State of Massachusetts is now engaged in the effort to repopulate her abandoned or partially abandoned farms, and with this view has authorized the State Department of Agriculture to print a description of all these farms in a pamphlet for public distribution, which has recently been done. There are, according to this pamphlet 906 abandoned or partially abandoned farms in the State. Eighty-six acres is the average size of the farms with improvements upon them and eighty-seven of the farms without improvements. The average value of those with buildings is $894, and of those without buildings $561, a little over ten dollars an acre for the first: not a high price for lands in a densely populated State, with comfortable buildings upon them, and about six dollars and a half for the unimproved. It sounds strangely to hear of abandoned farms in this country, in a State too, which has for nearly thirty years enjoyed the benefits of the protective tariff which was to build up our home markets, where the farmer would find a ready and profitable sale for the products of the farm. There must be something wrong either with Massachusetts or with the protective tariff and the home market.—Wilmington Star.

Caroline Shipp, who was to have been hanged for murder at Dallas on the 18th instant, gets a lease of life untill the 22nd of January, upon the sheriff's representation to the governor that her physical condition made her an unfit subject for hanging for the time being.

Money in the Bank and Elsewhere.

Statesville Landmark: Albert Gray colored, stepped into the Landmark office the other day and said that if it was not too much trouble he would like to have it put in the paper that he had just put some money in the bank. It was pointed out to him that a statement of that sort would probably strike the public as rather an unusual one, inasmuch as men put money in the bank every day; but Albert said he certainly would like to have the paper say something about it just to show the Bethany folks how bad they were out of it when they said, when he came to town, that he couldn't make any money here. He went on to say (and we print it to show the Bethany folks that they can't prophesy for shucks) that he had $30 in the bank, and had money in the building and loan, had all his clothes for the winter and money enough on hand to last him till spring; so Bethany will please take notice and feel bad accordingly.

From the Tombs.

Mr. James Cook:—Sir, I will try to write you A few lines for you to print in the Standard about the chain gang as I am on the gang.

We have got a very good overeseer gard. We get along very well at work on the road but we have A little trouble every saturday with Bob Furr when we are coming to Concord. it has been very cold several nights this week we are fed very well we have good rules to go by. Mr. Leller our overseer is very good to us and we like him very well and Mr. Harris is as good a man as we could have for A gard.

I will close by asking you to print this in your paper if you please.

CHARLEY COLEMAN.

P. S. Mr. Cook please send me a coppe of the weekly Standard if you please.

Dec. 17, 1891.

Flies on Him.

Oxford Day:

We had a back number visitor today.

His appearance in our office was a surprise.

We thought he had bid these parts a long farewell, and we were rid of his hated presence for some months to come.

It was his nature and his business to leave with the last rose of summer and stay away until the flowers bloom in the spring.

But he came today unvited, and although we gave him a cold welcome he made himself at home, tickled us in an easy, familar way that we despise, whispered meangless stuff in our ears and struck to us in spite of our earnest protests.

It was a fly.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were passed by the Methodist Sunday school, and upon motion were requested to be published by the town papers, spread upon the minutes and sent to the bereved ones:

In memory of Miss Maud B. Suther, member of Central Methodist Sunday school, Concord, N. C., who died Nov. 26, 1891, after an illness of 17 hours.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable providence, to call suddenly from this life our esteemed sister, and

Whereas, In the midst of health and the brightness of joyous youth the summons came, with scarcely a moment's warning, merged from the gay companionship of friends into the unconsciousness of convulsions and then, in a few short hours, into eternity, therefore

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission under the appalling stroke of this sad dispensation, which in its suddenness and severity, seems to be token a frowning countenance, yet with the mute and unquestioning compliance to the Divine will, which He demands of His children, we will strive to feel that,

"Our Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best."

Resolved, That, as her lovely form rests beneath the sod, the vacant place in our midst shall ever be a reminder of her faithfulness, and constrain us to emulate her many christian virtues. And that the sudden suddenness of her departure may solemnly impress our hearts with the importance of being ready; for surely if we are prepared to live, we are prepared to die.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to all the bereaved loved ones the deep sympathy of our own sad hearts and bid them look up with the hope that we may all finally see the smiling face of a loving Father now hidden behind rolling clouds of billowy darkness.

JAS. C. FINK,
MRS. L. P. COLE,
MISS JOSIE HILL.

Wadesboro has expelled hogs from the town. Hog pen warfare sometimes proves a boomerang.

HEART THROBS

AND PLEASANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated With Pungent Point and Spiced With Sweetest Sentiment.

The hand organ is played out.

The best thing to catch a husband is the lass-o.

Of course a play should be judged by its acts.

Honesty, like gold, is frequently used to plate base metals.

The hand organ man has only one way to turn for a living.

The mantle of charity should be trimmed with discretion.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Behaviour is a mirror in which everyone shows his own image.

He who would avoid sin must not stand at the door of temptation.

Let not the streams of your life be always a murmuring stream.

Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better.

Eddie wants to know how old a ship is when it has reached its anchor-age.

That was a smart, cute, intelligent boy who said that a rope was a fat string.

He who buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

If we had no faults ourselves we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.

It has been said that it takes a terrible frame of mind to enclose the picture of despair.

Eddie said he placed his arm around his girl's neck last night for an neck's press purpose.

A cheerful heart is more to be valued than all the riches of the world without cheerfulness.

The purest joy we can experience in one we love is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Law suits might properly be called ill-fitting garments, and if possible should never be worn.

Every man's roof covers a little corner of Paradise, unless he has a scolding wife, in which case the climate changes.

Life is easiest to those who can take it lightly, who can bend their backs to any burden, and be grateful for every ray of sunshine.

Great minds differ from small ones in nothing more than this, that they can afford to bestow praise while the latter cannot.

We don't know, Eddie, but we would suppose that the most appropriate garment for a ghost would be the shroud of mystery.

One little wave of a lady's handkerchief will attract more attention than a thousand waves of the sea, and frequently they are more serious.

The young man who attempts to keep up with the whims of fashionable society, will wake up to the fact some day that he has "got left" by the "train of business prosperity."

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers, that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted, we would have unspeakable suffering.

Petition in Behalf of Dawns.

Gov. Holt on Wednesday received the following telegram from Green Castle, Ind:

"In the name of humanity we implore you to commute the Dawns death sentence.

FIVE THOUSAND CITIZENS."

Hundreds of letters are going in. Governor Holt cannot afford to let the State murder this negro, who is by no means a worthy subject for the rope.

Escaped Jail.

Two colored prisoners escaped from the Albemarle jail, Wednesday morning about nine o'clock.

They bent a bar sufficient to pull it from the rock in the window sill, and by means of a rope made from their blankets they reached "terra firm," as a correspondent put it. They are now out in the wide, wide world. Furr, who killed Alman, was in an adjoining room but failed to understand the operations of his near neighbors.

In the Federal court at Charlotte, Thursday, Wiley Atkinson was convicted of breaking into and robbing the postoffice at Lilesville, Anson county. He was sentenced by Judge Dick to two years hard labor in the Albany penitentiary, and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and cost.

The Penitentiary.

Governor Holt Thursday received from Col P F Faison the quarterly statement of the penitentiary finances. It was as follows: Earnings for September, $23,971.49; October $18,585.57; November, $15,977.44; total, $58,534.52. The expenses were: September, $19,236.58; October, $16,376.14; November, $12,943.26; total, $48,555.98. The excess of earnings over expenses for the quarter was therefore $9,978.52.

The annual statement for the fiscal year ending November 30 was also furnished. It shows that the earnings during that period were $213,188.63, and the expenses $196,331.76. The net earnings of the year were therefore $16,856.88.

There are few convicts now in the penitentiary proper; nearly all being on outside work. Of course there has been a considerable falling off of railway work, which is the most profitable employment thus far discovered. Some contracts for railway construction will probably be made in the next few months.

Tribute of Respect.

Whereas in his wise but inscrutable providence the great Creator has removed from her earthly sphere by death Mrs. Sallie Morris, translating her to the realm of eternal happiness and glory.

Resolved, That we, the ladies of the Missionary Society of Poplar Tent Church, have, through this peculiar providence of God, been called on to bear the loss of one of our members whom we loved in earnest affection.

That we record our high appreciation of her talent and earnestness in the labours of the cause which we represent, the spread of the truth and the knowledge of eternal salvation, for she was ever present in our session when circumstances would permit and manifested her zeal in this part of the Master's work.

That we tender to her bereaved husband, Mr Z A Morris, our sincerest sympathy in this dark shadow which has fallen upon his young life and commend to him the consolations of Christ's Spirit.

That the Concord Standard be requested to publish these resolutions, and that a copy of them be sent to Mr. Morris.

This action of our society has been delayed because of the irregularity of our meetings for some time past.

MRS I M HARRIS,
MISS MATTIE CALDWELL,
Committee.

SHORT LOCALS.

Rev Mr Shaw, of Bethpage, spent Friday afternoon in Concord.

We now want to know who has a hog that tips the scales above 350.

Solomon was the wisest man; who's the sourest of the year, 1891?

Biddle Institute, in Charlotte, has 200 students.

Rev R G Pearson and wife were to sail from Europe for America last Wednesday.

Postmaster Buchanan, of Mt. Pleasant, who has been quite ill, is again able to be out.

The turkeys that are living after Christmas day will hold a regular Thanksgiving in Nov. 1892.

The man who thinks he knows himself, usually thinks he knows everything that's worth knowing.

J P, J R and Walter Ritchie, who lived near Esq. Ludwig's, have moved to the neighborhood of Saw, Rowan county.

There is a young merchant in town who has as many cousins as he has young lady customers. We get this Ed-ification by his greetings.

Friday, Beck, the butcher, bought four hogs, six beeves and a wagon load of turkeys. Buckeye cotton keeps us busy feeding does happy dese Christmas times."

R E Gibson with two horses raised 25 bales of cotton this year. This was done, too, with a big hail storm having necessitated the replanting of quite a large part.

Rev. G P Bostick, formerly pastor of the Baptist church here, but now missionary to China, was married on Oct. 29, to Miss Mary J Thorton, another missionary to China.

Over four thousand dollars worth of hickory timber has been shipped from Rockwell, a station on the Yadkin railroad, Rowan county. All this has been done since the road was built.

A countryman owed a Concord firm $10. Friday morning he came in and offered them a steer for the debt—they took it; then one of the firm went out and traded the bovine for an open faced silver watch; then sold the watch for $5.50. All parties are satisfied.

A TERRIBLE FALL.

Dr. Howell, of Cherryville, Falls Over a Distance of 20 Feet.

Dr. A W Howell, of Cherryville, met with a serious accident Wednesday morning about 2 o'clock. He fell over the balcony at the Charlotte Hotel to the pavement below, a distance of about twenty feet, and sustained injuries from which he may not recover.

Philemon Earnhardt was the one who discovered him. He was lying on the north corner of the building, unconscious. He summoned assistance and the unfortunate man was carried to the hotel. It was soon discovered that he was badly hurt. His hip and right arm were broken, and his skull fractured. His wounds were attended to, but all day yesterday he lay in a stupor, and when at all conscious, in great agony.

His fall was attributed to his been drinking. He had been to bed and got up saying to his room mate that he was going on the porch to get some air. His room mate dropped off to sleep, and knew nothing more of his friend until he was brought in the condition described.

Dr. Howell weighs 245 pounds and it is a wonder that he was not killed outright. He is highly respected in his community, and has a good practice.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The Preacher Writes.

A card to the Wilmington Messenger. He is to be investigated. Let us hope that, for the sake of worldly minded men having an opportunity to jeer, Abernethy's indecent, foliish, unmanly contemptible act (kissing another man's wife) will not be wiped out. But he writes:

Snow Hill, N. C., Dec. 14, 1891.

I ask you as an act of justice to refrain from publishing reports that affect the character of an innocent man until you have the facts in the case. Both accounts that you have published concerning my recent trouble have been wide of the truth and unjust to all parties concerned—unjust to Mrs. Grimsley and myself and unjust and unfair to the husband himself. If you will wait until the affair is investigated by those legally qualified to give it a fair and impartial investigation and the matter has been sifted to the bottom, you shall have the facts as they are without concealment and equivocation. A paper of the character and standing of the Messenger ought not to lend itself, even though its correspondents to the perpetration of an outrage upon a man who is in trouble or in any way assist in the promulgation of a slander upon an innocent woman.

I have kept silence hitherto because I wished in no way to forestall the action of the investigating committee which meets here next Thursday, and disdained to try to affect public sentiment by any statement of mine before the facts had been fully inquired into by the proper tribunal. But I think it is both proper and just that I should speak now to this extent.

Will you publish this card in as conspicuous a place as you have the slander. Yours,

J. T. ABERNETHY.

The Case Against John C. Davis.

The case against John C. Davis was called yesterday at 3 p. m. before Justice R H Bunting, and at that hour the office of the justice was crowded with spectators, and, besides, there were fifty men on the sidewalk who could not get inside.

Hon A M Waddell appeared as attorney for Mrs. P W Fanning, the plaintiff, and the defendant was represented by John D Bellamy and Col Thos W Strange.

On affidavit of the defendant the case was transferred to Justice John J Fowler, and upon motion of the defendant's counsel the hearing was set for next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Justice Bunting required a renewal of the bond of $750 for the defendant's appearance before Justice Fowler next Tuesday morning, but failing to secure bondsmen he was committed.—Wilmington Messenger.

Mr. Davis is a young attorney, and has been prominent in church affairs.

Noted Philanthropist Dead.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 17.—Daniel Hand, the noted philanthropist, of Guilford, Connecticut, died today aged 90 years. His property, amounting to nearly a million dollars, will go to the American missionary association for the education of the colored race in the South.

Oh yes, time does run under the spur of the moment.

A DREADFUL AFFAIR.

A Crushing Blow to Two Families in Chatham County.

Yesterday's Pittsboro Record contains the following story of a terrible affair:

Quite a sensation has been created in this county by the reported elopement of Dr. John S Stone and Miss Vallie E Weathers, both of Cape Fear township. Dr. Stone has deserted his wife and thirteen children, leaving them almost destitute. Miss Weathers is quite a handsome young woman twenty-four years old, and is the daughter of the late M R Weathers. Their elopement, though apparantly so strange, is not surprising to the people of that neighborhood, and "thereby hangs a tale" and quite a sensational one at that.

On the 27th day of February, 1889, Mr. M R Weathers, a well to do farmer of this county, died very suddenly on the day appointed for his second marriage, he being a widower. In fact he fell dead in his yard while getting ready to go to his marriage. It was whispered around, but not believed by many, that he had been poisoned by Dr. Stone, his family physician, who resided a mile or two distant. The reason alleged for suspecting Dr. Stone was that he was thought to be improperly intimate with Mr. Weathers' daughter, Vallie, and that Mr. Weathers' marriage would break up this illicit intimacy. So strong was this suspicion that a coroner's inquest was held, but there was no proof of Dr. Stone's guilt, and no charge was preferred against him. He published a long card denying his guilt, and the public generally believed him, but now, in view of subsequent events, public opinion has undergone a decided change. After Mr. Weather's death Dr. Stone's visits to Vallie became more frequent and so notorious, that, at February term, 1890, of our superior court, they were tried and convicted of fornication and adultery. Judge Armfield, who tried the case, in pronouncing a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment on Dr. Stone declared that it was the most aggravated case of the kind that he had ever known. After three months' imprisonment in our county jail a pardon was granted to Dr. Stone by Governor Fowle in consequence of the representations made to him that the prisoner was dying of consumption and that further imprisonment would soon kill him. Some time after his release from jail Dr. Stone resumed his intimacy with Vallie Weathers, and shortly before our last court, in October, he left for parts unknown, fearing, it is said, that he would be indicted again. About two weeks ago Vallie Weathers went away, and was seen with Dr. Stone, who, it is believed, had returned to the neighborhood for her, but did not even visit his family. Where they have gone no one seems to know. It is indeed a sad and disgraceful affair, for the families of the two are highly respectable, especially Dr. Stone's family and relatives.

Mrs. Catharine H. Robinson.

Whereas God in his all-wise providence has called Mrs. Catharine H. Robinson from her earthly home to the heavenly habitation of His eternal glory and her everlasting rest.

Resolved, That we, the ladies of the Benevolent and the Missionary Societies of Poplar Tent church, have been required to part with a kind and gentle mother, a dear devoted sister and an earnest Christian friend, one whose presence was always felt to be a blessing;

That we have lost one of the most determined and zealous members of our societies who, though too aged to attend our meetings regularly, helped much, nevertheless, by her kindly advice and prompt fulfillment of obligations.

That in her departure our Societies suffer the loss of a most cheerful presence, a bright example and a leader in Christian effort, whose place is not easily supplied by another;

That we offer her aged and bereaved husband and grief stricken family our true heartfelt sympathy in this their season of loneliness, trial and sorrow;

That the Concord Standard be requested to publish these resolutions and that a copy of them be sent to the afflicted family.

MRS. I M HARRIS,
MISS MATTIE CALDWELL,
Committee.

Iron Ores.

Mr. G W Patterson has discovered on his Coddle Creek place most excellent iron ores. He has taken specimens to Charlotte to have them tested. Mr. Patterson thinks the quantity is very large.

A Bachelor's Regrets.

Stealing through the halls of memory
Comes the sound of tripping feet,
Comes a troop of laughing maidens
To my bachelor retreat:
Eyes of midnight, eyes of azure,
Golden hair and ebon curls;
Surely ne'er were bound together
Such a bunch of merry girls!

Do I rise and bid them welcome?
No; I fain would bar the door,
For I know they come to taunt me
With the long gone days of yore.
They are only fancy's creatures,
Blooms of early summer, toss'd
On the sward of waning autumn;
Yet I dread these chances lost!

There is Sibyl, like a fairy
Up she steals behind my chair;
On my eyelids rest her fingers:
I must guess what maid is there.
I am sure you liked me, Sibyl:
Had I dared my love avow,
You, I guess—confound my slowness!
What's the use of guessing now?

Dorothy, you little Quaker,
How I loved your looks demure!
Your best weapons were your blushes,
For their wounds time cannot cure.
Well I knew your heart was sunshine,
That restraint you could discard;
I was thinking of proposing
When I got your wedding card!

Netta, charming, stately Netta—
Netta with the cheek of snow,
You and I were nearly lovers
In the golden long ago.
You've a man who always made me
Very welcome at the house;
You've a friend who, had he courage,
Would today have been your spouse.

Laura, I shall ere remember
That sweet evening at the beach;
Scores of times before my mirror
I'd rehearsed a certain speech.
What a splendid chance I had, dear,
Buttoning that tiny glove!
But I prattled—that's the word, dear—
Prattled everything but love!

Pretty shadows, ere you leave me,
My confession pray you hear,
I extol this blank existence
To the world's astonished ear:
But when lonely, in my chamber,
Oft I reckon up the cost,
And I think in deepest sorrow
Of the chances I have lost!

—Thomas Frost in New York Herald.

McDougald Trial in Pamphlet Form.

Because of their length, we are forced to forego the pleasure of publishing in the Observer the speeches on both sides in the McDougald-Conoly murder trial. We are, however, hard at work on the book in which the trial will be given in detail, inclusive of the judge's charge to the jury, and illustrated with pictures of Judge McIver, the attorneys on both sides, D A McDougald and Simon Conoly. No pen could do justice to the masterly speeches made during the progress of the trial, and the book will be well worth the price charged.—Fayetteville Observer.

General Scales' Condition.

The writer was informed on last Saturday that the General is scarcely ever conscious now, and during his lucid moments he suffers intensely. The Governor had frequently expressed a hope before his illness that he might not live to such an old age that he would be a burden to his family and it seems a rathar strange fate that he should have to suffer so long. Consideration for his friends has always been characteristic of the General and it still shows forth even in his dying hours.

People Hurt.

Last Thursday as Rev. A. D. Betts, with his wife and daughter, were driving on the road near Gulf, a fallen tree caught the buggy and frightened the horse, which ran away. The vehicle was wrecked and Mrs. Betts badly hurt, one of her ribs being broken. It was at first thought that her injuries were serious, and for quite a while she was unconsgious. We are glad to learn that she is better and hope soon to hear the glad news of her entire recovery.—Raleigh Advocate.

Rev. Betts was once pastor of the Methodist church at Mt. Pleasant, this county.

THE GREAT HAIR-RESTORER.

The use of various unguents to dress and beautify the hair is a custom as old and universal as the race; but preparations to prevent the hair from falling out, or for restoring it to its original color and fullness, seem to be of modern origin and confined to the limits of the higher civilization. Probably the fatalistic and superstitious ideas of the ancients and of most barbarous people would forbid their interfering with what seems to be the course of nature, in thinning the locks and sprinkling them with gray, as life advances toward the close.

The ancient Hebrew poetically termed white hair "a crown of glory," and so it is when it gracefully adorns the brows of the aged. But when a person in the full vigor of life becomes gray, his gray hair, so far from being a crown of glory, is rather an indication of weakness and premature decay. What may be admired in "John Anderson, my Jo, John" at eighty, is to be deplored in John Anderson at thirty or forty.

It has been observed that early baldness is more common now than formerly. Whatever may be the cause of the early loss of hair, there are few but would avoid it if possible. Some attempt to conceal the loss of their hair by brushing what is left over the vacant places; others brave out their misfortune, as did the fox when he lost his tail; but the majority of the "too previous" ones look anxiously about for something that will restore lost youthfulness and hide their tell-tale phrenological deficiencies. For this purpose, nothing has as yet been discovered that surpasses Ayer's Hair Vigor.

We do not pretend that this preparation will cause hair to grow on a scalp that has been denuded for years and polished like a billiard ball, but without claiming for it any more than its just due, we assert that it certainly promotes the growth of hair, restores color to faded and gray locks, heals humors, keeps the scalp cool, prevents dandruff, and imparts to the hair a silky texture and a lasting fragrance. It will not stain the skin or clothing. Though Ayer's Hair Vigor has been before the public many years, it is still in greater demand than any similar preparation—a convincing proof of its superior merits and extensive popularity.