

MASKED BURGLARS.

An Express Agent Held up at Night—At the Huron of a Revolver He is Compelled to Open a Safe and Fork Over Nearly \$1,000.

News reached the city yesterday morning of a bold robbery by two masked burglars yesterday morning at 1 o'clock at Roseboro, a station on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railway, fifty-two miles west of Wilmington and one mile east of Fayetteville.

Mr. S W Grier is agent for the Southern Express company and telegraph operator and agent for the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railway at that place, and from passengers who came in on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railway last night we learn that he gives the particulars substantially as follows:

On Friday evening about 6 o'clock Mr. R Butler, who is mayor of the town and engaged in business there, gave Mr. Grier a package containing \$500 to be transmitted to the Durham Fertilizer company, of Durham, N C. The Express company's safe is kept at the agent's residence, about two hundred yards from the depot, and when he went home about 10:30 o'clock that night he carried the money with him and locked it up in the safe. He and his wife retired shortly afterwards and at 1 o'clock they were aroused by a rap on the back door.

Mr. Grier inquired, "Who is that?" and a man outside replied that he was George McLamb, and that he wanted to send off a telegram as "old man White" was worse. McLamb is a resident of the place, but the agent, failing to recognize the voice as his, told the man at the door that it was not McLamb's voice. The burglar insisted that he was McLamb and the agent told him to go to the front door and stick the message under the door.

In the meantime, Mr. Grier slipped his pants on, opened his room door and stepped into the passage. As he did so, a masked man thrust the muzzle of a revolver in his face and demanded money. In some way he had opened the door and was in the passage when Mr. Grier was getting ready to come out. Mr. Grier replied that he had no money, but the burglar said: "You have. Open your safe and give me that package of \$500, or I'll blow your brains out!" Mrs. Grier had also stepped into the passage and attempted to scream, but the burglar told her he would kill both of them if they made outcry or gave an alarm. Mr. Grier being confronted by one masked man and seeing another on guard at the door, unlocked the safe and gave up the package of money. The burglars then backed out of the door and disappeared.

After the men had gone out, Mr. Grier called for help, and having secured his revolver, fired two shots with the hope of a tracing help. No one, however, answered his alarm but some of the neighbors heard the shots. The burglar who faced Mr. Grier in the passage is described as a slender man of about 140 pounds weight, and the one at the door was a short, stout man.

Mr. Grier has occupied his present position for more than five years. He is a man about 25 or 26 years of age and has a wife and one child.—Wilmington Messenger.

A Pounding.

Mr. Editor—Please give us space in your excellent paper to express our gratitude to the good people of Mt. Pleasant and old Springs, for a most superb pounding. About fifty good looking, well dressed persons old and young composed the corps.

They moved with stately steps in the charge they made, took possession of our dining room and crowned our table with bounties in great measure, and when the room was no longer to be found on the table they unloaded under it and even crowded the children's dining room bench with four sacks of flour No such pounding ever happened in Christendom. They brought sugar, coffee, butter, apples, lard, sausage, ham, turkey, chickens, soda, turnips, potatoes, pumpkins, flour, soap, kraut, canned fruit, dried fruit, rice, apple butter, dried beans and caks of different kinds.

They also brought two fine rocking chairs and a beautiful lounge and several other things for paragonage. I never served a kinder people, the love of our hearts: no out to them in gratitude.

M. D. GILLES.

A Leg Broken. While driving a team of horses Thursday afternoon Ephraim Culp, colored, met with an unfortunate accident. He was sitting on the front end, with his legs hanging over the bed when one horse began kicking and struck his leg, which broke it.

THE "ADVOCATE."

Rev. Mr. Grissom Makes an Explanation About Conference Action.

The Record yesterday published an extract or two from conference proceedings regarding the Advocate, owned and published here by Messrs. Grissom & Groom.

The clippings referred to were as follows:

"On motion, the offer of Rev. L W Grissom, half-owner of the conference organ, the North Carolina Advocate, to sell his stock at \$1,000 less than cost, was referred to the Committee on Books and Periodicals. The committee on Books and Periodicals brought in its original report, rejecting the offer of Rev. L W Grissom to sell his interest in the North Carolina Advocate to the conference."

"A lively discussion took place, participated in by Rev. F D Swindell and Rev. R B John. Rev. J T Gibbs moved the previous, and the substitute, offered by Rev. R B John to not accept the North Carolina Advocate as the organ of the conference, which was adopted by a vote of 59 to 52."

Mr. Grissom naturally wants the matter fully understood and says it all came about in this way: Conference wanted to appoint the editors of the paper and fix their compensation, this compensation to be paid by the owners, and the editors to be installed whether agreeable or not to Messrs. Grissom & Groom. It should be remembered, however, that conference has no monetary interest in the paper whatever, and this encroachment was naturally objected to by Mr. Grissom and then it was he said before he would submit to it he would sell to conference his stock at par and head a subscription list with \$1,000 towards buying it.

As a result of it all a committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee from the Western Conference next year and see what could be done. In the meantime, the Bishop was requested to appoint Mr. Grissom editor, which was done. With any other body this attempted action would be characterized as a "high-handed proceeding"—trying to control a man's private property without any compensation whatever. Under the circumstances conference might, in some degree, dictate the policy of the paper, but this is as far as they could possibly go.

However, the milk in the account is the fact that the Eastern people want a paper within their own belt. They have been disappointed ever since Dr. Ried came west of Raleigh with it.

A proof of this desire, read this from conference proceedings:

"The conference separated from the paper and appointed a committee to act with a Western North Carolina Conference committee, if they will appoint one, to buy or establish a paper or, if necessary, to establish a paper separately but by 27 majority"—Greensboro Record of Saturday December 21.

A Dream That is a Dream.

EDITOR STANDARD: Last night I dreamed of shooting a wild goose—only wounding it—having no more shells for my arquebuse I ran and quickly overtook it, and while in the act of cutting its head off with my knife, the goose broke forth in these classic words: "Have mercy on the mean corner!"

Has this dream a significance, or is it a reproduction of an impression made on some one of the convolutions of the encephalic mass which is supposed to be encased in the human cranium? If so, which one, and at what period of protoplasmic evolution was the impression made, or is it a sort of "Santa Clause" jubilee which comes about this time of the year?

I fear it is an ill omen and I shall not suspend my hose from the traditional mantle until I hear from you. WILLIAM SMOTHERSPOK.

[Again the sages of the Lyceum must come to the rescue. We have personal evidence that this dream is not a case of delirium tremens.]

Death of Mr. A. E. Hoover.

As noted in a former issue, Mr. D R Hoover had gone to Lincoln to see his brother, who was critically ill.

Mr. A E Hoover, the gentleman in question had been sick for three years and for the last six months was unable to leave his place. On the 19th, several hours before Mr. Hoover reached him, his brother died. He leaves a widow and five living children. He was 5 years younger than our townsman, being in his 47th year.

—Miss Aida White is visiting at Mr. W A White's, at Mill Bridge, Rowan county.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Mr. R W Gadd, of Charlotte, is visiting the old folks.

Mr. Thomas Almood, of Concord, is a visitor at Mr. Hiram Barbee's.

The public school at Pine Bluff is progressing finely under the auspices of Mr. B F Stuart.

Our observant observation observes an observable Sunday school in which flogging has been introduced as a means for promoting good behavior.

On the 18th inst., at five o'clock, p. m., Mr. John Klutz and Miss Florence Turner were married at the residence of the bride's father. A merry Xmas, a happy New Year, and continued felicity for them throughout subsequent days.

A certain mining concern owed three men \$43—\$24 to one, \$12 to another, and \$7 to the other. Being coming uneasy, the men bartered the debt for seven gallons of wine. The wine was conveyed about four miles from where it was procured; here the men had a general reunion—that's all.

The latest edition of impertinent gossip contains this startling announcement: A fifty year old widower whispering to a "sweet sixteen."

There is no tranquility for a widower who persists in dwelling in the cold tents of abject celibacy; though he may be well fortified against the insidious attacks of Cupid, yet he is exposed to a broad, open fire from "the unruly member." If we were "unpermitted widener," we would either get applied, if possible, or else do up our earthly possessions in a red bandanna and get West—

"To the land of the free, Where the mighty waters Roll down to the sea."

A. & Co.

The chabang is doing some very good and long needed work on the public road leading from town to Mr. Pleasant in the swamp at Big Cold Water creek. The bed is being raised.

The remains of Love Shankle, one of the victims in the terrible explosion that occurred at the coal mines in Chatham county last Thursday, were brought to this place, his old home, for interment.

Mr. Margaret Krimminger, of No. 5 township, aged 60 years, died on December 26, and was buried at Mt. Gilgud grave yard. Rev. W H L McAulair conducted the funeral service at Mt. Carmel church.

The colored firemen of this city have requested THE STANDARD to express their most grateful thanks to the white citizens for their liberal donations amounting to \$19.30, to their company. Not only are they deserving, but appreciative.

On Christmas day at 2 o'clock, Mr. Walter Ritchie, of Danville, Va., was married to Miss Lezzie Clayton, of Forest Hill. Rev. J O Alderman officiated. The bride and groom left on the 7:33 train for Danville where they will reside.

Dr. J N Anderson's horse, ran away and threw him out of the buggy two miles from Lexington Saturday evening. The horse got away with the buggy and was caught some miles from the scene. The doctor escaped with a jolt up.

An exchange gets this off: A man named Moon was presented with a daughter by his wife. This was a new moon. The old man was so overcome that he got drunk. This was a full moon. When he got sober he had only twenty-five cents. This was his last quarter.

We are sorry to learn that our former townsman, Dr. J E Smoot, now of Concord, has had a very serious case of erysipelas. Mrs. W G Watson who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Smoot, returned home yesterday and tells us that Mr. Smoot is much improved.—Salisbury World.

Wiley Miller, one of Mr. Jacob Doye's wagoners looked the hind wheel of his big wagon in the wheel to the back of Mr. George Platt Saturday evening, on Main street, causing a break down. The accident was unavoidable, the matter compromised and no arrest made.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sapp entertained a number of relatives and friends at their home to No. 5, Thursday December 26. An elegant dinner was served in splendid style. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sapp, of Concord, Mr. and Mrs. F V Barrer, of Salisbury, and Miss Lora Waiter, of Durham. The Italian band now stepping in Concord was present and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion by their splendid music.

Capt. M I Nesbit gave us a financial call. He pays not only for his own but for that of a friend. Right on his heels came a new subscriber, his nephew, Mr. W F Smith—the list swells and grows.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Mrs. Murphy calls her slipper Castrina because the children cry after it.

Rev. Stagg has accepted the call to the second Presbyterian church, of Charlotte.

The agent says that the Xmas express business was not near so large as usual.

Mr. John N Barringer and bride were registered in Washington, December 26th.

The Southern Express office has been moved to the Smith row, opposite the court house.

Master Joe Fisher was right badly bungled up about the month while playing football Christmas day.

Alfred Arey, colored, probably a hundred years old, died Sunday. He lived in rear of Scotia seminary.

Your attention is called to the announcement of the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the G W Patterson Mill, Co.

There will be a sale of revenue-seized property on January 8 at 12 m. at Brown Bros. Stables, by R S Harris, Deputy Collector.

A Maine woman kept a needle seventy-two years. She did it by swallowing it. It made its appearance at her elbow a few days ago.

The Charlotte News has figured out the age of Albert Area, the old hatter who died here Sunday morning, to be 98 years 3 months and 22 days.

John S Smithdeal is now working in the cotton mill at Milldevelville. He left this evening for that place after spending Xmas with friends here.—Salisbury World.

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Mr. Charles Brown, once a resident of this city, now of Asheville, is visiting in the city and county.

Mrs. Crawford Culp, of Waco, Texas, is on a visit to relatives in this city. She is an aunt of Mr. M J Culp. She is stopping with Mrs. H McIsamara.

Merchant J M Allen has a sweet time of it. The other night a whole barrel of molasses run out on the floor. This is long drawn out sweetness.

Mr. W D Sherwood, Rockingham county, and a brother of our Charles, spent several days in the city. He came in and renewed for the Weekly STANDARD.

Dr. Lawson Klutz, who six or eight years ago went to the State of Missouri from his country home in No. 7 township, is back on a visit to relatives in this county.

Muscles are prevalent in various sections of the county. It is said that in the Rocky River section they are ranging. Nine or ten cases having been reported.

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit by any person, no matter what may be the condition of the hair, and, in every case, it occasions satisfaction and pleasure, in addition to the benefit which invariably comes from its use.

Robert Scales, the negro boy who attempted a criminal assault on Mary Bolton, a young white woman living near Madison, in October last, and who, on failing, shot her in the head with a pistol and made his escape, was arrested in Neapolis, Va., Thursday afternoon and lodged in jail.

Albert Speaks, aged about 40 years, "a wild, reckless fellow, a great blockader, with not much standing in the community," who lived near Eyaline postoffice, New Hope township, Iredell county, was found hanging to the rafters of an old deserted school house, Christmas morning, with his hands crossed and tied in front of him. From the position of the body it is supposed to be a case of lynching.

Mr. David L Parish, aged 77 years, 1 month and 2 days, died at his home three miles south of Concord, this (Friday) morning at 6 o'clock. It will be remembered that several months ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis and since which he gradually sank until life was extinct.

The funeral was conducted at Rocky Ridge Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock by his pastor, Rev. Lancaster.

Mr. Parish has been for many years a familiar figure. For years he was the faithful officer of the Grand Jury.

He leaves a large family, all of whom are grown. His has a son in Washington, one in Raleigh, one in Texas, one on the Southern and two in the county.

Mr. Parish was a kind-hearted old man, who had many friends. To this bereavement, the family are remembered by many sympathetic friends.

A long, usefully spent life is thus ended.

OVERWORK INDUCED Nervous Prostration

Complete Recovery by the Use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Some years ago, as a result of too close attention to business, my health failed. I became weak, nervous, was unable to look after my interests, and manifested all the symptoms of a decline. I took three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, began to improve at once,

and gradually increased my weight from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds. Since then, I and my family have used this medicine when needed, and we are all in the best of health, a fact which we attribute to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I believe my children would have been fatherless to-day had it not been for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which preparation I cannot say too much."—H. O. HISSON, Postmaster and Planter, Klamath, S. C.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR. AYER'S PILLS SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

Every cotton mill in Cabarrus county is O. K.

Married Christmas Day. Mr. A D Wilson, son of Dr. J R Wilson, and Miss Fannie, daughter of Capt. J M W Alexander, were married Xmas night at the home of the bride, Rev. Lancaster officiating. A wedding supper was served, and a reception given the next day at Dr. Wilson's. Many friends extend best wishes.

Killed at Salisbury. Section Master W G Adams and his three assistants had started for their home four miles north of Salisbury, Saturday night at 9.30. Just as their dump car reached the main line it ran No. 35. Lee Carr was instantly killed and Tom Johnson was terribly injured. There are no hopes for his recovery.

The Franklin County Assassination.

Mr. J T Harris, of Franklin county, is in the city. He tells us that his son who was shot a week ago last Thursday night, is improving and the doctors think he will recover. The details of the attempted assassination, some accounts of which have already been published in this paper, as given by Mr. Harris show it to have been a crime of kind happily rare in North Carolina.

"Nobody was in the room," said Mr. Harris, "except my wife and two sons. It was a very dark night and it had been snowing nearly all day. My wife, whose seat was in direct range of the window, got up to go in the other room. I think the assassin must have waited for her to move before shooting. The first thing I heard was the crack of the window pane. It sounded like an explosion in the house. My son James, who was shot, rose from his chair and ran to his mother saying: 'What is it?'" She saw the blood on his left jaw and neck and said: 'You are shot my son.' We laid him down, and then heard another shot, which had been fired into the opposite room of the house, the shot breaking a large mirror on a bureau and a picture of 'The Last Supper.' Nobody except some little children were in that room and nobody was hurt."

Upon being asked whether he had any suspicion as to who had committed the deed, Mr. Harris said he believed the shot was fired by P D O'Bryant. "My son had had a difficulty on the 8th day of last March growing out of some slanderous remarks that O'Bryant had made about a lady. It was settled, but O'Bryant never forgave them. My sons never intended to have anything to do with him again. O'Bryant had been heard to say that he was going to kill James Harris, but this evidence could not be used, and O'Bryant was discharged for want of evidence."

"The people of Franklin are indignant and there is much excitement growing out of this stealthy crime. A purse has been made up to secure the capture of the assassin."—Raleigh Observer.

Out to be Married. Mr. John N Barringer, accompanied by Wm. N Misenheimer, left Monday night for Barium Springs, where Mr. Barringer was married today (Tuesday) at 2 o'clock to Miss Lelia Dayvaunt, sister of the Messrs Dayvaunt of this city. Immediately after the happy nuptials, Mr. and Mrs. Barringer left for Washington City to spend a week. It is very likely that the happy couple will reside in Charlotte when they return.

To the couple we extend our heartfelt congratulations and best wishes.

Fire at the Ostell Mills. About 3:30 o'clock this (Friday) morning, night watchman J M Perkins discovered a blaze of fire in the dye room, and immediately gave the alarm. He was not long in getting assistance and putting it out before any great damage was done.

"Not many of the people of the town knew of it until after daylight, although the fire bell rang for a long time. The firemen reported at their halls but were unable to locate the fire, seeing no reflection and hearing no cries. A runner was sent to the mill, on a horse, but when he got to the scenes the fire was out.

The damage is very small; origin is unknown.

The Patterson Mills. In several weeks the G W Patterson Mills will be running on full time and to its fullest capacity.

The mills have contracts now for all its production, day and night, for the next six months.

The report going the rounds that the mills had stopped etc., is a lie, not a shadow of truth in it or about it.

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Thumb Blown Off. Lon Boat, a 13-year-old colored boy of the town, while fooling with a fire cracker Monday night, had the misfortune of having a thumb blown nearly entirely off, the cracker having exploded while holding it in his hand.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

C. F. & Y. V. TO BE SOLD.

The Baltimore Plan for the safe Provisions—Both the Seaboard and Southern are Bidders.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 23.—The bondholders of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad met this afternoon and discussed the future of the property and the plans of the Baltimore and New York holders for its disposal. The meeting was very exciting and continued more than three hours. About 100 persons were present.

The Baltimore plan contemplated the sale of the road as a whole, while the New Yorkers insist that the three divisions of the road upon which three series of mortgage bonds known as A, B and C are outstanding, be sold separately for the benefit of the holders of the respective securities. It was agreed that a majority of the holders of the three series should be necessary to a decision.

A majority of the New Yorkers endorsed the New York plan, while the Baltimore holders of the B and C series were in the majority and the vote as a whole was in favor of the Baltimore committee's plan, the total being: For the New York plan \$640,000; for the Baltimore plan \$1,519,000.

Propositions were received from the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway Company for the lease of the road under the Baltimore and New York plans respectively.

The fight will now be taken to the courts.

A Quiet Wedding. Surprises are customary along about Christmas times, but no event was more surprising than the quiet home wedding on Thursday evening of Miss Esther Ervin, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J R Ervin, of this city, to Mr. S T Pearson, of Morganton. For a long time it has been known that the above mentioned couple were to wed, but at that time it was unexpected by their scores of friends. At 7 o'clock last evening quite a number of friends and relatives gathered at the bride's home on Spring street to witness the affair, which was solemnized by Rev. W C Alexander, of the First Presbyterian church, immediately after which the bride and groom left on an extended trip north.

Miss Ervin has ever held a high station in Concord society and is popular with everybody, while Mr. Pearson is a prominent and wealthy citizen of Morganton. They leave a host of well-wishers, who hope for them the choicest of this life's blessings.

A Terrible Explosion. Tuesday evening at 4:35 the powder house of the Smithdeal Hardware Company of Salisbury exploded. It had in it 2200 pounds of dynamite and 23 cases of powder.

Two boys, George and Ira Weaver, aged 18 and 14, were using the powder house as a target. It was during this that the explosion occurred. The ground is torn up, trees uprooted and splintered and the grass for hundreds of yards around shaved off. George was killed right out and Ira is terribly mangled.

The windows and sash in all the houses of the neighborhood are broken.

The boys were advised not to be shooting at the powder house, but intoxicated with Christmas they heeded not, and the last shot was the one that did the destruction.

Like Bill Arp. The head of this establishment did not eat any green corn, but he spent his Xmas like Bill Arp did the time when he had the famous "Midnight Corn Dance." All is quiet and serene now.

But every desert has an oasis or two. In this connection he wants to thank his force for the pleasant surprise they gave him for a Xmas present. It was one of those "perfectly lovely" gold pens, with pearl staff. It was with one injunction, however, learn to write a more legible hand.

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From LaGrippe. How Dr. Miles' Nervine Restored One of Kentucky's Business Men to Health.

No DISEASE has ever prostrated so many peculiarities as LaGrippe. No disease leaves its victims so debilitated, listless, despondent, nervous as LaGrippe. I, Dr. W. H. Hutton, state agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Kentucky, say: "In 1888 and '89 I had two severe attacks of LaGrippe, the last one attacking my nervous system with such severity that my life was despaired of. I had not slept for some time, two months except by the use of narcotics, which completely lost me my mental faculties, and I was only able to get up and walk when I was finally prostrated."

When in this condition, I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine Restorer. In two days I began to improve and in one month's time I was cured; much to the surprise of all who knew of my condition. I have been in excellent health since and have recommended your remedies to many of my friends."—Louisville, Ky., Dec. 22, 1895. W. H. HUTTON.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restorer. Health.

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