

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

The Modern Treatment Consists in Removing the Cause.

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Republican. Mrs. V. Curley who has resided in...

"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 combination—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 brashes 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 is relieve your suffering by the use of opium."

About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha 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. 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.

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, \$2.00—by addressing Dr. Williams' six boxes for \$2.50.

The temperature of the planet Neptune is believed to be about 900 degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, while that of Mercury is much too high to admit of a possibility of air-breathing animals inhabiting it.

Biologists will be used the coming season more generally than ever before. The Chicago Scale Co. are leaders for low prices on the best Wheels, as well as many other articles, and all kinds of Scales.

There are 250 women nurses in the hospitals of Japan, the head of the department being the Countess Nera, wife of Admiral Nera.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY do hereby certify 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 case of Catarrh 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 5th 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, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Mexicans eat salt with their oranges both because they prefer the fruit so seasoned and because it is considered more wholesome with it.

\$50.00 Bicycles Given Away. \$50.00

Do you want a handsome bicycle without cost to you? If so buy MOKASA or STAR coffee, in every package of which you will find a ticket, on the back of these tickets is printed a letter containing the words MOKASA COFFEE. Save these tickets until you have the letters that will spell MOKASA COFFEE, send them to us by registered letter, and we will forward you a handsome bicycle, pneumatic tire, suitable for boy or girl. Ladies or gentlemen's size furnished if desired. Write for your name and address on postcard, and we will mail you catalogue of other premiums we offer. MOKASA MFG. CO., St. Joseph, Mo.

In 1875 the price of silver was 57 1/2 pence per ounce, now it is 27 1/2 pence; copper was then 284 a ton, now it is 245; tin, which in 1885 was 295 a ton, is now 261. Tin plates have dropped 50 per cent.

The Evolution

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing in general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

The American Book Concern of New York states that it is enabled to make large dividends with conference for the benefit of superannuated preachers and widows and orphans this year to the amount of \$120,000.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." We are not sure whom the author had in mind when he wrote the above lines, but we are quite confident that it could not apply with more force to any class of people in the world than to the man who allows his wife to wash on the washboard or with some of the cheap, worthless washers that are being sold, when he has an opportunity to purchase a Rocker Washer. See advertisement in another column.

General Cook's experience of Indian affairs leads him to express the opinion that there has never been a trouble with the red men in which a white man has not been at the bottom of it.

Flin's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. Assort, 285 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 3, 1894.

There are 17,000 styles of silk goods.



APRIL FOOL STORIES.

THE ORIGIN OF Fool's day is said to have been in France by some historians, but others claim that it is a Celtic relic or Hindu custom. In the middle ages it was assumed that the fool's errand business was a take off of the sending of the hither and thither of Christ from Annes to Caliphah, from the Roman governor to Herod.

Duke Philip the Kind of Burgundy on March 31, 1498, advised his court fool that the next being All Fool's day, he must prepare for some surprise. The fool, he was a very good one, and his name was Koelling, laughed boisterously, and said: "Thy grace must not bother about a mere nothing like me; on the contrary, take care of thyself."

The duke was highly amused by Koelling's grotesque manner of speech, and proposed a bet with him, which the fool eagerly took up. These were the stipulations: If Koelling succeeded in taking in the duke, his grace was bound to fill his, Koelling's cap, with golden ducats to the brim; if, on the other hand, the fool allowed himself to be fooled by the duke, his life was to be forfeited, and his head taken off. The bet being made, the duke went at once to win it. He encouraged and coaxed Koelling in every way possible to drink, and when evening came, the court fool was so intoxicated that he had to be removed to a room hung with black, where at a table similarly draped the duke and his council were sitting. They instituted a mock trial, and after a while the duke pronounced the death sentence. Koelling acted as if he really thought he was going to die, and after taking tearful leave of all present, laid his head on the block, and told the executioner, who was present in all his bloody majesty to do his duty. The executioner swung his sword over Koelling's neck, then substituted a sausage filled with warm blood, and struck him a terrific blow across the neck, whereby the sausage skin burst, allowing the contents to flow freely over the head and face of the victim. At this moment the duke thought it was his time to laugh and so did all his counselors, but their hilarity stopped short when Koelling remained stiff and apparently lifeless in the position he had been placed in.

"Fear and terror have killed him," cried the duke, then he sent for doctors, who labored over the alleged corpse half an hour before the fool opened his eyes, and laughingly cried: "April fools all of you. Now, duke, pay what thou hast promised."

Peter the Great of Russia instituted the April fool custom quite forcibly among his people by erecting in the year 1719 an immense pile of wood and timber, garnished with tar and other ingredients, surprise they looked upon the joke as one of the good, and harmless variety, however, and went about their business without howling for the perpetrator's liver, as was the custom of the time.

After rehearsing at a glance the April jokes of the great and small men of history it may be permissible to quote one on the American press. It was in the year of our Lord, 1892, April 1, that the Berlin Tageblatt launched the most foolhardy canard of the period, a story on the alleged invention of a wonderful means of destruction for war purposes, the so-called "shooting oil," which was to take the place of powder, lead cartridges, etc.

Said the Tageblatt: "In the next war the German and allied armies will not be compelled to march into battle loaded down with tens of pounds of cartridges and a heavy rifle. Each man will have a gun scarcely two feet long and will carry his ammunition, like his liquor, in a flask. Nobody will object to carrying a flask, you know. One drop of the shooting oil will serve to exterminate as many enemies as a whole box full of cartridges, etc."

Good old April joke, wasn't it, but a New York paper nevertheless took it all in, festooned it with immense headlines and sold the story broadcast all over the country to every enterprising sheet that had money enough to buy so terrific and extraordinary a sensation. Next day the Tageblatt came out gleefully and said, "April fool," and recounted the number of journals, all great ones, in Germany and foreign lands, it had victimized.

An April fool joke played by a husband on a wife in Brooklyn last year was cruel and nearly led to a divorce. The woman in the case is noted in the society of the "Bedford section" for her cleverness. Her husband has an idea that she has not an equal in the line of practical joking. His greatest ambition is to get ahead of her in her own specialty. On the first of April last year she had made his life miserable by feeding him on bones stuffed with cotton cake, filled with sawdust, and had succeeded in making him smoke a cigar containing a strip of cloth.

They started out in the evening for a call. They boarded a horse car. He on the forward end because he was smoking. When the conductor came for her pay of course she told him that the man on front would pay. The conductor went forward. The man gave him a nickel. Then the conductor opened the door. "The lady in here says you are to pay her fare." "What lady?" replied the fend. Then taking a look into the car he continued, "I don't know any lady in there."

by firing a wooden tower on a mountain near his castle in the night from March 31 to the first day of April. The flames could be seen for miles and miles and thousands of people, Bohemians and from the neighboring province of Saxony, came to offer their services, their journey, of course, resulting like that of the Russian peasants. The count had a good laugh, that night, but when a few months later one of his best foresters caught fire and the peasants refused to help put it out on the plea that they were tired of being fooled, Uilo saw the error of his ways and promised to reform.

A week before the first of April, 1798, there appeared on all the dead walls of London the following placard: "A week from today at 12 o'clock a highly remarkable procession such as has never been seen in this metropolis, will move to Westminster Abbey. Everybody is invited."

On the day and at the time an immense crowd gathered on the streets leading to Westminster Abbey awaiting the procession and ceremony, but hours passed and their curiosity was not satisfied. Suddenly someone cried, "April fool," and then everybody recognized that he had been taken in. To the au-



"THE LITTLE FATHER HAS FOOLED YOU."

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The conductor, of course, went back. "The man in front says he don't know you." "Know me," the bright creature answered in astonishment. "Why, the man is my husband!" The conductor went forward again. "The lady says you are her husband." "Husband be blowed. Never saw her before. Don't let her fool you." It was getting interesting for the conductor. Incidentally the woman was getting excited. The car had by this time filled with people, who looked at her with suspicion. She had no money, for Brooklyn ladies never carry a pocketbook when out with their husbands. When the conductor came to her again, after collecting the other fares, he said: "Lady, he says he is not your husband and you'll have to pay your fare or get off the car. I hate to put you off, but orders is orders." A benign old gentleman across the way volunteered at this point to pay her fare. The woman resented the proposition indignantly.

"My husband is on the front platform," she said, "and is trying to play a joke on me, but I tell you he is going too far." Then she strode to the door: "Robert T—," she said, "how dare you humiliate me before all these people. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." There was no question but the woman was angry, terribly angry. It looked back for Robert. He said 10 cents into the hands of the driver and got off, or rather fell off the car. Nobody seems to know when he got home or what happened after he reached there. Robert never seemed to care to talk about how he smoothed matters over, but from a remark he dropped recently one might infer that he does not expect to eat any stuffed candy this year.

One of the most famous of practical jokes was played on Col. Hain of the Manhattan Elevated railroad a year or two ago. An advertisement appeared in nearly all the local papers, somewhat as follows: "Wanted—A device that will lessen the noise of the brakes on the wheels of elevated railroad trains. A liberal reward will be paid for the invention. Apply to Col. Hain, 71 Broadway."

The next day the approaches to Col. Hain's office fairly swarmed with all kinds of men. They were thousands of them. No elevated train ever carried so motley a crowd as insisted on seeing Col Hain that day. Of course none of them were admitted. It was tough on the well meaning individuals who devote their time to bettering the conditions of their fellow-men, but it called attention to one of the crying evils of life near elevated railroad structures.

God Rewards Generosity. A story of Rochefort is revived on the occasion of his return from exile. When Victor Hugo was in exile in Brussels, he asked Rochefort to stand godfather to his son Charles. Rochefort accepted, and in looking for a suitable present saw, in a curiosity shop window, a silver table ornament which attracted him, and which he bought, though the price was 35,000 francs. When, after 1870, Rochefort was sent to New Caledonia and his property confiscated, Victor Hugo sold the ornament for the benefit of Rochefort's family. It turned out that it was the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and it brought 200,000 francs.

It Was April 1. Jones—Well, for heaven's sake Smith, what's wrong with your feet? Smith—I can never resist kicking an old hat when I see one. I found this pair of boxing-gloves up in my boy John's room this morning, so I put them on.

Furnishings of French Country Homes. In their country houses, except in the case of hereditary estates, French women observe the utmost simplicity in furnishings. Pine and fir wood, combined with light reds—in the Vienna style—are generally used in country and seaside places, where the Parisians pass one or two months every year. Unlike the English, who live in the country and come up to town on occasions, the citizens of the French capital can with difficulty tear themselves away from their beloved city even for the six weeks of intolerably hot weather.



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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

How It Strikes a Man. Mrs. Lovesales (to her husband)—O Edgar, look at the bargains in this advertisement! Smithson has bought the whole bankrupt stock of Mulhooly's, and just to eat what he advertises: "Silks, Mulhooly's price \$9 a yard, our price 19 cents." "Lace curtains, Mulhooly's price, \$18; our price 70 cents." "Tablecloths, Mulhooly's price \$7.50; our price 61 cents." Are n't these real bargains? Her husband (meditatively)—What an awful villain Mulhooly must have been!—Truth.

What a Blessing. It is to have strong nerves, and how many are denied it. I say to whom nature has been niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor and quietude if they use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of the most nervous and restless in character, Iyapogonia, a genuine source of nerve quietude, is invariably overcome by this gentle medicine, which is also potent as a remedy for indigestion and kidney trouble and constipation.

The Young Lawyer. Brown—Is young Flyingwedge practicing law? Jones—I think not. He was admitted to the bar, but I think he's practicing economy—Vogue.

One's Cough Balsam. In the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Equal to the Occasion. Mother—Mary, that young man is too presumptuous. We shall have to sit on him. Mary—Leave that to me, ma. I'll attend to it the next time he comes.—Tid-Bits.

"Manson's Magic Corn Salva." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The Difference. Customer—What is the difference between this pair of shoes you are showing me and the \$3 shoes that I see advertised so much? Forgetful Salesman—Four dollars.—Somerville Journal.

If the Baby is Crying Treen. As sure and sure that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

At Ouchak, one of the Turkish centers of carpet weaving, there is no such thing as a factory. All the work is done in private houses.

Cures ST. JACOBS OIL Cures. Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, All Aches, Neuralgia, Bruises, Soreness, Stiffness, Sciatica, Burns, Headache, Cuts, Hurts, Lumbago, Wounds, Backache, Frost-bites.

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