

EXTRAORDINARY NERVOUSNESS.

Blindfolded, Could Count Every Seam When Walking Across a Carpet.

From the Capital, Sedalia, Mo. There is probably no one better known in Sedalia, especially among the members of the First Baptist Church, than Mrs. Mollie E. Roe, the wife of Mr. Roe, the nurseryman, and nothing is better known among the lady's acquaintances, than that for the past four years she has been a physical wreck from locomotor ataxia, in its severest form. That she has recently recovered her health, strength and normal locomotion has been made apparent by her being seen frequently on the streets and in church, and this fact induced a representative of the Capital to call on Mrs. Roe to secure into the circumstances of her remarkable recovery.

Mrs. Roe was seen at her house at the corner of Ohio Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, and seemed only too glad to give the following history of her case for publication: "Four years ago," she said, "I was attacked with a disease which the physicians diagnosed as locomotor ataxia, and I was speedily reduced to a mere wreck. I had no control of my muscles, and could not lift the least thing. My flesh disappeared until my bones almost showed through. The sense of touch became so exquisitely sensitive, that I believe I could be walking over the softest carpet blindfolded, have counted every seam, and it may be imagined how I felt when trying to move my feet. I was almost blind, and the most eminent physicians were consulted, but they gave me no relief, and I was without hope, and would have prayed for death, but for the thought of leaving my little children. All thought of recovery had gone, and it was only looked upon as a question of time by my husband and my friends when my troubles would end in the grave."

"One day while in this condition, I received a newspaper from some friends in Denver, with a news item marked, and while reading it my eyes fell upon an account of a remarkable cure of locomotor ataxia, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the case as described was exactly similar to my own. I at once made up my mind to try the remedy, and began according to directions to take the pills. The first box had not gone when I experienced a marked improvement, and as I continued I grew better and better, until I was totally cured. I took about four boxes in all, and after two years of the most bitter suffering was as well as I ever was. Not only my feelings but my appearance underwent a change. I gained flesh, and though now forty-three years old, I feel like a young girl. You can say that Mrs. Roe owes her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that she knows that there is nothing in the world like them."

(Signed) MOLLIE E. ROE. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of August, 1896. GEORGE B. DENT, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

He knew. Mrs. Slimson—it seems strange that you should ask Mr. Clinker to change your belt for you. How did he know what size you wanted? Clara—He measured my waist, mother, before he left last evening.

One's Cough Balm. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The climate. "I have been accustomed to better days than these," said the tramp, sorrowfully.

"You must have lived in California," said the marble-hearted housewife.—Washington Times.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure (recovered quick consumption)—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquet, Kan., Dec. 12, '95.

Nearly every man is compelled to walk up hill to reach his grave.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

When you are a fool don't pretend to be a sage.

A man is a mystery only to himself; other people understand him.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP! Safe Cure WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine a honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment blank today. Watson's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

QUARTER OF CENTURY OLD. FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING.

Waterproof. Not affected by fire. The only safe roof for all climates. Write for circulars and prices. FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH CIGARETTES LIQUID EXTRACT SMOKE. CIGARETTES & RAUERS & CO., MILWAUKEE, PA.

A STRANGE WOOING.

I AM Casper Athwold. I was born beautiful, but one day a nurse dropped me from her arms down the whole length of the oak staircase. There is no need to say more. Yet I was a happy child. As I grew up I built such castles in the air as other youths build, and in my castle I began to see Kate Norman's figure, Katie's dark-eyed, crimson-cheeked face smiling on me from visionary fire-side there, and hear her voice singing lullabies in the far-off future. We met often. She was always kind and friendly. I had fancied something more.

One day I went in the heat of the afternoon to a shady spot by the river side, my own ground. I lay upon the grass, reading a book, when behind the glossy leaves of the plants which the little ones called "bread and butter bushes" I heard the sparrow-like twitter of girls' voices.

"She'll have him," said one. "Fancy such a bridegroom!" said the other. "All his money couldn't buy me."

"He don't want you, but Kate," said the first. "One must be at one's last prayer to want such an admirer. No one could like Casper Athwold."

"Of course not," said the first; "but then he's rich, and Kate poor enough." "You are right; no woman could love him; but money will marry anybody."

There was a rustle, a sound of feet on the grass. The chirping voices died away in the distance. I shut myself up in the old house, among my books, and shunned the sight of faces and the sound of voices. It was the best thing that a man whom no one could love could do.

So the months wore away. Sometimes I had met her, but I always looked another way, and our pleasant greetings had come to an end. I had seen a hurt flush on her face, and taken no heed of it. I had even been discourteous—but I loved her just as I had loved her all along.

One day I went to the old lawyer who had had charge of our estate for forty years, and bade him draw me up a will, in which I left all that I possessed to Kate Norman, with a letter which only her hands were to unseal, only her eyes to read, after I had gone.

This was the letter: "Kate Norman: You never cared for me; you could not; once I heard a woman say no woman could; but I loved you. Had I cherished one faint ray of hope I would have striven to win your heart; but I learned, in time, what folly it was; and, in pity for myself, held aloof from you. As it is, it gives me some pleasure to think that you will dwell upon this roof. When you read this you will pity, not deride, the love of "Casper Athwold."

This note lay unsealed and directed, "To be given to Kate Norman after my death;" and the will was also signed and sealed, and I walked home.

I WAS IN DANGER. At my door the elm shadows lay thick, and in them stood a bent, crooked figure, clothed in rags, a beggar, who began his dolorous whine as I came up:

"A little help, just a little; I'm not a strong man, sir; I can't work like the same. Yer isn't strong yerself; ye'll be knowin' what that is. A wakenly could erater that would be thankful for anything—a penny or an old coat, or a sup or a bite, yes, sir."

I tossed him a coin. "Go," I said. "Don't loiter here." The man looked at me curiously, as though he had expected more pity from me. The coin had fallen at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"Yes, it'll buy a bite," he said. "Good luck to ye. It's not always I ate before I slape."

I turned and looked at the beggar. He was miserable also. "Come in," I said. "I'll give you some clothes; you need them sadly."

"It's nothing but needing with me, sir," said he. "The likes of me can't work."

"You have had an accident?" "My father threw me out of a window for a joke when he was not sober."

I took from my wardrobe garments I had worn, and bade him put them on. Afterwards I gave him food. I called no servant in; no one saw him come or go save myself. He departed blessing me. I watched him out of sight. Then I burst out in a laugh.

"He had best go and offer his hand to Kate Norman," I said. "Fay would make a well-matched couple. Does he look like me in my clothes, I wonder? They fit him well."

Then I remembered going out of the door and down towards the water's edge. A boat lay there with the oars

in it. I stepped in and rowed up the river. The twilight faded, night came on, a dark, moonless night. I had dropped the oars and was drifting seaward, lying at the bottom of the boat. I knew that I was in danger, but the knowledge did not affect me.

Suddenly a glare of red light flashed over my face, I heard a heavy throb of machinery, then a shrieking whistle, and a steamer was hard upon my little boat.

After that I knew nothing until I came to myself in a strange room, in a strange hotel at Albany. The captain of the steamer which had run my boat down fancied that to his account lay the fever and delirium which had come upon me, and had me taken care of. It was two weeks since the day last in my memory. I read that in the paper.

There, also, I read this paragraph: "The body found in the woods at _____ has been identified by the garments and some personal peculiarities as that of Mr. Casper Athwold, a wealthy citizen, who has been missing many days. His funeral takes place this morning."

I dropped the paper in amazement. My own name—the record of my death. Then I burst into a bitter laugh. I understood it. The beggar whom I had clothed had died upon the road. He it was who was that day to be buried under my name.

At first it seemed merely a cruel joke. Then the memory of my will and the letter written to Kate Norman flashed upon me. I must reach home and prove myself a living man before it was too late.

Weak as I was, I arose and dressed myself, and giving my address to the landlord, left the hotel for the depot; but I reached it only in time to find the train gone. Another hour or so must pass. They were ages to me. She would not read that letter while I lived.

At last I was off—fairly on my way. In the dark of the evening I alighted at the depot and hurried homeward. There I should find my servants, and, probably, the lawyer, who would find it his duty to secure everything for the future heirless.

They would not, I hoped, read the will so soon—yet it was customary. If this had been done, how should I act? How speak? Only a little space lay between the depot and my home. The railroad encroachments had been my mother's greatest troubles in the last years of her life. Now this fact enabled me, ill as I was, to reach the house without delay. It was dark, and I met no one.

In a moment I knew why. They had assembled in the parlor to hear my will read—for, through the Venetian shutters long bars of light fell across the porch; and looking in, unseen myself, I saw Kate Norman, with a letter in her hand, glide through the opposite door. The will had been read. Before I could interpose she would have read the letter also.

What should I do?—return as I had come?—change my name?—dwell where no one knew me? It seemed that this were better than to return to the gaping towns-folk's nine days' wonder. Worst of all to meet Kate.

I turned from the window and hurried away—but I was still weak, very weak, and soon my strength gave way. It was just as I reached the churchyard. The road was bare, with no resting-place upon it, but within the gates the soft grass tempted me, and the willow branches seemed to nod a welcome.

I cast myself down in the long grass. The crickets chirped all about me. A bird somewhere gave a shriek now and then.

I felt my blood on fire; I could not stop thinking; I could not give tired nature her way. I was weary and worn beyond all description.

I heard the church clock strike nine. It startled me to think an hour had flown when the same clock struck ten. I lifted up my head to listen, and saw a figure gliding up the path—a woman's figure.

It came straight on and cast itself on the grave by which I sat—the grave beneath which the beggar lay whom they had taken for myself—cast itself upon it, sobbing wildly.

The shadows hid me. I gazed unseeing upon the mourner. Who was it? Some one who had mistaken the spot, no doubt. She lifted up her head. In the moonlight I saw her face. It was Kate. Had pity brought her there? Could pity make a woman weep so? I drew nearer. She spoke; it was my name she uttered.

"Oh, Casper," she cried, "shall I never hear your dear voice? Can I never tell you how I loved you? Oh, Casper, Casper!"

Silence, with the cricket's chirp amidst it, and the bird's scream, dawn broke upon my soul. Then I stood beside her, holding her close and fast.

"Do not fear, do not tremble," I cried. "It is a living Casper who comes to you, and no ghost. Oh, Kate—Kate, you gave tender words to the clay you thought mine, will you bless me with them living?"

She hid her face in my bosom, and would not look up—would only cling to me with her soft, white hands and sob.

And there we stood about together amidst the graves, I content to stand there, her hand in mine, her cheek upon my bosom, until the blessed evening-time lengthened itself into eternity.

But at last she told me this, that of all men I was to her the best; and when I wonderingly asked her how I might dare dream that this could be, she made only the woman's answer, "Because I love you."

Lost Vitality Fully Restored

.....Magical Treatment

OFFERED BY THE STATE MEDICAL COMPANY (Of Nebraska, Incorporated.)

A corporation that has paid \$200,000 for a secret treatment that has been tested in private practice for nearly ten years. Thousands of men who have given up hope of being cured are being fully restored by us to their former selves.

The "State Medical Company" is chartered by, and under the laws of, the State of Nebraska, with a capital of \$250,000, subscribed by leading business men of large means—men who, after the most severe experimental tests of this Magical Treatment, organized themselves into a strong corporation for the sole purpose of placing before the public the most wonderful treatment ever known for the cure of *Lost Vitality* and *Reduction of Life Force* in old and young men. Thousands of young and old men have indiscreetly sapped the Vital Forces, and shat-tered the Nerves, until they have become despondent, irritable, and otherwise discouraged, and many feel that life is not worth living. Thousands of graves have been filled by suicides from this most deplorable disease.

It causes Loss of Memory, Weakness of Body and Mind, and other difficulties which we can only explain in our private circulars and letters.

The original owner of this MAGICAL TREATMENT was often strongly urged to place it on the market, but always refused, saying: "I cannot advertise without being classed among the great herd of quacks, who are always preying upon and humbugging suffering humanity." And, right here, let us say that when you see a *free-charge* or *free-prescription* advertisement, or an advertisement of "one honest man" (?) who claims to have been cured and wants to give the information free, just set it down that there is a *viper in the woodpile*, somewhere.

We have NO FREE TREATMENT, NO FREE PRESCRIPTION, but we have a treatment that will cure all curable cases, and we have cured thousands where the best remedies known to the highest medical authorities have failed. When you see an advertisement which claims to "cure all," no matter how bad, don't you believe it, for there are some cases beyond all medical skill, that even our MAGICAL TREATMENT cannot cure. But, where we cannot cure, we promptly tell you so, and we will cheerfully return every dollar where our TREATMENTS fail. When any one claims he can cure so that the disease will never return again, he makes false statements, because these same troubles and diseases will return under the same conditions that originally brought them on; but one who has for a time, even a short time, been deprived of his manly vigor, when it is restored to him again will be more careful in his after life, and thereby continue to enjoy these blessings during the rest of his life.

We do not send medicines C. O. D. until the patient so orders it, and we do not wish to be classed among the great band of quacks plying their vocation all over the country. We know what we have, and know it to be a wonderful remedy. We have made many marvelous cures among those who have tried the best known treatments. The State Board of Health has for years recognized the necessity of a remedy for these diseases, and a living evidence of its great importance may be found in the State Insane Asylum of Nebraska, as well as in every other insane asylum in the world.

There comes a time to those afflicted when they will reach a point beyond all medical aid, and you should not delay longer. We will send you full particulars, securely sealed, on application. Address, STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb.

REV. MARY A. HILLIS. In a letter just received from the noted Evangelist, Rev. Mary A. Hillis, she writes: "I gladly give my testimony to the healing properties of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. My son has had a terrible cough every winter for five years and he took dozens of bottles of the leading cough medicines but nothing seemed to help him or quiet his cough. But two 25c boxes of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm has cured him, and it has been a great relief to other members of my family when afflicted with colds."

We know there never has been a medicine to equal it for the lungs, throat or catarrh. WE GUARANTEE IT to cure even if all other remedies and doctors have failed. Why not try it now. It costs only 25c a box at druggists, or sent by mail by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send for booklets. Valuable book on female diseases free.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE. Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

Send This Notice and 10 Cents Stamp to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. Left in trust.

The estate of Benjamin Potter of Kent county, Delaware, about fifty years ago, was left in trust for the benefit of the poor whites of the county not within the almshouse. The attorney for the estate is about to distribute among the poor \$6,000 accumulated surplus from the proceeds of the estate. The property consists of about 3,000 acres of farm land.

Home Seekers' Excursions at Half Rates. Via the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route to points in the west and southwest. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, March 2 and 16, April 6 and 20, and May 1 and 18. For descriptive and illustrative pamphlets of the different states, time and map folders, address H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Nothing is Free. Since the great caves of this country were turned into show places a close watch has to be kept on visitors to prevent their annexation of stalactites, cave acorns, gypsum crystals, and other curious and beautiful formations. Not even the broken stalactites lying about the floor can be appropriated, for these are gathered and sold by the owners or lessees of these holes in the ground.

Business Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running, itching, or watery ear, and when it is enlarged the hearing is impaired, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Now comes out of nature a medicine called CASPARI, which is nothing but an improved condition of the mucous surface.

We will give you a hundred dollars for any case of deafness, if you can certify that it cannot be cured by Hall's Caspary Cure. Send for circular free. Sold by J. C. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Heart's Creature. First Claim—It'll never speak to that Fred Hampton again. He had the audacity to back out of the parlor the other night throwing slaves at me.

Second Claim—Why, the heartless creature! And you fight there within reach! Detroit Free Press.

Men Without a Smoking Stump. For aching in the back and the pain in the stomach, which pain is caused by indigestion, and which is cured by Hall's Caspary Cure. Send for circular free. Sold by J. C. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Caution's Stimulant. Never again, women or girls, use Caution's Stimulant. It's a fallacy to all right as long as he is not in his own way.

GUARANTEED.

We know there is no case of dyspepsia or constipation or derangement of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels so bad but that Dr. Kay's Renovator will cure it. So WE GUARANTEE IT. Never has there been such unqualified success in treating all such cases with any other remedy. You should try it now. There is no better spring medicine. You will be more than pleased if you try it. The following is a sample of the thousands of letters received by us. Mr. Edward Wood, of Pringham, Iowa, writes: "I have taken Dr. Kay's Renovator and it has cured me of dyspepsia of about ten years standing. I was so bad off that everything I ate soured on my stomach. I can now eat most anything. I am now 71 years old."

Send at once for free booklet with treatment of all diseases, recipes, testimonials, etc. Special booklet on female diseases free. Price of Dr. Kay's Renovator 25c and 50c, and is sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

The "R" Needed in the West. A reformer has been telling the ladies how to do the proper thing in the way of pronunciation, deportment and what not. Among other things she told them to drop the final "e."

She says it is crude, uncultured, uncivilized, barbarous sound and that it is not the thing for the fine de siècle generation. Without presuming to differ from Mrs. Wussell, the Stah begs leave to suggest that while that sort of thing may be all right in Boston whey-ah the moist aiah from the ocean weals off the wough edges, out heah in the West the "ah" still goes, and you can bet your bottom dollar on it, too.—Kansas City Star.

The Spartan Virtue, Fortitude. Is severely taxed by dyspepsia. But "good digestion will wait on appetite, and health on both." When Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to by the victim of indigestion, heartburn, flatulence, biliousness, will counteract the gastric region and liver if this genial family corrective meets with the fair trial that a sterling remedy deserves. Use it regularly, not spasmodically—now and then. It conquers malarial, kidney, nervous and rheumatic ailments.

Not Quite Healed. "By jove, Mabel! I sometimes think you only married me for my money." "Those lucid intervals are encouraging."—Life.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The trouble with the great human problem is, there is no solution. As soon as a man falls in love, everything conspires to punish him.

STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb.

Smouldering fires of old disease lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, if you use the standard remedy of the world, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE. FREE! A Tint Card showing 10 desirable tints, also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper. ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

\$100 BICYCLES FREE.

In order to introduce our "1897" wheels we intend giving away a number free to advertise them. For particulars send 2c. stamped addressed envelope to the AVALON BICYCLE CO., 313 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted everywhere. 511-521 Broadway, N. Y.

GAMES FREE.

A useful article for only 25c. Subscribers to our paper receive a game of checkers free. Write for it. Address: FOSTER & CO., Box 91, Parkersburg, Pa.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

For coughs, colds and throat disease. W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 9.—1897. When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

Master. To master is to overpower. ST. JACOBS OIL Is the Master Cure of SCIATICA. It overpowers, subdues, soothes, heals, cures it.

PISO'S

For Consumption CURE

For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Ceresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED. ALL DRUGGISTS.