L P Fisher

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The Grant County News.

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This is a FIRST CLASS Hotel, and the proprietor desires to inform the public that here they will receive the best of board and lodging at reasonable rates.

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Chas. Smith, prop'r.
A Full Stock of the Purest of Wines and Liquors.
The Best cigars in the Market.
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HOW DO WE DIG OUR GRAVES?

We must eat or we cannot live. This we all know. But do we all know that we die by eating? It is said we dig our graves with our teeth. How foolish this sounds. Yet it is fearfully true. We are terrified at the approach of the cholera and yellow fever, yet there is a disease constantly at our doors and in our houses more dangerous and destructive. Most people have in their own stomachs a poison, more slow, but quite as fatal as the germs of those maladies which sweep men into eternity by thousands with all warning in the times of great epidemics. But it is a mercy that, if we are watchful, we can feel when we are threatened. The following are among the symptoms, yet they do not always necessarily appear in the same order, nor are they always the same in different cases. There is a dull and sleepy feeling; a bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning; the appetite is clear sometimes poor and again it seems as though the patient could not eat enough, and occasionally no appetite at all; dullness and sleepiness of the mind; no ambition to study or work; more or less headache and heaviness in the head, dizziness on rising to the feet or walking quickly; furred and coated tongue; a sense of a load on the stomach that nothing removes; hot and dry skin at times; yellow tinge in the eyes; scanty and high-colored urine; sour taste in the mouth, frequently attended by palpitation of the heart; impaired vision, with spots that seem to be swimming in the air before the eyes; a cough, with a greenish-colored expectoration; poor nights' rest; a sinking sense about the teeth and gums, hands and feet cold and clammy, irritable temper and bowels loose one and costive. This disease has puzzled the physicians and still puzzles them. It is the cause of many ailments and yet the most complicated and mysterious. Sometimes it is treated as consumption, sometimes as liver complaint, and then again as malaria and even heart disease. But the real nature is that a constipation of the digestive organs and soon affects all the others through the corrupted and poisoned blood. Often the whole body—including the nervous system—is *literally poisoned*, even when there is a conclusion to tell the sad story.

Experience has shown that there is but one remedy that can control, cure this disease in all its stages, namely, Shaker Extract of Roots or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It never fails but, never the less, no time should be lost in trying other so-called remedies, for they will do no good. Get this great vegetable preparation, discovered by a venerable nurse whose name is a household word in Germany) and be sure to get the genuine article.

CURED BY SEVEN DOCTORS.

Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup has raised me to good health after seven doctors had given me up to die with consumption.—So writes R. F. Grace, Kirkmanville, Todd Co. Ky.

HE HEARD OF IT JUST IN TIME.

"I had been about given up to die with dyspepsia when I first saw the advertisement of Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup. After using four bottles I was able to attend to my business as well as ever. I know of several cases of chills and fever that have been cured by it." So writes Mr. Thos. Pullum, of Taylor, Geneva Co., Ala.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD A BOTTLE.

Mr. Thomas P. Evans, of the firm of Evans & Bro., Merchants, Hornstown, Accomack Co., Va., writes that he had been sick with digestive disorders for many years and had tried many physicians and medicine without benefit. He began to use Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup about the 1st of Jan. 1887, and was so much better in three weeks that he considered himself practically a well man. He adds: "I have at this time one bottle on hand, and if I could not get any more *I would not take a ten dollar bill for it.*"

All druggists, or Address A. J. White, Limited 54 Warren St. N. Y.

CONSUMPTIVE
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. A few continued use of this remedy will break all colds, loosen the most obstinate Cough, Heal Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Inward Pains, Exhaustion, Dyspepsia, Female Weakness, and all pains and diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. 50c. at Druggists.

KIDNEY CURE
PARKER'S KIDNEY CURE
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Restores and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Inward Pains, Exhaustion.

An Ether Phantasy.

I wonder whether I would have the nerve to face the ordeal coolly. Any man who is not a poltroon can find the courage to fight when he is in danger and excited, but a surgical operation, with all its calm, ghastly preparations, is another matter. To get on a table, lie down, and take ether with the knowledge that you are going to be carved, and aware that you have an even chance of never waking up again—that calls for pluck of a different order. At least I thought so and suffered from a great fear that I might make a humiliating exhibition of myself.

I found, though, that, like one who is going to be hanged, I was anxious to have it over, and hastened things by helping the doctors to move and arrange the operating table. Indeed I rebuked quite a querulously one who was a little late in coming.

"Thank God," I said to myself when I was stretched on my back with the ether funnel over my mouth and nostrils. At last the one thing that had made my life hideous was to be put to the sword. The thing was presumably to my mind at the moment as a personal enemy, and the thought that if I lived it must perish, gave me a glow of revengeful satisfaction.

That first inhalation of ether went into my lungs like peppermint, and I thought on coming. After the third or fourth I opened the physician's hand and experienced a desire to sit up and propose ether all around.

"Doctor," I said from under the paper cone, "that is delightful; it's as good as champagne."

Whiz, whir, whir!

"Good God, doctor, this is most extraordinary. Here, here, here, here! This won't do at all! Tip-tap-tap tap! Why, confound you, I'll knock your head off! Bir-r-r, bir-r! Whir, whir, whir—r-r-rip. Let go, you scoundrel! You won't? Murder me, would you? Bir-r, bir-r! Ha, ha, ha!"

I came to consciousness in my coffin. The darkness was black and so thick that to breathle it stifled me. The weight of six feet of earth pressed on my breast. Although the coffin lid was between me and this mass, I panted under the crushing pressure. The great burn coldly through my skin, and blood rushed in a flood to my brain, and it oozed from my eyes and ears. Each heart-beat led to its very end. I felt that in an instant I should go mad and lie there in my rotting person shrieking, foaming and gnashing my teeth, but held from movement by the walls of wood and earth. If I could turn and try to lift the lid and the filled grave with my back, perhaps there might be one chance in a million that the frenzied strength of despair would prevail.

Time! As well seek to fly. The lid was within an inch of my chest; my chin touched it. My hands were by my sides and there was no room to move them. My fingers and toes answered to my will and I could tell my head side to side. That was all.

To be a raging maniac in a bare stone cell—that would be freedom, happiness. But this!

Hissings and flashings of dazzling light within my brain warned me. It was better to live still and die by suffocation than to go mad and perish in a hurricane of impotent agony.

It would soon be over. The air in the coffin, already hot, humid and sickening with the odors of decay, could not last long.

So I composed myself, closed my eyes, and all my consciousness was centered on the one purpose of keeping an iron clutch upon my will. Every other thought, whether of life or death self of those I loved, I held at bay.

But it rebutted out of memory a long, tunnel like hall of stone, in which I had once sat grieving for a friend. It was very dark—dark as this grave in which I lay manacled, shackled and clinching my teeth till they cracked. This tunnel-like hall was in the cemetery where now I was buried. While I sat, my elbow upon a little table and my head upon my hand, far away at the end of the strange tunnel a bright blue electric spark appeared for an instant like a minute star, and there came a faint ringing. Twice this flash and sound was repeated, and then all was as before, dark, damp, silent and sad.

In my coffin I understood, and a torrent of horror swept through and over me. My friend had been interred living, and sent this appeal from the tomb for succor. And I had sat there dumb and actionless, while he, whom I loved, had lain and faced the death that I was facing now! Oh, horrible, horrible!

I beat my temples on the coffin's sides in an ecstacy of remorse. Such dullness deserved thus to die.

Some one must always be on watch in that cavern, ready to spring to the rescue of such poor buried wretches who touched the electric button, with which I remembered, every coffin is privided.

There was hope then. They could dig me out before life was wholly gone.

I knew where the button was—just under the lid, above my left shoulder. my hands could not be lifted; my head was beyond it. I would raise my shoulder and press the button. Of course it would be easy enough. Those who arranged such things knew what they were about.

I raised my shoulder.

God in heaven!

The button was beyond its reach.

I must not go mad. Life was within two inches of me. If I could turn the right shoulder in coming I would certainly brush the button.

But turning was impossible.

No, it was not impossible. I would turn it every bone in my body went to splinters.

The lid—oh, curse that lid with the world's weight upon it! A living demon must be holding it against my shoulder to keep it from that button which would ring away the darkness the torment and the grave. Forty men could not altogether have this splendid, furious strength with which I struggle, slowly turned. Crack bone! Break flesh! Tear blood vessels! Tissue fighting! I—

"Well, sir, how are you feeling?"

"Here, doctor! Haven't you begun the—"

"It's all over, my boy, and as pretty a job as I ever did in my life."

Then a warm, soft, loving hand took mine. The mists gathered, but through them finally I saw her face, and sank into slumber content.

An Honest Judge.

A Texas man met a friend from the country on the street. "How do you come on?" exclaimed the former. "When I last heard of you, you had a lawsuit on hand with Tom Smith about a fine horse. How did that end?"

"I won it. I completely got away with Tom. You see the jurisdictor was the most honest man in the world, so I wrote him a note asking him to accept the enclosed $50 fee."

"I should think the judge would have ruled against you for trying to bribe him."

"So he would if I had not been careful to sign Tom Smith's name instead of my own. I tell you there are several ways of killing a dog other than choking him to death with liver."

A Little Off.

A Germain professor was remarkably absent-minded. Whenever he was very busily engaged in his studio solving some obtruse problem, his wife was in the habit of bringing him his dinner. His favorite dish was pancakes and molasses. One day his wife brought him a large pancake and a jug of molasses, and went down into the kitchen. Pretty soon she heard ring the bell.

"Why is it, Gretchen, that you bring me nothing to eat except molasses?" asked the absent-minded professor.

"Ach Himmel!" exclaimed the wife, "you have tucked the pancake around your neck thinking it was the knapkin."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
d&Omo 181 Pearl st., New York.

Grant Co. News.

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James Anthony Froude on Nihilism.

The historian Froude, now in this country, says on the subject of Nihilism: In all countries there are disaffected members, and the Nihilists of Russia are what the dynamiters are in England. War would only divert the people from the doctrines of the cause. As long as there is a standing army of 2,000,000 men in Russia the Russian has but little hope for constitutional government. This force will always check any outbreak. This immense amount of soldiers is so distributed as to dispel any idea of a successful Nihilistic uprising. Besides, the disaffection is not so great as is supposed. The Russian country districts have as good a local self government as there exists in the world. It is practically democracy. There local affairs are all left to their own administration. The effect of this is to implant principles of independence and liberty in the people, which may eventually result in bringing about some change in the general government. But this can never take place while an army equal to that of Xerxes stands ready for action at the nod of an autocrat.

Jay Gould Resorts to a Straddle.

An amusing incident occurred at the fair given this week at the New York Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the Saleswomen's Hospital. When Jay Gould came in all the ladies made a rush for him, soliciting his subscription to chances for chairs, paintings, books, pictures, needlework, etc. Mr. Gould subscribed to everything most liberally. When he came to a book containing autographic fac similes of letters from Washington and others, to be presented to President Cleveland or ex-President Arthur, according to which one should get the most votes, Mr. Gould found the vote at that moment stood a tie. After some little hesitation as to which of the two he should vote for, he finally decided to give ten votes to each, and handed his money to the fair canvasser of votes, who said archly: "Mr. Gould, in Wall street they would call such a vote a straddle, would they not?" Mr. Gould laughed heartily, as did every one who heard the young lady's words.—Philadelphia North American.

The Kind Debtor.

A merchant who had repeatedly dunned a man, sent him a bill of the amount due. In addition to the necessary rule and figure work, the merchant added the following: "I am becoming tired of the indifference with which you treat this matter, and I desire to hear from this bill at once." Several days afterwards the merchant received the following written on a postal card: "Accept my thanks for the bill which you were kind enough to send. I have never troubled you about the matter. When I owe a man it is my disposition to treat him kindly, but firmly. I never hang around him. Well, whenever you haven't anything else to do, send me another bill."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Sinful Strain.

Mrs. Spilkins, a fashionable Austin lady, was very much shocked last Sunday afternoon by the strains of some parade air that came from a piano in the adjoining house. She remarked:—

"How wicked it is to play such music on Sunday."

"Why, that is the identically same tune I heard in church last Sunday," said Col. Spilkins.

"That's a different thing. We were all dressed up and in church then."—Sittings.

Things Taken Out of Season.

Why in the world we enjoy things out of their season is one of the mysteries of life. Just because they are out of season probably, and so chime in with the general contrariness of our nature. But what a mistake it is! Who that revels in jacqueminot roses and strawberries now will enjoy them in all their "true inwardness" when they really belong here? Where is the pleasure of watching each opening leaf and bud when already our whole being is satisfied with the perfect flower? It is just like only different seeing the end of a play before the curtain draws up, or knowing the catastrophe of a tale before the first chapter is read.—[N. Y. Express.

Eating and Working.

"Do you know," said M. Alphonse Daudet, the most popular of living French novelists, to an interviewer recently, "that when I wrote the 'Nabob' I worked twenty hours every day. One becomes interested with work, and I found that my digestion was much better if I ate while I worked. I always took my meals to my writing table, and the result was invariably satisfactory. You know that if you go to bed immediately after eating, the digestion will ache, my flesh itself during sleep. The same with writing. I commence immediately after you have swallowed your food. Don't wait for digestion, or you will feel heavy and incapable. I can assure you that this physiological law has been a veritable godsend to me."

How Children Are Pulled South.

A gentleman who came through Lancaster County, S. C., recently found in his route a very pretty little girl, about six years of age, harnessed with a rope to a light guano distributer, and very contentedly plodding along with it, while a sister, about three years old, managed the machine, the two doing the work of a full hand. They were asked why they did not change places, when the smallest explained that she was too little to reach the handles. Both were cheerful and happy and interested in their work, and their father, who was plowing in the same field, kept a paternal eye on them.—[New York Times.

public executioner of England an named Berry, consequently follow the barbarous system of ing criminals before they die.