

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 for a story 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 story 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 protruded from my skin. The sense of touch became so exquisitely sensitive, that I believe I could be walking over the softest carpet blindfolded, have counted every seam, so it may be imagined how I felt when trying to move by uncontrolled limbs.

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 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, over-work or excess 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.

Coe's Cough Balsam
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** prevented 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.

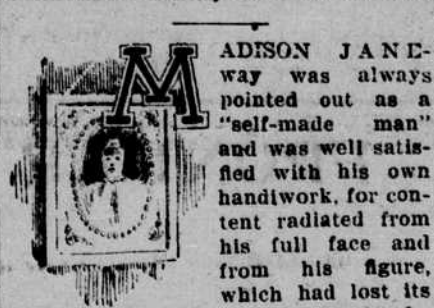
DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.
Every one is either growing better or worse.
How is it with you?
You are suffering from
KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.
Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

Don't Give Up!
Safe Cure
WILL CURE YOU.
Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

QUARTER OF CENTURY OLD.
NO TARI
CHEAP WATERPROOF. Not affected by gases. No RUST nor RATTLES. Outside tin or iron. Durable and suitable for plaster on walls. Water Proof. Breathing of same material. Best & cheapest in the market. Write for samples, etc. **NO. 100 FAIRBANKS BUILDING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KAUFMANN'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE.
REGULAR. E. KAUFMANN & BRO. MILTON, PA.

JANEWAY'S WIFE.



MADISON JANEWAY was always pointed out as a "self-made man" and was well satisfied with his own handiwork, for content radiated from his full face and from his figure, which had lost its youthful muscle under creeping waves of flesh. Mr. Janeway had satisfied his ambitions as far as it is possible for a man to do it. Fortunately for his content these aspirations were of the kind that are most often realized. He had a handsome wife and three bright children; he was president of the state bank, an institution known to be founded on the rock of sound finance; he had been mayor of Shewanee and was a member of the legislature. So much of earthly glory had fallen to his share.

When he read the obituary of another self-made man he always nodded his head eagerly as much as to say: "I know how it goes; I started with nothing myself." In fact Mr. Janeway's election to the legislature came of the admiration the electors had for a man of the people. When his constituents hired a band and went to congratulate him they found him ready with a speech. He said: "Fellow-citizens, I will not try to hide from you my deep gratification at the result of the election. I wanted to be elected—I have wanted a good many things and I've generally got them. But not without working. I started with nothing—I did chores for my keep. I went to school when I could, I picked up a penny here and a penny there; I did any honest work that I could find. And where am I now? President of a bank, ex-mayor and member of the legislature. I thank you, friends, for your votes, yet I feel that I have won my own way; that I am one, a private, perhaps, in the great army of self-made men." He bowed and retired amid loud applause. In another, his speech would have provoked criticism, but one of the privileges of the self-made man is to praise his maker without stint.

Mr. and Mrs. Janeway had just come from a visit to their new house, which their architect assured them was in the purest style of the gothic renaissance. But they were sure, too, which seemed to them of far more importance, that it was the finest house in town and quite eclipsed Mrs. Morgan's red-brick mansion.

They were to move into it at once and Mrs. Janeway went about the old house planning what should be left behind, as not coming up to the artistic standard of the new place. "Come here a minute, Madison," she called from an obscure entry back of the dining-room.

Mr. Janeway laid down his paper and went to her, followed by Florry, their youngest child. "What is it, my dear?" he asked.

"Hadin't we better pack this away—the frame's so shabby that it isn't fit for the new house?" She pointed to a faded photograph, hanging in a dark corner. It was the likeness of a plain woman, with a broad mouth and eyes widely separated; the hair was parted and drawn back from the forehead like two curtains; a watch-chain picked out in gilt encircled her neck and her lips and cheeks were touched with carmine, giving the face a ghastly pretense of life.

"Mr. Janeway stared at it meditatively. 'I hadn't noticed it for a long time,' he said.



"Who are you?" Florry asked, looking at the picture as if she saw it for the first time.
"Why, Florry, that was my first wife," he answered, surprised that she had not known it before.
"Was she my mamma, too?"
"No—no," he replied, hastily. "She was Sarah Deering."
"Wasn't she any relation to me?" the child persisted. She was but eight years old and the ramifications of kinship were yet a mystery to her.
"Of course not," her mother said, rather sharply. "Your papa was married to her when he was very young—long before he lived here or knew me. I thought you had heard this before." She turned to her husband. "Madison, shall I lay this picture away?"
Mr. Janeway looked at her attentively—was it zeal for an artistic ensemble or was there a lurking jealousy of the woman who had come before? "Pack it away if you like," he said, turning away. "It is shabby."

Long after his wife and children were sleeping Mr. Janeway sat smoking and thinking complacently of his success. He, Madison Janeway, had begun with nothing, and at 50 he had won the things he had longed for at 20. The opening and closing of the door attracted his attention. He looked up. A woman walked across the room. A plain woman, with an honest, ugly face and a short, thick figure.
"Who are you?" Mr. Janeway asked, frowning at her intrusion. "Don't you know me, Maddy?" she returned.
He was startled when she called him Maddy—it was more than twenty years since he had been called that. "Are you—are you—but you can't be Sarah," he stammered. "She has been dead these many years."
"I am Sarah," she answered. "You have changed, Maddy."
"Yes—yes—we are apt to," he replied, uneasily. "But you look just the same." He said this to see if she would account for her presence.
"The living can only see the dead as they were in life," she returned. "You sold the farm, didn't you?"
Mr. Janeway felt as if a reproach lay in the observation. "Yes, I sold the farm," he said. "I needed the money to put into other investments."
"I worked hard on that place," she said, crossing her hands—very rough, worn hands. "I worked very hard there, those years—I tried to save all I could, Maddy."
"You were a good wife, Sarah," he replied; "and both of us had our burdens, I guess."
"And it was my money that bought the farm—you had nothing when you came courting me, did you, Maddy? And you said that my being thirty years old and you being just of age made no difference."
"Yes, I suppose I said that, and I'm sure I always tried to be good to you," he said in answer to that unspoken reproach that seemed to lie behind her spoken words. "I tried to treat you well."
"The money that came to me just before I died from Uncle John must have been a help—I left it and the farm to you, Maddy." Her dull eyes seemed to force him to acknowledge his debt.
"Yes—yes—Sarah. I know that I owe much to you. Without your help and money I should have had a much harder time getting on my feet. Yet I think I should have succeeded in any case." Mr. Janeway could not forbear offering this tribute to his self-esteem. "However, I gratefully acknowledge your aid, Sarah."

"You have another wife now, Maddy, and children," she said. "But I was first. I believed in you, and I worked for you, oh, so willingly. I knew that you were different from me—I knew that you had hopes that stupid Sarah could never understand. I knew that I was your companion in your work, but not in your hopes. I knew that we were growing further apart every year that we lived together. I knew that while I was getting to be worked out and middle-aged, that you were only coming to your prime. I knew that it was best that I died when I did—before I came to be a drag on you. Yet, Maddy, before her and your children, I think you ought not to shame me, for I was your faithful wife—the wife of your youth, and I gave you all I had to give—my money; my love, my toil."
Before Mr. Janeway could answer she was gone and he sat alone.
The next day, however, he took the old photograph downtown and ordered for it a gorgeous frame. When it was returned he hung it in his new library, where it looked strangely alien between a St. Cecilia and the Arabian Falconer, bought at the instigation of the architect.

Florry, with a child's quickness, noticed the fine new gilt frame that surrounded the ugly, good face. "What have you done to the lady?" she asked. "Aren't you going to pack her away, like mamma said?"
"No, the picture is to stay here. Do you remember who I said it was?"
"Yes—it was your first wife."
Mr. Janeway took her on his knee. "Florry," he began soberly, "when I was a little boy I was very poor—as poor as the Galts"—a family celebrated in the town for ill-luck and poverty. "I went to school when I could, but that was mighty little, for I had to work most of the time. Sometimes I'd get most discouraged, but I had to work just the same. One year I worked for a man named Deering; he had a daughter, and when she found how much I wanted to go to school she lent me some money—money she had saved by pinching and scraping. After awhile her father died and she married me. I had nothing and she owned a good farm, but she married me. In six years she died and left everything to me. She gave me my start. She was a good woman, and believed in me when nobody else did. The other night papa dreamed that he saw her and talked to her, and it made him feel ashamed that he had seemed to forget her." Mr. Janeway felt that he was making a handsome reparation, but he was a man who aimed to do right—it was necessary to his self-esteem.

The child wriggled from his arms and walked away with an awed glance at the picture.
Mr. Janeway stared at it musingly. "Are you satisfied now, Sarah?" he caught himself saying. "Pshaw—that dream holds to me still," he exclaimed, "but anyhow I've done her justice."
And though the architect declared that the photograph quite spoiled the effect of the library and begged that it might be banished to some back room, Mr. Janeway was firm, and the dull, good face of his first wife kept its place between the St. Cecilia and the Arabian Falconer.

Singing as an Antidote to Consumption.
It is asserted that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. An eminent physician observes on the subject: "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education."

Lost Vitality Fully Restored

THROUGH THE
.....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 *Restoration of Life Force* in old and young men. Thousands of young and old men have indiscreetly sapped the Vital Forces, and shattered 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-cure or a 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 nigger 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. E. 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 Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n.

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 4 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.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion 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 rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Heartless Creature.
First Chum—I'll never speak to that Fred Bumption again. He had the audacity to back out of the parlor the other night throwing kisses at me.
Second Chum—Why, the heartless creature! And you right there within reach!—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.
Falls and weaknesses of the system will help you.
CASSIETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, but in a fat man is all right so 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 Primsburg, 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 \$1. and is sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address: Dr. H. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

The "A" 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 "r." She says it is crude, uncultured, uncivilized, barbarous sound and that it is not the thing for the fin de siecle 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 wheyish the moist ash from the ocean weath off the wough edges, out here 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 cease tormenting 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 Hopeless.
"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, every thing conspires to punish him.

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 12 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" bicycles we intend giving away a number free to advertise them. For particulars send 5c. stamped addressed envelope to the
AVALEN BICYCLE CO.,
Agents wanted everywhere. 616 Broadway, N.Y.
GAMES FREE a useful article for only 5 cents, including a poultry keeper's guide. Every poultry raiser wants this leading poultry paper. Sample free. Address **POLLYN KAZAN CO., Box 97 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
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS
10c
25c 50c
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. Give, never grip or scribe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. **Dr. STERLING REMEDY CO.,** Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.