

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM AND ITS CURE.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those similarly afflicted the Gazette has investigated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer for the Commercial Printing Company, with offices in the Dodge Block and resides at 417 Basset Street, Burlington, Ia. A Gazette man sought an interview with Mr. Tabor at his place of business today, and although he was busily engaged with imperative duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my old trouble with rheumatism has entirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger week by week, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People after you have heard what I have to tell you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was confined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered constant and acute pains and all the tortures which that horrible disease is capable of inflicting. At length under the constant care of a local physician I was enabled to return to my work, but only at intervals. Severe attacks would appear regularly in my back and descend into my leg and foot, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any beneficial results. I grew pale, weak and haggard, and my family and friends grew alarmed at my condition. 'About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved and much stronger. I continued their use and improved rapidly. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured, all of which is due to the efficacy of Pink Pills. They are invigorating and thoroughly wholesome, and have helped me in every way."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Henry, the druggist, stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefits that they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done them any good; that they not only gave quick relief but permanent benefit. "That the pills are sold and that the pills cure is a certainty."

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. In many cases a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, excessive use of what ever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A dentist and a politician both need a pull to get along in this world.

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. Headford, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

The longest pier bridge is said to be that of Victoria, at Montreal, 9144 feet.

According to Oriental tradition, the tomb of "Noah, the Ark builder," is in the small town of Nakhchevan, near the foot of Mount Ararat. It is said to be a niche in the wall of an abandoned fortress.

The Berlin electric stations supply power to 140 printing offices.

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.

The ocean commerce of Tacoma for October shows total imports of \$1,450,000; total exports, \$413,964. About 275,000 bushels of wheat were forwarded to foreign countries and 44,000 barrels of flour to China and Japan.

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 quartets 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.

The Tiebome claimant now keeps a small tobacco shop in one of the suburbs of London.

Soap is now made in the form of sheets and sold to travelers who object to the use of hotel soaps or those used in public places. It is sold in 100-sheet blocks, each sheet about the size of the ordinary bank check.

Oregon has 565,000 acres of pear trees.

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.

The Vanderbilts probably pay \$1000 a month to their florist, even during the "dull season."

Ontario, Cal., claims that it ships more lemons than any other town in the United States.

The average of ships and sailors in the port of London every day is 1000 ships and 9000 men.

Locomotives use a third of the coal mined in England.

Thrashing grain by electrical transmission of power is at present being carried on with very good success at Mjolby in Sweden. The dynamos are situated at a long distance from the motor which is near the thrashing machine.

Unterrified small boys in Portland, Me., a few days ago stole the grave markers from the cemetery for use in making bounds for hockey playing.

Victor Emanuel's tomb at Rome will cost \$5,000,000.

Three women preachers hold a ministerial charge at Belfast, Me. Miss Kingsbury is pastor of the Universalist church, Miss King of the Church of the Advent and Mrs. McIntyre of the Church of God.

In London the natural increase of the population, from excess of births over deaths alone, is about 4,000 a month.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal., depth, 2,300 feet.

A street waterer in Calcutta, who sprinkles the streets from a water skin carried on his shoulders, is paid 6 cents a day.

The imports of woolen goods have amounted for nine months of the current year to 58,456,493 pounds, against 12,907,068 last year.

Connecticut has only five cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants, and yet its output of manufacturers exceeds \$300,000,000 annually.

Bobby—"Papa, Jack Mazon, said his father gave him 50 cents, and—" Papa—"Well?" Bobby—"I'd like to say the same of you."—Harper's Bazar.

A Persian cook can earn \$3.22 a month.

The bottlers of the United States employ 16,738 men, serve 1,499,038 customers, use 31,940 horses, have invested \$41,573,469, use annually \$12,747,633 worth of bottles, and the loss and breakage amounts to \$3,523,804.

Georgia negroes have \$13,000,000.

A mule driver in Morocco earns 10 cents a day.

"The world" is a conventional saying, which, being interpreted, signifies all the rascality in it.—Dickens.

Every German regiment has a chirpologist.

The employees of gas and waterworks in Germany earn an average of \$194 a year.

Between 20,000 and 30,000 pounds of sassafras oil are annually made in this country.

New Orleans has a 23-mile trestle bridge.

Farm laborers in Belgium receive 48 cents a day.

Under the headlines "Living Questions," a St. Louis paper proceeds to discuss the city morgue for half a column.

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 their firm.

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, 25c.

Fourteen farmers in Loup county, Neb., joined issues and by their own labor constructed the Newton irrigating ditch, fifteen miles in length. The work took them six months, but they've got water to sell now.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

MR. EDITOR:—Tell others of my success. Fifteen years farming and hustling discouraged me. My cousin made \$5,000 last year selling tableware, jewelry, etc. I ordered an outfit from Gray & Co., Plating Works Dept., 18, Columbus, O. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions. They teach agents free. Goods easy placed, also as new, guaranteed ten years. Made \$33 first week, \$47 second, \$233 first month. Get all I can do; brother made \$75 selling outfit. Write firm for sample. R. F. SHAW.

Most European nations average for the male 5 feet 6 inches, but the Austrians, Spanish and Portuguese fall short of this standard.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

IT VANISHED WITH THE RINGING OF NEW YEAR BELLS.

Pathetic 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



"SHE DREAMED THAT HER LOVER WAS WITH HER."

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."

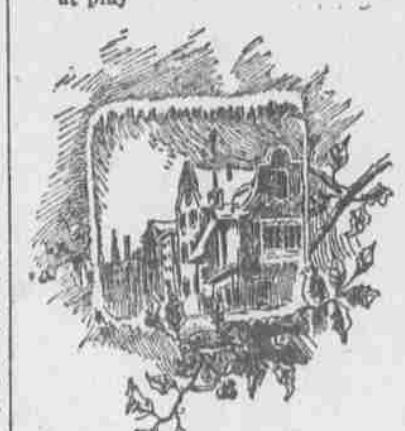
She dreamed again and she thought she was at Heaven's gate. "Enter," said a voice, but it was not that of her first dream. It was low and sweet and said, "Sister, thou hast fulfilled thy tasks on earth. Thou couldst have made a happy home for thyself; but it was rejected, and instead thou hast done many 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.

Satisfied.
A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a door yard on a bright New Year's day



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 would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is 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

Hamburg taxes dogs according to size.

"Horsehoeing Parlors" is the sign over a blacksmith's shop in Traverse City, Mich.

A cashmere shawl weaver in Persia earns by the hardest labor about 40 cents a day.

A beautiful paper is made in Japan from the fibrous bark of the mulberry or paper tree.

There are said to be 6,000 pieces in the modern high-grade locomotive.

Fire! Fire! That Dreadful Cry Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring element unprepared. Happily most people who can, insure—everything but health. Nine-tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in palpable jeopardy. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint, in gripe, inaction of the kidneys and bladder and malaria are all counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," said a man at the back part of the audience promptly.—Tid-bits.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY are users of "Brown's Bronchial Trochies" for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

This is a great apple year. The American crop is estimated at 10,000,000 barrels, which beats the record by 2,000,000. Prices average \$3 a barrel, which is about one-half last year's price.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ASBOTT, 333 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

An artisan of Brussels has invented a revolver that shoots seven times a second.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGOLD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

At Mansfield, the woman for whom Stokes killed Jim Fiske, has now secured a divorce in Paris from R. I. Reade, her latest husband.

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

Great men undertake great things because they are great; fools, because they think them easy.

PITS—All Pits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. For Pits after the freckles, use Kline's cure. Treatment and \$2 trial bottle free. 675 cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Raisins can be easily seeded if put in hot water and allowed to stand fifteen minutes before beginning to seed.

Corn's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."—Tid-Bits

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinge of **SCIATICA** IS THE WARNING TO USE **ST. JACOBS OIL.** DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

As One Woman To Another:

"Every Monday morning for two years I've used **CLAIRETTE SOAP**—always makes the clothes pure and white without hard rubbing—have my washing done by nine o'clock. This soap has never harmed the most delicate colors in my summer dresses, so it must be free from all acids. I do wish you would send down to the Grocer and get a cake to try on your next washing-day. You will find a perfect Laundry Soap. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company, St. Louis.

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.

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, 1896, 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 Wilkie 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.

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