

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 gladly 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 \$20 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 west 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 fourist sleepers Omaha to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Second-class tickets accepted.

See the local agent and arrange about tickets and terms. 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 several 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.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

IT VANISHED WITH THE RINGING OF NEW YEAR BELLS.

Fathetic 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 everyone 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 afterward 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:

"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.



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 won't break if 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 it. 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 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.

ROMANCE OF A SONG.

How the Popular Irish Ballad "Robin Adair" Came to Be Written.

Of all the old English ballads none is better known nor more popular than "Robin Adair." It is a song whose pathos has appealed to listeners in every land where the English tongue is spoken, and unlike most of the old songs of its kind it has not been crowded out of recollection by newer melodies. Although usually classed as an English ballad and sometimes referred to as of Scotch origin, "Robin Adair" is in reality neither English nor Scotch, but a genuine Irish ballad. The air, through which as well as the words the tears run, is based in a very ancient melody of similar style known as "Eileen Aroon," and dating back beyond 1450. The more modern of the two songs has its origin in an actual occurrence. There was a real Robin Adair, an Irish gentleman who claimed descent from the Desmond Fitzgeralds. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, and it is no wonder that Lady Caroline Keppell fell in love with him, even though she was the daughter of the powerful earl of Albemarle and he was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. The wooing of the handsome Irishman was impetuous, but the family of Lady Caroline, true to the traditions in noble families in all well-regulated families, opposed the match. Lord Albemarle sent his daughter away to cure, her of her folly, but she absolutely refused to be cured, and it was while she was sojourning at Bath, in order that she might not meet Robin, that she wrote the song. She pined for her lover and her health became so poor that at last the father relented, as most fathers in romantic stories do at the end, and Lady Caroline Keppell became Lady Caroline Adair. Adair, who was a surgeon of more or less ability, afterward became quite distinguished in his profession. All this happened in the last century, the song having been written in 1758. Strangely enough, its prototype, "Eileen Aroon," was also the outcome of very romantic circumstances, the tradition being that it was written by Carol O'Daly, after his sweetheart, Eileen, had been compelled by her family to marry his rival.

GENEROSITY OF A BELLE.
She Paid the Bill for an Ignorant Hayseed Lover.
Standing in a Cincinnati florist's store, vainly striving to come to some adjustment between capital and roses, one of that city's belles glanced out of the window to see a hack dashing up the street. A young man looked out of the carriage door, the coachman suddenly reined in his horses, and two country fellows jumped out and rushed into the store, one exclaiming to the clerk:

"I want to give you a carte blanche order for some flowers."

The clerk looked at him and continued talking to the young woman.

"I am in a desperate hurry; must catch a train—no time to lose—and will give you carte blanche," the youth interrupted.

The young woman consented to wait and the clerk replied:

"What kind would you like?"

"No matter what they are, so they are handsome—some roses and other things—something pretty for her to wear," he answered, as the blood mounted to his face, "and I give you carte blanche."

So much stress was laid on the carte blanche that the salesman seemed encouraged and asked the address.

"No.— West Seventh street, and have them there by 8 o'clock. She is going out. Something handsome, carte blanche, and here is \$2." With these words he put down the cash, slammed the door and was off.

The clerk looked at the young woman and said: "American beauties are \$1.50 apiece and roses are \$4 a dozen."

"Never mind," she laughed, "make it right for the girl and send the bill to me."

Doubtless that youth thinks that city prices are not so bad after all.

SOUTH WEST BREEZES.
Politics and patriotism are not always synonyms.

It is not hard to forgive a lie told with a good intent.
Every man believes he carries the heavy end of a log.
There are many men who are kept poor by life insurance.
If you want to please a man, tell him he looks like an actor.
Man's idea of economy is in telling his wife how to save money.
There are some things which even the young people do not know.
To make a successful partnership a wife must be one of the firm.
The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, but not the rock beneath.
The "newer" the woman the greater her chances of becoming an old maid.
A sure cure for the hiccoughs is to ask the victim for the loan of five dollars.
Some women think more of a sea-skin saccage than they think of their souls.
A lying tongue never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.
The man who advertises his business can't be scared out by competition.
Domestic economy consists in cutting down home expenses and smoking 10 cent cigars.
People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.—The South West.

Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present-day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover soonest. The person who always walks on the sunny side of the street outvies his shade-seeking brother by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun has shed his rays all day. Bask in the sun all you can.

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, 5c.

Novel Corn Crib.
A novel portable corn crib is that introduced by W. J. Adam, of Joliet, Ill. 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 many 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. EDWARDS—Tell others of my success. Fifteen years farming and hustling discouraged me. My cousin made \$3,000 last year plating tableware, jewelry, etc. I ordered an outfit from Gray & Co., Plating Works Dept., St. Columbus, O. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions. They teach agents free. Goods easy to plate, nice as new, guaranteed ten years. Made 131 first week, 84 second, 83.3 first month, get all work I can do; brother made \$75 selling outfits. Write him for sample. B. F. SHAW.

Great Britain manufactures every year \$20,000,000 of iron and \$84,000,000 of steel.

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

Cole's Cough Balm.
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold, soothe the throat, loosen the chest, and relieve the lungs. It is always reliable. 75c per bottle.

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

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

Ellisard tabs, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to Mr. Address, H. C. AKIN, 131 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

Beware in Time. The first acute twinge of 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.

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 true remedy, 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.
Pico's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine. F. M. ANGELO, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1904.

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, Mrs. WALKER'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.
The Chicago Live society of Chicago will soon commence the erection of a building in Chicago which will cost about \$3,000,000.
FIVE—All Fifts stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fifts after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling, Headaches, Fainting, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, etc. Sent to all. Kline's Medical Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fortune cannot change us. It can only bring out what is in us.
"Mansons' Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 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.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

Great Prize Contest.
1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P" \$800
2d Prize, Cash, - - - - - 100
3d Prize, Cash, - - - - - 50
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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 some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1906, 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 Willie 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.