

### ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

#### SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

##### The 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 reason 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 to do 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 hinc. 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 me 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. Symantia Smith, of Glidden, 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. If through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again. I have retained my strength and an ounce 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 vigor 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.

It is hardly time for the first robin yet, but the time for the first robin had arrived several days ago.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS. 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 use of CATHERINE 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 8th 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, Etc.

The water in the strait of Gibraltar is 150 fathoms deep.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cures the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. SCHUMERLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24 '94.

The Atlantic ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

Facts for Farmers. Certainly the suggestion need not be made that a leaky roof on any building ought to receive immediate attention. It is not likely that we shall ever see the price of wheat at the old figure. We cannot compete with cheap land and pauper labor.

Farmers are among our very best citizens because most of them own their own homes. A man with a home to protect will usually be a good citizen.

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Don't wash in cold water. Do  
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# Geraldine



CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"The result was, that granny had gone off to bed, worn and weary with sympathizing first on the one side a d then on the other; for it must not be supposed she had no feeling for her one and only grandson, nor that she could contemplate the probable family broil to follow without genuine distress and vexation, so that she and Geraldine had not really agreed to say no more to each other about it that night, but to leave till the morrow all future considerations. Little did either think that the day's work was not over yet.

"You are alone?" said Belleenden, glancing round quickly. "Is Mrs. Campbell—"

"One upstairs. We—we have not returned long, and she—she did not expect anyone." Here the speaker's eye fell on the wet handkerchief, and she stooped to pick it up and hid it in her hand.

"And you—you did not expect me either?" inquired he, his voice sinking at once, as he took a chair near her.

No answer; a slight retrograde movement on her part.

"Did you think I could wait another day," proceeded the speaker, in the same significant tone, "not knowing where you had been, nor with whom, nor whether—whether you had ever missed me, nor looked for me?"

"Oh, yes," said Geraldine, suddenly facing him. "Wait! Oh, yes, very well, I should think very well, indeed. Why not?" she continued, with a hard little laugh, reminding him, on the instant of the mocking bird who gibed and taunted him that bright morning in Bond street. "Oh, Sir Frederick, I think you could have waited. You are a patient man. You can wait much longer than that for tidings of your friends, we all know."

"Angry by force. The best sign in the world," cried Belleenden, exulting to himself. "Aloud. Are you 'twitting me with my stupidity in not finding you yesterday? You do not know how dearly I paid for it. Where were you? Where could you have been? I give you my word that I hunted up and down, in and out, all over the place, for hours and hours, and all in vain. I only gave up when nearly every one had left the place."

"I did not mean that," almost whispered Geraldine, for now she was beginning to shake all over. "I—I—why do you say such things?" she burst forth with sudden passion. "What right have you to say them? How do you dare to presume that it's anything to me whether you seek me or not? You—you—I never told you to look for me; I never gave you leave. You must not, you shall not do it. Understand, sir, that I will not have any more of this. I forbid it. I—I—"

"Do you forbid this, Geraldine?" said he, very gently, taking her hand in his. "Do you forbid my asking for this hand, and offering in exchange only my poor heart, which is already yours? I thought you dear, because I loved you. I think you know I love you, and I think I know that you—"

"That I love you?" cried Geraldine, wildly; "is it that which you would say? You know that? You would tell me that? But you—you are mistaken, Sir Frederick Belleenden. I am not quite the child, the fool I once was."

"What did pass between us? Stop where you are,"—for he had made a movement towards her. "What did pass?"

"Why, we were companions, friends—we liked to be together. I was fond of you, and you—by Heaven! if I had ever thought ever imagined—but you cannot mean it."

"I do mean it."

"You cared for me?" his voice faltered.

"I did care."

"You—a mere child?"

"Was no mere child?"

"But you could not have known—it is not possible you could have known what love meant. You could never have felt it."

"Of love, felt? Not know? Oh, how little, how little, can you know?" cried she, weeping afresh. "Not have known, when you yourself had taught me. Not have felt—oh, I think I shall never feel again—can never feel again as I did then. You ask me now for my heart? You stole it then. How do I get it back? Only through your neglect and utter indifference. But I had it once—last, never, never to part with it more. No, no now—not again!"—as he once more endeavored to speak and to be heard.

"I am a lifetime is enough. Oh, you had it that once—here her voice was almost lost in convulsive sobs—"that once," she whispered, "but—but a second time—never!" and with a sudden rush she flew past and vanished from his sight, leaving him dumb, motionless, and alone.

CHAPTER XVIII. CONCLUSION.—GRANNY TO THE FRONT.

Had she then all this time been but revenging herself?

Belleenden asked himself the humiliating question a thousand times, smarting with shame, disappointment, and, worse still, disenchantment.

Had the girl to whom he had given such a high place in his imagination, as well as in his heart, been playing towards him a part so unworthy? Had she, whom he had all unwittingly singled out as his friend, most all these years sacrificed? And for what?

stop him but all at once she had realized that her childhood's romantic dream which had cost her so dear, but which she had seemed all her own, had been and still was, the sport and scoff of others.

Cecil had exaggerated, perhaps naturally, in saying that "all" had known and noticed, but he had certainly, in furtherance of his end, been happy in the limit. It had been caught up at once by the sensitive ear on which it had fallen and had been construed into something yet further from the truth than was actually the case.

she had been gossiped about, giggled over, smirked at—oh, how terrible. Never, never could she hold up her head again among those who had made her feel never again could she meet Belleenden in their presence, nor hear their pronoun his name without a shiver.

As for quietly going on her way, having daily inter course with the relations in Grosvenor square, meeting Cecil going in and out, he had begged that there might be no alteration in the usual routine. It was not to be thought of.

The earth had shaken under her feet. She had doctored everyone, distrusted everyone, almost hated everyone that cruel summer day. A little wisdom, and a little common sense, even a few hours' repose and time to think the matter over, might have put a new face upon past and future; but Belleenden had been too precipitate; he had a peared when the storm had been yet at its height, and had come in smiling, happy, content—far too confident, to her mind and he had even a worse time of it than Cecil Raymond.

So now, what was to be done? Imagine granny's consternation when, the next morning, the breakfast girl, neither calmer nor wiser than on the night before, announced her next decision, which was that back to the two mist-hie—and that without moment's breathing space—to the wilds of Inchmaree.

It was the first week in July, and some of the pleasantest part of London season was yet to come; there were the garden parties, the suburban fetes, the river excursions, the little frolics hither and thither for which no time could be found earlier, must all these be sacrificed? And for what?

For Inchmaree in July? In July, when grim St. Swifthin holds his cheerless rule in the west country, when the crisp freshness of the summer is past, and the mellow warmth of autumn is not yet begun? When the young vegetables are over, and the fruit is barely ripe? When no one—actually no one—not the veriest walf or stray is yet to be found along the coast of Argyll?

Poor Mrs. Campbell grew almost tearful over the subject, and itched her restless pink demonstrating and protesting. She had little anticipated such extreme measures. She ad thought the Raymond affair might be patched up without any great difficulty. It might, it probably would, have its disagreeable side. It might produce awkward moments and uncomfortable restraint; but surely it was not of sufficient importance to break up their whole tenor of life for the time being. She had taken the house for another month, and no one was expecting them back at Inchmaree. The rooms would not be ready, the repairs not finished, the painters and paperers not off the premises. Nothing would be prepared, and it did seem a pity to let such a—she did not exactly say "a trifle," but the tone in which she said "a trifle as this" implied it—"it did seem a pity to let such a thing as this put out so many people and disarrange so much."

Of course, granny vowed and protested, of course her darling should not be tormented by Cecil, nor by any of his family—Geraldine might trust her for that. Of course if Geraldine wished it, she would find her grandson the house, although that did seem unnecessary since it was not likely that he would really care to come about, in spite of his bravado, in being that no difference might be made. That had been Cecil all over. If the first thought had been to "wait the movements of the world. But even if he did wish to carry this too far, he should not be allowed to disturb his cousin's peace by doing so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Deadly Enemy.

Even common house flies have a deadly enemy—a parasite that fastens upon their bodies. Their favorite location is around the wings and the shoulders. These tiny creatures grow rapidly, and soon become so full of blood as to be perceptible to the naked eye. They soon exhaust the source of supply and leave the wretched victim little more than a shell, when it crawls away to die. Any one may discover this condition of affairs by observing that flies become dull and semi-stupid. They seem to fly heavily, and soon alight and begin brushing and scraping their bodies with their wings and feet. But to no purpose are all their efforts; for the leech never lets go. These parasites are very much worse in some seasons than in others. Occasionally there is a summer when they are very few, and one may look a long time without finding any. At other times, in certain localities, they almost sweep the flies out of existence. Such a condition is thought to be fraught with danger to the human family.

### Be On Your Guard.

One of the most perilous experiences of a young convert is in dealing with the suggestion that he is not converted. To make the suggestion is one of the favorite modes of attack used by the adversary. If he can succeed in getting a young Christian to listen to it, and to go into an analysis of the case, he is very sure of cooling that converts zeal, if not of bringing his Christian life to an end. Be on your guard against his whisperings. Instead of looking at yourselves, look at Jesus. Meet the approaches of Satan as Luther did. When the devil said to him: "You are no Christian," he replied: "Well, that's none of your business."—Michigan Advocate.

It was anything but Palm Sunday to the little boy whose mother, for the first time, substituted a slipper for her own soft and tender palm.

### Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

#### Sayings of the Children.

A bright little girl of 5 summers sat intently gazing on her grandmother's face, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, grandma how did you get so many little tufts in your face."

A 5 year old boy was holding a book in front of the baby of 8 months, and energetically giving the sounds of the letters. When asked what he was doing, he replied, "I am teaching her the sounds, so when she goes to school she won't be a tail ender."

#### The Churches.

Out in Walton, Kan., a church festival was postponed on account of a dance. It is stated that there are 103 Baptist churches in Ohio which have no Sunday schools.

The Hon. Leander J. Monks of the Indiana supreme court is a member of the Epworth League.

A long sermon, already in blank verse was the Christmas sermon of Rev. W. O. Lowe, of Sacramento, sprang on his unsuspecting flock.

#### Fair Costumes.

Modern women not only indulged in outdoor sports, but it is the correct thing to go out every day whether the weather is fair or rainy. The fashionable woman's costume for rainy weather is being re-proached. As described by the New York Herald, it is made of tweed or Scotch serge, quite short, so as to clear the ground, very simply made with coat and plain skirt, looks trim and neat and when a felt hat is worn the outfit is complete. She has heavy boots, in some cases waterproof ones made of calfskin, with cork soles, and coming high up on the ankles. Some women wear low shoes, rubbers and then garters. This last plan keeps the feet and ankles absolutely dry, but it gives an extremely clumsy appearance even to the smallest ankles. When the snow or mud is deep, skating boots are quite de rigueur. These are made of heavy leather, are laced and come far up on the calf of the leg. They have invariably broad soles and low, flat heels.

#### A Small Youth's Retort.

The pompous schoolmaster sometimes finds himself in a position which is not entirely to his taste. A great English wit, Mark Lemon, once wrote a book in which he told a chubby-faced little urchin who passed his condescending instructor upon the street without bowing. The schoolmaster stopped and frowned.

"What has become of your manners, sir?" he roared. "It seems to me that you are better fed than taught."

"Yes, sir," replied the little boy. "That's because you teaches me; but I feed myself, sir."

Over 7,000 varieties of microscopic weathells have been enumerated by naturalists.

The sea pen moves by alternately expanding and contracting the folds of its body like an earthworm.

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