

Paralysis Follows Bloodlessness and Nervous Prostration.

A PATIENT WOMAN AFFLICTED FOR YEARS.

She Tells How at Last She Was Permanently Cured.

From the Press, New York City.
For more than fifteen years, Mrs. A. Mather, who lives at No. 43 East One-hundred-and-twelfth Street, New York, was a sufferer from anemia, which, in spite of the treatment of physicians, gradually developed into nervous prostration until finally marked symptoms of paralysis set in. Mrs. Mather glad y gave the reporter her experience.

"For many years," Mrs. Mather said, "I was a constant sufferer from nervousness. It was about fifteen years ago that my condition began to grow worse. Soon I became so affected that I was prostrated and, until about two years ago, was a part of the time unable to leave my bed. I employed several physicians from time to time, my bills at the drug store for prescriptions, sometimes amounting to as much as \$50 a month, but all the doctors did for me did not seem to help me at all. My blood became greatly impoverished and after years of suffering I was threatened with paralysis.

"When I walked I could scarcely drag my feet along and at times my knees would give away so that I would almost fall down. Feeling that doctors could not help me, I had little hope of recovery, until one day I read in a newspaper how a person, afflicted almost the same as I was, had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased a box and began taking the pills. The effect of this first box pleased me so much that I bought another. Before I had taken all the pills in the first box I began to experience relief and, after the third box had been used, I was practically cured. It was really surprising what a speedy and pronounced effect the medicine had upon me.

"I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house now, and when I feel any symptoms of nervousness find that they give me certain relief."

Mrs. Mather's daughter, Miss Anna, corroborated her mother's account, and told how she herself had been cured of chronic indigestion by these pills; and, too, how her cousin had been cured of anemia in the same way.

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 suppressions, 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, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50c, a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Schenectady, New York.

Mary Jane's Romance.
Mary Jane Holder of Lonaconing, Md., is the heroine of a romance. Nineteen years ago Abram Laird, then aged 29, rode from Lonaconing into the vest to seek his fortune, vowing some day to return to wed Mary Jane, then a baby of 2 years.

He settled near Eureka, where he became one of the owners of a lead and silver mine. About two weeks ago he determined to go back and visit his old home. Among the first upon whom he called were the Holders. Here he again saw Mary Jane, who had become a beautiful young woman.

Laird was cordially welcomed and proceeded at once to fall in love. The courtship was short and vigorous. They were married and left for their western home.

The Pilgrim. (Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—prose, poetry and illustrations—by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

Electric Welding.
At the gun works in Perm, Russia, some remarkable operations in electric welding have recently been successfully carried out. A bell, six feet in height and six feet across the mouth, that was cracked from top to bottom, was made quite solid again and its original tone completely restored. This would have been quite impossible before the electric welding process was perfected.

Comfort to California.
Yes and economy, too, if you patronize the Burlington Route's Personally Conducted once-a-week excursions which leave Omaha every Thursday morning. Through tourist sleepers Omaha to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Second-class tickets accepted.

See the local agent and arrange about tickets and berths. Or, write to J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

The Latest Slot Machine.
A penny-in-the-slot machine has made its appearance in the Berlin railroad stations. A city directory can be consulted by the outgoing and arriving passengers by depositing a penny in the slot. Upon insertion of the coin the box holding the directory opens automatically, and is held open by a lever upon which the depositor of the coin places his foot. Upon walking away the little lever is released, and the box closes, only to be opened by the next penny.

Map of the United States.
The wall map issued by the Burlington Route is three feet wide by four feet long; is printed in seven colors; is mounted on rollers; shows every state, county, important town and railroad in the Union and forms a very desirable and useful adjunct to any household or business establishment. Purchased in large quantities, the maps cost the Burlington Route more than fifteen cents each, but on receipt of that amount in stamps the undersigned will be pleased to send you one.

Write immediately, as the supply is limited. J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

WOMAN.
Mrs. Charlotte Embden, a sister of the poet Heine, is still living, at the age of 95.
Ellen Terry is passionately fond of children, and delights in telling them fairy stories.
Elise Stanley Hall, an Australian girl, has received the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Leipzig conservatory.
Friends of Mrs. Agassiz have founded a \$6,000 scholarship at Radcliffe college, to be called the Elizabeth Carey Agassiz scholarship.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

IT VANISHED WITH THE RINGING OF NEW YEAR BELLS.

F pathetic Story of a Dear Little Woman Who Was Wedded to Her Art—As One Throughout Eternity—A Sad Recital.



IN THE third floor of a business and tenement building combined lived my artist friend. She was a dear little woman, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one who went to her door. Like nearly all persons in this line of work she took up painting, first for the love of it, and afterwards as a means of livelihood. To be sure she loved it, yet, but sometimes she had to work at it when her hands were weary and her eyes pained. It was at the close of the year. She had had a hard month's work filling Christmas and New Year's orders, and when New Year's eve came and others were enjoying themselves in various ways she sat alone in her little room, which served both as studio and a living room, too weary to light her lamp or prepare her evening meal. She gazed at a picture just finished, a scene of her childhood and young womanhood haunts. Her thoughts went back to those happy days when not a thought of care cast a shadow on her young life. She thought of herself when, in the exuberance of youth, she pictured her future in brightest colors. She had hoped in those days to reach the fame of Raphael or Michael Angelo.

Friends, she had scores; lovers, she had not a few; but she answered to their supplications: "No, I am wedded to my art. It fills my heart, my life, my being. I have room for naught else."

But there came a day when she met one whose love she reciprocated and she was happier than ever before. She asked herself: "How can I give him up, and how can I give up my long-cherished hopes to devote my life to this work?" And she pondered over it until she became pale and thin and ambition finally conquered.

It was to this part of her life in particular that her mind reverted. "Beneath the spreading branches of this stately elm," she murmured, as she gazed dreamily and tearfully through the growing dusk at the painting before her, "he told me of his love. The sorrowful expression upon his face, as I told him I could never be his wife, haunts me still. Oh, was I right? I have not succeeded as I desired. My fame has not reached foreign countries. I have spent many lonely hours here; no husband to encourage me in my work, to cheer me with his love. No loving little arms to encircle my neck; no lips to press my own. No one to sympathize with me, when I am weary and discouraged. Oh, have I made a mistake? And where is George? Has his life been wasted? Has he been true to me as he said he would be? Ah, I have not only missed something in my own life but have perhaps made a wreck of his. O, Father, I pray Thee, forgive me if I have been too ambitious."

The little artist clasped her worn hands in her lap and closed her eyes in slumber. The fire in the grate

burned lower and lower; but the moon's rays shed a halo of light about her head. She dreamed that she was once more a maiden fair and her lover was with her, but when he commenced to whisper to her the story of love he was suddenly called away. Thrice did he attempt it, and the last time her heart thrilled with his burning words—but she bade him go. Then she heard a voice saying:

"Woman, knowest thou what thou hast done? Thou hast outraged not only thine own heart, but that of the man. For this sin shalt thou suffer."

She dreamed again and she thought she was at Heaven's gate. "Enter," said a voice, but it was not that of her first dream. It was low and sweet and said, "Sister, thou hast fulfilled thy tasks on earth. Thou couldst have made a happy home for thyself; but it was rejected, and instead thou hast done many deeds of kindness to weary and despondent ones, which loving acts have, like the ripples of the sea, gone on and on, only the Master knoweth whither. Thou hast comforted the sick, helped the poor, made happy the little children; but still thy life is not complete; there awaits for thee a great joy."

The voice ceased, but she heard the sound of sweet music and far-off bells like silvery wedding bells. Suddenly a beautiful light shone above her, so that she closed her eyes and then she felt the clasp of a hand and heard the voice of one of long ago saying:

"What Will He Offer?"

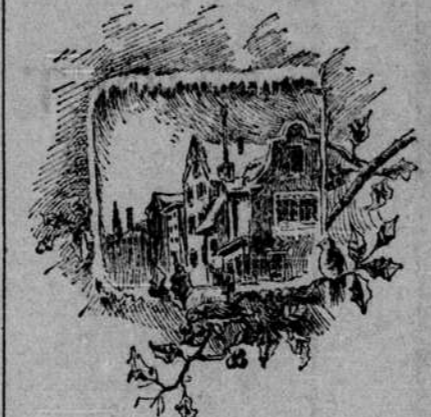
What will the New Year Offer to you, dear? Spring's daffodilly, And summer's lily, Ripe nuts when the autumn winds are chilly, And snowballs white and frost flowers bright, When he's grown to an Old Year, and then, good night!

That man is dying whose life is not greater to-day than it was yesterday.—Ram's Horn.

"Those on earth who are united in love Cease not to care for each other above, For their souls then united shall be And they'll be as one through eternity."

She awoke. The distant chimes on the cathedral were joyously ringing in the new year. The sound of sweet music could be heard from afar, but no hand clasped hers. She knew then it was a dream. But who will say that the little artist will not find when she reaches the pearly gate the one from whom she has been separated in this life?

The New Year Dawns.
The New Year dawns—the sun shines strong and clear; And all the world rejoices and is gay; The city-loving birds from spray to spray Flit busily, and twitter in my ear Their little frozen note of wintry cheer; From ruddy children, with the snow at play



Ring peals of laughter, gladder than in May, While friend greets friend, with "Happy be thy Year!"

So would I joy, if Thou wert by my side— So would I laugh if thou couldst laugh with me— But left alone, in Darkness I abide, Mocked by a Day that shines no more on thee; From this too merry world my heart I hide— My New Year dawns not till thy face I see. —Louise Chandler Moulton.

Satisfied.
A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a door yard on a bright New Year's day

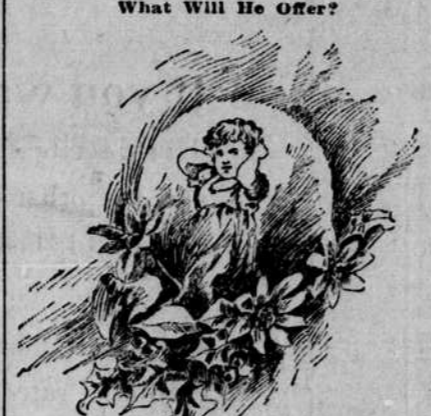


THIS JUMPING JACK IS A DANDY.
Susie was saying, "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own dolly! my own dolly!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth dolly, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is best for me. Mamma says I'm pretty hard on a doll."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping jack. Johnny said: "I did want a rocking horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much. But this jumping jack is a dandy, though," and he pulled the string hard.

The little figure turned two or three somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your Johnny jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go. I didn't get anything this year, but I hope times will be a lot better for our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But," said he, smiling now, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I'll tell you she's a hummer! Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."



What will the New Year Offer to you, dear? Spring's daffodilly, And summer's lily, Ripe nuts when the autumn winds are chilly, And snowballs white and frost flowers bright, When he's grown to an Old Year, and then, good night!

That man is dying whose life is not greater to-day than it was yesterday.—Ram's Horn.

REMOVE HER HAT? NEVER.

And This Was One Reason Why She Was Not Confirmed.

From the New York Sun: A New York girl announced her intention last spring of becoming a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. When the time for confirmation arrived, however, the girl failed to participate. Up to the very last minute she had intended to do so; indeed, she was present at the service when the confirmatory rite was administered; but for some unaccountable reason she did not go forward and receive the laying on of hands herself. The delinquency has, of course, given rise to no end of comment and conjecture among the girl's friends. Why did she, at the very last moment, back out so unceremoniously? The truth of the matter has at last leaked out, the facts being as follows: One of the chief charms of the girl who contemplated confirmation was her luxuriant bang. It was fair and fluffy, and against the dusky halo of the big hats that were the girl's chosen headgear it was particularly effective. It was, moreover, a most servicable hirsute ornament. In damp days, upon perspiratory occasions, and even when swept by ocean breezes, its crisp and curly beauty remained unimpaired. Other girls' locks might wilt and wither, but this bit of fringe was sumpser idem, and the queer part of it was that the rest of the girl's hair didn't appear to be particularly fluffy. Well, it seemed that when the girl made up her mind to join the Episcopal church she did not realize all that it entailed. She had, apparently, never witnessed the rite of confirmation. When, therefore, she saw member after member of the class go forward, head uncovered, she was filled with dismay. Remove her hat? Never; she would die first. Let all the other girls see that the fair and fluffy fringe was not part and parcel of her at all, but was merely sewed in her hat? Not a bit of it; her precious soul itself wasn't worth such a price. She therefore sat perfectly still, kept her hat on and kept her friends in ignorance of her hirsute secret. In ignorance for the time being, that is to say. By some means or other the friends became enlightened upon the subject, and, suffice to say, were much more impressed than if they had learned the fact in a different way.

HOW HE EARNED CANDY.
A Strange but True Story of a Big Newfoundland Dog.

One summer afternoon a group of children were playing at the end of a pier that projects into Lake Ontario, near Kingston. The proverbial careless child of the party made a backward step from the pier into the water. None of his companions could save him, and their cries had brought no one from the shore, when, just as he was sinking for the third time, a superb Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier into the water and pulled the boy out. Those of the children that did not accompany the boy home took the dog to a confectioner's on the shore and fed him with as great a variety of cakes and other sweets as he would eat. So far the story is, of course, only typical of scores of well-known cases. The individuality of this case is left for the sequel. The next afternoon the same group of children were playing at the same place when the canine hero of the day before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicacies, the children only stroked and petted him. The dog, however, had not come out of pure sociability. A child in the water and cakes and candy stood to him in the close and obvious relation of cause and effect, and if this relation was not clear to the children he resolved to impress it upon them. Watching his chance, he crept up behind the child nearest the edge of the pier, gave a sudden push, which sent him into the water, then sprung in after him and gravely brought him to shore.

Maine's "No Man's Land."
Maine's "No Man's land" is situated in the town of Parkhurst, a strip of desert where not even a bug can thrive. Nobody claims it, nobody wants it, and it is the only place in the state that tramps steer clear of.

FLOTSAM.
Several sections of Vermont have been recently attacked by the trolley fever, and in two or three instances the symptoms are quite encouraging.

The most rapid growth in the exports of Japan is in floor matting, which now go to the United States and Europe in lots of 100,000 bales at a time.

Banknote paper is made of the best quality of linen rags, the linen being purchased in bolts and cut up by machinery for the purpose of making pulp.

In an old rat's nest found in the chimney of an old house at Ligonier, Pa., last week, were some papers bearing date 1770, a Mexican dollar of 1774, and a Mexican quarter of 1772.

The Camden, Me., cucumber magazines report that the year's shipments amounted to 2,400 barrels, or more than 100 more than last year. It takes 3,500 of these cucumbers to fill a barrel.

Two bicyclists of Kansas City have organized themselves into a society to overthrow the tyranny of the watering-cart man, and urge the general improvement of the city's streets.

Bert Goodwin of Carthage, Me., shot a white hedgehog last week, which is quite a curiosity. The fur of this animal covers the quills, while on the dark species the quills are the longer.

A new species of bear has been discovered. In color it resembles a silver fox. The sides of the muzzle are a bright tan, and the claws, which are sharp and black, appear to belong to a tree climber.

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 him.

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, 25c.

Novel Corn Crib.
A novel portable corn crib is that introduced by W. J. Adams, of Joliet, Illinois. It would seem to commend itself to the corn grower. The main points claimed for it are extreme simplicity and cheapness. It is made simply from slats wired together at top, bottom and center. It is shipped in rolls, is set up round, and the points of meeting hooked together, and there you are, all ready to shovel in the corn. The purchaser can regulate the size of the crib by the length of the original roll, and its height by the length of the slats. It is easily transported to any part of the field and can be rolled up and packed away under shelter when not in use.

A Whole Family Rescued.
North Huron, N. Y.—(Special.) O. H. Sum of this city had nearly become a physical wreck through excessive use of tobacco, and his brother-in-law, son-in-law and father-in-law were also in ill health from the same cause. The four men all began taking No-To-Bac at the same time, and though representing great differences of age and infirmity, they have not only been entirely cured of the tobacco habit, but are now in the best possible physical condition. The quartette are proud of the result and recommend No-To-Bac with the greatest enthusiasm. Hundreds of tobacco users are following the example of the Sum family.

Canned Eggs.
Eggs are now imported from Russia into England in sealed tin cans. Eggs in this country are used by pastry cooks, and the advantages claimed for the system are freedom from damage in transport and long keeping qualities. Each can contains the contents of one thousand to one thousand five hundred shells. Great care is necessary in selecting the eggs to be preserved, as one bad one will spoil the whole can.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.
MR. EDITOR:—Tell others of my success. Fifteen years farming and hustling discouraged me. My cousin made \$200 last year playing tableware, jewelry, etc. I ordered an outfit from Gray & Co., Plating Works Dept., 18, Columbus, O. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions. They teach agents free. Goods easy placed, nice new, guaranteed ten years. Made \$21 first week, \$47 second, \$233 first month, rest all work I can do; brother made \$75 selling outfit. Write firm for sample. B. F. SHAW.

Great Britain manufactures every year \$30,000,000 of iron and \$24,000,000 of steel.

The man who sits down and waits for a golden opportunity to look at his door will need a thick cushion on his chair.

Cox's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. 75c.

The department of Lot, in France, produces a tobacco with nearly 8 per cent of nicotine.

The leading grain crop in Queensland is maize; the leading mineral product is coal.

Filliard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. AKIN, 211 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The two remedies, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only.

Contracts for new mail pouches have been awarded to the firm of Quin & Co. of Cincinnati.

Pho's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 183 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

When a woman attends an afternoon party, her husband will wait for supper that night.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Wuolow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.**

The Chicago Bib's society of Chicago will soon commence the erection of a building in Chicago which will cost about \$30,000.

WIFE—All Photographed free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Phantoms the Brain's use. Harvelouscure. Treatise and Special Report free. Write to Dr. J. C. Kline, 2831 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Fortune cannot change us. It can only bring out what is in us.

"Wasson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

shall we whip

Whip a poorly nourished horse when he is thoroughly tired. He may go faster for a few rods, but his condition is soon the worse for it. Better stop and give him food. Food gives force. If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; and easily exhausted; why further weaken the body by applying the whip. Better begin on a more permanent basis. Take something which will build up the tissues and supply force to the muscular, digestive, and nervous systems.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, meets every demand. The cod-liver oil is a food of great value. It produces muscular, digestive, and nervous force without the aid of any whip. Every gain is a substantial one. The hypophosphites give strength and stability to the nervous system. The improved appetite, richer blood, and better flesh come to stay.

just as good is never as good as

Scott's Emulsion.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinges of **SCIATICA** IS THE WARNING TO USE **ST. JACOBS OIL.** DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEGS OUT OF SHAPE.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. **Walter Baker & Co.** are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s** goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

Great Prize Contest.

1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P"	\$800
2d Prize, Cash	100
3d Prize, Cash	50
10 Cash Prizes, each \$20	200
15 Cash Prizes, each \$10	150
28 Prizes	\$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have a meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1896, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive **Wilkie Collins' works** in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD**, of which the distinguished ex-congressman, **WILLIAM J. BRYAN**, is Editor, and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The **WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD** is issued in semi-weekly sections, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska.

Address, **Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.**