

# AFRAID OF PARALYSIS

A NERVOUS SUFFERER CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

The Medicine That Makes Rich, Red Blood and Performs Wonders as a Tonic for the Nerves.

Why are nervous people invariably pale people?

The answer to that question explains why a remedy that acts on the blood can cure nervous troubles.

It explains why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are also for nervous people.

It is because of the intimate relation between the red corpuscles in the blood and the health of the nerves. The nervous system receives its nourishment through the blood. Let the blood become thin, weak and colorless and the nerves are starved—the victim is started on the road that leads to nervous wreck. Nervous people are pale people—but the pallor comes first. Enrich the blood and the nerves are stimulated and toned up to do their part of the work of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make red blood and transform nervous, irritable, ailing people into strong, energetic, powerful men and women.

Mrs. Harriet E. Porter, of 90 Liberty avenue, South Medford, Mass., says:

"I had never been well from childhood and a few years ago I began to have dizzy spells. At such times I could not walk straight. I was afraid of paralysis and was on the verge of nervous prostration. Then neuralgia set in and affected the side of my face. The pains in my forehead were excruciating and my heart pained me so that my doctor feared neuralgia of the heart. I tried several different kinds of treatment but they did me no good."

"One day my son brought me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I found that they strengthened my nerves. I took several boxes and felt better in every way. There were no more dizzy attacks, the neuralgia left me and I have been a well woman ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers and in sick headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

Our booklet "Nervous Disorders, a Method of Home Treatment" will be sent free on request to anyone interested. Write for it today.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and every blemish on beauty, and does so delicately. It has stood the test of 10 years, and is so harmless we taste it to ascertain its purity. Accept no counterfeit. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

## He Could Fill the Bill.

A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"—"Success Magazine."

## Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon I do," said one small, serious-looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"

"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.

## AN OLD EDITOR

Found \$2,000 Worth of Food.

The editor of a paper out in Okla. said: "Yes, it is true when I got hold of Grape-Nuts food, it was worth more than a \$2000 doctor bill to me, for it made me a well man. I have gained 25 pounds in weight, my strength has returned tenfold, my brain power has been given back to me, and that is an absolute essential, for I am an editor and have been for 35 years."

"My pen shall always be ready to speak a good word for this powerful nutritive food. I had of course often read the advertisements regarding Grape-Nuts, but never thought to apply the food to my own use, until, in my extremity and sickness the thought came to me that it might fit my case. The statements in regard to the food are absolutely correct, as I have proven in my own case. One very fortunate thing about the food is that while it is the most scientifically made and highly nourishing, concentrated food I have ever known, it has so delicious a taste that it wins and holds friends." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## TRAGIC TEASING.

**A** YOUNG woman drowned herself near Wilmington, Del., the other day because she could not endure the playful taunts of her associates about a trivial personal matter. She had begged them to stop, but they persisted. She then threatened to end her life if the persecution continued, and still they teased her. Then she carried her threat into execution, and now the young people who engaged in their pastime of annoyance are overwhelmed with regret.

This tragedy carries an impressive lesson, applicable to great numbers of people who do not realize the sensitiveness of others. Of all subtle cruelties none is more abominable than the persistent reference to a subject that is painful to another. Yet this form of torment is indulged in constantly. Parents tease their children about things that may seem trifling to them, but are serious and important to the little folks. They cause great suffering of mind by thus incessantly "poking fun" at the youngsters whom they are supposed to cherish and guard from pain. The expression is often heard: "Oh, it is good for her. She is too sensitive. She will have to get used to being criticised and teased while she is young." Yet this very treatment is calculated to render the child more keenly susceptible to mental torture than before. It may not be doubted that many a child's nature is warped by injudicious jocularity on the part of its elders.—Washington Star.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

**M**ANY persons think of the New York Stock Exchange as a seat of commercial inquiry, and have been encouraged in this view by magazine articles picturesque and expert in phrasing, but not so accurate as they ought to be.

When something unusual, like the recent decline of stocks, calls attention to "the market," we realize how little thought most of us give to it day by day. It seems remote from the interests of the man of small means. But the central stock-market is a solid and important institution, and the conditions which it indicates at the end of each day's trading are almost sure signs of the state of the country's production and commerce.

It is true that a great many of the transactions on the stock exchange are mere gambling, and represent nothing more than the turning of money from one man's pocket into another's; it is also true that even in legitimate trading there is a fever and hysteria which pervades not only commercial values, but life values. Nevertheless, most of the chicanery and madness of stock transactions flourishes not in the central market, nor in the offices of those who guide it, but in the suburbs of the business, in offices not related to the exchange or to any reputable banking house.

Real stock transactions bear a definite relation to the business of the country, and after due allowance is made for the artificial manipulations, so difficult to

practice on the market as a whole, we find the exchange a sound register of the state of the country. The same things that all human beings fear, crop failure, war, strikes, depress the market. That is why men were afraid, when the market "broke"; not so much because they care for the stocks, as that they feared the signs of the end of prosperity. Fortunately the market recovered, and there was no panic. But for a few days all intelligent persons watched the market with respect and attention.—Youth's Companion.

## BOYS AND THE STREET.

**T**HE Illinois Senate has passed a bill which will have the effect, if it becomes law, of requiring boys between 14 and 16 to be lawfully employed during school hours or to be in school. Some latitude will probably be allowed to the interpretation of the word "employed," so that it may cover useful work at home or under the direction of the boy's parents as well as work for hire. The intent is to keep off the streets the boys who are not in school.

The street is not the place for a boy under 16. Habits of idleness unfit the boy for serious work and give him a distaste for it. No phase of the criminal history of the city is more disgusting than the increase in the number of adolescent criminals during recent years. This increase is due, more than anything else, to the failure of parents to see to it that their boys are kept under discipline after they have reached the age of 14. The gang that meets near the corner saloon is not good company for the boy who expects to make a success of life. Boys who will be men can be made or ruined by the habits into which they fall before the age of 16. Idleness during two of the most important of the formative years is likely to lead to incompetence and failure, if nothing more serious. It is better for a boy to enter upon life as fully equipped for the struggle as possible. To some boys two years more of school would be an invaluable help. To others an earlier start in business or a trade would be more important. But to no one in average health can two years of the lessons of the street be anything but hurtful.—Chicago Tribune.

## PLAY A NECESSITY OF LIFE.

**T**HE gospel of play will, we are confident, win for itself a hearing as the gospel of wholesomeness and a fuller life. It will go far to create a better race of manly beings, a better social state and throw a new light on the piety of grimness and "other worldliness." What we have said has been applied mainly to city life, to the overpacked and ungenial crowd; but it is applicable in a modified form to country life. The people who live among the trees and brooks do get, in spite of themselves, a certain relaxation, yet they need what they do not get—the useless sport, the utter relief for a portion of each day from "trying to make ends meet."—New York Independent.

## A GLIMPSE OF SHERMAN.

It is not always the great things men do that keep their memory alive. Frequently it is some small act of kindness, some pleasant speech or many courtesy, which remains in the minds of those who knew them. So in Illinois there is a young man who thinks of General Sherman not as "Old Tecumseh," the soldier, victor in strenuous campaigns, but as a kindly, rough-bearded old gentleman, who carried him over miles of road on his lap in order that at the end he might really see his boyish hero, the soldier.

It was in the early eighties. The county in which the boy lived was to dedicate a soldiers' monument on Memorial day. General Sherman and Governor Oglesby were to be the two speakers of the occasion. From where the boy lived it was six miles to the county seat. He had to walk the distance. But worst of all misfortunes, it rained all the day before, when he should have been working in the garden, and so on Memorial day the boy had to get down on hands and knees and pull weeds under a broiling sun, across row after row of young vegetables, so that he did not get away from home until 1 o'clock. Only an hour, and six miles to go! He knew it was useless. It would take him two hours, and when he got there he would find everything over and the general gone—and there was no use in anything, anyway. Tears rolled down his cheeks now and then, and he felt like a much abused boy.

Every little while a buggy or carriage passed him going in his direction, but all of them were full, and there was no one to give him a lift. But at last, when he was certain that he could never get there, a buggy which came up from behind did not pass, but stopped beside him.

"Hello, bub!" said a kindly voice, "going far?"

The boy looked up through misty eyes. Two gray and quizzical old faces peered at him out of a muddy buggy. Two pleasant old gentlemen were on the seat.

"Y-yes, sir—I'm trying to," said the boy.

"Climb in, then," said the man nearest him, and as the boy, not believing his ears, put a foot on the step, the man reached out and lifted him in, and seated him on his lap.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"I was a-going to the monument," said the boy, "but I didn't think I would get there. Do you suppose I will?" In time to see General Sherman?

The old man who was driving cluck-

ed to the horse, and the other, stroking his beard, said:

"Why—yes, I guess you will. Yes, I reckon he'll get there. Eh, Dick?"

"Why—why, yes, I reckon so," said the other. For some reason they both chuckled.

"Want to see the general, eh?" said the old man who held him. "Don't care about the governor, eh?"

"No, sir, not so much," said the boy, truthfully. "You see, he lives right here in this state, and he didn't march through Georgia, or have songs about him, or anything."

"Why, no, so he didn't! Did he, Dick?" asked the boy's old gentleman again. This seemed to amuse them very much. They chuckled about it a while, and then the old gentleman who held the boy began to tell him stories about the campaign General Sherman had fought in, and about soldier life, stories some of which were in the history book; but most of them were new to the boy. Then the other man told some stories—about Mr. Lincoln.

"Did you know him?" demanded the boy; and to his delight they both did, and told more stories about him.

Six miles was a long way to walk, but it was a short way to ride, and it seemed as if they had hardly started when the boy heard a tremendous shouting and cheering, and there was the crowd, all lined up along the road, cheering.

Cheering whom? He felt a motion back of him, and turned, and saw his old gentleman take off his hat and smile and bow; and the other old gentleman did the same.

They drove up to the square and set him down, and every one stared at him, and then he saw them mount the platform with the committee.

He had, indeed, arrived in time to "see the general," for it was General Sherman and Governor Oglesby who had brought him.

## MOST EXPENSIVE OF HATS.

Sombrero Presented to Grant and One Owned in Pittsburg.

The most expensive hat in the world is a Mexican sombrero on exhibition in the national museum, Washington. It cost \$1,500 in gold and was presented to Gen. Grant while in Mexico in 1882.

Samuel Sherard of Pittsburg, Pa., probably has the costliest hat owned by any private individual. It cost \$1,100 and is made of spun glass. It was made by an old Alsatian at Pittsburg. He invented a process for spinning and weaving glass, and the hat has considerable elasticity, being as hard to break as an ordinary Panama.

Mr. Sherard has owned this unique headpiece for ten years and occasionally wears it because in a good-natured

# RAILWAYS LAUGHTER

## TERRIBLE INDICTMENT AGAINST AMERICAN MANAGERS.

More Attention Paid to Increasing Dividends than to the Practical Methods of Transportation—Accidents Likely to Increase.

A list of the wrecks in the last twelve months constitutes an awful indictment against the American railway manager. In no part of the civilized world is transportation attended by so many perils as in the United States, and of late the danger seems to be increasing instead of decreasing.

Scarcely a day passes that the newspapers do not have to report some new disaster. In many instances the tragedies are the result of gross carelessness on the part of the railroad people. Spreading rails, open switches, disregard of orders, carelessness of engineers, conductors and train dispatchers explain some of the other disasters. In a few cases washouts, snowstorms and fogs caused wrecks. These are the only instances in which the railroad people can be held blameless.

Something radically wrong. No part of the country seems to have escaped, and, if anything, conditions appear to be worse on big railroad systems, where passenger traffic is supposed to be attended by every safeguard that experience can suggest, than it is on smaller lines, where roadbeds are weak and the equipment is not up to the times.

That there is something radically wrong with the railroads is certain. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern, acknowledged this when he said that he never took a railroad trip nowadays that he did not fear disaster. Transportation men say the railroads are not to blame and that railroad managers are struggling against conditions such as they never confronted before and which they could not guard against. They say the public has no conception of the strain to which the railroads have been subjected in the last year or two. There has been a tremendous increase in traffic. The increase came suddenly. The railroads have done their best to handle it, but they have been unable to get cars or locomotives to meet the needs. From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes nearly every road is glutted with freight. If this excess of business could be handled promptly the railroads would make immense profits. The railroads did profit largely in the early days of the rise in the tide of traffic, but there was no end to the volume of freight, and soon men and machinery began to suffer from the strain. Cars and locomotives need rest and repairs just as human beings do. When they do not receive it they are liable to break down. Men cannot be pressed to the limit of endurance week in and week out, month after month, without giving way.

Railroads to Blame. But this explanation does not fully explain. Men who go to the root of the trouble lay the responsibility for present conditions upon the shoulders of half a dozen big men, who know more about finance than they do about practical railroading. There has been an evolution in the railroad business in the United States in the last eight or ten years. It has been a period of reorganization and consolidation. Masters of finance rather than masters of transportation affairs have ruled in the councils of old and

new systems. Nearly every merger has been attended by a stock issue, largely of water, which has been saddled upon the railroads. The masters of finance were discounting the growth of the nation and the development of the properties they were consolidating.

Every observant person has been aware of the fact that since the Spanish-American war the nation's business has been expanding at a great rate. The only branch of the country's mechanism that has not kept pace with this expansion has been the railroad. It has been the policy of the masters of finance to check the building of new lines, force independent ones into submission and concentrate traffic so that it would yield the largest possible revenue to the trunk systems which they controlled. They have succeeded. The railroads of the United States to-day are in few hands. But in their hunger for large profits and early returns from the properties they have absorbed, the masters of finance have neglected the physical well being of the railroads. They have looked more to net earnings than to improved roadbeds, additional equipment and better service to the public. They viewed with more favor the manager who worked men and cars to the limit all the time and showed a reduction of operating expenses, with a big increase in gross earnings, than the one who always sought to improve the property.

When about a year ago the tremendous bulge in the volume of traffic came suddenly it found the railroads unprepared. The masters of finance had not added many locomotives and cars to the possessions of the properties they had absorbed. Neither had they extended the terminals of the various roads to meet the requirements of a constantly growing traffic. Division superintendents, yardmasters, masters of transportation, train dispatchers, conductors, firemen, engineers and brakemen did all they could. They buckled down to their work as only well-trained, earnest, efficient men will do. When they were called upon to work extra hours they did so willingly. But they could make no impression on the flood. The more they battled, the more freight seemed to pour in upon them. Locomotives capable of drawing thirty loaded cars were pressed to drag trains of thirty-six or forty. Men who could work safely and well twelve or fourteen hours a day were kept on duty sixteen or eighteen. Cars that should go to the repair shops were kept in service on the chance that they would get through all right.

As it was with freight so was it with passenger traffic. Every passenger car that could be utilized seemed to be needed. One branch of the service seemed to keep pace with the other in growth.

And now the railroads are in the throes of the reaction from the strain. Equipment has given way and men have given way. Hundreds of persons have been killed and hundreds more probably will be slaughtered before affairs come to a normal state. The dozens and dozens of freight wrecks with the killing or maiming of railroad employes have been too small in interest to attract general attention.

## Tears Kill Disease Germs.

Dr. C. Lindahl of Copenhagen tells in the London Lancet of his discovery that tears have the power to kill various bacteria which produce disease in the human body. This bactericidal capacity of the lacrimal fluid is not due to its inorganic nature, which contains known as leucocytes. The fluid when heated and cooled fails to prevent the growth of bacteria to the same degree as when in its normal state.

## A PATHETIC APPEAL.



—Cincinnati Post.

## Spyglass that Tells Distance.

M. Gerard, an officer of the French navy, has invented an instrument called the telimeter, which enables one to find accurately the distance of any visible object whose height is known, without complex calculations. The principle on which this instrument works is the combination of two prismatic rings so adjusted as to give a variable refractive angle, enabling the user by means of a graduated scale to read off the distance of the object looked at without stopping to go through a mathematical calculation.

## From Far and Near.

Four churches and a school house were wrecked by a tornado at Rome, Tex. There are about 40,000 persons idle in San Francisco because of labor troubles. The fire department of Wyoming, Ohio, was burned out when the town hall was destroyed. The management of the Jamestown exposition will be undertaken temporarily and without salary by James M. Barr, former president of the Seaboard Air Line.

## A Sole Theory.

"A shoemaker is the most paradoxical of human beings." "Why so?" "Because his first word is his last."—Baltimore American.

When a man observes conventional hours in calling on a girl, it indicates, among other things, that the affair isn't very serious.