

Symptoms of Paralysis.

DOUGLAS, Neb., May 8, 1895.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Schenectady, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify that I am a resident of Douglas, Otoe County, Neb., and am eighty years of age. I have been an almost constant sufferer nearly all my life.

Of late years I have had severe pain in my back and limbs, with numbness and prickling sensations in the extremities which some physicians pronounced symptoms of paralysis.

Last fall, having heard through friends of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I purchased a half dozen boxes direct from you and began taking them according to directions.

At this time the action of my heart was giving me great anxiety, its pulsations were weak and uncertain, with palpitation and very alarming symptoms upon the least excitement or over exertion. Dizziness and headache were of frequent occurrence.

In a very short time after beginning treatment with the pills I began to feel their effect. The numbness became infrequent and less severe, when locomotion was easier. Trouble from palpitation decreased and I experienced a better condition of general health so that I felt twenty years younger. I felt so much better when the six boxes were gone that I discontinued treatment altogether.

With the advent of spring and warm weather, I began to feel a return of the old symptoms, to some extent, so purchased another six boxes of your pills from Messrs. C. F. Clark & Co., of Syracuse, Neb., which, no doubt, will have the same good effect the first lot did.

Respectfully,
Mrs. R. M. WEBB.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box, six for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Corn and American Frontier Life.

Corn has always been closely associated with the frontier life of this country, perhaps from the fact that no other cereal is available for use in so many ways. From the time that the kernels begin to swell, full of their rich milky juice, it is edible, appetizing and nutritious; when fully ripened it may be preserved for years, transferring if necessary the prosperity of one abundant season to the relief of sufferers from crop failure or other destruction of supplies in some subsequent year. To the New England boy or girl of former generations, whose memory goes back to childhood, how many notable associations are connected with the cornfields and their products! How the backs ached and the hands were blistered during the process of cultivation! How frequently and carefully the husks were slightly opened to determine when the most advanced ears should be ready for boiling—perchance the only vegetable variation of the monotonous dinner which gave little temptation to the palate, however much of enduring strength it might give to the frame. Of the same class were the "roasting ears," often enjoyed in the midst of some lonely vigil; and these by judicious selection, could be made available till the harvest—Good Housekeeping.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay on the "Human Understanding."
Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in an evening, after a day spent at his desk in the East India office.
Byron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold."
Grote is reported to have spent fifteen years in the work of preparing and writing his "History of Greece."
Spenser, from first to last, consumed four years of toilsome steady labor in the preparation of the "Fairy Queen."
Dryden worked irregularly, but considered that his daily task ought to comprise from 100 to 400 lines of verse.
Douglas Jerrold is said to have devoted but a few hours to the preparation of each one of his Caudle lectures.

Mulhall, the great statistician, devoted nearly thirty years to the preparation of his "Dictionary of Statistics."
Sir Frederick Pollock, who made an address to the law school at Harvard during the commencement, is accused of appearing on the lecture platform wearing a high white hat, a blue shirt, lavender cravat, black frock coat and light trousers.

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Ozark fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homesteeker looking for a farm and a home.

Mailed free.

Address,
J. E. Lockwood,
Kansas City, Mo.

A detective who wishes to make a capture works secretly, but a merchant seeking to capture trade cannot work that way. He must let people know what he is after.
There are always some things which you can serve a customer at a lower price or in better shape than your competitors can. Those are the things you want keep before the public.
Versatility is the great desideratum in an advertisement writer. One style falls on us. We get tired of one dish, of one scene, of one one pleasure. Variety is the spice of life and the chief attraction in advertisements.



BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.
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(CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.)

"It is unreasonable," she said, "though not quite in the way you mean. You had, I am sure, no thought but to honor me, and I thank you for all that you have done for me. But you have acted in this without due consideration."

He would have spoken, but she raised her hand to check him.

"—you did not reflect that we have not, between us, all that should go to the making of a marriage. You have a man's strength and faith, an honorable name, a career of promise—it is much to bring; I have beauty, wealth, and a high spirit; these, too, perhaps, are worth something; you love me, and there is, I dare be sworn, no reason why I should not love you. But where in all this is the string that binds the pony together—where is the guarantee of our tranquil and continued friendship afterward? I sometimes think," she continued, "that an intimacy of a lifetime is scarcely enough to warrant such a risk; and you and I have but a yesterday's acquaintance on which to found such perilous hopes."

He raised his head. "I have known you for three months," he said, "and all of that time I have thought of nothing else on earth."
"All that time in truth," she answered, "but of what have you been thinking in the thirty years before? I do not know. I have ridden and danced with you; I have sung and laughed with you; I know your favorite actor and the minister in whom you believe; and of yourself how little!"

"I am afraid there is little more to know," he said. "I am like most other men. But if you would set any great love against my deficiencies the scales might not weigh so uneven as with some."
"I believe sincerely," she replied, "that you love me—as you know me; but I fear I cannot say, like you, that I am of the common type of my sex; my beliefs, my hopes, my work in life are all singular; the very circumstances of my birth and nationality are unusual though you hear it now for the first time. So, Capt. Estcourt," she continued, rising to her feet, "you see that in your haste you have asked a woman to become your wife who, in common with you know, has nothing in common with you, but the lighter feelings and more trivial interests of life."

He bent his head and said nothing for a time. She looked at him a little remorsefully.

"Is it good-by, then?" he said, slowly, like a man awaking from sleep.

She reflected, looking downward in her turn.

"I will grant you this," she said, "and remember that it is no more and no less than I would do for any man of honor. I will make no change for what has happened to-night; I will meet you, if by chance so orders it, upon the old terms; but you shall promise me one thing in return." She paused for his assent.

"I promise blindfold," he said, "for the first time in my life."

She nodded approval. "Then I have your word," she said, "that you too will make no change in your case; that you will follow your fortune wherever it may lead, and whenever it calls you without allowing thoughts of me to hold you back."

"It is hard," he said, "for I have tonight been promised an immediate command."

"But you have given me your word." She held out her hand to him as she spoke; he stooped and kissed it in silence.

"Come," she said, "I hear the music beginning; this is my last dance."

They passed down the staircase without another word, and entered the ballroom once more. To Estcourt the dance was even more of a dream than the first one had been. To the thrilling influence of her beauty and her touch there were added that respectful consciousness of the inevitable end which makes the peaceful melancholy of autumn and gives the last perfection of paths to the deep eyes of passion.

If he had felt himself favored of the gods before, he was now conscious, in his exalted state, of an even greater dignity—that given by the heroic endurance of a great misfortune. Among the phantoms that flitted around him, his steter-in-law home; he moved in a kind of funeral triumph, as one with the grandeur of a tragic doom upon him. The whirling dance was the chaos of eternity, and the music filled it with exquisite sadness.

But now the measure rose sobbing to a final ecstasy, and lapsed again, and died slowly away upon a single note. He found himself standing by the door, with the colonel's blind figure in front of him.

"If you will pardon me," the latter was saying, "it is time for me to take my steter-in-law home; unless," he continued, with a courteous gesture, "you are free to enjoy that privilege yourself."

Estcourt turned to his partner.

"I could not think of it," she said; "but perhaps Capt. Estcourt will attend me while you get your hat and cloak."

He gave her his arm; the colonel bowed and disappeared. In three minutes she was ready, muffled to the throat in furs and satin, like the moon among fleecy, silver-lined clouds. Estcourt took her to her carriage, and they waited a moment for the colonel.

"You have never even told me your name," she said!

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS AFTER the ball Estcourt paid an afternoon call at Glamorgan House. There he found a large and fashionable crowd of visitors upon the same errand as himself, and spent the greater part of a short stay in talking to strangers.

But when he rose to go, Lord Glamorgan, who had been keeping him in view while hobnobbing with a couple of under-secretaries, crossed the room quickly and caught him as he turned away from taking leave of his hostess. Estcourt saw by the twinkle in his eye that the genial old nobleman was in his own opinion the bearer of good news, but he shuddered inwardly at the sudden recollection of his promise so lately made.

"Dick," said his lordship, taking him under the arm and leading him toward a corner of the room, "I've been doing what little I can for you, and I only wish it were more. Conington tells me that the Favorite is almost ready for sea; she's only a thirty-two, but she's the last ship to be commissioned for ever so long, and I thought you'd rather be walking the deck of a frigate than the pavement of Whitehall."

Dick forced himself to return thanks in terms of suitable fervor. "This is just the kind of you, Lord Glamorgan," he said, with unintentional irony. "I could really wish that you had not taken so much trouble for me; I do not know what I have done to deserve it."

"Nonsense, my boy," said the old man, kindly. "I owe your father's son more than that, and I'll pay it, too, if ever we get our turn again. But now," he said, returning to a more matter-of-fact tone, "if I were you, as this is your last chance for the present, I'd go down to the admiralty to-morrow—not too late, remember, it's Saturday—and just make, as it were, a casual inquiry whether they've received your application all in due form, or something of that kind; jog them up at the right moment, d'ye see? That's it, that's it!" he concluded, shaking Dick's hand.

Dick escaped at last and hurried back to his lodging without any clear idea of where he was going. What was it he had promised Madame de Montaut? He remembered but too well the very words:

"You will follow your fortune wherever and whenever it may call you." The bargain was but two days old, and here already with grim mockery, the call had come to the cheery youth, as this well-meaning old patron's voice. And for what price had he thus sold his birthright of freewill? For permission to meet one from whom he would soon be separated by a thousand miles of ocean, and perhaps by the wider gulf of many years; for a concession which his own pledge had rendered valueless before he could reap the slightest advantage from it. If ever man entered into a one-sided bargain, surely this he bitterly felt, was one.

Should he give himself the vain consolation of seeing her? He felt instinctively that it would be better to deny himself until all had been done. But he could sit still no longer; he rose from table, leaving half his meal untouched, and set himself to think over his visit to the admiralty next day.

He decided at once that he would not trust himself to make his inquiry by word of mouth; he might say too much or too little, or betray some noticeable sign of agitation—a thought from which he always shrank by nature, and never more than now. No, he would write a letter and present it in person.

Next morning he dressed himself carefully in uniform, and started out shortly before noon with the letter in his pocket. He crossed Oxford street and made for the straight line of St. Andrew's street and St. Martin's lane. But just before reaching the latter he found himself face to face with a crowd which blocked the entire width of the thoroughfare. It was composed of a wild and motley collection of men, women and children, accompanied by uncouth music, and fantastically adorned with bunches of green ribbon, whose freshness threw into more hideous prominence the universal squalor of their clothing and appearance.

At the head of this strange procession marched, in a body rather more compact than the rest, a dozen or two of men whose dress and features marked them even more clearly than their companions for thoroughbred Irishmen. They were apparently, in some sort, under the leadership of a tall ruffian with high cheek bones, a wide mouth, and large side whiskers of a flaming red color, and as they came along they shouted, and waved their sticks wildly above their heads with no apparent provocation.

The few occupants of the street fled into their houses, or the neighboring by-ways. Estcourt contented himself with drawing to one side, with the intention of passing along under the wall or of waiting there until the densest part of the crowd should have gone by. But his uniform made it impossible for him to escape thus without notice, and the temper of the mob being at the moment highly aggressive they deliberately blocked his path.

At first he was rather amused than apprehensive, and addressed them in a tone of good-humored remonstrance.

"Come, lads," he said, "let me pass; I'm on business, and have no time to spare," and he pushed boldly forward. The crowd swayed about, yelling and hooting derisively, and with a rush of half playful, half ferocious violence bore him back against the wall, where

he stood at bay, uncertain whether to try persuasion or such force as he could bring into play.

"God save Oireland!" howled the leader, who stood directly in front of him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of explained excitement; "God save Oireland!"

"Certainly," said Dick, promptly, hoping that he saw here a chance of conciliating them. "With all my heart," he shouted, "God save Ireland!"

"Hurro for the Emperor Napoleon!" shrieked his tormentor, striking the ground with his stick and capering like a maniac. Dick shrugged his shoulders and assumed a passive attitude.

"Hurro for the Emperor Napoleon!" the Irishman, screaming in his face, "Say it, ye murderer divil of a king's officer; say it, or I'll tear thin golden shtraps from yer dirty shoulders!"

Dick drew himself together, clenched his fists, threw back his head, and raised himself to look for the thinnest part of the crowd. At that moment a carriage and pair was quickly making its way down the other side of the broad road, which had been left bare in part by the concentration of the mob around their victim. He recognized his chance and struck for it with all his force. He was not armed even with a stick, but in a flash his two nearest antagonists had gone down before his fists and he was half way to the carriage, fighting his way desperately through a storm of confused blows and shouts. Once he fell, and rose again without his hat; a second time he was beaten to his knees, in the act of laying his hand upon the side of the carriage, which had now stopped, and in which he was dimly conscious that a lady was standing upright.

She opened the door and stepped quickly out. The crowd fell back a little, and she began to speak.

Dick scrambled to his feet, still holding on to the side of the carriage, and stood looking at her in a half-stunned condition of dull astonishment. Her face and form were those of Camilla de Montaut, but her speech and manner were strange to him and produced upon his confused senses all the effect of an incongruous dream.

"Whist boys!" she said; "tell me now what let ye bother her here?" There was silence for a moment. "It's St. Patrick's Day," said a voice at last.

"It is so," said the lady, readily, "or why would I be wearing shamrock?" and she took a small bunch of green leaves from her dress and held them up.

"But that's no reason at all," she went on, vivaciously, "why ye should be after murdering my friends, and me the daughter of Anthony Donoghue!"

The crowd showed a tendency to shuffle back and get behind one another. A ragged youth, who found himself left without support in the front rank, took off his cap respectfully.

"Shure, 'twas none of us at all, me laddy," he said; "it was only Tim O'Halloran that ast would his honor be pleased to say hurro for the emperor, and he would not."

"Would he not?" said the lady, with an irresistible air of drollery; "thin it's meself that'll do it for 'um. Hurro for the emperor!" she cried, heartily; "and when he comes back to his own may I be there to give him the oad millia falta!"

She turned to Dick, pointed to the open door of the carriage, and jumped in behind him. The mob were cheering loudly all around; one or two of the nearest of them were taking the opportunity to beg a trifle of her ladyship.

"Drive on!" she cried to the coachman. And in a moment they were whirling southward down St. Martin's lane in safety.

Dick, without knowing quite why he did so, had placed himself on the back seat of the carriage, and now sat looking at his companion. Yes, beyond doubt it was Camilla herself, and when she spoke to him it was this time in her own familiar tones.

"I am afraid I was just too late," she said; "you are hurt?"

"It is nothing," he said, slowly. He was holding his hat, which some one had thrust into his hand as they drove rapidly, but it was not until he was a little involuntarily. Camilla saw that he was hardly yet himself and wondered what to do.

"Where can I take you?" she asked, quickly.

"Whitehall," he replied with an effort. His head dropped back against the cushion, and his eyes closed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CAT UP A TREE.

Gallant Policemen Sent to Its Rescue and the Relief of the Ladies.

A singular request was made to Chief of Police Willard yesterday. A woman who lives in the neighborhood of 169 Hamilton street called up police headquarters, and this is the conversation that followed:

"Hello! Is this police headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Is Chief Willard in?"

"Yes; I'm the chief."

"Well, chief, have you got a policeman who can climb a tree?"

"What? A policeman who can climb a tree? For what purpose?" asked the chief, greatly surprised at the unusual request.

"There's a cat up in a tree opposite 169 Hamilton street, and it has been up there for four days. All the women and girls are in hysterics over it, and I wish something could be done about it. I thought that you could send a policeman up to climb the tree and bring the poor cat down."

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Woman's Improvement League.

An interesting and worthy experiment has been tried in Minneapolis, during the past two or three years, by the Woman's Improvement League, of interesting school children in the raising of flowers. Several thousand children every year, in certain school grades, are given flower seeds to plant in their home gardens and lawns, and are encouraged by prizes to enter into competition in flower production. Last week the president of the league visited the fifty city schools and awarded the prizes voted upon by a committee of inspectors and judges. The schools were gaily decorated with blossoms grown by the children. The seeds are contributed each year by prominent seed firms, members of congress and public-spirited citizens. The flower mission has awakened a widespread interest among the children and encouraged in them a love for the beautiful and habits of industry which are likely to endure.

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.

Good Use for Cheap Oats.
National Stockman: There is a great deal of complaint about the low prices for oats, which are now in some parts of the country as cheap as hay. Good prices for this cereal would mean much this year to many, as it is about the only cash crop to rely on in the absence of a wheat crop. But it may be that in the long run the cheapness of oats will prove something of a blessing in disguise. There will be a great temptation this year to throw in the corn at a lively rate. Corn, while the best fattening grain on earth, is not a well-balanced feed, and the cheap oats may be used to great advantage in the way of a better balanced ration. This applies especially to young stock, which, as a rule, get more corn and less oats than is good for it.

That Joyful Feeling
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness which follows the use of Syrup of Figs is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

Prising Names on Fruit.
The rosy cheek of an apple is on the sunny side; the colorless apple grows in the leafy shade. Advantage may be taken of this to have a pleasant surprise for children. A piece of stiff paper placed around the apple in the fall sun will shade it, and if the "Mary" or "Bobbie" is cut in the paper so that the sun can color the apple through these stenciled spaces the little one can gather the apple for itself with the name printed on the fruit by nature itself.—McClan's Monthly.

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in using a good and natural remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder and Prostate.

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.

That man is a stranger to himself who reads no books.

A note in the eye will put the whole world out of joint.

It is so easy to remove Corns with Hinderdams that a wonder so many will endure them. Get Hinderdams and see how nicely it takes them off.

What makes the dreary is want of motive.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a

SPRAIN,

when St. Jacobs Oil would cure it in the right way, right off.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. GALVANIZED POLITY. GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue free.

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Keep the Baby Fat.

"CAVE SPRING, GA., May 21, 1894.
"My baby was a living skeleton. The doctors said he was dying of Marasmus, Indigestion, etc. The various foods I tried seemed to keep him alive, but did not strengthen or fatten him. At thirteen months old he weighed exactly what he did at birth—seven pounds. I began using 'SCOTT'S EMULSION,' sometimes putting a few drops in his bottle, then again feeding it with a spoon. Then again by the absorption method of rubbing it into his body. The effect was marvellous. Baby began to stouten and fatten, and became a beautiful plump baby, a wonder to all. SCOTT'S EMULSION supplied the one thing needed."
"MRS. KENNETH WILLIAMS."

Scott's Emulsion

is especially useful for sickly, delicate children when their other food fails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily digestible form, just the nourishment they need to build them up and give them health and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of which are most remarkable nutrients.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.