

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

Modern Treatment Consists in Removing the Cause.

From the *Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iowa*.
Mrs. V. Curley, who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two years, tells an interesting story of what she considers rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894, I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were present in complication—I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how careful I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was despondent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could not sleep. Sympathetic heart trouble set in and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden attacks of suffocation which would come on without a moment's warning.

"My troubles increased as time wore on and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brushes plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail me. The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.'

"About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glendon, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She had consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davenport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

"I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again. I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual flesh. I sleep well and can eat without distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I had heard of them years ago, thereby saving myself ten years of suffering and much money."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness 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 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

General Hancock's Firmness.

General Hancock was in command of the train which brought General Grant's remains from Mt. McGregor to New York. He and his staff were in the coach next to the last. In the rear car was a party of Pennsylvania militia officers, who were popping an occasional bottle of champagne and smoking quite sociably. General Hancock saw through from his car what was going on in the rear. It did not comport with his ideas of the proprieties of so solemn an occasion, and, calling the conductor, he said:

"Will you present my compliments to those gentlemen, with the request that they cease smoking and drinking?"

In a few moments the conductor returned with the announcement that the convivial officers returned their compliments with a peremptory declination to relinquish their cigars or wine.

"Where is the next switch?" asked Hancock.

"About five miles below," replied the conductor.

"When you reach it, if the smoking and drinking in that car has not ceased, switch in on a sidetrack and leave it. You may tell the gentlemen what I have said."

In two minutes cigars and wine were not to be seen in the rear coach. Its occupants knew that Hancock meant just what he said.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Socrates was said to remember the faces and names of all who attended his discourses.

CHINESE CRUELTY.

GHASTLY SCENE AT AN EXECUTION PLACE IN CANTON.

While the Death-Squad Were Undergoing Decapitation the Crowd Made Merry—The Supreme Horror.

SOME four years ago, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, I spent four days in Canton, the metropolis of Southern China, on a special mission to investigate Chinese justice, and the results surpassed my most ghastly anticipation.

What I witnessed was nothing unusual, and is the daily practice of the country, but I am compelled to tone down the details to make them presentable for publication. Nothing but the strongest spirit of inquiry, supported by an iron resolution, carried me through the horrors of those days, and for weeks afterward I suffered from perpetual nightmare.

The place of execution, or "Matou," as it is called by the Chinese, is a filthy yard, long and narrow, like a blind alley, and, singularly enough, it is used as a potter's field when not required for execution.

On a cold January afternoon I proceeded thither to witness the final release of a batch of poor wretches who had already undergone a prolonged course of torture.

On this occasion the death-squad consists of thirteen, who are tightly bound hand and foot and carried in, huddled up in baskets slung on a bamboo between two coolies. On arriving at the centre of the ground these living loads are pitched out unceremoniously, and immediately seized by the executioner and his assistants, who arrange them in two lines in a kneeling position.

At a nod from the presiding mandarin, and with incredible swiftness, the butchery commences. The assistant seizes the first victim by the shoulders from behind, while the executioner steps up to his left side, armed with an enormously heavy short sword with a broad blade and razor-like edge. Without any compulsion, the victim, still kneeling, bends his head forward, and almost instantaneously it leaps from its body, severed by one swift stroke. The assistant pushes the trunk over forward, and a shrill burst of approving "Hi-yahs" goes up from the crowd.

After the uncertain and clumsy operations of the mediaval headsman, one had been led to suppose that a human head required a great deal of severance; but so adept are the Chinese executioners that they appear to display no more effort or emotion in cutting off a head than they would in lopping a poppy from its stalk.

With fearful rapidity the slaughter proceeds, and not five seconds elapse between the fall of each head. One unerring stroke ends each life, and the victims are so arranged that each can witness the fate of all those in front of him before his turn comes.

The crowd is now in the most jovial humor, and signifies its light-hearted enjoyment by ribald chaff at the expense of the remaining victims, who frequently retort defiantly, and exhibit the most stolid indifference to their fate.

Suddenly a burst of merriment arises in one corner. A portly merchant has approached too near, and his long white coat is splashed with blood. How the bystanders laugh! Was there ever such a good joke!

The last few heads are falling now, when my hand is plucked by an excited youngster of ten, dancing with delight, who cries, eagerly, "Ho-tai?" (Isn't it beautiful?) I repress a fierce desire to throttle him, and in a few seconds all is over. Justice is vindicated, and the crowd quickly disperses, all but the city gamins, who remain behind to rehearse the whole proceedings and to skylark with the bodies.

Horrible though the sight has been, death has, at any rate, been swift and merciful, but another day the supreme horror of Chinese justice is revealed to us.

For certain offenders, notably paricides and women who kill their husbands, the penalty is the "Ling-chee," or "thousand cuts." This is too ghastly for detailed description, but suffice it to say that the victim is first crucified to a low cross, and then slowly sliced to pieces with a knife.

So skillful is the executioner that although his victim soon becomes almost unrecognizable as a human being, yet no vital wound is inflicted till perhaps half an hour of this torture has elapsed, when the agony is ended by decapitation.

So superior an entertainment as this is naturally rewarded by a full house, and even greater merriment prevails than at mere head-chopping displays, which savor somewhat of monotony to the biase Cantonese.

When Old Railroaders Smile.

"Old railroaders smile frequently when they read in the newspapers the accounts of alleged thrilling adventures of engineers," said a member of the craft. "For instance, I noticed a story in some Chicago paper not long ago of the terrible experience of a man whose hair was turned white in fifteen minutes, or something of that kind, by the close call he had for going through a bridge. There had been a heavy rain, the supports had been undermined, and the whole business would have gone down under the next train that struck it.

"All this would have happened if the 'eagle eye' of the man at the throttle hadn't taken in the situation about half a mile back on a heavy down grade and reversed his engine. The queer part of the story was that this 'eagle eye'—that's what we call 'em on the road—daren't reverse his lever until he had nearly brought the train to standstill with the air brake. 'Otherwise,' said this story writer, 'the engine would have jumped the track.' That is to say, if he had put on the air brake and reversed his lever at the same time the sudden stoppage and reversal would have thrown her off.

"Now, all this reads very well, I suppose, to the general public, who don't care whether a thing is true or not, just so it interests them. It amuses a railroad man for another reason. He knows that an engine won't do anything of the sort. Whenever there is danger ahead which compels a man to stop right quick he doesn't have any time to waste setting the brakes and then waiting for his train to slow up before he throws his lever. He gives the air brake a shove with his foot and throws back the lever, all by the same motion, you might say. It's all done in a second.

"Then if he has a chance he looks out for himself; he has done all he can and he jumps. As a general rule, if the accident which he has prepared for really takes place he doesn't have time to jump, and although engineers are as brave as any set of men alive, because a man takes his life in his hand whenever he goes out on a run, they often get the credit of being heroes and sticking to their engines in the face of danger when, as a matter of fact, it was the only thing they could possibly do. When a man discovers a washout or another train coming toward him on the same track it is usually too late to get out of the way before the smash takes place. The heroism comes in in holding a place year in and year out which is liable to cost him his life at any hour of the day or night through the blunder of some one else or some accident that nobody could foresee or prevent."—Chicago Tribune.

An Odd Ballroom.

O. H. P. Belmont will occupy his luxurious bachelor apartments in his new combination villa and stable at Newport, B. I., next season. There will be a grand ball in the way of a housewarming. The building has a big ballroom on the second floor, which is reached by an immense elevator. Guests will drive in on the lower floor, and their horses and carriages will be taken up on the elevator, just as they are driven in, so that persons may alight directly at the ballroom door.—New York Press.

Considerate.

Tenant—See here! That flat you rented to me is full of cockroaches.

Agent—That's all right. We never claim anything left over by a former tenant.—New York World.

Put It Out.

What a little spark can do is illustrated by the burning down of Chicago, and the modern apparatus for putting out great fires. The spark too enters the human family with devastating effects; hence we hear of so many deaths by accidents with fire among careless cooks and children. This is another field of operation—but a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil is the apparatus to put the fire out of the system. Used according to direction it will soothe, heal, cure and leave no ugly scar behind. The healing process gives new surface and kindly does its work.

Jonabab Almanor, the famous linguist, could converse in twenty-seven different languages.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If we taxed wisdom and let each one assess himself what a big revenue the State would have.

Health is Economy.

A well man can do as much work as two men who are "under the weather," and do it better. A box of Ripans Tabules in the office will save clerk-hire.

There are five States of the German Empire each smaller than Rhode Island.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

To Save Carpets.

Pneumatic matting, for use under stair carpets, is a recent invention. It saves the carpet, and reduces the noise made in ascending or descending the stairs.



WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need: it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

Mrs. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of Mohawk, Lane Co., Oregon, writes: "I was sick for over three years with blind dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills.

The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better; could sleep well nights, and that bad, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and two of 'Discovery.'"

Mrs. WILLIAMS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.