WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.

Fast Living—[illegible]ng—Hard Drinking—Poor [illegible] Jealousy—Political [illegible] Passions [illegible] Money.

The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded. The average of life in the United States is decreasing every year. Sudden deaths from nervous collapse among our business, professional and public men are so frequent as scarcely to excite remark. The majority of suicides, committed without apparent reason, or under so-called "depression of spirits," are really prompted by nervous prostration, which is a fruitful source of insanity and crime with all their grief and horror.

These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty.

Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success. So we burn life's candle at both ends and fill the lunatic asylums and the graveyards.

The disease from which we suffer and die is, in plain English, *Nervous Dyspepsia*, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is *literally starved*; even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Nervous prostration sends out its warnings:—headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; eructations; bad breath; foul mucous on the teeth; occasional giddiness; palpitation of the heart; sallowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and ambition.

The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case, and the use of *Shaker Extract of Roots* (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring their tone and vigor, promoting the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood.

Upon the nervous system *Shaker Extract* (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition.

It is safe to say more nervous dyspeptics have been restored by it from the depths of misery to a fresh enjoyment of life and labor than by any or all other forms of treatment combined.

SOLDIERS' CEMETERY.

THE UNION DEAD THAT WERE BURIED AT ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

An Explanation Concerning the Death Register—Beautiful Appearance of the Cemetery—Graves of the Unidentified. The Rows of Tombstones.

Let us turn to the cemetery. This is situated about half a mile northeast of the station at Andersonville, and comprises about twenty-four acres of beautifully undulating grounds, with many natural features not to be found in the spot from which we have just turned. The appearance of the cemetery has been entirely changed since war days. Then it was but a rude field. The dead were buried in trenches seven feet wide, four feet deep and from fifty to 150 yards long. No coffins were used, but the twisted, emaciated forms of the dead prisoners were laid side by side, and at the head of each was driven a little stake, on which was painted a number corresponding to the number of the body on the death register. The cemetery was a direful necessity, and no extra pains were taken with it. Not before June, 1865, was any step taken toward inclosing the ground and marking the graves so that they could be identified in the future.

A word of explanation respecting the death register is perhaps necessary that the reader may see why only 921 out of 12,703 lack identification. When a prisoner died his comrades reported to the registrar of the dead, a prisoner appointed for that purpose, near the wicket at the south gate. The registrar recorded the name, state, regiment, company, rank and date of death of the dead man and assigned him a number. Thus each corpse was numbered, and as they were carried out in the dead wagon for burial care was taken to inter the bodies in order and mark each with a numbered stake. All this was done by prisoners detailed for that work, and hence the care that was exercised.

IDENTIFYING THE GRAVES.

Thus, when James B. Moore, assistant quartermaster United States army, was appointed to care temporarily for the dead at Andersonville, he had no difficulty with the aid of the registry that had been kept in identifying most of the graves. With a force of several hundred men he proceeded to lay out walks, fence in the grounds and mark the graves with painted head boards. About 120,000 feet of pine boards were thus used. Of course, some stakes had been removed and some directions on the registry were imperfect; but the care that was taken is a credit to those who had the matter in charge.

The work then begun so timely has since been untiringly kept up. The cemetery now presents a beautiful appearance. The grounds are nicely laid out and neatly kept. The whole is inclosed by a brick wall about five and a half feet high, the plainness of the wall being relieved by neatly constructed twenty foot panels, which are supported by square pilasters, the pilasters being carried above the top course of the wall. The fine iron gates are always open to visitors, who flock to the place by hundreds.

From the center of a diamond shaped plat rises a flag staff on which the stars and stripes are to be seen flying from sunrise to sunset, except in inclement weather. Near by are stationed a couple of cannon, mounted on stone bases. From this point radiate four finely kept avenues, about twenty feet wide; parallel rows of large water oaks cast on them an abundant shade; brick gutters on either side keep them well drained. The four sections of the cemetery are also well shaded and beautifully adorned with shrubs and foliage plants.

ROWS OF TOMBSTONES.

The graves, of course, are as they were first formed. The painted head boards that Mr. Moore erected have been taken away and burned, and substantial white marble slabs have been erected in their places. These stones are of two kinds, but those of each kind are uniform. Here and there, indeed, are stones that have been furnished by the family of the dead, but the majority are of the uniform make, furnished by the government.

For the graves of identified soldiers the tombstones are flat, polished slabs, three feet long, one-half being under ground, four inches thick and twelve inches wide. On the face side is a raised shield, and on this is recorded the number, name, rank and state of him who sleeps below. This is neat, and of course somewhat monotonous, but it is the best a generous minded public could do. For the unknown soldiers the stones are four inches square and project only five inches above ground. The rows of graves are about ten or twelve feet apart. Everything is so neatly cared for, the spot is so replete with memories, the symmetrical rows of tombstones are so symbolic of a similar cause and an equal fate, the pleasant grounds are so shady and quiet that one feels the scene deeply impressive. Here and there, too, are found cast tablets—there are some twenty-five of them altogether—bearing suitable inscriptions. Many of these are extremely beautiful, bringing to the visitor's mind the dignity, heroism and suffering of the fallen soldiers.—Cor. Chicago Times.

Gathering Spruce Gum.

Spruce gum is obtained in the forests of Canada, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The gum gatherers go many miles into the forest, erect rude cabins, and each one remains until he has gathered 100 pounds. He carries it home, where the women and children clean it from all its impurities, such as bark, twigs, and other foreign substances, and sort it into the different grades, all of which are known to the youngest child in the business. It is a big day's work for a woman to clean and sort ten pounds. While the household is cleaning his collection the gum gatherer returns to the woods and works until he has another batch, and getting it is not easy or rapid work. The gatherers go through the woods looking at the virgin spruces. When the gum that forms on the outside of the trees is once removed the tree will never again yield enough to make it worth the while of the gatherer to visit it. So he must hunt out the trees that have escaped the notice of his class during all the years the woods have been searched by them.

The gum gatherer carries a stout pole which is in sections like a jointed fishing rod. At one end of the pole a chisel is fitted snugly to the wood. Beneath the chisel is a cup holding half a pint. When the gatherer discovers a mass of gum on a tree, no matter how high it may be, he runs his chisel up against it and cuts it off when it falls into the cup. It is then placed in an oiled bag slung across the back of the gatherer. So slow is the accumulation by the collector, ordinarily, that he considers himself fortunate if he gathers 100 pounds a month.—New York Sun.

A Great Combination.

A large brass chicken in the shape of an inkstand is the latest novelty. The boarding house keepers are experimenting with them to ascertain if the shadow of one of these will not make as rich chicken soup as a photograph from the original hen does. This would enable them to combine business and ornament in great shape.—Dansville Breeze.