KENTUCKY MIRACLE.

JUDGE JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

Crippled for Six Years With Sciatic Rheumatism in Its Worst Form—He Expected to Die, But Was Saved in a Marvelous Manner.

From the Covington (Ky.) Post.]

The Hon. John M. Rice of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for the past two years retired from active life as Criminal and Circuit Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky.

He has for many years served his native county and State in the Legislature at Frankfort and at Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the State, and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gentleman honored wherever he is known.

About six years ago the bodily troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental faculties were in the zenith of their strength began their encroachment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the cause that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet.

"My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians; but, receiving no lasting benefit from them, I had recourse to patent remedies, trying one kind after another until I believe there were none I had not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months' stay there, when I returned home. My liver was actually dead, and a dull persistent pain in its region kept me on the rack all the time. In 1890 I was reappointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for me to give attention to my duties. In 1891 I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement.

"Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition, sustained almost entirely by stimulants, until April, 1893. One day John saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the *Kentucky Post*. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me to try the Pink Pills. It was, I think, in the first week of May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the pills, however, was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes, the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been very popular since Judge Rice used them with such benefit. He mentioned several who have found relief in their use.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they 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. Dr. Williams' 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—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Married Women and Girls' Secrets.

"There is nothing so exasperating in the whole world as to tell a profound secret to some woman friend and discover a day or two later that her husband knows as much about the affair as you do," said a young girl to us the other day. "You see, one forgets that because a girl is married she must retail everything to the man whom she has favored with her hand, and if you have been chums for years it naturally follows that you go on telling her little secrets in the old time way, until a few shocks teach you that things are very different from the good old days when there was no third party to be taken into our confidence. Really, I think it is very mean of them; don't you? Of course it isn't anything for a wife to tell her husband all the little happenings of her own life, but when it comes to revealing other women's secrets I think it positively dishonorable.

"I know when I am married I will keep all the little confidences made by my girl friends locked fast in my own breast, for I am never going to mortify them as I have been by learning that a certain escapade or love episode that was too good to keep entirely to myself, yet not the thing to spread broadcast, had become common property because my friend had told her husband, who told some one at the club, etc. Sometimes I really think that the only way to actually keep a secret is not to tell it to any one, but there is no fun in that. The zest is all gone when no one else knows it, but of one thing I am certain, I will never trust a married woman with anything I care to keep absolutely between ourselves."—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Browning's Habits.

Mrs. Browning wore her hair in long ringlets, which, falling very much over her face, and when seen in profile suggested the unpleasing idea of blinkers that harshly cut across the graceful curves of brow and cheek. It was this style of arranging the hair that made Mrs. Browning look, not old fashioned—for that would have given a touch of sentiment—but strangely out of fashion. Her slight, pretty figure was rather disguised than set off by garments that fell lopping about her, but, thank heaven, she was entirely free from the bad taste of the self styled clever women who acknowledge themselves to be failures as women by aping a masculine style of dress and address.

In conversation Mrs. Browning seemed reserved, with a certain proud aloofness of manner; at the same time there was a listening reticence in her attitude that did not help the playful tossing to and fro of talk. Occasionally she flung her remarks into the midst of the discussion, and such remarks were weighed, measured and full of sense and purpose. It was evident that Mrs. Browning had not thrown off the habit acquired in the years of silence in her darkened chamber of conversing in a a one sided way with the best books, which is vastly different from conversing with the best men.—Chicago News.

Home Dressmaking.

The sensible woman, she who has the best taste and knows just how to make the best of it, is learning, if she doesn't thoroughly understand it already, to have her dresses made at home. There never was a time in the history of clothes when so much dressmaking was done at home. Women have grown tired, oh, so tired, of the sameness of custom dressmaking. The mistress of the household selects some young girl or woman who is handy with her needle, then she goes studiously to work and plans her own wardrobe. First of all, she tries her hand on an inexpensive dress, and if she makes a success of it, which she is very likely to do, she goes on from one degree of perfection to another.

Three-fourths of the difficulty about dressmaking likes in the fact that women do not realize what absurd figures they cut in the clothes they wear. Once let the full consciousness of this dawn on them, and the work is done; for never afterward will they consent to look ridiculous, or what is even worse, commonplace, while harmony, symmetry and beauty can be had by working for it; for whatever her follies and vanities may be, the American woman isn't lazy, especially when it comes to matters of adornment.

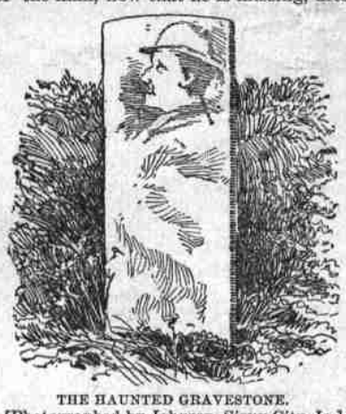
What a Wise Mother Can Do.

A wise mother can take ten minutes every day and read to her children a few words on astronomy, geology or physiology. Not dry statistics, which carry no knowledge to the little minds, but the names of planets and stars, their places and the mythological story connected with them; stories of the strata of rocks, with coal and other minerals buried beneath clay and stones; how the hot waters and the cold are deep down under us, waiting for man until he needs them and discovers their hiding places; stories of our own bones and nerves, muscles and blood; the course of our food from the mouth to the stomach; how fresh air invigorates us, and stimulants dry up the tissues. It is astonishing how easily little children learn the long words and use them intelligently. All these subjects and a hundred more are brought before them every day in a rightly conducted kindergarten.—Home Journal.

THE FACE OF A MURDERER.

Photographed by Some Mysterious Process on the Gravestone of His Victims.

In the little prairie town of Washta, Cherokee county, Ia., there stands a gravestone that is credibly said to show on its face the dimly traced features of a murderer, the assassin of the old couple whose remains lie buried underneath. The marvelous likeness of this gravestone portrait of the man, now that he is missing, after



THE HAUNTED GRAVESTONE.
[Photographed by Johnson, Sioux City, Ia.]

having once been suspected of the crime, has aroused the prosecuting attorney of the county to a vigorous search for him, while the superstitious country folk thereabouts for miles around are making pilgrimages to the cemetery to see this wonderful manifestation of supernatural forces, for such it seems to be.

The gravestone, says the New York World, marks the spot where lie an old German couple named Schultz, who were murdered in their own home in the middle of the night. They lived a short distance from the town and were staying alone in the house at the time. The old man had brought home a few days before a considerable amount of money, which he had taken from a bank on account of the panic. In the morning the old folks were found, their heads split open with an ax, and there were evidences that there had been a struggle. The money was gone.

The murder created a great sensation on account of its fearful details. There was nothing to indicate in any way who had committed it, but the neighbors suspected that the murderer might have been W. S. Florence, a hired hand who had been in the Schultzes' employ until a short time before. A few weeks after the murder Florence left that section and went to Nebraska. As soon as he had gone the stories began to gain more currency than ever, and the result was that detectives were employed by the county authorities to hunt him down. He was found and taken back to Cherokee county. The grand jury examined him, but for want of evidence discharged him. He promptly disappeared and has not been heard of since.

About the same time that the grand jury was engaged in the investigation of this case the relatives of the old couple had a plain marble headstone placed over their grave. The grave is in a little country burying ground on the side of a hill, within sight of the house in which the murder was committed. Before many weeks strange stories began to be told about it. At first they were whispered about the neighborhood, and the superstitious people of the countryside shook their heads wisely and often gathered in groups at the roadside or at the village blacksmith shop. It was said that the tombstone was slowly but surely developing human lineaments, just as a photographer's plate, under the action of chemicals, develops the lines in the negative.

The face continued to grow more and more distinct and to be more and more talked about until it attracted the attention of the authorities. They inspected it, and the most unprejudiced were compelled to admit that they could see the features of a man. A marble dealer was taken to see it. He declared that the features were being developed as a result of exposure to atmospheric influences of the rust and veins in the stone. He said it would continue to grow plainer.

This prediction has now been verified. The picture on the slab has become distinct to even the most casual observer, and today there is not a person who knew Florence that does not declare that the features show a startling resemblance to his.

What is equally prophetic is the fact that since the picture has been developing on the stone and the suspicion has become general that Florence was the murderer there has developed evidence not known at the time of his examination before the grand jury that points to the conclusion that he was really guilty. Florence has dropped out of the world apparently. It is supposed that he has heard of the strange developments and got as far away as possible.

He Dislikes Tarantulas.

"Of all the venomous looking creatures in the world I think a full grown tarantula is about the worst," said Isaac L. Worley of Texas to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man, "and if you ever encounter one give him a wide berth unless you are sure you can kill him. When attacked, they will fight desperately and never give up until crushed out of existence. I had an experience with one a few years ago, the thought of which still makes the cold chills run down my back. I had been working in my garden one afternoon, and on entering the house threw myself down on a bed to take a nap. I was awakened by feeling a hairy object brushing against my hand, and on opening my eyes was horrified to see an immense tarantula slowly crawling up the leg of my pantaloons. I grabbed a big palmetto fan that lay on my pillow and knocked him to the floor, and you ought to have seen that fellow show fight. He never made the least attempt to get out of the way, but with every hair on his ugly body standing erect he remained where I had knocked him, as if challenging me to fight. Fortunately for me, there was a club within reach, and with one blow I put an end to his existence."

Swallowed Her Husband's Ashes.

The only case on record of a disconsolate widow swallowing the remains of her dead husband is that of Artemesia drinking a glass of wine in which the ashes of Mausolus had been stirred for that purpose. The parties to this remarkable transaction were brother and sister and also husband and wife. Mausolus was king of Caria and reigned about 300 years before Christ. After his death his remains were burned and the ashes disposed of as related.

Electric Executions.

The new system of putting murderers to death by the use of the electric chair instead of the hangman's noose has been found to work so well that opposition has completely disappeared, and nobody would now think of proposing a return to the gallows, says the New York Evening Post.

The Latest Hypnotic Yarn.

The latest hynotic yarn from the Charite hospital, Paris, casts all its predecessors into the shade. Dr. Luys, it appears, has been making experiments in relation to what he calls the "exteriorization" of the human body, and it is asserted that he succeeded in transferring the sensibility of a hypnotized woman into a tumbler of water. When the water was touched the woman winced, and when it was swallowed she went into a deadly swoon. How the drinker felt with another person's sensibilities in his vitals is not stated.

Dr. Luys next undertook to transfer sensibility from the woman to her photograph, and succeeded so admirably that when he stuck a pin into the picture the woman screamed. Not only this, but the mark of a scratch appeared upon her hand in exactly the spot where the pin had been applied to the photograph. It is lucky for Dr. Luys that he is living in the Nineteenth century, for many an old woman has been hanged and burned for doing this sort of thing.—Denver Sun.

The Loss in Gold Coin.

A remarkable example of the loss of gold by reason of abrasion came to the notice of the Chicago customs officials the other day. George W. Sheldon & Co. sent $15,000 in gold to the collector to pay duties. The sum was in equal amounts, made up of $5, $10 and $20 pieces. The teller found that the coin footed up all right taken at its face value, and it was sent over to the subtreasury. Pretty soon word came back to the collector that the $15,000 in gold was $1,935 short weight and the deficit would have to be made up before a receipt would be issued. Examination proved that the coin had been abraded to that extent—nearly 13 per cent.—Boston Globe.

She—Here's a bill from the doctor. He—What's it for? Ethel—I know, mamma. Doctor spoke cross to me yesterday on the street, and I stuck out my tongue at him.

Nurse (at the circus)—You are too big to be begging for peanuts. Arthur—I hain't, neither; I hain't half as big as that 'ere elephant.

"Slimpurse has bought him another of those pepper-and-salt suits, I see." "Yep; says it's the only way he can afford to be always dressed in season."

"I suppose by this time, Bobby, you know both French and German?" said the visitor. "Well," said Bobby, "I can't say I know 'em, s'r, but—I'm aware of 'em."

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