

COMPLETELY PARALYZED.

PHYSICIANS ARE ASTONISHED BY A PECULIAR CASE.

A Young Man Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and Yet Recovered.

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman, but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the experience of Dr. R. D. Dallimore, now a resident of Madison, N. J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it is true that I had Landry's Paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore in a report, "or did the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken in their diagnosis of my case. I was in the city of New York City, that I first felt the symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going up stairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician, who informed me that I had every symptom of Landry's Paralysis, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's Paralysis, and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work, and on April 1st started for London. That a well-known physician was consulted, but I grew rapidly worse, and on Saturday, April 7th, several eminent physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live, still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed, my hands and feet were cold, I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Grundy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvelous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28, and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead, and I soon began to move my feet and hands, the improvement continued until May 28, when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horses myself. By the beginning of July I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara. "Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength, leaving Ontario for New York on Oct. 11, and beginning my work again on Oct. 28, 1894, cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months. To confirm his story beyond all doubt, Mr. Dallimore made the following affidavit:

Sworn and subscribed before me Dec. 1, 1894. AMOS C. RATHBUN, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Ones of the Mirror. The Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candle light risks the loss of her lover. A universal superstition, which has found its way even to our own prosaic times and country, forbids a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. In Warwickshire and other parts of rural England it was long the custom to cover the looking glasses in a house of death, lest some affrighted mortal should behold in one the pale, shrouded corpse standing by his side. Superstitions of a less ghostly character cluster around the mirror and are familiar to us all. To break one is everywhere an evil omen. "Seven years trouble, but no want," follow fast upon such a mishap in Yorkshire, and in Scotland the cracking of a looking glass, like the falling of the doomed man's picture from the wall, is a prelude of approaching death.

About Boats. In all particulars, save size, the Venetian gondola, the Siamese barge and the old Scandinavian Viking ship are very much alike.

At Portsmouth, the Majestic, sister ship to the Magnificent, has just been launched. It holds the record for speed in construction, having taken five days less than a year to build.

The hay barges on the Swiss lakes, rowed by women standing, and the sailboats, with tall brown sails standing very high to catch nicker winds are among the most picturesque of craft.

Alphabetically Considered. "I dropped a clean thousand in wheat this morning," groaned the man with green goggles. "I make a failure of nearly everything I undertake, and it's all because my parents didn't give me a name with a 'J' in it. Look at the men with a 'J' in their names. They always have luck."

"I don't know about that," said the man who had his feet on the table, "but you always seem like a regular 'J' on 'change.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor is the first person to go to a foreign land as a dental missionary. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, and is working in Africa as a missionary and dentist.

Consumption kills more people than rifle bullets. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights in the right way. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That means good food and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

Dr. J. C. Thompson, Washington, D. C., is the inventor of the "Discovery." Write for inventor's Guide.

Patents. Dr. J. C. Thompson, Washington, D. C., is the inventor of the "Discovery." Write for inventor's Guide.

THE TEE-HEE GIRL.

I know a little maiden, but really, on my word, You would sooner think this person was a Tee-hee girl.

For no matter what you say, If it's said or if it's not, This silly maiden answers you with "Tee-hee."

With a "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee." She's quite a pretty little girl, with bright and smiling eyes, And, in some things, I understand that she is very wise.

But though she knows her letters, No matter what her letters, Or her letters may remark to her, this little maiden, she is sure to send her answer with a "Tee-hee."

If you tell her that your pocket is just stuffed all full of toys, If you tell her you've got a headache and she must not make a noise, Or if you tell her she's your pride, Or if you would and chide, It really is the same to her so far as I can see.

For her answer is a giggle with a "Tee-hee." A "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee."

I have heard this little maiden say that she was very tired, I have heard her ask for lots of things she very much desired, But to everything she uttered, Or mumbled forth or muttered, She tucked that senseless giggle that is quite devoid of grace—

That foolish little habit of a "Tee-hee," A "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee."

I sometimes feel quite worried lest an elf of whom I've heard, Should come along and change this girl into a Tee-hee bird;

When, in all sorts of weather, With each curl turned to a feather, She'd have to sit the livelong day alone upon a tree, Just calling out to folks below her "Tee-hee!"

Her "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee!" —St. Nicholas.

An Artist's Romance

While traveling in Italy Greuze, the famous painter, met the daughter of the Duke of Orr, who became his pupil.

When he first saw Letitia the artist asked himself if the lesson would not be for him, for she was Nature's masterpiece. The lesson proved good for them both. "Genius comes from the heart," Greuze had already said to himself on more than one occasion, but had never said it so truly as now. He loved Letitia as an angel in woman's form; she had so much of grace, divine and human. He did not love alone; the souls of master and pupil had bloomed on the same day, like two roses in the same sunbeam. As yet it was scarcely love that existed between them, but rather that ineffable emotion that rises like incense from the earth to God.

This, like all other happiness, was soon to pass away; it was but a glance, a smile, a tear, and nothing more, but do not these make up happiness? Greuze felt that his love could be but a brief dream. It was born of folly and must die before the chill of reason. A poor devil of a painter could but lose his time in adoring the Princess Letitia. But love's time is never lost. Now, since kings no longer wed with shepherdesses, Greuze felt that only one wise course was open to him—to leave the palace of Orr, thus taking away from Letitia her love, her regrets and tears. He took refuge in solitude, seeking to escape the image of Letitia, but her face smiled everywhere before his eyes, like an enchantress.

At the first stroke of his brush Letitia appeared by magic on his canvases; when he walked alone memory summoned the young princess to his side. One day when, perhaps to shut out from his eyes Letitia's sweet face, he was sketching a virgin's head, the Duke of Orr made him a visit.

"Are you not coming again to the palace?" he asked. "My gallery is deserted. My daughter put away her brushes when she lost her master. Come back! Come back! Since you went away I have enriched my collection by two heads of Titian. My uncle would like copies of them by Letitia; come, then, and help her again."

The next day Greuze returned to the palace, pale and trembling at the mere idea of meeting the young girl once more. But that day he did not see her, Letitia had fallen ill with the grief of not seeing her master again. He began alone the copy of Titian. On the following day, as he was drawing before his work, Letitia's maid approached him with a mysterious air, bidding him to follow her.

Greuze obeyed like a child. He came into a room darkened by heavy curtains of damask. At the first glance he saw Letitia in the shadow, lying languidly on a couch. Although pale as death, she blushed deeply when Greuze entered. She offered her hand in silence. He fell on his knees to kiss it. The princess grew radiant. She raised her hand and bestowed on Greuze a sweet look from the most beautiful eyes in the world.

"Ah, Greuze, I love you! Do not condemn me as an enthusiast. I love you, but—"

She bowed her head and seemed to wait for a reply. Greuze knew not what to say. He stately kissed Letitia's hand a second time.

"Why should I not tell it? I love you but you?" Greuze was still silent, lost in joy. Letitia argued no good from his silence. She withdrew her hand, and turning away her head, began to weep. At this Greuze awoke from his dream. "Do I love you?" he cried. "Ah, Letitia! Behold me! I am lost in ecstasy now that I see you again."

"You love me!" she joyfully exclaimed. She threw herself into his arms, and for a second there was but a single soul. Greuze was the first to break the spell. "Alas!" said he, "we are but children. Think of it, Letitia. You love me? But you are the daughter of the Duke of Orr. I adore you, but I am a poor painter without fame or fortune. Love meek me cruelly."

"You do not know what you are saying," replied Letitia, who was still under the charm; "I love you and will marry you; it is perfectly simple."

"You cannot think of it. Your father—" "My father, my father! I am quite aware that he has in view for me a hideous old husband, his everlasting Cassa—or, in case he should fail, that idiotic Count Palleri, whom I have never seen. I am rich, fortunately, by inheritance from my mother. I give you my wealth, my heart, my life, all that I have, if you will love me forever. We will go to France, and there a cottage will be better to us than a palace. Greuze will become a Titan, and I will be his wife; I shall be there to smooth his brow and to love him; I shall dwell in his heart. But why do you look so sad? Do you not love me truly?"

Greuze allowed himself to be led; he forgot the claims of nobility; with Letitia he built the most charming castles in Spain; but he soon came to himself again.

"Alas!" said he. "Why am I not a grand duke?" "What a child you are!" said Letitia. "What are those sounding titles worth? What do you want of them?"

And as she spoke the lovely Italian leaned toward her lover like a gracious fairy, took his hand between her delicate hands, and gave him on the forehead a kiss so sweet that it would have awakened Alain Chatter.

"There!" said she, with a charming smile, "is not that as good as any title?" But they were obliged to part. Greuze went away happy, deeply charmed, promising to come again the next day.

"To-morrow," said Letitia, "you shall not go away alone."

Once out of the place, however, the painter felt that the Eden lay behind him. Farewell, enchantment! Greuze becomes responsible once more; he dares not give himself up to the poetry of his adventure.

"No," he said, "no; I will not bring desolation to the house of this noble Duke of Orr. Letitia is blind; I must see for her." He gave up all his illusions and his hopes; his love alone remained.

The next day when he came to Letitia he was pale and heart-broken; his victory had cost him many tears. "All Letitia," said he, "I am sad because I love you too well, because I give you up, my holiest and purest joy. Yesterday I was mad. I listened only to my heart. To-day—"

"Are you serious?" cried Letitia, all most in anger. "Then you do not love me. You have broken my heart. God! let me suffer alone! I will never see you again!"

And she waved him to the door. Again Greuze had not the strength to withstand so much love. He threw himself at her feet and swore to obey her like a slave.

"Then," she said, resolutely, "let us leave at once. My father is with Count Palleri; when he returns we shall be far away. A carriage is at the door; I have provided for everything; I was not afraid, like you."

She drew Greuze to the door of the chamber and cast a last look behind her. She suddenly grew pale and Greuze felt her tremble. "What is it, Letitia?" he cried, seizing her hands. "Look!" she replied, growing still paler. "Look!"

She was gazing wildly at her father's picture. It was one of Greuze's portraits, and, like all his heads, it had so tender and sweet an expression that one's heart was touched at sight of it. The duke seemed to reproach his daughter sadly for leaving him thus. In her heart, which throbbled violently, her father contended with her love. Greuze dared not speak.

"I cannot go," said she; "support me and lead me back."

"I, too, have no strength," he sadly replied; "one last kiss, Letitia, before your father's eyes—and farewell forever."

She began to weep, held out both hands to Greuze, and said, in a broken voice: "I thank you; farewell!"



On Cleaning.

The question is often asked what to do with soiled ivory, and many elaborate directions have been put in print from time to time, but a woman who dared has discovered recently that one of the scrubbing and soaps may be used with impunity. It does not yellow the ivory, nor does it scratch it. It should be rubbed on a fine nail brush and the ivory scrubbed as if it were china. Brass, copper and their alloys should be cleaned with polishing paste in preference to silver powder. Oxidized ornaments need only washing and hard rubbing with flannel or chamois. White metal is most useful, in that it requires little or no care. Silver powder is, of course, the best possible cleanser for silver. Venetian iron-wool should be used to keep it from rusting. Kerosene may be used with safety.

A Nice Dish.

A nice luncheon dish for an early spring day is made from fresh eggs and mushrooms. Break half a dozen eggs in a saucepan, and beat enough thoroughly to mix the whites and yolks. Peel a dozen large mushrooms, cut them into small pieces, then put two ounces of butter in your chafing dish, light the lamp, add the mushrooms, and cook them slowly five minutes, stirring all the time. Add four tablespoons of stock, cover the dish, and simmer five minutes longer. To simmer, either put the hot-water part of your dish under it or moderate the heat of the alcohol stove by putting on part of the cover. Add the eggs, season to taste with salt and white pepper, and stir all the time until the eggs are sufficiently cooked to a creamy mass like scrambled eggs.

Deviled Oysters.

Drain and chop twenty-five nice, fat oysters, then drain them again. Put half a pint of cream on to boil. Rub one round tablespoon of butter with two of flour together and add to the cream when boiling, stir constantly until it thickens, then add the yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten, cook a moment, take from the fire and add a tablespoon of chopped parsley, the oysters, salt and cayenne to taste. Have the deep shells of the oysters washed perfectly clean—fill them with this mixture, sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs, stand them in a baking pan and brown in a very quick oven. Serve in the shells garnished with parsley. Avoid long cooking as it makes them hard and dry.

Lovely Potato Rolls.

Two even cups of strained white potatoes, a scant half cup sugar, half a cup of lard, two eggs and one tea cup of yeast. Beat potatoes and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs and lard, a little salt and the yeast, then add flour enough for a stiff batter and let rise over night. Add flour enough for a soft dough; rise again, then roll out and cut with a cake cutter, put them in greased pans, let stand awhile, then bake. Rightly made and baked they are delicious.

Corn Pudding.

Drain the liquor from a can of corn and chop the kernels very fine. Rub together a tablespoon of butter and sugar, beat up one egg, mix all together with the corn with two cups of milk and salt to taste and bake one-half hour in a good oven.

Graham Muffins.

To one beaten egg add a pint of new milk, a little salt and Graham flour to make thick batter; bake in muffin molds in a hot oven.

Hints to Housewives.

Bacon fat is an excellent and economical substitute for butter in frying oysters or scollops. Ashes sifted fine and free from small cinders is the very best thing for cleaning steel knives and forks. When anything has been accidentally made too salt, it can be counteracted by adding a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.

A dish of hot, well-cooked oatmeal, mixed with chopped dates, or figs, is at present the form of fruit and cereal meeting with most approval from several well-known food specialists. Rub the hands with a stick of celery after peeling onions, and the odor will be entirely removed. Onions may be peeled under water without offense to the eyes or hands.

Lined oil is better than anything else for removing rust from a stovepipe. Rub the pipe thoroughly with the oil (a little goes a great way) and build a slow fire until it is dry. To raise the pile on velvet, cover a hot iron with a wet cloth and, hold the velvet over the steam. Brush the velvet quickly with a soft brush while the hot steam is passing through it. Hang the tablecloths and linen sheets one-half or two-thirds their length over the line, without using clothespins, unless absolutely necessary; as rough clothespins, in careless hands, will often ruin delicate fabrics.

Have the tin immediately replaced when it has worn off of copper utensils; and remember that copper can be easily cleaned with turpentine and fine brick dust—polished with dry brick dust and a piece of flannel. Chamois leather, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung dry and placed in bags, each by itself, in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leather to lie without care is a very wasteful one.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Beware of Skins.

Fruit skins carry germs and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato skins, melon rinds or pea pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of grape only less so; and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find some favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development which cause the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides the skin for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced when the skin is bruised or broken in any way. The microbes at once begin their work of decay, and the fruit is unfit for food. Children are chief offenders in respect to this rule and should be carefully watched and frequently cautioned. A faintness as to the condition of fruit should also be cultivated, to prevent its being eaten unripe, or too old, on the verge of decay. Remember that it is sweet and ripe fruit, in prime condition only that is recommended.—Farmers' Voice.

The Crab as a Fisherman.

The crab sometimes catches a fish, and it catches it without hook and line. It lies in wait, perhaps in some creek, with its claws extended in front, and open. Perhaps a school of minnows comes along, and it may be that a minnow on the outskirts of the school may swim unsuspectingly along through the clear water between the upper and lower parts of one of the motionless open claws of the crab. When it is well within them the claw snaps suddenly together and that particular minnow goes no further.

Cleanse Your Blood.

Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find it in purities bursting through your skin in the form of pimples, eruptions and sores. Cleanse it when you find it obstructed or sluggish in the veins. Cleanse it when it is foul. Your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure—health of the system will surely follow. And, remember, whenever your blood needs cleansing, that Hood's Sarsaparilla and only Hood's must be the medicine employed. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most prominent blood purifier in the world to-day—for it is the best.

The "new woman" is beginning to ask why the title "Mr." may be given to a man whether he is married or single, while the equivalent title "Mrs." can only be given to a married woman. So she thinks the discrimination is a badge of thralldom.

Brooklyn has originated what are known as "Cinderella Balls." By beginning their dances at reasonable hours they are enabled to close promptly at midnight.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

By the authority of a decree issued by the mikado, a Japanese woman may live a single life; formerly, after reaching a certain age, a husband was selected for her.

At a ball given by the princess of Thurn and Taxis in Regensburg lately, a trained pony, with rubber shoes, was led in bearing the dancing favors in two paniers on his back.

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. The bottle.

You can do more for yourself than any one else can do for you.

Sugar was unknown in Europe before the Christian era, and only came into common use in the seventeenth century.

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