Malaria and Rheumatism.

From the Journal, Wilmington, Ohio.

A few days since a representative of the Journal drove out to Melvin to see Mrs. John Arrasmith. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. A. detailed the facts of her cure:

"Last July," said she, "from undue exposure in my work about the farm, I contracted malarial fever and rheumatism and suffered from the illness greatly. I could not throw it off, and although constantly attended by local physicians, continued to grow worse. In September I caught a severe cold, which greatly increased my other troubles, and taking to my bed there I lay for months. The rheumatism grew more aggravated, and for eight long weeks prior to last Christmas I was perfectly helpless, my limbs below the hips being as if paralyzed, and I having no use of them whatever. I could not help myself in any way, and was not able to even turn over in bed unless my husband or some one else came and turned me. Medicines which the physicians left did no good, and nothing I could take afforded any relief. I was discouraged and feared that never again would I be up and about the house. It was anything but a bright prospect, for I was but twenty years old, and had been married only two years, and my life was before me and to go through it a helpless cripple ,a burden to my friends, was a fearful fate to think of.

"I had read in the Wilmington Journal from time to time, articles telling of the wonderful cures which had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and had become impressed with the cases where they had caused persons to walk and recover who had been as helpless as I was. Consulting my husband, we determined to give them a trial. So he drove into Wilmington, and, going to the drug store of George W. Brown, bought three boxes of the pills. I began taking them immediately on his return. That was about the first of the present year. Before the first box was gone I began to realize that I was getting better, and by the time I finished the second box the pain with which I had been suffering for nearly six months and the disease which had made me helpless for eight weeks disappeared entirely, and I got up. I took the third box of the pills and have never felt a twinge of rheumatism since, and I am doing my daily work and feeling as well as anybody."

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, at Wilmington, Ohio, this 25th day of June, 1895.

C. Q. HILDEBRANT, Clerk of Court.

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, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It isn't death that scares most men; it is the suffering and neglect that precedes it.

The opening article in the July number of The Century is by Marion Crawford, the third of his papers on Rome. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Bulow, the pianist, to accompany a paper of recollections and anecdotes of one of his pupils, Bernard Boekelman, which places Bulow in a kindly light before the public. A novelette by W. F. Howells, an "Idyl of Saratoga," is begun, and there is a story of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco by Chester Bailey Fernald, entitled "The Pot of Frightful Doom." The contents of the number also include a number of topics prominent in the public mind.

Silk stiff hats are no longer worn by any one but preachers and villians on the stage.

National Populist Convention at St Louis, July 22nd, 1896.

On account of the above mentioned attraction the Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets from all points on the line to St. Louis for one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 19th, 20th and 21st, with final limit for return July 27th, 1896. Write or call on representative of the company for full information. J. C. Lewis, Traveling Passenger Agent, Austin, Texas.

Liars are becoming so numerous that after a while a man will lose confidence in himself.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Send to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As a rule, when a man talks well, he talks too much.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

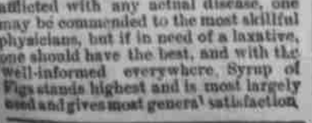
is a constitutional cure. Price 75c.

With many people virtue is nothing more than fear of being found out.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



THE ANTICIPATOR.

"DON'T TALK IDEAL POPPYCOCK."

Of course, I admit it isn't plagiarism," said Carter Esplan savagely; it's fate, it's the devil, but is it the less irritating on that account? No, no!" And he ran his hand through his hair till it stood on end. He shook with febrile excitement, a red spot burnt on either cheek, and his bitten lip quivered. "Confound Burford, and his parents, and his ancestors! The tools to him that can handle them," he added, after a pause, during which his friend Vincent curiously considered him.

"It's your own fault, my dear wild man," said he; "you are too lazy. Besides, remember these things—these notions, motives—are in the air. Originality is only the art of catching early worms. Why don't you do the things as soon as you invent them?"

"Now you talk like a bourgeois, like a commercial traveler," returned Esplan angrily. "Why doesn't an apple tree yield apples when the blossoms are fertilized? Why wait for summer, and the influences of wind and sky? Why don't live chickens burst newlaid eggs? Shall parturition tread sudden on conception? Didn't the mountain labor to bring forth a mouse? and shall——"

"Your works of genius not require a portion of the eternity to which they are destined?"

"Stuff!" snarled Esplan; "but you know my method. I catch the suggestion, the floating thistle-down of thought, the title, maybe; and then I leave it, perhaps without a note, to the brain, to the subliminal consciousness, the subconscious self. The story grows in the dark of the inner perpetual sleepless soul. It may be rejected by the artistic tribunal sitting there, it may be hidden to stand aside. I, the outer I, the husk-case of hereditles, know nothing of it, but one day I take the pen and the hand writes it. This is the automatism of art, and I—I am nothing, the last only of the concealed individualities within me. Perhaps a dumb ancestor attains speech and yet the Complex Ego Esplan must be anticipated in this way."

He rose and paced the lonely club smoking-room with irregular steps. His nerves were evidently quivering, his brain was wild. But Vincent, who was a physician, saw deeper. For Esplan's speech was jerky, at times he missed the right word—the locomotor centers were not under control.

"What of morphine?" he thought. "I wonder if he is at it again, and is to-day without his quantum?" But Esplan burst out once more.

"I should not care so much if Burford did them well, but he doesn't know how to write a story. Look at the last thing of mine—of his. I saw it leaping and alive; it ran and sang, a very Maenad; it had red blood. With him it wasn't even born dead; it squeaks puppetry, and leaks sawdust, and moves like a lay figure, and smells of most manifest manufacture. But I can't do it now. He has spoilt it forever. It's the third time. Curse him, and my luck! I work when I must."

"Your calling is very serious to you," said Vincent lazily. "After all, what does it matter? What are stories? Are they not opiates for cowards' lives? I would rather invent some little instrument, or build a plank bridge across a muddy stream, than write the best of them."

Esplan turned on him.

"Well, well," he almost shouted; "the man who invented chloroform was great, and the makers of it are useful. Call stories chloral, morphia, bromides, if you will, but they give ease."

"When it might be better to use blisters."

"Rot!" answered Esplan, rudely. "In any case, your talk is idle. I am I, and writers are writers—small, if you will, but a result and a force. Give me a rest. Don't talk ideal poppycock!"

He ordered liqueur brandy. After drinking it his aspect changed a little, and he smiled.

"Perhaps it won't occur again. If it does I shall feel that Burford is very much in my way. I shall have to ——"

"Remove him?" asked Vincent.

"No, but work quicker. I have something to write soon, it would just suit him to spoil."

The talk changed, and soon afterwards the friends parted. Esplan went to his chambers in Bloomsbury. He paced his sitting-room idly for a few minutes, but after awhile he began to feel the impulse in his brain; his fingers itched, the semi-automatic mood came on. He sat down and wrote, at first slowly, and at last furiously.

It was 3 in the afternoon when he began work. At 10 o'clock he was still at his desk, and the big table on which it stood was strewn with tobacco ashes and many pipes. His hair again stood on end, for at intervals he ran his damp hands through it. His eyes altered like opals; at times they sparkled and almost blazed, and then grew dim. He changed at each sentence; he mouthed his written talk audibly; each thought was reflected in his pale, mobile face. He laughed and then groaned; at the crisis tears ran down and blurred the already indecipherable script. But at 11 he rose, stiff in every limb, and staggering. With difficulty he picked the unpaged leaves from the floor and sorted them in due order. He fell into his chair.

"It's good, it's good," he said, chuckling. "What a queer devil I am! My dumb ancestors pipe oddly in me. It's strange, devilish strange; man's but a mouthpiece, and crazy at that. How long has this last thing been hatching? The story is old, yet new. Gibbon shall have it. It will just suit him. Little beast, little horror, little hog, with a divine gold ring of appreciation in his grubbing snout."

He drank half a tumbler of whisky and tumbled into bed. His mind ran riot.

"My ego's a bit fissured," he said. "I ought to be careful."

And ere he fell asleep he talked conscious nonsense. Incongruous ideas linked themselves together; he sneered at his brain's folly, and yet he was afraid. He used morphine at last in such a big dose that it touched the optic center and subjective lightnings flashed in his dark room. He dreamed of "At Home," where he met big, brutal Burford wearing a great diamond in his shirt front.

"Bought by my conveyed thoughts," he said. But, looking down he perceived that he had a greater jewel of his own, and soon his soul melted into the contemplation of its rays, till his consciousness was dissipated by a divine absorption into the very Nirvana of Light.

When he woke the next day it was already late in the afternoon. He was overcome by yesterday's labor, and, though much less irritable, he walked feebly. The trouble of posting his story to Gibbon seemed almost too much for him, but he sent it, and took a cab to his club, where he sat almost comatose for many hours.

Two weeks afterwards he received a note from the editor, returning the story. It was good, but—

"Burford sent me a tale with the same motive weeks ago, and I accepted it."

Esplan smashed his thin white hand on his mantelpiece, and made it bleed. That night he got drunk on champagne, and the brilliant wine seemed to nip and bite and twist every nerve and brain-cell. His irritability grew so extreme that he lay in wait for subtle, unconceived insults, and meditated morbidly on the aspect of innocent strangers. He gave the waiter double what was necessary, not because it was particularly deserved, but because he felt that the slightest sign of discontent on the waiter's part might lead to an uncontrollable outburst of anger on his own.

Next day he met Burford in Piccadilly and cut him dead with a bitter sneer.

"I daren't speak to him—I daren't," he muttered.

And Burford, who could not quite understand, felt outraged. He himself hated Esplan with the hatred of an outpaced, outsalled rival. He knew his own work lacked the diabolical certainty of Esplan's—it wanted the fine phrase, the right red word of color, the rush and onward march of due finality, the bitter, exact conviction, the knowledge of humanity that lies in inheritance, the exalted experience that proves received intuitions. He was, he knew, a successful failure, and his ambition was greater even than Esplan's. For he was greedy, grasping, envrient, and his hollowness was obvious even before Esplan proved it with his wringing touch.

"He takes what I have done, and does it better. It's malice, malice," he urged to himself.

And when Esplan placed his last story and the world remembered only to forget in its white-hot brilliance the cold paste of Burford's Paris jewel, he felt hell surge within him. But he beat his thoughts down for awhile, and went on his little, labored way.

The success of this story and Burford's bitter eclipse helped Esplan greatly, and he might have got saner if other influences working for misery in his life had not hurt him. For a certain woman died, one whom none knew he knew, and he clung to morphine, which, in its increase, helped to throw him later on. It works as one who builds a dam higher and higher yet against the rising waters, and the crash must come.

And at last it did come, for Burford had two stories, better far than his usual work, in a magazine that Esplan almost looked on as his own. They were on Esplan's very motives, he had them almost ready to write. The sting of this last bitter blow drove him off his tottering balance; he conceived murder, and plotted it brutally, and then subtly, and became dominated by it, till his life was the flower of the insane motive. It altered nothing when a reviewer pointed out the close resemblance between the two men's work, and, exalting Esplan's genius, placed the writer beyond all cavil, the other below all place.

But that drove Burford crazy. It was so bitterly true. He ground his teeth, and hating his own work, hated worse the man who destroyed his own conceit. He wanted to do harm. How should he do it?

Esplan had long since gone under. He was a homicidal maniac with one man before him. He conceived and wrote schemes. His stories ran to murder. He read and imagined means. At times he was in danger of believing he had already done the deed. One wild day he almost gave himself up for this proleptic death. Thus his imagination burnt and flamed before his conceived path.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," he muttered; and at the club the men talked about him.

"To-morrow," he said, and then he put it off. He must consider the art of it. He left it to bourgeon in his fertile brain. And at last, just as he wrote, action, lighted up by strange circumstance, began to loom big before him. Such a murder would wake a vivid world and be an epoch in crime. If the red earth were convulsed in war, even then it would stay to hear that incredible, true story, and, soliciting deeper knowledge, seek out the method and growth of means and motive. He chuckled audibly in the street, and laughed thin laughter in his room of fleeting visions. At night he walked the lonely squares near at hand, considering eagerly the rush of his own divided thoughts, and, leaning against the railings of the leafy gardens, he saw ghosts in the moon shadows and beckoned them to converse. He became a night bird and was rarely seen.

"To-morrow," he said at last. To-morrow he would really take the first step. He rubbed his hand and laughed as he pondered near home, in his own lonely square, the finer last details which his imagination multiplied.

"Stay, enough, enough!" he cried to his separate mad mind; "it is already done."

And the shadows were very dark about him. He turned to go home.

Then came immortality to him in strange shape. For it seemed as though his ardent and confined soul burst out of his narrow brain and sparkled marvellously. Lights showered about him, and from a rose sky lightnings flashed, and he heard awful thunder. The heavens opened in a white blaze, and he saw unimaginable things. He reeled, put his hand to his stricken head, and fell heavily in a pool of his own blood.

And the Anticipator, horribly afraid ran down a by-street.—The Sketch.

A CONSTANT QUAKE.

Section of Street That Experiences Actual Perpetual Motion.

A section of 26th street, New York, daily enjoys sensations similar to those caused by a constant succession of earthquake shocks, says the New York Journal. Everything in the vicinity trembles as if suffering from a mild attack of the ague. It is really perpetual motion. There is a clubhouse in this section right in the center of the trembling district. A recent visitor, one who had not been there before, noticed that objects on the mantel or elsewhere always moved slightly and that he himself felt a strange vibration. The friend with whom he was dining laughed at his uneasiness. "It's always that way here," he said. "It's only a little shake, perhaps the hundredth part of an inch, but it's perpetual. Some day I fear the building will shake to pieces all at once, just like the 'wonderful one-hoss shay.' The cause? Oh, it's that electric light plant opposite. Engines and dynamos running all the time. Enough steam power is exerted to blow the block to Jericho, enough electricity generated to light a square mile brilliantly every night. All the houses around here shake. I remember when this block was a most exclusive residential neighborhood. Now at least half of it—the half that shakes most—is given over to small shops and cheap theatrical boarding houses. There's one pleasanter aspect, however, to this vibration." Then the clubman performed a pleasing experiment. He requested the caterer to bring him a glass of milk, some rum, ice and sugar. These he blended, after which he placed the glass upon the window sill. "In three minutes," said the clubman, "it will be a perfect milk shake." It was no exaggeration. The vibration, though annoying, at least supplied one want.

The Karaim Jews.

The Karaim Jews number 2,000 or 4,000 and live principally in the Crimea. They speak a Tartar dialect among themselves, and ethnologically are much more like Tartars than Semites. Their own legends, in fact, permit the assumption that they were Khazars and were converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Their form of Judaism differs from that of the 5,000,000 or more orthodox Russian Jews in rejecting the talmud and traditional theology altogether and confining itself strictly to the Mosaic revelation. It has been a favorite amusement with the Russians for generations to pretend the greatest admiration and affection for this obscure little tribe. Mme. Novikoff had her joke on the subject here in London when she gravely assured an interviewer some years ago that there never had been a law of any kind issued in Russia against the Jews. When this amazing assertion was questioned she coolly explained that she referred to the Karaim Jews, as in Russia they did not consider the disciples of the talmud were Jews at all. Inasmuch as the Karaites constitute only a two-thousandth part of the Jewish race—if, indeed, it be conceded that they belong to it at all—the insolence of the Russian attitude toward them is peculiarly exasperating to Hebrews in general and the spectacle of their being brought forward at Moscow as the sole representatives of Israel will smart and rankle just as the genial Slavonic character deires it should.—Saturday Review.

Fussy's Happy Family.

C. O. Barnes has a cat at his home in Goldendale, N. J., which is suckling three young squirrels, which were caught near town. She also suckles one kitten, the others having been killed to make room for the squirrels.

In That Day.

Shade of the Period—"In your day, as I understand it, there was no glorious death except in battle." Shade of Achilles—"That is substantially correct. They did not operate for appendicitis then."—Detroit Tribune.

Pessimism.

The pessimist is a freak. Pessimism is the child of a day or a mood, optimism is the great under current of human life. Pessimism is abnormal. It is a disease of the mind.—Rev. D. H. Overton.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Straw hats show which way the mercury goes.—Boston Globe.

A man's idea of a dull time is to play cards with women and nothing up.—Atchison Globe.

Every man who makes a fool or a knave of himself hates the newspapers.—Kansas City Times.

The Lord helps those who help themselves. That is probably the reason he is not more lavish with his favors.—Up-to-Date.

The average theater hat is a bird (stuffed), a whole lot of flowers (artificial) and a blooming nuisance (genuine).—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Many European scions of royalty are insured for very large amounts. This is probably at the instance of creditors.—Louisville Times.

The fool killer never troubles himself about the man who rocks the boat or the one who grabs a loaded gun by the muzzle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A crying need in some circles of alleged statesmanship is a systematic course of instruction in the art of being funny without being vulgar.—Washington Star.

A deacon will pass around the plate and get more buttons than dimes, but a highwayman can hold out a gun and collect everything a man has. This goes to show that a man will give up more to save his body than to save his soul.—St. Louis Humorist.

UNCLE DANIEL.

No Wonder He Remembered His Grandmother's Quaint Speeches.

Uncle Daniel was one of the characters of the Saco valley. He was always bubbling over with droll speeches, says the Youth's Companion. At one time he adopted a city-bred boy who gave him great annoyance by not falling in with country ways. Uncle Daniel tried hard to teach him to mow, but in vain, and after a time the old gentleman was heard inquiring at the village for a "small boy about 4 years old."

"What do you want him for?" some one asked.

"I want him to ride on the heel of George's scythe and keep it down," was the answer.

Again, when it was the custom of the neighbors to "change work" in dressing their pork, the water had cooled somewhat before Uncle Daniel's hog was immersed and the bristles did not yield readily. The other men, at a little distance, were succeeding better.

"Is yours 'boat ready to hang up, Daniel?" inquired a brother butcher across the way.

"Yes, Joe," was the disgusted answer, "if you want to hang him up by the hair of his head."

His neighbors complained that the squirrels were eating their corn, but Uncle Daniel boasted that he had no trouble at all.

"But how do you prevent it?" they asked.

"I never plant any outside rows," he answered wisely.

Then it was remembered that he did not plant corn at all.

A gentleman once asked him if he could remember his grandmother.

"I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple-tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand and instantly handed it to my father.

"'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick!' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

A MOTHER-OF-PEARL HOUSE.

Built by a Chinese Fisherman Many Years Ago.

Old habitations are to be found all over California, says the San Francisco Call. Sometimes there is good reason for them being odd, but often it is the result of some crank idea. On the beach near Cypress Point, in Monterey county, there is one that cannot come under the first head and hardly under the last. The residence belongs to a Chinese fisherman and is part natural and part the work of his own hands. The natural portion of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The lumber used is of the roughest kind but the esthetic Chinaman overcame this objection by covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out. The Chinaman evidently did that many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been destroyed as one or more nails have been driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least fifteen inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nailholes, would readily sell for from $3 to $5 apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now, and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast. The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astounding brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight and the only pity is that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.

About Wills.

Don't "sass" anybody in your will—it is in bad taste. Those who make their own wills frequently feed and fatten lawyers. Remember the law may not deal out justice and equity as you understand it. Make ample allowance for shrinkage in your assets and time to convert the same into money. Don't say you are "mindful of the uncertainty of life," for that might be used to establish your insanity.

If you are satisfied you are of "unsound mind," don't try to make a will! It will just chew up your estate. If you have property of any kind and are of age, better make a will, unless you prefer a statutory distribution. No necessity to say in your will that you shall be buried and that your debts must be paid. The law will attend to that. Your will is validly written if a pen, pencil or typewriter is used. Better not use a pencil unless you are in a great hurry. Don't be afraid of getting too many witnesses to your will. Better have a surplus than a shortage. Have their residences stated opposite their names. Don't make a fool of yourself and put even a fortieth part of your estate in a monument. If marble is the only thing upon which you depend to be remembered you aren't worth thinking about. Spend your money on your children in their education and moral training and then let them hustle for themselves. Your money will not always increase their chances for success without these.—American Investments.

Donkeys as Baggage Wagons.

A Persian regiment on the march is a strange spectacle. Every three soldiers have a donkey, for there is neither baggage train nor commissariat. On this donkey is placed the worldly wealth of its proprietors and their muskets. Occasionally the veiled wife of a soldier bestrides the beast.

A census of the Parisian cafe chantants has been taken. There are fifty-five of some pretensions and 219 small ones; the number of variety performers employed in them running into the thousands.

Campaign buttons are now on.

True nobility shows itself, in doing good.

Mr. Pace is a Kansas horse buyer. He's hard to beat.

The government should serve not the politicians but the people.

Emperor William has taken 300 books on the financial question away with him on a cruise. After he has read them all "Old Subscriber" will explain to him what the facts really are.

Sarah Ann Angel of Rouses Point, N. Y., claims that she was married to the late Jay Gould away back in April, 1853, and therefore is entitled to a few of the millions that Jay left. Sarah Ann has certainly taken her own time in revealing the secret.

It has been discovered that John McDonald, who has spent six years in the Marquette penitentiary for a murder at Ontonagon, is the wrong man. Every little while we hear of similar cases, all of which shows that circumstantial evidence frequently convicts when it ought not. The state should pay McDonald for the time it compelled him to lose. But it will not.

After a woman discovers that the men do not admire her she becomes a man hater.

Spain wants a bigger navy and she needs it if she expects to hold Havana.

Some folks make a specialty of picking out crosses for other people to carry.

It would be too bad to have a mess with Spain, just when the bass are biting at their best.

Here is a decision that should stand: A Washington judge has decided that twisting a cow's tail is cruelty to animals.

Naked Pills

are fit only, for naked savages. Clothes are the marks of civilization—in pills as well as people. A good coat does not make a good pill, any more than good clothes make a good man. But as sure as you'd look on a clotheless man as a mad one, you may look on a coatless pill as a bad one. After fifty years of test 26 pills stand higher than

AYER'S Cathartic Pills

SUGAR COATED.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The Son of Mr. Munzesheimer, General Merchant, Ardmore, I. T., Lay in Dallas, Texas, at the Point of Collapse—Could Not Leave His Bed or Move Without Pain—Suffered Terribly Until Veno's Medicines Cured Him Completely.

Read the Following Sworn Statement of the Facts, Showing Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup to be the Most Phenomenal Medicines in Existence.

Doctors were powerless to assist the young man. At last Veno's medicines were recommended by J. R. Cole, Jr., a prominent attorney of Dallas, with the following result:

City of Dallas, }
County of Dallas, } ss.
State of Texas, }

Personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, W. Munzesheimer, who, being by me first duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for three weeks and was confined to his bed for five days, and for eight days was entirely unable to walk, was swollen in nearly every joint and very weak. He was treated with Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup and in three days after the first treatment was able to be out of bed and walk around and now feels all right, entirely free from all pains and walks about as well as ever. His father is Mr. M. Munzesheimer, a general merchant at Ardmore, I. T. The young man is well known by J. R. Cole, Jr., a prominent attorney of this city, who induced him to try Veno's remedies.

W. MUNZESHEIMER.

Sworn to and subscribed by the said W. Munzesheimer in my presence this 18th day of November, A. D. 1895. C. J. EVANS, JR.,

(SEAL.) Notary Public, Dallas Co., Tex.

VENO'S CURATIVE SYRUP is the best and only scientific cure. It permanently cures malaria (chills and fever) and thoroughly cures catarrh, constipation, and liver trouble. It strengthens the nerves, clears the brain, invigorates the stomach and purifies the blood, leaving no ill effects. This medicine has for its body the famous Llandrindod water, the great germ destroyer and blood purifier, and when used with

VENO'S ELECTRIC FLUID will cure the worst and most desperate cases of rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia and all aches and pains. No home should be without these medicines. They are sold at 50 cents each, twelve for $5. Ask your druggist to get Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid for you.

CUBAN CHILL CURE positively stops chills in one night. 25c. At drug stores.

"Out and away the most popular."

The New York Telegram recently organized a monster bicycle parade in New York, offering a bicycle each to the best lady rider and the best gentleman rider in the procession. The prizes were selected by popular vote of The Telegram's readers, and, as was to be expected, the result was another triumph for

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD

In the language of The Tele... be "out and away the mos... course. No other bicycle has...

You can have a Columbia at once if you place your order promptly.

$100

POPE MFG. CO., Hartf...

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost ... town. If Columbias are not properly ... your vicinity, let us know.