

# MADE HIM WHOLE.

## PHYSICIANS RUZZLED OVER A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

### SOUTH SIDE CITIZEN GETS WELL AFTER BEING GIVEN UP TO DIE OF BLOOD POISONING.

Remarkable Story Fully Investigated by "The Dispatch" and Found to Be Absolutely True in Every Particular—Mr. Roehrig Tried the Best Famous Medical Men of Europe and America and After All Hope Had Fled Came Home and Was Cured by the Cook Remedy Company.

(Cor. Chicago Daily Dispatch.) In these days of fraud and deception it is a pleasure to find in any business concern an absolute regard for truth. Probably in no line of business has deception been practiced as in medicine. For this reason any concern which lives strictly up to its promises deserves the thanks of everybody. Such a concern is the Cook Remedy Company, which is located in suite 307 Masonic temple in this city.

The standing and reliability of this company has heretofore been favorably commented upon by the Dispatch, and just now it comes to the front with a cure so remarkable that an account of it will be found of unusual interest to the reading public. The case in question has been fully investigated by the Dispatch, and the following recital of it can be vouchsafed for as absolutely true in every particular.

### A Truly Marvellous Cure.

The case in question is that of M. Roehrig, a prosperous young German-American of 55 East Twenty-fifth street. Mr. Roehrig inherited a predisposition to skin disease. When 9 years old he suffered much from eczema, but that in time was cured. Some time ago he contracted blood poisoning. The symptoms became alarming and physician after physician was consulted. All their ministrations, however, seemed only to aggravate the disease. After almost every prominent specialist in Chicago had failed to alleviate his suffering Mr. Roehrig acted upon the advice of his parents and went to Germany for the express purpose of being treated by the most eminent physicians of Europe. At Coblenz he put himself under the treatment of Dr. Kahle and Martini, recognized by the medical profession as authorities on diseases of the skin and blood. They succeeded no better than the many Chicago doctors who had tried to cure Mr. Roehrig's awful ailment. Meantime the condition of the sufferer became simply appalling.

### They Could Not Cure Him.

When the most learned savants of Europe were found unable to benefit him Mr. Roehrig was ready to give up all hope. Relatives brought him to America to die. Resigned to that fate he came back to his Chicago home and took to his bed. He had no food, no sleep, and was covered with sores. One physician recommended the amputation of his toes, and his residence was full of boiling water and medicinal medicines prescribed by orthopedic practitioners and more modern specialists. But as he constantly grew weaker Mr. Roehrig was willing to quit. Relatives, however, insisted that he should continue and gain strength by the use of the most modern medicine. The result of their treatment was the same as before the trip to Europe.

Condition of the unfortunate sufferer at this time was pitiable. He was worse than a burden to himself but to his relatives and all who came in contact with him. It was difficult to imagine the mental and physical pain he underwent while in the throes of the disease. Death seemed imminent but he was ready to welcome it as a relief.

### Suggests Magic Cypilene.

At this time somebody suggested the use of the Cook Remedy Company. Mr. Roehrig put himself under the treatment of the Cook Remedy Company. He had made a special appeal for help. He had been treated by the best medical men of Europe and America and after all hope had fled he came home and was cured by the Cook Remedy Company.

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# STOLEN LOVE LETTERS.

The postmaster at Chelsea station had a conscience, of course. Everybody has. The public servants into whose hands the government's postal affairs are intrusted are not generally credited with being the possessors of such an inconvenient article. But the worthy official of the above-mentioned point was an exception to the rule.

An explanation of that statement may be given by telling you that not only was Silas Gardiner the distributor of the mails, but a deacon in the Baptist Church as well, so although the same conscience was composed of many ingredients that also are constituent parts of Indian rubber, and although it oftentimes became so elastic as to allow of his reading postal cards and letters not securely sealed and so forth, we may be sure that never was he guilty of such an offense without experiencing many severe twinges of that troublesome monitor.

One Thursday there came an unusual letter. The 4 o'clock mail came in bringing a letter that sent the blood surging in crimson waves over Postmaster Gardiner's face and made his heart beat against his prison like a triphammer.

It was not a very important looking letter; just a small square white envelope addressed in an even business hand, but it was the name that produced the postmaster's paroxysm of curiosity. It was no remarkable thing for Miss Millicent Darrell to be the recipient of letters, but never before had she received one so late in the evening. He held it up to the light; he put it back in box No. 13; he took it up and looked at it again, and then carefully broke the seal and removed the closely written sheets from their covering. He looked at them a few minutes as they lay there exposed to view as if wondering how he dared to be so bold. But the Rubicon was crossed; there was no retreating, and he pushed courageously forward and read Miss Millicent's letter.

The postmaster's life had always been very prosaic. He had never had a very memorable incident in his life. He had never had a very memorable incident in his life. He had never had a very memorable incident in his life.

### PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

A vast amount of humbug and black-mailing done by them.

It is a long while since the courts have dealt with the private detectives, and as a result the men who ply this particularly nefarious trade are becoming unusually prominent again in New York. They are advertising extensively, says the New York Sun, and many of the old offices, which were shut up when the crusade against them began in earnest a few years ago, have been reopened and the old shingles hung out again.

The private detectives were driven out of business by the newspapers and the strict attitude in the matter taken by the police. The work of these men is nearly always sneaking in character. They make a specialty of prying upon the jealousy or suspicions of married women, and their business is a lucrative one, because, as is generally known to the police, they almost invariably sell out to both parties. A woman who is suspicious of her husband is caught by the attractive advertisement of one of these agencies and ventures into the clutches of the manager of the concern. She wishes to have her husband shadowed, and two men are detailed to watch his movements. Shadowing is no longer profitable in New York, and is seldom resorted to by the regular police force.

If the detective succeeds in finding out one or two facts about a man that he would not care to have his wife know, he makes an arrangement with him by which all the reports submitted to her are revised by him. In other words he writes the reports, while the detectives take up some other case. Their charge is usually \$4 a day for each man who is supposed to be shadowing a victim. So it costs the wife \$8 a day for a report which her husband pretends to have written.

### Shameful Waste.

Lord-Chancellor Eldon was energetically aided in his parsimonious habits by his wife, of whom it was said that she and her daughter had but one bonnet between them. One morning, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, he ordered Bob, the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but company being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant appeared and announced that Bob was ready. "Why, bless me," cried her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon, he has got no shoes on." "Oh, yes, my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week." "Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship; "how dared you, sir, or anybody, have that pony shod without orders?" "John," continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off, and have kept them in my bureau ever since. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again; we shall be ruined at this rate!"—Argonaut.

### Too Small for Cats.

The young man from the city had been fishing. He hadn't had much luck, but it was more than he was used to, and he looked very jubilant as he strode into the farmhouse kitchen with his catch.

"What's that?" asked his host.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a few catfish."

"Mean them?" the farmer inquired, pointing with his pipestem.

"Certainly. They're not very large. But there's no doubt about their being catfish."

"Wal, mebbe they passes fur catfish out whar you come from. But here we calls them kitten fish.—Denver Tribune.

"Many a man refuses to love his neighbor as himself because he has a garden and his neighbor keeps hens.

"When a man makes a blunder he can't blame on somebody else, he decides to say nothing about it.

The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented with in Sweden.

Borrowed clothes never fit.

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### THE HINDOO SACRED RIVER.

India Disturbed by an Old Prophecy Concerning the Ganges.

The ancient prophecy to which reference has been made in this journal more than once, that the sanctity of the river Ganges will pass to the Nabada in 1894-95, has been quoted very widely by the Indian press, and is said to be creating more uneasiness than the mango-smearing. It appears that, what with indignation meetings in every part of the country to protest against the sacrifice of Indian finance to the Manchester vote, the murderous feuds of the Mohammedans and Hindoos, the criminal trials for slander which have sprung out of the missionary misrepresentations on the opium question, and the demand for the public prosecution of a leading missionary journal for insulting native religious beliefs, a wave of unrest is sweeping over the country.

Mr. Sarguch in his account of his recent travels in that country dwells at length upon the prophecy and the silent revolution which he declares to be proceeding without suspicion on the part of the British. A writer in the London Mail, on the other hand, who derives, of course, no authority from the Veda. Nor have we, after some inquiry, been able to discover a reference to it in any text belonging to the classical Sanskrit period. The earliest authentic notice has been traced no further back than the Revue Indienne, a local sacred poem in honor of the Nabada. Sixty years ago Sir Henry Sleeman mentioned it in his journal as current in the Nabada region of the Central Provinces. About the year 1880 Sir W. Wilson Phillips, a well-known authority concerning it from the Brahmins of Western India at Amadabad. The change was to take place in 1891 of the Samvat era, corresponding to 1894-95 of our era. The ceremonial cycle of the Hindoos is one of twelve years, and the bathing festivals on the Ganges have each twelfth year a special religious value. At the last of these cycle anniversaries the devotion of the populace was stimulated by the rumor that they had better take advantage of it lest the sanctity of the Ganges should depart before the next occasion arrived. Unprecedented multitudes flocked to the bathing places along its banks, and the demonstration was considered of sufficient importance to find its way into the official record of the period.—New York Evening Post.

### Recovered His Memory in Old Age.

Authentic instances of old people who have recovered lost sight, hearing or speech, or who have grown a third set of teeth or a supplementary crop of hair, are not uncommon. But cases in which perfect memory has been regained, after being impaired almost to the verge of extinction by paralysis, shock or rare, this, however has happened to William McEntee, an old man of 84, residing on North Twenty-eighth street. During the recent storm he insisted upon taking his daily walk, and in consequence was laid up with a severe cold. While sitting in his arm chair, he found himself humming an air which he had not heard since he was a boy in the emerald isle. Then he began to tell a story which the old man recalled, and to the amazement of his family he went on to recite incidents and events not only of long ago, but of more recent dates, of which, before his brief illness, he had no recollection.—Philadelphia Record.

### Logical.

Ellie—Mamma, why do they hunt lions and tigers?

Mamma—Because they kill the poor little sheep, Ellie.

Ellie (after a pause)—Then why don't they hunt the butchers, mamma?

Italian soldiers are given cigars every day but have to pay for their cigars by doing washing and all other articles.

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Italian soldiers are given cigars every day but have to pay for their cigars by doing washing and all other articles.



## All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

### DIDN'T NEED A HIRED GIRL.

Plucky Little Woman's Snappy Reply to the Crusty Old Bachelor.

There is a crusty old bachelor on Fourth street, says the Louisville Post, who is a confirmed woman hater and who never misses an opportunity for saying something sarcastic and disagreeable about the fair sex. But he met more than his match the other day in a plucky little woman who, metaphorically speaking, wiped up the earth with him, much to the delight of his friends, who were greatly amused at his discomfiture.

The old bachelor inquired why, when Eve was manufactured of a spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her. The little woman responded promptly: "Because Adam never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching, yawned out: 'Isn't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, I'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes and did everything else he ought to do. He chopped the kindling, brought in the coal and did the chores himself, and he never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates."

The little woman stopped a moment for breath and went on with renewed vigor: "And Adam never stayed out till 12 o'clock at a political meeting, hurrahing for some candidate, and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled tenpins and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries and saloons while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve didn't need a hired girl, and it is the reason that her descendants do."

She drew another breath and was about to continue, when the bachelor pulled his hat down over his eyes and sneaked away.

### THE COLLEGIAN'S STORY.

His Nurse Goes Insane and Kills Her Baby and Herself.

"Life is full of tragedy," said a middle-aged man. "I am moved to make this remark by the recollection of a story told me by my son when he was home from college on his vacation. He is at one of the Eastern colleges, which one does not matter, and he is living at a hotel. Last fall an epidemic of measles swept over the town. Nearly everybody had them, he among the number. He is 22 years old, and had them bad.

"One of the women who worked in the dining room cared for him. She was what you would call a grass widow, I suppose. Her husband had left her for some reason or another. She had a child, a weak, puny, miserable boy, and he was a great care to her. She was a quiet woman, who always seemed bowed down by the weight of her woe and was never known to smile. The doctors told her not to nurse my son for fear that she would either get the measles herself or give them to the child. However the boy had been kind to her and she said she would look after him. Things turned out just as the doctor had expected. She did carry the measles to the child. He was taken ill one afternoon and the next morning was suffering terribly. The doctor came to see the child and told her that 'he must keep him well away from me and draughts of any kind. She took the child to her room and, after looking after my boy, went up stairs.

"She locked the door and deliberately opened the window. Then she placed the child in his night clothes in the draught and let him stay there for two hours. The result was, of course, that he caught cold and died within two days. After the child was buried she came back to the house and began taking care of the other measles patients. She came down with it herself one day. The doctors, who did not know how it was the child caught such a cold, gave her the same instructions. They told her to protect herself from cold. She was left alone in her room and she locked the door again. Then she threw open both windows and sat down beside one with but very few clothes on. In two or three hours some one thought to go up and see her. The door was still locked. They broke it in and found her sitting near the window with her breast bared to the cold, raw wind, a raving maniac. She was put to bed, but she had calculated wisely. She was so thoroughly chilled that the disease took a fatal turn, and she, too, died.

"The woman," continued the middle-aged man, "didn't have nerve enough to kill herself or the child in an orthodox manner. The instructions of the doctors gave her a hint, however, and she followed it out. She killed herself and her child as surely as if she had used poison or a pistol, but it wasn't so hard to do."

### As to Advertising.

Merchant—Do you think advertising pays?

Book Agent—No, I don't.

Merchant—Why not?

Book Agent—Why not? Because it takes all the people to your store to buy goods, and I can't find anybody at home to sell a book to; that's why not.

### Comparing Notes.

"Yes, we had a trifling experience, said the returned traveler. Have you any idea how it feels to be hemmed in by icebergs?"

"I think I have," replied the other. "I once attended a five-o'clock tea in Boston."

### Were You Ever South in Summer?

It is no hotter in Tennessee, Alabama or Georgia than here, and it is positively delightful on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and West Florida. If you are looking for a location in the south go down now and see for yourself. The Louisville & Nashville road and connections will sell you to all points south for trains that start at one fare round trip. Ask your agent about it, and if he won't you excursion tickets will be at your service. General passenger agent, Louisville, Ky.

Some books are to be tolerated, and some few are to be digested.—Bacon.

Water eye, so called, is a disease of the eye which is caused by the action of water on the eye.

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### Large Heads With Small Brains.

Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham the form of the insane head is usually conical or arrow-shaped with the greatest diameter posterior to the central point of the head.

### Sells on Sight.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum? Housekeeper—Sir! "Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resonators." "What are they?" "You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a good-night kiss sounds like a cannon shot." "Give me three."—New York Weekly.

### At the Picnic.

Young Man—Miss Esmeralda, permit me to kiss those ruby lips—just once.

Young Lady—O, no, Mr. De Smith, no man has ever kissed me.

Young Man—Me either; I'll swear to it.

Yum, yum!—Texas Siftings.

### A Heartfelt Wish.

Pedestrian to beggar—I have little money to give you, because I am a poet, and what is more, my poems are not to be published until I am dead. Here's ten cents.

Beggar—Long life to yo, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

### Nothing Stingy About Her.

Mrs. Robinson has the reputation of being very stingy.

"I should say report belies her, then."

"You think so?"

"Yes, she presented her hand with twin the other day."

"A man who takes God for his guide will not have to travel in the dark."

### ALL THE STRENGTH AND VIRTUE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND PUREST OF THE GREAT MEDICINES OF THE WORLD.

Headache, obstruction of nose, discharged falling in throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; small and taste in mouth; general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases.—Write for free copy.

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