

## A WOMAN'S NERVES.

**THE STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.**

**Prostrated By the Least Excitement—Physicians Baffled By Her Case.**

[From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.]

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3615 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too. My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worry over family matters and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along as I wanted, I would invariably become so prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake Shore drive because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all."

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place where you will be quiet, I can't conceive I could visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas county, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York state who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as ever. The color of my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not be alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and resilience to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 10 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**CARRIED AWAY ON AN ICE FLOE.**

In the recent storm four men—Wat. Wiggin, A. Wilkinson, C. Cullen and M. Howlett—while at work cutting ice on Lake Erie, were carried out in the lake. The ice on which they stood with a team of horses suddenly cracked and the wind rapidly blew it out toward midlake. The floe cracked and large pieces broke off until only enough for men and horses to stand on was left. Two men offered to man a boat and put off, and after two hours' work they reached the floe and took off the men, but had to leave the horses. In a few minutes the ice broke up and the horses were drowned. Both rescuers and rescuers were badly frozen.

**FASTEST TIME EVER MADE.**

Miss Mary G. Routelle, N. A. & C. R.Y. railroad in effect on Jan. 16, the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Ill., leaving Chicago at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 11:30 a.m. in the second morning, making direct connection with the morning departures from that point with all diverging lines, and arrive at interior and southern Florida points by daylight. St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bed time. The trains are vestibuled, lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping cars service in the world. For full information regarding rates, timetables and through sleeping car tickets, call at the Union Route ticket office, 32 Clark street, Chicago, or address W. H. McMichael, vice-president and general manager, and J. Reed, general passenger manager.

**IS THIS ANOTHER REVIVAL?**

I have just got an original notion on the subject of lingerie; it is always exciting to keep in her transocean. A pretty little girl has lately introduced a new item into her wedding lingerie, for which poor tapes pocket must bleed rather freely. A saucy individual having put it in a little head that sleeping helpless injures the head, she has concluded that divine little night caps be made en suite with her night gowns, and are they not just sweetly becoming, these pretty puffs of finest lawn, edged with abundant crimped frills of finest lace? And don't they deserve a more poetic name than that fellow one suggestive of old womanly grumpiness and old manly grogginess?

**1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.**

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, grain and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send to us to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurky.

**SAVE THE TENDER FINGERS.**

Little holders for lifting the 5 o'clock tea kettle, the chafing dish or the heated handle of a coffee pot at the table are of sateen on one side, interlined with leather, and of colored satin or silk on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silken side through the center and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

**OUR BIGGEST STATUE.**

The largest statue in the world, barring liberty, is the bronze effigy of William Penn, on top of the city hall Philadelphia. It is thirty-seven feet high and weighs 60,000 pounds.

## A Short Term Empress.

Binks—Oh, yes, she carries herself like an empress, and bosses me around all she likes now; but wait until we get married, and see how she'll fawn and cringe.

Winks—To you?

Binks—No; to the servant girl.

## A Mean Man.

Winkers—Talking about mean men, do you know Binkers?

Minkers—Is he mean?

Winkers—Mean! Mean is no name for it. Why, that fellow is mean enough to put his name on an umbrella.

## Some Caution Necessary.

First Burglar—Everything is fixed. You ain't me to enter the house an' bring out the things, and Bill an' Jim will be on the outside, with four or five wagons to load 'em in.

Second Burglar (doubtfully)—Better not get more'n four wagons. I'm afraid five might attract the attention of the police.

## At the Club.



"Aw, I say, Regi, what will we do for tobacco when we die?"

"Oh! I guess we will smoke together."

## The Final Question.

Chinese Emperor (nervously)—What news?

Official—Japan is now anxious for peace.

Emperor (gloomily)—Y-e-s, but how big a piece?

## Remembered Her Father.

Clara—I never saw such a beautiful collection of Christmas presents. Did you give your father anything?

Dora—Why, of course. You don't suppose I'd forget my own darling father, do you?

"What did you give him?"

"A perfectly lovely little gold pen to sign checks with."

## The Worm Turns.

Emancipated Woman (1900)—My dear!

Unemancipated Husband (timidly)—Yes, m.

Emancipated Woman (steely)

Your hat bill is perfectly outrageous! The idea of paying \$3 for that fit of shoddy stiffened over a block! If you were not a mere butterfly of fashion, and the very personification of extravagance, you would let your hair grow long and go without a hat, as the root ball players do.

## No Unreasonableness.

Boy—You are advertising for an errand boy?

Skinner (of Skinner & Co.)—Yes, we have a vacancy.

"Hours long?"

"You'll have to work sixteen hours a day."

"Yes?"

"And you must have a bicycle, so as to save time."

"I've got one. How about pay?"

"Well, we'll pay you—but—see—"

"Say, mister, make it enough to keep the bicycle in repair, won't you?"

## The Problem Solved.

Mrs. Rulem—Your husband is still as devoted as a lover. I don't see how you manage.

Mrs. Kissene—It's very simple. When he comes home late, I always pretend to be asleep; when he has a headache in the morning, I tell him he is overslept; when he leaves his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the dining room and his overshoes in the hall; and his overshoes mistakes, I quietly gather them up and put them in the front hall; and when we go to the theater, I never forget to suggest that he should improve the shining hours between the acts by going out and talking business with his customers. Oh, it's easy enough to keep a man devoted, if you only know how.

**Good as a Coat of Arms.**

Little Ethel—Why is it women is always complainin' about the hired girl?

Little Dot—Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep one.

## Spilkins' Character.

Rev. Dogood—No man is so bad that there is not a little of the angel left in him.

Robson—Guess that's so. Remember Spilkins? Everybody thought he was about the worst man on earth. Why, his own mother wouldn't come to his funeral. Well, sir, I've been told a thousand times a month for the last five years that Spilkins was the only real saint that ever lived.

"My goodness!"

"I married Spilkins' widow."

## A Business Woman.

Pretty Girl—Are you Miss Backbay's waiting maid?

Maid—Yes'm.

"Miss Backbay is a great heiress from Boston, isn't she?"

"She is."

"And very much sought after?"

"Well, yes."

"I presume so. Well, if you will give me the addresses of her gentlemen admirers, I will be very much obliged."

"Dear me! What for?"

"I am selling encyclopedias."

**Our Biggest Statue.**

The largest statue in the world, barring liberty, is the bronze effigy of William Penn, on top of the city hall Philadelphia. It is thirty-seven feet high and weighs 60,000 pounds.

**35 Cents Patterns for 10 Cents.**

[From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.]

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3615 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction.

"Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too. My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worry over family matters and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along as I wanted, I would invariably become so prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake Shore drive because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all."

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place where you will be quiet, I can't conceive I could visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas county, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York state who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as ever. The color of my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not be alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and resilience to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 10 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**CARRIED AWAY ON AN ICE FLOE.**

In the recent storm four men—Wat. Wiggin, A. Wilkinson, C. Cullen and M. Howlett—while at work cutting ice on Lake Erie, were carried out in the lake. The ice on which they stood with a team of horses suddenly cracked and the wind rapidly blew it out toward midlake. The floe cracked and large pieces broke off until only enough for men and horses to stand on was left. Two men offered to man a boat and put off, and after two hours' work they reached the floe and took off the men, but had to leave the horses. In a few minutes the ice broke up and the horses were drowned. Both rescuers and rescuers were badly frozen.

**FASTEST TIME EVER MADE.**

Miss Mary G. Routelle, N. A. & C. R.Y. railroad in effect on Jan. 16, the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Ill., leaving Chicago at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 11:30 a.m. in the second morning, making direct connection with the morning departures from that point with all diverging lines, and arrive at interior and southern Florida points by daylight. St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bed time. The trains are vestibuled, lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping cars service in the world. For full information regarding rates, timetables and through sleeping car tickets, call at the Union Route ticket office, 32 Clark street, Chicago, or address W. H. McMichael, vice-president and general manager, and J. Reed, general passenger manager.

**IS THIS ANOTHER REVIVAL?**

I have just got an original notion on the subject of lingerie; it is always exciting to keep in her transocean. A pretty little girl has lately introduced a new item into her wedding lingerie, for which poor tapes pocket must bleed rather freely. A saucy individual having put it in a little head that sleeping helpless injures the head, she has concluded that divine little night caps be made en suite with her night gowns, and are they not just sweetly becoming, these pretty puffs of finest lawn, edged with abundant crimped frills of finest lace? And don't they deserve a more poetic name than that fellow one suggestive of old womanly grumpiness and old manly grogginess?

**1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.**

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, grain and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send to us to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurky.

**SAVE THE TENDER FINGERS.**

Little holders for lifting the 5 o'clock tea kettle, the chafing dish or the heated handle of a coffee pot at the table are of sateen on one side, interlined with leather, and of colored satin or silk on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silken side through the center and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

**OUR BIGGEST STATUE.**

Little holders for lifting the 5 o'clock tea kettle, the chafing dish or the heated handle of a coffee pot at the table are of sateen on one side, interlined with leather, and of colored satin or silk on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silken side through the center and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

**A Short Term Empress.**

Binks—Oh, yes, she carries herself like an empress, and bosses me around all she likes now; but wait until we get married, and see how she'll fawn and cringe.

Winks—To you?

Binks—No; to the servant girl.

**A Mean Man.**

Winkers—Talking about mean men, do you know Binkers?

Minkers—Is he mean?

Winkers—Mean! Mean is no name for it. Why, that fellow is mean enough to put his name on an umbrella.

**Some Caution Necessary.**

First Burglar—Everything is fixed. You ain't me to enter the house an' bring out the things, and Bill an' Jim will be on the outside, with four or five wagons to load 'em in.