A LIVING SHADOW.

REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A NORTH CAROLINA MAN.

Strange, but True, Story from the Lower Regions of a Southern State.

(From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector.)

The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. J. H. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Sugg of Greenville, N. C. It will interest all who knew him but ever had hydrated fever. Mr. Baker said in part:

"I was living in Beaufort county, and on the 28 day of October, 1891, I was stricken down with yellow fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 16th day of January, 1892, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only crawl along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort county and having recovered so far I went to Pitt county, clerking in a store. I understood it, but was so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Sugg's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to realize my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprang up in a blaze, others that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of three months I was entirely cured and could walk from one end of the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a long time. I know he will go on yonder to reap his reward. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will only be as true as I am certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad I take one."

We were forcibly struck with the earnestness of Mr. Baker and his statements may be relied on.

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 an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New Process of Extracting Gold.

Technical World: A new process of extracting gold from auriferous ores has been devised by Mr. C. Lorsen. He electrolyzes a solution of bromide of potassium, and thereby obtains an alkaline solution which dissolves potassium bromide and bromate, which is capable of dissolving gold. The ore is treated with an excess of this solution by rotatory cylinders. The solution is then filtered, the gold precipitated by passing over a mixture of iron and coal, and the solution, which now contains bromide of potassium mainly, is once more electrolyzed and again used for extraction.

Cole's Financial School.

Do you want to understand the science of money? It is plainly told in Cole's Financial Series. Every one has surely heard of W. H. Harvey, the author of "Coin's Financial School," "A Tale of Two Nations," etc. Here is an opportunity to secure at popular prices one copy of the entire series. In every case the postage is prepaid.

"Coin's Financial School," by W. H. Harvey, 159 pages and 66 illustrated. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

"Up to Date—Coin's Financial School Continued," by W. H. Harvey; 200 pages and 36 illustrations. Cloth, $1; paper, 25 cts.

"Chapters on Silver," by Judge Henry G. Miller, of Chicago. Paper only, 25 cents.

"A Tale of Two Nations," by W. H. Harvey; 362 pages. Cloth, $1; paper, 25 cts.

"Coin's Hand Book," by W. H. Harvey; 46 pages; 10 cents. "Bimetallism and Monometallism," by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, Ireland; 25 cents.

Our special offer: For $1 we will furnish the entire series of six books as above enumerated.

In ordering the series as per above offer, say "Set No. 2 of 6 Books." Address Hedge Currier, Gen. Agt., 154 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

More Cash Than Knowledge.

Just previous to the big boom in oil, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, a gentleman who knew the condition of affairs and was certain that prices would go away up, went to a friend, who had more ready cash than knowledge of the world, and said: "Friend John, the price of oil is going to go up, so I would advise you to buy ten thousand barrels." "Buy ten thousand barrels of oil?" was the astonished reply of the man addressed, who looked up at his friend as if he thought he was crazy, "why I don't use a barrel in a year."

A Month Among the Mountains.

"Ten days, and their friends, for that matter, will know more information about the Cloudland Country than they ever knew before." Thus said a traveler, who was recently over at the time of the National Educational Association meeting, and who wrote a letter to J. Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of a little book recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route (B. & M. R. R.).

It is entitled "To Denver via the Burlington Route" and contains 32 pages of interesting information about the meeting, the city of Denver, the state of Colorado, special trains, tickets, rates, routes, side trips, etc., etc., etc.

The book is free. Send for it.

Cruet of content is a good sauce to serve with any dinner.

The man who rules another checks himself.

If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.

Facilities for Travelers.

The Nickel Plate road now offers greater facilities to the traveling public than ever, the improved service having been inaugurated May 15th. No change of cars between Chicago, New York and Boston in either direction. Superb dining cars between Chicago and Buffalo in both directions. Trains leave Chicago 8.05 a. m. daily, except Sunday; 1.30 and 9.30 p. m. daily for Fort Wayne, Pioneta, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York and Boston; 1.30 p. m. train arrives New York 4.35 and Boston 9 o'clock the following evening. City ticket office, 111 Adams street, Tel. Main 389. Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets, Tel. Harrison 209.

THE JOYS OF WINTER RIDING.

He rode along the street
With a smile on his complete
In his face;

He was hurrying out
When he struck a hunk of ice
In the street.

The ice was smooth and round
And he took an upward bound
Free as air!

Then some cuss words smote the air
While he sprawled where
He was at.

—Sporting Life.

THE STOLEN COIN.

Hector Mainwaring was a newspaper man, a dramatic and art critic on one of the Chicago dailies. When he left the office one night the hour was almost 12. He had gone there to read the proof of an article interested for the next morning's paper. He was annoyed at having had to go back just to correct a proof sheet, but the week before, in one of his finest articles, an absurd typographical error had just taken away the effect of a phrase which had been his pride and turned the whole thing into ridiculous nonsense. Since then he had made a point of going himself every night to look at the final proof.

It was the beginning of winter, and a cool wind was blowing from Lake Michigan. As he passed along Clark street it occurred to him that he would have a glass of something to drink before returning home to his lonely bachelor's quarters. He sat down at one of the tables in a saloon and slowly sipped a hot toddy. When he had finished he put a half-dollar on the table ready for the waiter and turned round to pick up his cane.

Just as Hector rose a hand suddenly snatched up the silver coin, and the thief immediately darted out of the door. In an instant Hector drew another coin from his pocket, threw it on the table, called to the waiter, and started off in pursuit.

It was very evident that the thief knew he was being followed, and it was also evident that he was inexperienced in his vocation, for he ran on and on, up one street and down another, coming out again a hundred yards away from the place he had started from.

Hector was interested, for he was too bright not to know that the man in front of him was not an ordinary pickpocket. Hector himself knew all the side streets and passages quite thoroughly, and he suddenly turned down one, ran at full speed, and came out again under a lamp just as the wretched man reached it.

Path men stopped short and Hector said, shortly:

"Give me back my money!"

The thief stood motionless, and the journalist saw by the light of the street lamp the saddest human face he had ever looked upon.

The man before him was apparently quite young, but his face was pale and pinched, and his black hair and mustache gave him a ghost-like look. His clothes were shabby, and he had altogether what has been described as "the look of a drowned man." Hector, at the sight of such evident misery, felt as though he himself had been guilty of some crime, and when the wretched man held out the silver coin to his arrester, without attempting to offer a word of apology, but with an expression of utter despair in his sunken eyes, our journalist could not find a word to say.

He took the coin, put it carefully in his vest pocket, and then pressed his pocket-book, containing about $15, into the man's hand, and made off himself as though he had been the thief.

Ten years passed, and after much uphill work and struggle, Hector had gained for himself considerable fame as journalist and art critic. His absolute sincerity and perfect competency had won for him golden opinions from the public, and his verdict on all matters connected with art and literature was always awaited with anxious impatience.

In spite of his success and his fame the first hard years of struggle had left their traces on him. There was always a touch of melancholy which he never quite succeeded in throwing off. He had seen the comedy of human life too near, and it is, after all, comedy for those who are behind the scenes.

One bright May day, however, Hector was quite gay as he entered one of Chicago's most popular restaurants. At one of the tables there was a group of professional men—artists, journalists and lawyers—and they were engaged in an animated discussion regarding an art exhibition then open.

Hector's arrival made a sensation, and many hands were held out toward him. Somehow he absently, and yet with the easy cordiality of a man accustomed to society, he answered the various greetings and then took his customary place at a small table, where Paul Martens, the young landscape painter, and Charles Dennis, a well known portrait painter, were waiting for him.

With these two friends Hector could always enjoy himself; he knew and sympathized with them thoroughly in their love of art and in their utter contempt for all that was mean or mercenary.

"Why, Hector!" exclaimed Paul, "you look positively radiant this morning. What has happened, and what have you been doing?"

"Why, precisely the same as every one else. I have been looking at pictures and sculpture, but I have discovered one piece which has done me good for the whole day. A perfect masterpiece, an inspiration!"

Hector's friends listened eagerly, and at the neighboring tables the conversation ceased, for it was worth while hearing what the great art critic had to say, and hearing it from his own lips before the papers got it the next day.

"There certainly are some very fine things in the exhibition, but in my opinion there is one that surpasses all, one such as we only get once in about ten years—I mean Jean Sturtevant's 'Wreck.'"

A murmur of approval was heard from the other tables as Hector pronounced the young sculptor's name.

Very soon the buzz of conversation was heard again, and Hector and his friends continued their repast, all three of them in the feel of honesty with themselves and with all the rest of the world.

During dessert Charles Dennis got up from the table and went across to the other end of the restaurant. He soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome man (about thirty) well dressed, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman. His dark, deep-set, brown eyes were full of restless energy, but there was an expression of weariness in the face, which almost amounted to sadness. This morning, however, his delicate, oval face was lighted up with happiness. Paul had appeared to him; they had not been with her wings.

"Hector, old fellow," Charles, "I want to introduce my friend to you, Jean Sturtevant."

The journalist rose quickly, and shook hands warmly with the young sculptor.

"I must thank you," he said, "for the enjoyment I have had this morning. Your 'Wreck' is a marvelous work of art, and I certainly think I have never the proud one article interested for the next morning's paper. He was annoyed at having had to go back just to correct a proof sheet, but the week before, in one of his finest articles, an absurd typographical error had just taken away the effect of a phrase which had been his pride and turned the whole thing into ridiculous nonsense. Since then he had made a point of going himself every night to look at the final proof.

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"I must thank you," he said, "for the enjoyment I have had this morning. Your 'Wreck' is a marvelous work of art, and I certainly think I have never felt so much pleasure in seeing a piece of sculpture as in that."

The artist drank in these words from the critic with delight, and, on Hector's invitation, he took a seat at the little table and the three men were now giving out their inviting aroma.

During the conversation Hector looked hard at Jean, trying to recall where and when he had seen that refined face with the intense expression in its dark eyes.

He thought of various acquaintances he had made at club's, artists' studios, etc; but, no, he could not recall having met this man before, and still the look in those eyes haunted him.

Finally he decided that it must simply be a resemblance that he saw in some one else, and he became so interested in the conversation of the three artists that he forgot it at last, and ceased to search his memory. Gradually the tables around were deserted, and Hector called the waiter and paid the bill. He left a coin on the table as tips for the waiter, and seeing that it and escaped his notice, he called him back, saying, as he extended on his palm. "Here, take this."

Suddenly Jean Sturtevant looked at it and then at Hector. His pale face became still paler, the expression in his eyes still more intense, a shudder ran through him, and at the same time the memory of an utterly wretched face seen on a November evening by the light of a street lamp ten years ago, flashed across Hector. They were all getting up from the table; he smiled sympathetically at the young sculptor, and held out his hand, which the latter grasped and wrung silently, but with the gratitude of his whole soul.

The coin had a peculiar mark on the head of the Goddess of Liberty. It was thus that Jean had recognized it as the very one he had snapped from the table ten years previous, and had been forced to return to the journalist. During all that time the journalist had kept it until this evening, when he had unconsciously drawn it from his pocket as a tip for the waiter.

Hector and Jean were from this day forth firm friends, and the sculptor told the story of the utter misery and poverty he had been in when Hector's timely sympathetic help had rescued him from despair and his beautiful young sister from death. She was now twenty years old, bright, happy and gay, the very sunshine of his home.

Hector was a frequent visitor at the sculptor's studio, and he often joined the brother and sister at their dinner table. The tinge of melancholy gradually disappeared from his face, and one morning the following announcement was seen in the papers.

"The marriage of our gifted critic, Hector Mainwaring, with Miss Helene Sturtevant, the sister of Jean Sturtevant, the young Chicago sculptor of 'The Wreck,' is shortly to take place."—New York Weekly.

WELL-FED EASTERN HORSES.

The Custom of Giving the Ill-satisfied Creatures an Annual Holiday.

Certainly my father's stable was a sight for sore eyes. A series of rectangular holes in the wall of the courtyard formed the mangers, to which the horses were secured by lead ropes; the heels of each animal were also fastened by ropes of black camel's hair to a log from pin driven into the ground behind it. Each of these was covered by a light wooden sheet, and they were all eating away as for dear life, it being early summer, when, as my father informed me, all horses are fattened on grass for a couple of months, and do little or no work.

There was a great heap of freshly-cut green barley and a boy was busily occupied in cutting this into pieces some three inches long by means of a sword-like knife. A man as a horse has emptied its manger it was led round and to the head groom, who was seated on a brick platform in the middle of the stable yard, and neigh; then the head groom would mince it by its name, and say affectionately, "Yes, my soul, you shall be attended to immediately;" then he would call to a second boy, who would fill the animal's manger with the freshly cut green barley, to his work.

"This goes on all day and all night, Madge," said my father, with a laugh, "none of these animals get any grain, and they couldn't grind it if they did, for their teeth are temporarily blunted by the perpetual munching of the green barley stalks. Each horse will eat a male load of it in the twenty-four, and they are all as fat as pigs, as you shall see. Now is the horses' annual holiday, and then, by my father's orders, the beautiful creatures were stripped one after the other and I confess that I had never seen horses so fat or with such shiny coats before. But not one of them stopped eating for an instant, and the long tails never ceased switching and twirling and brushing off the flies in a scientific manner. They never cut horses' tails in Persia, they would consider it cruel, and the long tails, most of which almost touch the ground, certainly add to the animals' appearance.—Behind an Eastern Veil—Dr. Wills.

Arrived Too Early.

First Choice Boy (early morning)—Guess we had better begin sweepin' out.

Second Choice Boy—Wot's the use? Nobody on th' streets yit.—New York Weekly.

Paying Dogs' Fare.

It was probably first introduced when baking fighting became a fashionable amusement, and the earflaps were almost totally removed to prevent them from being torn and mangled by contending dogs—for the same reason in fact, as was the custom of fighting cocks and the hair cropped close from the heads of pugilists. But this disgraceful pastime is now abolished, so there is no occasion for ear cropping; even in the case of bulldogs, and certainly no valid excuse can be offered for this exhibition of depraved taste with regard to other breeds of dogs, and especially terriers—animals which, as their name implies, are used for the pestilence rat to guard the entrance to the auditory canal while burrowing.

It Goketh Closer Than a Brother.

Tom the Dissecting Room. Cut off all relationship with it by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which severs the bond without loss of time, if you use it promptly and persistently. No testimony is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy in the intestinal disease. Use it with assurance of good results for malarial, dyspeptic and nervous troubles, constipation and biliousness.

A Privileged Person.

Princess Mathilde is one of the few Catholics who are entitled to eat meat during Lent by a special decree of the pope. This dispensation was accorded to her under peculiar circumstances. When the queen of Westphalia, the mother of Princess Mathilde, paid a visit to Pope Pius IX. at the vatican, the pope had a special "bull" drawn in her behalf, in memory of her visit, dispensing her from fasting during the whole of her lifetime. "Your holiness will pardon me," said the queen, "but I am entitled to eat meat at all times, even without your holiness' permission, for I am a Protestant." "Well, then, I will transfer the dispensation to your daughter Mathilde." This was done, and the order remains in force to the present day.—Paris Details.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: Ball's Catarrh Cure gives the best satisfaction. We get plenty of testimonials as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A Peculiar Glass.

The announcement made recently of a German method of producing glass which will transmit light freely, but no heat, is founded upon the following statement of details, presumably from the source of operations: A piece of the material, one-fourteenth of an inch thick, containing 5.8 per cent of iron in the form described as ferrous chloride, allowed only 4.6 per cent of radiant heat to pass through it, while another plate of equal thickness and containing quite as much iron as ferric chloride, permitted 11.7 to pass. The chemical distinction is exceedingly small, but the effect is very marked. Using oxide instead of chloride, and again having it in a ferrous condition, 1 per cent produced a glass having a faint blue tinge, but even more impervious to heat than the other sample. A layer .332 inch in thickness, and containing 0.4 per cent of a bat's wing gas flame to pass through, 0.72 of that from an argand burner, and 0.73 of the heat from a lime light, but it would transmit 12 per cent of heat from sunlight, ordinary window glass, on the other hand, letting some 80 per cent through.

Cox's Cough Balsam

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

A Cure for Laziness.

The Dutch are not fond of lazy people, and they have a very good way of curing persons who do but won't work. If a pauper who is able to work refuses to do so, they put him in a cistern to which a pump is attached, and turn on a stream of water. This stream flows into the cistern just slow enough to enable the lazy person by lively pumping to keep the water from getting over his head.—Harper's Young People.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Take hold of the truth and the truth will take hold of you.

The Nickel Plate's New Trains.

The new train service of the Nickel Plate road, which went into effect Sunday, May 15th, has met the approval of the traveling public. On all sides are heard expressions of universal satisfaction regarding the efforts which this popular road is making in the interests of its patrons. These fast trains are now run in each direction daily. Superb dining car service; no change of cars for any class of passengers between Chicago, New York and Boston. City ticket office, 111 Adams street. Tel. Main 389. Depot, Twelfth and Clark streets. Tel. Harrison 209.

No man is brave who is afraid of the truth.

There are people who never accomplish anything because they try to do too much.

The cure of Russia bristle is father's weakness for bran bands.

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, POOR APPETITE,

and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.

ONCE USED ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

SAMPLE INTERNAL AND USED LOCALLY WITH Dr. Sykes' Catarrh Blower. Cures in one to five days. Sold by all druggists. $1.00.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE CO., CLINTON BLDG., CHICAGO.

W. N. U., Omaha—24, 1895.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Sister was Much the Redder.

A young man who considers himself a man of resources was once in the act of pressing a young lady to his manly bosom, says the Chicago Post, when the young lady's sister entered the room. Of course he desisted at once, but he was not embarrassed. The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it right away. "Don't go," he said, "we have just been measuring to see which is the taller." She paused in the door way and looked at them both intently. "You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder." Then she went out.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat

It is a common thing that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that sometimes becomes quite a serious condition. Frequently consumption, and it is the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, now found to be a tonic habit, is cured by No-To-Bac, sold and guaranteed to cure by druggists everywhere. Book "Tobacco Habit or Smoker Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The Summit of Ambition.

"Thomas," said his mother proudly, "I am very much pleased with you for winning that prize in the oratorical contest. It was a fine triumph. I hope, Thomas, with this added spur to your ambition you will come home to tell me of a still greater victory, a still nobler triumph.

"Yes, Thomas," she continued, as he stood blushing before her, "I hope that you will yet score a touch-down in a football match."—Chicago Record.

The retiring powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it in a measure at every home. Cures all bowel, stomach and every form of chronic pain and weakness.

To escape criticism show that you don't mind it.

Get Blindness and Use It

If you want to realize the comfort of being without glasses, it takes more than a minute. Get, or at least use a

Bismarck as a Reporter.

Bismarck was for a time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. Once, when questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent retort, whereupon the embryo chancellor exclaimed angrily, "If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room!" "Young man," said the judge, interrupting him, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and if there is any kicking to be done, the court will do it!" "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

Make Your Own Bitters!

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Hostetter's Dry Bitters, the package makes one gallon long tonic bitters. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. Ask at your drug store. Address Geo. G. Brakeen, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It Was Too Good Fishing.

Apropos of the propensity of fishing parties to play poker Amos J. Cummings was recently invited to join a party bound for a small lake swarming with large fish. "You will make six, and that is the exact party we want." "That's all very fine," retorted Cummings, "but you will find that some of the six will really want to go fishing and break up the game."—Vanity.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California Liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The ship that has to sail among rocks needs a good pilot.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Train Service

8.00 AM DAILY — Tourist Tickets

10.30 PM DAILY

3.00 PM DAILY — To the Eastern Mountain, Lake and Sea Side Resorts

Write for FULL Information

5.30 PM DAILY

A. J. Smith G.P.T.A. Cleveland, O.

C. K. Wilber W.P.A. Chicago

8.45 P.M. DAILY

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