

A Paralytic Cured.

Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father, Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation Is Cured—The Method.

(From the Herald, Boston, Mass.)
Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves. The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off. Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I really believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger.

"The Pink Pills keep my blood in good condition, and I believe that is why I am so well.

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many men retire from active life. He says that in his opinion both his father and grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtained at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 60 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Wanted a New Trial.
A humorous scene was enacted in the superior court room at Jackson, Ga., recently (according to the Atlanta Constitution). A negro had been charged with burglary at a store. Colonel Watkins defended him, and was about to open the case with a well prepared oration of his innocence, when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty. Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case and sentenced the negro for ten years. Dumbfounded at this long sentence, the negro rolled his eyes round and beckoned Colonel Watkins to come forward, and when the lawyer reached his side, the negro testified: "Say, Mr. Watkins, kaint' yer 'peal for a new trial?"

FLOTSAM.
A Maine paper has suspended publication for two weeks to give its employees a vacation.

Two men and three New Haven (Conn.) boys killed fifty-seven copper head snakes the other day.

About half of the towns in Rhode Island have asked to be included in the provisions of the good roads law, passed last January, permitting the use of \$30,000 for good roads.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO. CHAPTER I.

IT WAS A BRIGHT frosty night toward the middle of March. The moon had risen an hour ago, and hung like a round mirror of burnished silver close above the glittering stream of Thames, as he swept broadening down to Westminster Bridge. The Abbey towers rose sharply into the clear air, and caught the moonlight full upon their heads, but beneath them, on the farther side, lay a wide region of silent and mysterious shadow. In the shadow paced the figure of a man. By the slow and monotonous regularity of his footsteps he was passed backward and forward you might have taken him for a sentinel on guard. But to a closer look, the long, high-collared coat, the quaint and ample outline of his hat, and a certain balance in his step betrayed the seafaring man, and gave a hint of his rank. His figure and the easy swing of his movements proclaimed him strong, but the obscurity concealed all other characteristics.

Up and down, up and down, he paced; always the same measured step, always the same distance to a yard. Nothing about him spoke of impatience, and yet he was evidently expecting some one or something; for each time that his feet ended at the angle of the northern tower he stopped, and looked first to the right across the deserted square up to the entrance of Whitehall, and then to the left, where, on the edge of St. James Park, the lights of Glamorgan House shone through a few gaunt and leafless trees.

For this was in 1821, and in 1821 Glamorgan House was still standing. And tonight it was especially in evidence, for the open gates and the unwonted illumination of the garden court showed plainly that some festivity was in preparation within.

Minute after minute passed, till suddenly from overhead came the deep sound of the clock striking the half hour. At the same instant a carriage rolled into the square. The watcher had just turned his back, and was retreating for the fiftieth time toward the doorway of the Abbey, when the vibration of the chimes ceased, and the sound of the approaching hoofs and wheels fell upon his ear. In a moment he was back at the corner of the building, where he stood motionless, with his head thrown forward like a dog straining in the leash.

The carriage passed close before him, wheeled off to the right, and disappeared into the court of Glamorgan House. He made a quick step forward as if to follow, but checked himself, and stood for a moment irresolute. While he was hesitating, a party of ladies muffled in opera cloaks and shawls, and attended by several gentlemen, crossed the road from the entrance of Dean's Yard, and took the same direction as the carriage. The figure in the shadow hesitated no longer, but followed in their wake with long, resolute strides. He came up with long, as they reached the portico, and passed into the cloak room with the gentlemen of the party. There coat and hat were laid aside, and he stood revealed as an officer of the king's navy, wearing a captain's epaulettes upon a very straight pair of shoulders.

As he entered Lord Glamorgan—a tall, old man with bushy eyebrows and a jovial red face—stepped in front and shook him warmly by the hand. Then putting a big hand upon his shoulder forward, and himself turned to face his wife. "My dear," he said, with a half bow, "I present to you Capt. Richard Estcourt of his majesty's ship—Well, well! Dick, which shall it be, eh?"

His lordship had been a lord of the admiralty in the last ministry, and though now for some time out of office, he retained a perhaps exaggerated idea of his own influence in naval affairs.

Lady Glamorgan received the young man with all the graciousness for which she was deservedly popular. "Capt. Estcourt," she said, "is slower to follow an advantage on shore than at sea; his reputation had been here long before him."

Estcourt flushed. "I have been four years on the Indian stations," he said, "and three before that in America."

Since he had been almost the first in the room, it seemed impossible that he should miss the person for whom he was waiting; but when the stream of incomers had apparently ceased, and Lady Glamorgan found time to leave the door and look at the dancing, her eye fell on him at once, still on guard in his solitary corner. She came toward him immediately, bent on the hostess's congenial duty of introduction.

"They had left the ballroom and were mounting the stairs in advance of the throng. At the top a tiny boudoir offered two chairs, and no more.

"Shall we hear the music so far away?" she asked as they entered it. He was pale and evidently ill at ease; he grasped at her question as at an unlooked-for opportunity.

"I shall hear your voice," he said, nervously, "and that is all the music I desire."

"What!" she answered, laughing, "with my strong French accent, as your people choose to call it?"

She sat down in the higher and straighter of the two chairs, and opened her fan. Only a low lounging seat was left for him, and nothing could have been more uncomfortable under the circumstances. He fixed himself upon the extreme edge and was about to speak, when she broke in before him.

"You don't look as much at rest as you deserve to be after that famous dance."

He was beginning an answer, destined no doubt to end sentimentally, when she again forestalled him.

"You are not accustomed to the luxury of arm chairs at sea?"

He saw that she did not mean to give him an opening, and tried determinedly to make one for himself.

"Forgive me," he said, disregarding her question, "but I have something to say to you."

"And I to you," she answered readily. "I have found the pearl you were good enough to hunt for the other day. Where do you suppose it was?"

"Madame de Montaut," he said, with desperate irrelevancy, "I have admired you ever since I first saw you."

Royal Baking Powder

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

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Fruitless Missionary Efforts.
A great deal of missionary effort has been expended upon the Chinese in California, and especially in San Francisco, but it requires a microscope to discover any real conversions after forty years of labor. In the way of doing actual good for the wretched people of our slums \$100 will accomplish more than \$10,000 spent in trying to change the Chinese in their Flowery Kingdom into followers of Christ and heretics to the doctrines of Confucius. Taking everything into consideration, it is a fair question whether there is not a great waste of Christian effort as well as of money in these attempts to convert Chinese who won't be converted and whether it would not be more practical as well as more Christian to concentrate some of this effort and money upon the heathen at our very doors who know neither Christ nor Confucius.—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Interest Lies.
I am an old woman and must have my say, and I tell you that when you all come into the fullest intelligence you will find that the three really interesting things of life are that human beings are born, marry and die; that we grow up in families, have friends, lovers, husbands, children; that the real filip of existence, the stimulating charm, the ever renewed cordial comes from these simple elementary facts; that they occasion the talk, the wit, the fun, the absurdities, the follies, the heartaches, which make life worth living.

The Modern Beauty
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs.

One Spoon Enough.
A Boston man traveling through the south was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter: "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement: "Spoons, sah! What you want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic home with you—You will find it to exceed your expectations in its soothing, cooling, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

Petrified Oysters.
A bed of petrified oysters has been found on the top of Big Mountain, just back of Forkston, Wyoming county, Pa. A short time since A. Judson Stark and William N. Reynolds, jr., of Lafayette county, amateur geologists, spent a day on the mountain and brought back a fine collection of the petrified bivalves. Some of the specimens are of mammoth size, one in Mr. Reynolds's possession measuring twenty-two inches long by nine inches wide and weighing forty pounds. The specimens range in all sizes.

Pain is not conducive to pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please you, for it removes them perfectly.

Needle in Her Brain.
In the clinic of Prof. Von Bardeleben, in Berlin, the other day a curious surgical operation was performed. A 20-year-old seamstress named Wilhelmina Strange had a darned needle almost three inches long removed from her brain, where it must have been imbedded since babyhood. The poor girl all her life had often suffered headaches, sometimes aggravated by spasms. How the needle ever got there nobody knows. The patient has already been discharged from the charity.

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

In France an author's heirs enjoy their rights in his productions for fifty years after his death.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AXIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

Temperance is the moderating of one's desires in obedience to reason.

Homeseekers' Excursions.
On Aug. 29th, Sept. 10th and 24th, 1885, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Council Bluffs and Omaha to point south and west in Nebraska and Kansas also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at exceedingly low rates. For full information, as to rates, and limits, apply to A. C. DUNN, City Ticket Agent, 1302 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

The Atlantic Monthly for September contains the first installment of a three-part story, by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled *The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain*. The second of Dr. John Fiske's historical papers has for a subject John Smith in Virginia, in which he reopens vigorously the discussion in regard to this interesting character. Bradford Torrey contributes another Tennessee sketch, Chickamauga, which will be of special interest in view of this summer's memorable gathering at Lookout Mountain. Among other features are *Guides: A Protest*, by Agnes Repplier, important book reviews, and the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Calling a Halt.
Washington Star: "There's just one thing that I want to say," said the proprietor of the newspaper to his managing editor, "and that is that we've been imposed on long enough."

What's the matter?
"We're going to turn over a new leaf. If these pugilists are going to do their fighting in the newspapers they'll have to pay for it the same as the baking powder manufacturers."

There is no better magazine for wives and mothers than Good Housekeeping. Springfield, Mass. It has made a big success in all of its departments, but its 50,000 readers are delighted with the series of anagrams which it has been publishing. In its September issue there will be one of 200 popular advertisers and advertisements, with a series of valuable prizes. The publishers will send a sample copy containing particulars for 20 cents.

Frederick Tennyson, the elder brother of Alfred, will soon publish a new volume of verses.

Waste of time and words are the two greatest expenses in life.

WOMEN'S FACES
—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to woman. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

LEWIS' 98% LYE
POWDERED AND PERFECTED (PATENTED)
The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best performed Hard Soap in 10 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, clogging drains, closets, washing bottles, pans, tubs, etc.

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