

## Symptoms of Paralysis.

Douglas, Neb., May 8, 1895.  
 Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,  
 Schenectady, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify that I am a resident of Douglas, Otoe County, Neb., and am eighty years of age. I have been an almost constant sufferer nearly all my life.

Of late years I have had severe pain in my back and limbs, with numbness and prickling sensations in the extremities, which some physicians pronounced symptoms of paralysis.

Last fall, having heard through friends of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I purchased a half dozen boxes direct from you and began taking them according to directions.

At this time the action of my heart was giving me great anxiety, its pulsations were weak and uncertain, with palpitation and very alarming symptoms upon the least excitement or over-exertion. Dizziness and headache were of frequent occurrence.

In a very short time after beginning treatment with the pills I began to feel their effect. The numbness became infrequent and less severe, when locomotion was easier. Trouble from palpitation decreased and I experienced a better condition of general health so that I felt twenty years younger. I felt so much better when the six boxes were gone that I discontinued treatment altogether.

With the advent of spring and warm weather, I began to feel a return of the old symptoms, to some extent, so purchased another six boxes of your pills from Messrs. C. F. Clark & Co., of Syracuse, Neb., which, no doubt, will have the same good effect the first lot did.

Respectfully,  
 Mrs. R. M. WENB.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## Corn and American Frontier Life.

Corn has always been closely associated with the frontier life of this country, perhaps from the fact that no other cereal is available for use in so many ways. From the time that the kernels begin to swell, full of their rich milky juice, it is edible, appetizing and nutritive; when fully ripened it may be preserved for years, transferring if necessary the prosperity of one abundant season to the relief of sufferers from crop failure or other destruction of supplies in some subsequent year.

To the New England boy or girl of former generations, whose memory goes back to childhood, low many notable associations are connected with the cornfields and their products: How the backs ached and the hands were blistered during the process of cultivation! How frequently and carefully the husks were slightly opened to determine when the most advanced ears should be ready for boiling—perchance the only vegetable variation of the monotonous dinner which gave little temptation to the palate, however much of enduring strength it might give to the frame. Of the same class were the "roasting ears," often enjoyed in the midst of some lonely wild, and these by judicious selection, could be made available till the harvest—Good Housekeeping.

## Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

## LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay on the "Human Understanding."

Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in an evening, after a day spent at his desk in the East India office.

Byron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of the "Childe Harold."

Grote is reported to have spent fifteen years in the work of preparing and writing his "History of Greece."

Spenser, from first to last, consumed four years of toilsome steady labor in the preparation of the "Fairy Queen."

Dryden worked irregularly, but considered that his daily task ought to comprise from 100 to 400 lines of verse.

Douglas Jerrold is said to have devoted but a few hours to the preparation of each one of his Caudle lectures.

Muhll, the great statistician, devoted nearly thirty years to the preparation of his "Dictionary of Statistics."

Sir Frederick Pollock, who made an address to the law school at Harvard during the commencement, is accused of appearing on the lecture platform wearing a high white hat, a blue shirt, lavender cravat, black frock coat and light trousers.

## "AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Oden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home.

Mailed free.

Address,  
 J. E. LOCKWOOD,  
 Kansas City, Mo.

A detective who wishes to make a capture works secretly, but a merchant seeking to capture trade cannot work that way. He must let people know what he is after.

There are always some things which you can serve a customer at a lower price or in better shape than your competitors can. Those are the things you want keep before the public.

Versatility is the great desideratum in an advertisement writer. One style falls on us. We get tired of one dish, of one scene, of any one pleasure. Variety is the spice of life and the chief attraction in advertisements.

## "HARVEST IS RIPE."

By Jay Lee.

IT HAD BEEN A hot day; the sun had beaten down on the dry and dusty stubble field with unrelenting force; the cattle since early in the forenoon had been lying in the shade, or standing in the little pools of

water, all that was left of the brook that usually ran through the pasture, and standing there, placidly switched their tails and contentedly munched their everlasting cuds, seemingly as happy as though the pasture was knee deep with fresh, dew-besprinkled clover.

In the stubble field adjoining, there were no such signs of contentment. All day long, while the sun was the fiercest, men and teams had hurried from the field to the barn and back again, going in with wagon piled high with the sheaves of grain, and coming back empty, save as to the boy or man who drove the horses. It was the last day of "wheat hauling," and Squire Stevens was anxious that the crop should be housed, to be thrashed at his leisure.

It was nearly sundown, and the intense heat of the day was somewhat abated. Not until then did I venture far from the low, rambling house that seemed to retire in the shade of the great elms that towered above it, and find my down the little, grass-grown lane, toward the great barn. The last load was entering the barn yard, and the Squire with his big straw hat pushed back, and pitch fork in hand walked with tired, but satisfied, tread behind the wagon. He stopped when he saw me, and chaffingly said:

"Well, missy, you come along to help when the sun goes down, do you, and the last load is in?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I didn't know you needed help, or I should have been here before."

The Squire laughed.

"Lots of account you'd be in the harvest field, now, wouldn't you? But I can tell you that my sisters used to turn out with a hearty will, and help when the work was pushed. Yes, sir, father used to say that Cynthia was the best son he had."

"But, Squire," I put in, "you wouldn't allow your daughter to go into the



"WHY YOU DEAR OLD POP," harvest field and help haul grain, now would you?"

"Allow? Why, bless your heart, I couldn't drag her there with a four horse team.—Not that I'd want to," he added after a pause, "for times have changed, and there ain't the necessity for it now."

I burst into a laugh to think of Dorothy Stevens in the harvest field; the daintiest little maid in all the country round, with a proud little will of her own, and yet a lovable disposition. She was the apple of her father's eye, and many staid old neighbors considered her a spoiled daughter.

While we spoke she came bounding into the yard on her saddle horse, and with a nod to me, she turned to the Squire.

"Well, pop, how's the wheat? Do we go to Europe, this winter? Have you reaped what you sowed?"

"Folks usually do," said the Squire as he helped her dismount.

"Well, yes," replied Dorothy, "unless the crop fails, you know, and I believe that happens sometimes. Do you know," she rattled on, talking to neither of us in particular, "I've been thinking of that very thing to-day. It's promised that what-so-ever a man sows that shall he reap, but it seems to me that that holds goods more especially with weeds than it does with a good crop. I know pop here, fuses around a sight about his seed wheat and his seed corn, and then the crop falls sometimes, while if a little bit of 'cheat' gets in the wheat once it lasts for years. And I guess it's pretty much the same way with sowing other things—good deeds, you know, and all that. I can go along being a model girl for months at a time—"

"I'd like to know when you tried that experiment," put in the Squire, but Dorothy did not deign to notice.

"—and I don't see that any great crop is harvested; but let me slip up once on something, and I'm sure to get into trouble right away."

"Well, you'll have to admit that that's a good thing," said the father, "if you didn't get into trouble, there's no telling where you'd land."

"I wasn't complaining about the trouble I get into; I'm willing enough to abide by that," replied the daughter. "If I sow 'cheat,' I expect to reap it, but my complaint against nature is that we don't always harvest wheat, even when we sow good seed."

"Well, at least," I put in, "if you plant wheat, you don't reap dust and ashes—if you'll allow me to mix my metaphors."

"You mean we don't get 'cheat' said Dorothy. "I'm not sure of that. Don't you remember the tares in the Bible? To be sure, though, somebody sowed them; I suppose the sower ought to have kept awake and watched his crop.

I guess that must be the way of it; a bad crop grows if you give it half a chance, while a good crop has to be sown with care, and watched and tended, nursed and petted, and then you don't know whether it will grow or not."

"Dorothy," said the Squire, "you're getting to be a regular pessimist. Let's go to supper and see if a good square meal would do you good," and we all went into the house.

## II.

"I think Dorothy," said the Squire, as we sat at the supper table, "that you expect the harvest of a good crop too soon. You mustn't cut your wheat before it is ripe."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Dorothy from her place at the head of the table. "I see a great many fields where a harvest of any sort seems impossible. I came past the Hazard place, this afternoon, and if you'll believe it, there was Abby, herself, out in the wheat field with that boy that lives there, getting in the wheat."

The Squire looked at his plate, muttering something about it being a shame.

"That's just what I thought, and said," continued Dorothy. "I told her it wasn't right for her to be doing such drudgery, and reminded her that men were intended to do that kind of work, but she only said, 'For men must work, and women must weep,' and then added, 'Well, Dorothy, I prefer to do a little more work and a little less weeping, for my part,' and went on tossing the sheaves up on the wagon. Now, what I want to know is, when is Abby Hazard going to reap her reward? There she has been toiling away on that little old farm ever since I can remember, kind, faithful and intelligent, doing more good to this neighborhood than half the men in it put together, and yet her life becomes harder, every year. Where's her harvest?"

There was a curious look on the Squire's face as he said:

"She might have had a harvest years ago, if she—if she would—cut the grain when it ripens."

Dorothy looked at him as though she did not understand, but he seemed to have nothing more to say, and after a time she asked:

"Why has she always lived there alone?"

"Because she's a very foolish woman," the Squire blurted out. "Because she's the salt of the earth, that's why. You see," he continued in a calmer tone, "the Hazard farm was left to her and her worthless brother, on conditions that one of them live on it; if they both leave it, it goes to some sort of a missionary society. Dick always was a wild chap, and he'd never been here since his grandfather's death, leaving the care of the place, and more than that, on Abby's shoulders, for he was always giving notes to pay his debts, and when they fell due, Abby paid them. That's why Abby worked like a slave, and that's why she never harvested her reward." The Squire stirred his tea in an absentminded way. Finally Dorothy said, "But Dick's dead, now."

"Yes, but his debts hain't paid, and Abby hasn't learned any sense."

"Why, father?" exclaimed Dorothy, surprised at his warmth, "How hasn't she learned?"

The Squire made no reply but contracted his brows, and sat in seeming perplexity. As Dorothy poured another cup of tea, she said more to me than to him:

"Why don't some good man marry her? She'd make an excellent wife."

The Squire started.

"Do you think so, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "She's the most intelligent woman in the township, and when she's rested, she's really handsome—"

"Er—er—what kind of—a mother do you think she'd make, Dorothy?"

The Squire's face was very red, and he nervously fingered his knife and fork.

Dorothy looked at him in amazement for a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, your dear old pop!" she cried, leaving her plate and crowing her arms around his neck. "Who would have thought it! You of all men!" and then she smothered him with kisses and laughed and cried, while the Squire looked foolish, and I felt sadly out of place.

"Well, well, daughter," said the Squire, "we won't think of it, if you object; we—"

"But, pop, I don't object," cried Dorothy. "I think it'd be just—just great! I'm sure she deserves as good a man as you are, and you—you deserve some one to take care of you better than your heighly-flighty daughter can."

The Squire was on his feet in an instant.

"Will you come with me to Abby's?" he said, his eyes shining. "You see, for years I've wanted Abby to come here, but as long as Dick lived, she thought she ought to keep the place for him, and since his death, she's been afraid—that that it would seem like—like pushing you out, Dorothy."

"The idea!" exclaimed Dorothy, "and you let her think it! You're a couple of dear, old geese, that's what you are!"

By this time she had her father's best hat out, and her own on her head, and excusing herself to me, they went to tell Abby that her harvest was at last ripe.

## Fly Parasites.

It appears that every living creature has its deadly enemies, and in this respect the common house fly is no exception. Within a very short time, probably by the 20th of the present month, fly parasites will commence their work. Their favorite location is around the wings of the fly. They soon become so full of blood as to be visible to the naked eye. They keep sucking away until they exhaust the source of supply, leaving the wretched fly little more than a shell. In this condition it attaches itself to some convenient spot and gives up the ghost.

## A CRIMEAN GUN DUEL.

The Russians Were Chivalrous Enough to Admit Their Gun's Defeat.

While the flag of truce was flying a Russian officer of artillery went up to ask Sir Richard Airey if Gen. Dacres, commanding the English artillery, was on the ground. On Sir Richard answering in the negative the officer said: "Your sixty-eight-pounder gun that your people call Jenny is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good in that embrasure," pointing to the mamelon, "and we would like to have a fair duel with her." Airey took up the challenge at once, and everything was arranged for 12 o'clock noon next day. When the time arrived all the batteries on both sides ceased firing. A large number of officers, French and English, were assembled at our lookout station, behind the twenty-one-gun battery, to look on, says a writer in an English paper. Our sailors' gun detachment mounted on their parapets and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot as the senior gun; it struck the side of the Russian embrasure. Then they fired—a very good shot, too. The third shot from Jenny went clean through the Russian embrasure and up went two gabions. The blue jackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponents. Not a bit! A minute afterward down went the gabions and out came the Russian gun again. Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. Jenny got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length, I think the seventh shot from our side, we saw the Russian gun knocked clean over. Our fellows cheered vociferously and the Russians mounted their parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat. All the batteries then opened again. Thus ended the great gun duel.

## He Was a Little Lamb.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday-school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met. The next day a dirty-faced urchin, smoking a cigarette and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"Hello, Doctor!"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."

And, tilting his hat on his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

## Liked to Kiss Tall Men.

Lillie Smith, a good-looking young woman, who, when arraigned in Brooklyn, the other day, gave her name as Jane Doe, was sentenced to jail for three days by Justice Laimbeer. She persisted in hugging and kissing all the tall men whom she met on the streets. They objected and her arrest followed.

## BEYOND THE SEA.

At Charleville, France, lightning lately struck the church steeple while two choir boys were ringing the bells. One of the boys was killed instantly.

Some weeks ago a dentist at Liege, Belgium, while extracting a tooth of a workman, received a slight scratch on the right hand. Later inflammation set in, and ultimately the arm had to be amputated.

The Hungarian wine dealer who has hitherto provided Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria with select wines announces that his conscience does not permit him to have any more dealings whatever with that potentate so long as the latter is under suspicion of having connived at the murder of ex-Premier Stambouloff, the friend of Hungary.

## JETSAM.

The San Francisco Call is to have a new fifteen-story building, costing \$500,000.

The Kalama, Wash., Bulletin has for its motto: "Grab All in Sight, and Hustle for More."

Under the new Oregon game law sportsmen are permitted to kill but 20 upland game birds a day.

English curates are thinking of forming themselves into a professional union, on the plan of the trades unions.

After having repaired the damage done to the Parthenon, the Athenian Archeological society will begin the work of excavating the lower slopes of the Acropolis.

A tanning concern in Seattle has received in one consignment 115 bales of deer skins, weighing eighteen tons, and representing, probably, several thousand deer.

The herring have turned their noses in the direction of the Eastport, Me., sardine factories, and business is rushing among the packers. The price, however, is very low.

Dr. Bohr has gone to the Faroe Islands to study the breathing apparatus of the diver birds. In the same ship went the Ehlers expedition that is to investigate leprosy in Iceland.

George Augustus Sala's library, consisting of some 8,000 volumes, was recently sold at auction in London for \$851, an average of 51 cents a volume. Among the volumes were some rare books and some exquisitely bound.

A peculiar form of asphalt paving has recently been tried in France. The asphalt powder is heated to 120 degrees and molded under a pressure of about five and one-half tons per square inch into blocks, which are afterwards set in cement mortar.

Great wit is sure to madness close allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

—Dryden.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Woman's Improvement League.

An interesting and worthy experiment has been tried in Minneapolis, during the past two or three years, by the Woman's Improvement League, of interesting school children in the raising of flowers. Several thousand children every year, in certain school grades, are given flower seeds to plant in their home gardens and lawns, and are encouraged by prizes to enter into competition in flower production. Last week the president of the league visited the fifty city schools and awarded the prizes voted upon by a committee of inspectors and judges. The schools were gaily decorated with blossoms contributed each year by prominent seed firms, members of congress and public-spirited citizens. The flower mission has awakened a widespread interest among the children and encouraged in them a love for the beautiful and habits of industry which are likely to endure.

### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

### Good Use for Cheap Oats.

National Stockman: There is a great deal of complaint about the low prices for oats, which are now in some parts of the country as cheap as hay. Good prices for this cereal would mean much this year to many, as it is about the only cash crop to rely on in the absence of a wheat crop. But it may be that in the long run the cheapness of oats will prove something of a blessing in disguise. There will be a great temptation this year to throw in the corn at a lively rate. Corn, while the best fattening grain on earth, is not a well balanced feed, and the cheap oats may be used to great advantage in the way of a better balanced ration. This applies especially to young stock, which, as a rule, get more corn and less oats than is good for it.

### That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness which follows the use of Syrup of Figs is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

### Printing Names on Fruit.

The racy cheek of an apple is on the sunny side; the colorless apple grows in the leafy shade. Advantage may be taken of this to have a pleasant surprise for children. A piece of stiff paper placed around the apple in the full sun will shade it, and if the "Mary" or "Hobbie" is cut in the paper so that the sun can color the apple through these stenciled spaces the little one can gather the apple for itself with the name printed on the fruit by nature itself.—Meehan's Monthly.

There is pleasure and profit and personal satisfaction in making troubles and ailments fly by using Fowler's Stomach Tonic.

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.

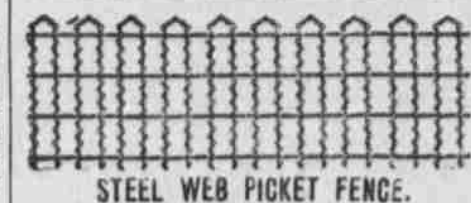
That man is a stranger to himself who reads no books.

A mote in the eye will put the whole world out of joint.

It is so easy to remove Corns with Hindetecora that we wonder so many will endure them. Get Hindetecora and see how nicely it takes them off.

What makes life dreary is want of notice.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a **SPRAIN,** when St. Jacobs Oil would cure it in the right way, right off.



### STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of St. Jacobs Oil Fence and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money.

De Kalb Fence Co., 121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

# Keep the Baby Fat.

CANE SPRING, GA., May 21, 1894.

"My baby was a living skeleton. The doctors said he was dying of Marasmus, Indigestion, etc. The various foods I tried seemed to keep him alive, but did not strengthen or fatten him. At thirteen months old he weighed exactly what he did at birth—seven pounds. I began using SCOTT'S EMULSION, sometimes putting a few drops in his bottle, then again feeding it with a spoon; then again by the absorption method of rubbing it into his body. The effect was marvelous. Baby began to stouten and fatten, and became a beautiful dimpled boy, a wonder to all. SCOTT'S EMULSION supplied the one thing needed."

—MRS. KENNON WILLIAMS.

# Scott's Emulsion

is especially useful for sickly, delicate children when their other food fails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily digestible form, just the nourishment they need to build them up and give them health and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of which are most remarkable nutrients.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!  
 Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.