

A Paralytic Cured.

His 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 the 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 verily 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 obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary for 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 50-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 burglarizing 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 gently whispered: "Say, Mr. Watkins, kam't yer 'peal fer a new trial?"

FLOTSAM. A Maine paper has suspended publication for two weeks to give its employes 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.

Staid old Lewiston, Me., has been shocked and scandalized during the past week or so by a bloomer girl who smokes a cigar while riding her bicycle about the streets of the town.

On the average, and taking England and Wales, one person in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies and one in 174 a Brown.

SUBURBAN TRIALS.

IT ISN'T BECAUSE I am tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," concluded Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change of one sort, at least," answered her husband.

"Don't be flippant, dear. I am in dead earnest, and oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Perry. "However, if you are determined to be a suburbanite, and with the suburbanite stand, I may as well agree to go. I will at once take lessons on the flying trapeze, so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. Have you caught your house yet, Maud?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Smead has one in the same row, and she told me about ours. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I have never been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his "bulldog" voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady-killer."

"Perry!" "I am told by fellows we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."

"I hate beauty-men," said Maud soothingly, "they are all vain, conceited creatures. I would never marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track, and was equidistant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife, thoughtlessly, that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife suspiciously.

"Don't know her from Adam, my dear; but isn't she your friend, and haven't I heard her praises sung ever since we were married?"

"H'm! We have calling acquaintance, and now that we are to be neighbors I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible and she is so giddy."

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Caesar, Laura, you give your best friend a great send-off! I susceptible and she giddy! We must be made for each other!"

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her handsome husband.

A great throng of people were hurrying homeward, and all bore the happy burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the feet of the little burden-bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne and Amos Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages and just time to make the train after purchasing their commutation tickets. They went lopping through the gates in approved suburban style and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of the escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead and I'll take the next train out."

man called "O-a-k-l-a-n-d" as if only the deaf lived at that station. Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, whom she expected on the 6:30 train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well-groomed Mr. Smead a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne, rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then, seeing that her distracted visitor was very near fainting, she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits.

Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate-looking man, a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well, by the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and, walking boldly into her library, had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down; I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expected Amos on the last train; I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."

"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful? I daren't go back with that man in the house. I know by his looks he's a murderer. Our girl hasn't come and I'm all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here!"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead boldly. "I will take our revolver and you can bring the stove lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may s-h-o-o-t first!"

"Come on," said Mrs. Smead, contemptuously. She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one-man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the fun to themselves.

But at that identical moment the 7:30 train, sometimes called "the husband's train," so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row?" he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once. "Where is Smead?"

"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead. "I expect him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Ha! this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now, ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same time presenting arms, according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot!" cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but merriment, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward and bowed low to Maud. "I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" cried Perry, his face flaming.

CHURCHES FOR SALE.

Half a Dozen on the Market in Philadelphia—Strange Uses for Others. If anyone desires to buy a church he will find some rare bargains these days, says the Philadelphia Record. As in other commodities, the supply of churches for sale fluctuates considerably, but just at present, owing to the rapid westward push of business, the number for sale is larger than usual, and the would-be purchaser must be hard indeed to please who cannot find one according to his fancy in architecture and size. There are now on the market in the central portion of the city at least half a dozen church edifices from which the congregations have departed or want to depart. The Epiphany, at Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, found a ready purchaser in John Wanamaker, who will pay down over \$500,000 for it as soon as the congregation can find a site on which to build another church. They have now been over a year in an unsuccessful search for such a site, owing to the opposition of neighboring Episcopal churches. The strange uses to which churches are sometimes put is exemplified by the old Episcopal church on Filbert street, above Seventeenth, which is now used as a stable by the Adams Express Company. A few doors away, at Eighteenth and Filbert streets, is an old Presbyterian church, which is now being used by a firm of stone-cutters. On Vine street, east of Eighth, another ancient house of worship is doing duty as a factory. Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, at Juniper and Lombard streets, will soon lose its identity, having been purchased by the Baptist Publication Society, which will put a printing and publishing plant in operation there in a large building to be erected on its site. Only a short time ago the Tenth Presbyterian Church, at Twelfth and Walnut streets, was purchased and razed to the ground to make room for the Episcopal diocesan house now going up there. Many efforts have been made to purchase the old Chambers' Presbyterian Church, at Broad and Sansom streets, but the congregation decline to name any price for their property.

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 college, 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.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. B. CUMMINGS, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Lemon Juice as Polish. Lemon juice applied to cast iron articles gives an excellent finish to the surface of the metal. It turns the portion of polished cast iron to which it is applied to a bronze black, and when touched over with shellac varnish will absorb a sufficient amount of the varnish to preserve it. To many lemon juice would seem to be a weak and ineffective acid for metal, but everyone knows how quickly a knife blade of steel will blacken when used to cut a lemon, and the darkening of polished iron by the acid is very beautiful.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

A New Telescopic Idea. After laborious toil at constructing enormous and complex mechanisms by which telescopes can be directed to any quarter of the heavens astronomers have all at once bethought themselves of the plan of leaving the big tube immovable and horizontal, and throwing the image of the desired star into it by means of a reflector. This surprisingly simple plan is to be followed in mounting the great telescope which is to be a feature of the Paris exposition in 1900.

Free—All Fiftieths free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Merit cures, Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Calling a Nat. "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 on 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 beauty of 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. 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 "Favorite 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.

Don't Want to Marry. According to the registrar-general's most recent statistics, there appears to be a serious indisposition on the part of the male population of merry England to take unto themselves wives. During the months of January, February and March of the present year the lowest marriage rate in any quarter on record was observed, representing 10.6 per thousand. The nearest previous approach to this figure was in the early months of 1893 and the next in 1887.

The Farmers' Little Joke. The rains in northern Michigan have, the farmers say, spoiled all the little potatoes—made big ones of 'em.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Frivolous 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 Flanagans 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.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquette, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarra Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarra." Druggists sell it, 75c.

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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 fillip 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.

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her front 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' oar."

Take Parker's Ginger-Tonic home with you. You will find it to exceed your expectations in its ability to cure, and many ailments and weaknesses.

The record of attendance at the public schools of the United States during the last year gives a total of 15,530,295 pupils.

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

Needs 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 Stränge 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.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quickly and soothe the throat. It is always reliable.

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. AKIN, 611 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, 1895, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Council Bluffs and Omaha to points south and west in Nebraska and Kansas as to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Denver Canon, at exceedingly low rates. For full information, as to rates and limits, apply to W. C. DUNN, City Ticket Agent, 1302 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squameish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Any size you want, 20 to 36 inches diameter. Tires 2 to 4 inches wide. Made to order and ready to ship. Write for catalogue and prices. Address: Lewis' 98% Lye, P. O. Box 22, Quincy, Ill.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

POWERED AND PERFECTED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest lye made. Unlike other lyes it is a fine powder and packed in a can with no water. The contents are always ready for use. Will stand the best portland cement test in 30 minutes without softening. It is the best for cleaning wash pans, tubs, kettles, boilers, etc. Write for catalogue, prices, etc. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.