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Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
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Assets, December, 31st, 1891 ..... $74,359 95
Assets, December, 31st, 1892 ..... $178,602 81
Assets, December, 30th, 1893 ..... $310,437 76

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COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Woodstock, Va., Nov. 20th, 1894.

To the creditors of the estate of Henry Clem, dec'd.

Take notice that I have fixed upon Saturday the 22d day of December next at my said office, to take an account o the debts or demands against Henry Clem or his estate, and the personal assets of the estate, when and where you are required to attend with proof of your claims.

Given under my hand as Commissioner in Chancery of the County Court of Shenandoah County the day and year first aforesaid.

E. E STICKLEY,
Com. in Chy.

nov. 23—4w.

Days of Horror.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms, each 29 by 10, and some windowless closets, and here were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place on the promise they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for 18 days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or assembly rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. Five of them, with hatchets and swords and knives, began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know.

The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed, but when they were again opened three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European was left in Cawnpur. The murderers were paid 50 cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness says that as he walked in the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a cardcase containing a curl, with the inscription, "Ned's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled "Preparation For Death;" a Bible on the fly leaf of which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair," both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

I said, "Mr. Lee, I have heard that indelicate things were found written on the walls." He answered, "No, but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had suffered."

Havelock to the Rescue.

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene, he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpur. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some 70 mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me—the red typical of the carnage there enacted and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

But of course the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble incloses this well. The wall is about 20 feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it and found it 57 paces around. In the center of this inclosure and immediately above the well of the dead is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the sepoys. They shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The Fate of the Rebel.

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that palace of a sepulcher, and I bethought myself: "No emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting places of the martyrs of Cawnpur. But where rest the bones of the Herod of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? No one can tell. Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little pomp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib, with one servant carrying an umbrella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after awhile he forsook even that small attention, and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in his crown, declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in time, "Wisdom is better than rubies." When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpur monster may be picked up and be brought back again to blaze among the world's jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulture the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas!

Cruelty Matched Cruelty.

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these sepoys. Indeed it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannon, and then the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your own criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The work of slaughter had been begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way to stop it. A mild and gentle war with the sepoys was an impossibility. The natives of India ever and anon have demonstrated their cruelty. I stood on the very spot in Calcutta where the natives of India in 1756 enacted that scene which no other people on earth could have enacted.

The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement 20 feet by 20 indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows and was intended for two or three prisoners. These natives of India crowded into that one room of 20 feet by 20 feet 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all, are matters of history. The sepoys that night held lights to the small windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only 23 people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking natives who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offense, would, at the call of the mutineers, and without any compunction, stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance, and they will re-enact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British government was too lenient and put in places of trust and in command of forts too many of the natives.

England Too Lenient.

I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way that these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say beware, or the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms, over which the hemispheres have wept, will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman and Scotchman and Irishman and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself, but I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties for the time suppressed, which, if let loose, would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay and from the Himalayas to Coromandel.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindoolsm which many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of nations is such a stupendous work that nothing but an omnipotent God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Adventure Showing That a Live Woman Is More to Be Dreaded Than a Ghost.

"At 2 o'clock one morning," said the retired burglar, "I was in a good sized second story back bedroom in a comfortable old house in a country town in Massachusetts. The bed in this room was empty, but the clothes were turned back, and the bed had evidently been occupied. It stood in the rear corner farthest from the door, with the headboard against the rear wall and the side of the bed about a foot or so away from the side wall. At the foot of the bed against the side wall, about in the middle of that side of the room and right opposite the door, stood the bureau. Between it and the footboard itself there was a space of perhaps a foot, maybe a foot and a half, enough for anybody to pass through comfortably.

"I stood now in front of the bureau. I had set my lamp down on top of it and had just opened the top drawer when something prompted me to look up into the mirror. In that mirror I saw, dim, but clear enough, the reflection of a ghost in the hall. There was a faint light in the hall, just a little from a lamp standing on a table near the front end, and by that light, when I turned to look, I saw the ghost. It was moving from the rear of the house toward the front, along the hall, a little nearer to the side I was on than to the other, and moving slowly, like a stage ghost. It was tall and spare and all in white, with something white over its head. It moved slowly across the door and disappeared. After it had gone I stood there, with my back to the bureau, staring at the doorway.

"A moment later it reappeared, moving now toward the rear of the house, and this time nearer still to my side of the hall. It was moving slowly, as before, but instead of passing by it turned toward my doorway when it came opposite to it and came in over the sill and moved slowly across the room straight toward me. Nearer and nearer, and I couldn't move until something told me—I wondered why it hadn't come to me before—that the ghost was a sleep walker. It was a woman. This was her room, and she was coming back where she belonged.

"Of course I felt a little easier then, but I wanted to get away, and I thought I should soon be able to, for I supposed, of course, that she was making for the bed, and the idea that she would do anything but go to the front of the bed and get in there, like any other human being, never entered my head. While she was coming across the room I had sort of involuntarily backed into that gap between the corner of the bureau and the footboard of the bed. I stood there looking at her while she was still coming straight across toward the bureau, never doubting that she would turn in time and go to the front of the bed, and she did turn and move in that direction, but when she got pretty near to the other corner of the footboard from where I was she turned again and started toward the gap that I was standing in, evidently with the intention of going around to the back of the bed between it and the wall and getting in on that side. That last three or four feet along the footboard she seemed to glide as smooth as ever, but quicker than lightning, I in the way and too scared to move. She was awake the instant she touched me and screaming like a mad woman, and I was awake then, my friend, finally, and clawing across that bed to a window there was at the head of it I cleaned that window out, blinds and all, with one sweep of the jimmy and jumped."—New York Sun.

Where His Strength Sufficed.

"One of the queer things of life," says the sharp observer, "is the way in which men's wishes will control their bodily health. I stopped not long ago at a farmhouse in the Maine woods region, where the occupant had a mineral fever, or, to put it in other words, a firm belief that precious metals existed in the ledges on his land. On other subjects he was in feeble health, but say gold or silver to him, and he was ready for any amount of exertion. The wood pile was scant, and the housewife had to do both the chopping and bringing in the wood. The man, when requested for an armful of wood, languidly excused himself because he was too weak to comply. But within ten minutes of the refusal he went a half a mile over rough land and brought to the house a rock supposed to contain ore that was a heavy load for a strong man and seemed none the worse for it."—Lewiston Journal.

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The only inner tube removable through the rim.

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Victors are BEST.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. DETROIT. DENVER.

VIRGINIA, To Wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Shenandoah County, on the 3rd Monday in Nov. 1894. IN VACATION.

F. H. Irwin ..... Pltf.
AGAINST
Virginia Fence Co. Limited .... Deft.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to recover the sum of $35 90 with interest to be computed after the rate of six per centum per annum from Oct. 22d, 1894, till payment, and to attach and subject to the payment of said sums and interest, and the costs, the estate of said defendant.

It appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State—IT IS ORDERED, That it do appear here within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect its interest; that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Shenandoah county, once a week for four successive weeks, and a copy posted at the front door of the Court House of said county, on the first day of the next County Court.

GEO. W. MILEY, c. c. c. s. c.
A Copy—Teste:
GEO. W. MILEY, c. c. c. s. c.
nov. 30—4. J. C. Baker, p. q.

VIRGINIA To WIT:
In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Shenandoah County, on the 10th day of Nov. 1894. IN VACATION.

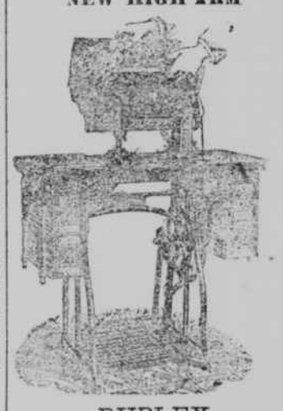
Ida Funkhouser by Amos Brumback next friend ..... Compit.
AGAINST
Albert F. Funkhouser ..... Deft.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce *a mensa et thoro.*

It appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State—IT IS ORDERED, That he do appear here within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interest; that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Shenandoah county, once a week for four successive weeks, and a copy posted at the front door of the Court House of said county, on the first day of the next County Court.

GEO. W. MILEY, c. c. c. s. c.
A Copy Teste:
GEO. W. MILEY, c. c. c. s. c.
nov. 30—4w. J. C. Baker, p. q.

Wheeler and Wilson
NEW HIGH ARM



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Nothing will be spared to secure the comforts of its patrons. The rooms are spacious and comfortable, the table always furnished with the best, and the servants will ever be found polite and attentive.

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A good livery attached to the House.
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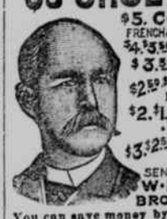

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It Cures
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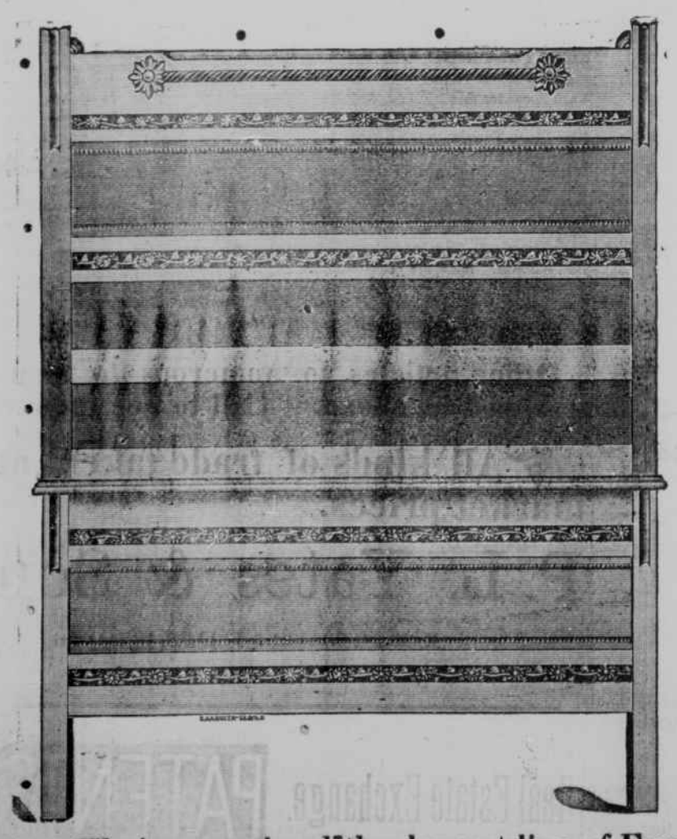

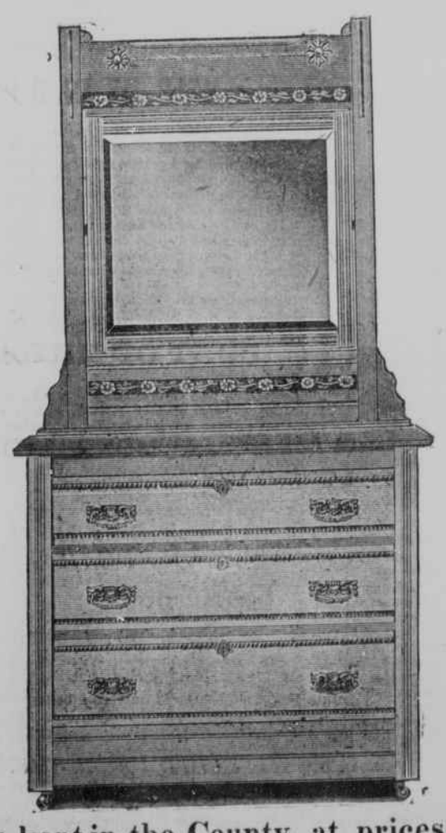

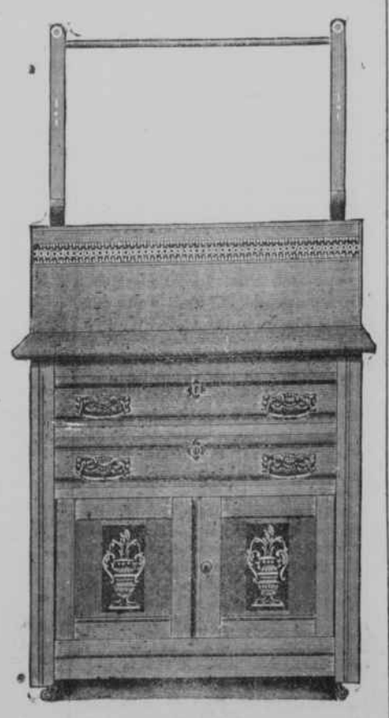

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