

# RESULT OF A FALL.

**SAN FRANCISCO ATTORNEY STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.**

**Shock to the System Brings on Nervous Prostration—How a Cure Was Effected.**

It is doubtful if anything could be written more convincing than the interesting story related by Mr. Edward T. Dudley, a practicing attorney for 25 years in San Francisco, with offices at 83 City Hall avenue. Mr. Dudley lost his balance while standing upon the rear platform of a street car, causing him to fall, striking the ground with the back of his head, which brought on a feeling of numbness and eventually paralysis. Mr. Dudley tells his experience in his own way as follows: "After the fall from the car I passed it by as an accident that had left no apparent ill effects; yet a few weeks later, in endeavoring to get on a car, I found I could not raise my foot. From this time paralysis began in my feet and in time my lower limbs became numb. I became pale as a ghost and it brought on a bloodless condition of my system. From being a strong, healthy man of 180 pounds, I was reduced to 145 pounds, and my doctor told my wife that it was only a question of time when I should have to take my bed. Medicine prescribed by the doctors did no good, and, at the time I started to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, if I fell down I could not possibly get up again unassisted. I could scarcely walk a block. Now I can walk three or four miles without fatigue, and as you see, an altogether a different man—and all from eight or nine boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"After trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I could see in a very short time that I was picking up color and my health and general system was much improved. I did not change my diet, nor did I take any other medicine, and my increase in weight from 145 pounds to 185 pounds I can lay to nothing else than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Signed, EDWARD T. DUDLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1900. Justin Gates, Notary Public. At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes \$2.50.

**Increase in Population of Cities.**  
In 1800 only 4 per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities. Today 30 per cent live in cities.

**GARFIELD TEA** purifies the blood and cures all forms of indigestion; a clear, healthy complexion and good health result from its use; it is made from HERBS.

**A Big Warehouse.**  
Kansas City is to have a big banana warehouse, large enough to hold 25 car loads.

**The Best Prescription for Malaria.**  
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

**Bonnet Nearly 4,000 Years Old.**  
The oldest bonnet was found on an Egyptian mummy, that of a princess who was interred about 2,000 years before Christ.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Bad Manager.**  
Mrs. Black—I'm sure you have a good husband.  
Mrs. Green—Yes; but then he is such a wretched manager! If you'll believe it, he went and paid our butcher's and grocer's bills last week when he knew well enough the children and I were just longing for bicycles.

**Sour Stomach**

"After I was induced to try CASCA-CARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach."

JOS. KIRKLAND, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**

**Cascarets**

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, 10c, 25c, 50c.

**CURE CONSTIPATION.**

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

## LINCOLN.

The hour was on us; where the man? The fateful sands unfastening ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain, forth he came As one that answers to his name; Nor dreamed how high his charge, His work how fair and large—

To set the stones back in the wall, Least the divided house should fall, And peace from men depart, Hope and the child-like heart.

We looked on him; "Tis he," we said, "Come crownless and unheralded, The shepherd who will keep The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yet yet 'twas the miea Pressing the immortal scene, Some battle of his wars Who sealeth up the stars.

Not he would take the past between His hands, wipe valor's tablets clean, Commanding greatness wait Till he stood at the gate;

Not he would cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, Time's mighty vintage cup, And drink all honor up.

No flutter of the banners bold Borne by the lusty sons of old, The haughty conquerors Set forward to their wars;

Not his their blaze, their pageantries, Their goal, their glory was not his; Humbly he came to keep The flocks, to fold the sheep.

The need comes not without the man; The prescient hours unceasing ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook The spear into the pruning book, The simple, kindly man, Lincoln, American.

—John Vance Cheney, in the Independent.

## LOTTIE'S INVESTMENT

Lottie wished so much to do something to help the little boy across the way who had been ill all the winter. As soon as he was able to sit up he had been put in a large chair with pillows all around him and drawn up in front of the window. Lottie did not know this little boy; that is one of the ways of city life, not to know one's neighbors—a very hard way, too, for strangers, who miss the old friends of the old home, and long for words of sympathy and a friendly call now and then. The sight of the boy's thin, pale face touched Lottie's loving heart. When the snow was on the ground she got her young friends to help her build a snow man where the little fellow could look at their work from his window. There were some very cold days when Lottie's mother would not let her

that they were very much pleased with it. Lottie had made the child very happy.

A few days afterward Lottie saw a carriage standing in front of the house, and soon a gentleman came down the steps with the little boy all wrapped up in furs in his arms. They got in the carriage, and then a lady came down the steps with bags and bundles; she got in, too, and the driver started his horses and off they went out of sight. Then moving wagons came, and men carried out all the furniture. The house was shut up after that, and the sign, "To Rent," was put up on the door.

Lottie never knew the little boy's name, but she speaks of him as her "No name valentine," and hopes some time to meet him somewhere in this great world and get really acquainted with him. She says it will be just like a story book if she does.—The Evangelist.

## ABE LINCOLN IN HIS HOME.

**One of His First Servants Tells Some Nice Things About Him.**

In a modest Chicago cottage lives Mrs. Mary Gaughan, a washerwoman, who is proud of the fact that she was a domestic in the Lincoln household while the martyr President was yet a struggling lawyer at Springfield. Mrs. Gaughan tells some interesting things about Lincoln's home life.

"Mr. Lincoln was very regular in his habits," she says. "He was a great reader and would be generally found at home nights with his books and papers. He used to like music, too, and was very fond of listening to his wife while she played the piano. The family was popular with all classes of people. When the Catholics were trying to raise funds to build their church at Springfield, Mrs. Lincoln baked a cake, which brought \$5 at a church fair. She was a famous cook, and would prefer to prepare her own pastry rather than patronize the bakeries.

"Mr. Lincoln was kind to everybody. Just the winter after his election to the Presidency and before his inauguration he used to keep a cow. In the extremely cold weather he used to insist on milking the animal himself, because he did not think I ought to expose myself. His wife, however, used to object to his doing the milking. She was a good woman, too—a smarter woman than he was a man. She would often help me wash, iron or bake, so that I could get off and play with little Tad. He used to love to play blind man's bluff, and Mr. Lincoln often shared in the game. We used to tie a handkerchief around his eyes. Many a time while he was playing blind man he would tumble over a chair in order to give Tad an opportunity to escape capture.

## REMEMBERED BY ST. VALENTINE.



—Detroit Free Press.

play out-of-doors; then she would hold her pet pigeon up to the glass where the little boy could see it. She wished many times she knew that little boy and her mamma knew his mamma; she would like to lend him her picture books.

Lottie had some money given her for valentines. She was a great favorite with her young friends, and she thought to divide that money into sums that would buy a valentine for six of her dearest friends. "It was such lovely fun to send valentines," she said, and still more fun to hear those who received them guessing and guessing again who sent them.

The day before Valentine's Day Lottie stood in the store selecting her valentines, and as she looked over them all she was attracted to one which was a handsome one than she had ever seen in her life. She asked the price, and found that it would take all the money she had in her little purse. Oh, if she were only rich! she thought. A great many people older than Lottie have wished just as she did, when they have seen things they wanted very much and had not enough money to get them.

It would be such a lovely valentine to send to that little boy across the way who had been in the house all winter and lost all the outdoor winter fun. But if she bought it, her other friends would not get any valentines from her. She stood thinking it all over in her mind. "I know this one will make that sick boy very happy," she thought, "and the other girls and boys will have some valentines sent them, I am sure. Besides, they are all well and have lots of fun every day, and they really don't need valentines. That little sick boy does need a large, pretty one to cheer him up, and he does not know me and he will wonder who sent it; it will be lots of fun for him and lots of fun for me. I'll take this one." Lottie said, as she counted out all her money.

She skipped and hopped along the street on her homeward way as happy children often do. But when she reached home she remembered that she did not even know the little boy's name. How should she address it? Somehow where there is a will there is always a way. When she talked the matter over with mamma, she told her to address it in these words: "For the boy who is ill," and take it over after dark the night before St. Valentine's Day, ring the bell, and leave it right on the mat before the door. This Lottie did, running down the steps as fast as she could after pulling the bell.

The next day what was her delight to see the large chair drawn up before the window, the little invalid in it, and in his hands the valentine. He took it out of the envelope and looked at it for a long time; then his mother came and leaned over the back of the chair and looked at it, too. They smiled and talked about it, but of course Lottie could not hear what they said, but she knew by their looks

"When Mr. Lincoln went to Washington he used to write back to Mrs. Dr. Todd, his wife's sister, for whom I was working, that since we had been at the capital he was not able to have his laundry work done as neatly as Mary used to do it, and the cook at the White House was far different from Mary, and he did not enjoy the latter's dinners as much as the famous meals that Mary used to prepare."

**A Bachelor's Valentine.**  
If I were younger, Mary Jane  
Would not so gayly bout me,  
Of if she did I'd make it plain  
She could not do without me.  
She will not be my valentine,  
Forsooth, the maids are plenty—  
I'll venture that she would be mine  
If I were one-and-twenty.

Why, forty years ago there were  
A score I could have married,  
And every one outfavoured her;  
But then, of course, I married  
Till Ann and Lou and Susie, too,  
And all the rest I mind me.  
Dropped me because, they said, they knew  
They knew not where to find me.

But as it is the Widow Black,  
Thank heaven, has some reason,  
And knows that men, like fruit, don't last  
In worth if out of season.  
To her I'll send a billet doux  
And state my fortune clearly—  
Some thousands, I'll admit to you—  
And she will love me dearly!

**Lincoln's Proverbs.**  
An autograph letter that I would like to own was shown me a few days ago. "A. Lincoln" was boldly signed at the end of it, and this wisdom was there, paraphrased in this wise: "Do not worry." "Eat three square meals a day." "Say your prayers." "Think of your wife." "Be courteous to your creditors." "Keep your digestion good." "Steer clear of biliousness." "Exercise." "Go slow and easy." "Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—New York Times.

**No Funds.**

"You promised to be my valentine, you know."  
"Yes, but your valentine came with a 'postage due' stamp."

## WHAT A FALL WAS THERE.

**Industrial Magnate of Newfoundland Has Been Repudiated.**

The Czar of Newfoundland has been deposed. After an uninterrupted and almost despotic sway in business affairs lasting for many years, Robert Gillespie Reid, industrial magnate of the province, failed to receive an endorsement at the recent election, and now finds himself in a novel position.

Reid's life has been a romance with few parallels. He was born a poor boy in Coupar-Augus, Scotland, and by his own efforts and foresight has acquired wealth that makes him probably the richest man in the world to-day. It was through no ordinary course of building up a business that his vast riches were amassed. He practically bought the islands of Newfoundland on risky speculations; he risked time after time when there seemed no hope of gain, but he always came out with another small fortune to put in his pocket. Reid went to Australia in 1845. Very little is known of his life there, but when he came to America in 1871 and settled in Newfoundland he soon became prominent in the affairs of the colony. Five or six years ago he was given a contract for the construction of a railroad across the island. The ministry became financially embarrassed, and by a shrewd deal Reid persuaded them that they could only lose money by operating the road, so it was turned over to him. This deal netted him a grant of 5,000 acres for each mile of the 630-mile road. Afterward he secured another 2,500 acres of land for each mile of track and the right to operate the road for fifty years.

This was all done at a cost of \$1,000,000 to Mr. Reid. The road is now said to be worth \$10,000,000. In much the same way he acquired the Government drydock at St. John's for \$325,000, and the telegraph lines around the coast for \$125,000. The dock was being operated by the Government at an annual loss of \$12,400. The telegraph line cost them a loss of \$18,000 yearly.

Mr. Reid then agreed to build at a cost of \$1,000,000 eight steamers of the latest pattern. For that he received mail subsidies by steamers and trains of \$177,000. He undertook to build at his own cost great hotels in St. John's and other terminal points and at whatever points would attract tourists to the interior. He has also acquired the electric street railways in St. John's, the charter of which gives him the use of extensive water works in the suburbs and the right to generate electricity for lighting and mechanical purposes. This contract is worth a cool \$1,000,000.

This immense property Mr. Reid wished to capitalize as a limited liability company at \$25,000,000. The recent election, however, puts his political enemies into power, and they are decidedly opposed to his schemes. So far as the capital is concerned, the company could undoubtedly have been started with no difficulty. Premier Bond, however, has now announced the terms on which the new Government will allow Mr. Reid to convert his private holdings into a company.

Mr. Reid must give the telegraph lines back to the colony; he must amend his land grants so that no settlers are dispossessed of homesteads, and he must give guaranties as to the amount of mortgage money he will spend in labor and the development of the colony.

Mr. Bond is not so definite in his plans as to the railway. He hopes, however, to come to a satisfactory ownership of the lines, Mr. Reid continuing his right to operate them for fifty years. The Premier is not slow to hint at legislative action should Mr. Reid prove obstreperous. But, in spite of this reverse, Mr. Reid's fortune must continue to increase. His lands are full of valuable mineral deposits, and are well covered with lumber areas.

## Collected by a London Paper.

Any number of ingenious answers have been given to the riddle, "Why did Anthony Hope?" but none is quite so good as the original answer sent by the perpetrator of the riddle, "Why did Anthony Hope?—Because Mrs. Campbell Praed." There is no end to the making of these riddles, and their composition is by no means a bad way of beguiling half an hour over the afternoon teacups. There are riddles to be made out of politics, art, literature, sport, the stage. We venture to give examples. "Why did Mrs. Brown Potter?" "Because, of course, she saw Herbert Standing."

"Why did Dhuleep Singh?"—"To make Ivaa Caryll." "When does Russia leather?"—"When Turkey Sponges." "Why did Hall Calne?"—"To make Hawley Smart." "Why did Huntley Wright?"—"Because he heard Charles Reade." "Why sang Ada Crossley?"—"To make Plunkett Greene." "Why did Mabel Love?" "Because Mr. Henry Wood." "Why was Hilda Moody?"—"Because she heard Hayden Coffin." "What gave Barry Pain?"—"To see Flora Steele." Another, "Why was Rider Haggard?"—"Because he had to Marie Corelli." A very neat one.

When a little girl packs her gown and hair brush in a valise, and goes with her father for a short trip, the instructions given him, if found, would make Shakespeare's complete works look like thirty cents.

## Over 50,000 Passengers a Day.

The Northwestern elevated road of Chicago, which has been in operation six months, reports an average daily traffic of 46,696 passengers for that period, and in the last three months an average of 50,404.

## Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters, and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitations, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators, but few equal for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

## Art and Nature.

**Freddie**—What's the difference between a portrait and a photograph, dad?

**Cobwigger**—Sometimes a photograph looks like you.

## Valuable Almanac Free.

We have received a copy of the new almanac for 1901 published by the Royal Baking Powder Co. It is an artistic and useful book and will be of interest to housekeepers. A noteworthy feature of the almanac is a prediction of the weather for every day of the year, by Prof. DeVoe, who correctly prophesied the great Galveston cyclone and other important meteorological events. We are authorized to say that any woman reader of this paper can secure a copy without cost by sending a request to the company, at 100 William St. New York.

## Origin of Sing Sing.

Sing Sing's name is derived from "Sint Sics," the title of a former branch of the Mohegan Indians. The inhabitants of the town want to call it Ossining, which is the name of the township.

**E. H. Grove**

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

## Variation of the Loot.

"That friend of mine in the British army sent me a keg of Chinese wine that he looted in Peking. The stuff was half water."  
"Evidently diluted."

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

## Bees in Palestine.

Under rational treatment the average yield of a beehive in Palestine is 130 pounds.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottled treatment. DR. R. H. KING, Ltd., 351 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Mineral Products of the United States.

In 1890 the mineral products of the United States amounted to \$619,000,000 and in 1899 to \$976,000,000.

**YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING** When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

## The Sexes.

Mrs. Henpeck—I wonder why they insist on calling women "the weaker vessel?"  
Mr. Henpeck—I can't imagine. She generally carries the most sail.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Purchased a State Convict Plantation.

The penitentiary board of Mississippi has purchased 1,000 acres for a state convict plantation.

## LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Complete life of Queen Victoria. Best book, best terms. Outfit mailed free. Address S. C. Miller & Co., Portland, Or.

## High Power Machinery.

The modern demand for high power machinery is shown by the fact that in Paris the average horse power per machine exhibited in 1867 was 16; in 1878, 62; in 1889, 170, and in 1900, 973.

**DOWNFALLS**

Sometimes in winter at every step there is danger of

**SPRAINS and BRUISES**

which cripple or hurt deeply, but at any time from whatever cause

**St. Jacobs Oil**

will cure surely and promptly