

WHY OUR NERVES PLAY OUT.

An Analysis of the Conditions which
are Responsible for it.

Wonderfully Good Results from the Famous Pink
Pills—Brain Wear Checked—Testimony as
to Their Merits which Commands
Attention.

They are Richer Food for Blood and Nerves than
Quantities of Beef and Bread.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

The prevalent maladies of diminution of the vital powers, undue physical fatigue and mental exhaustion, are to-day engaging the careful attention of the most eminent pathologists. Their prevalence is ascribed to poisoning through alcoholic drinks, opium tainted and adulterated foods, contaminated water, the vitiated atmosphere of towns, the continuous jar and rumble of railroad trains, the flashing of electric lights, the clangor of street cars, the jingling of telephone bells, the vertigo-producing effects of lofty buildings and swift elevators, the perpetual noises and shifting sights of city streets, all the constant activities, the simplest of which involve an effort of the nervous system and a wearing of tissue.

A German author in a recently published work calls attention to these numerous influences that beset the end of the century and points out that the enormous increase in nervous expenditure has not and can not have a corresponding increase of supply in the food we eat. Even if we had the choicest food in the greatest abundance it could do nothing toward helping us, for we would be incapable of digesting it. Our stomachs can not keep pace with the brain and nervous system. The latter demand much more than the former are able to furnish and as the inevitable consequence then comes disaster. The strongest may keep up but the weaker fall by the way. Mankind has become fatigued and exhausted and this fatigue and exhaustion make themselves manifest in the increase of nervous disorders, including such new affections as the "railway brain" and "railway spine," the increase of heart disease, the prevalence of precocious dental decay and baldness, of nearsightedness and deafness and premature old age. To counteract the incessant strain on the nerves and to replenish the wear and tear on the brain caused by every line we read or write, every face we see, every conversation we carry on, every scene we perceive, every noise we hear, every impression we receive is precisely the province of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are designed to fill the void in the nourishment of the nerves and brain that no amount of choicest food can fill. In a concentrated form is infinitely richer food for the blood, and the blood is the life of the nerves, than in vast quantities of beef and bread.

It is generally agreed that a man's physical condition is dependent, to a great degree, upon the nature of his employment. Men whose occupation necessitates the constant use of the brain, without any opportunity for physical exercise, are generally nervous, while men employed at manual labor requiring no exercise of the brain function, are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional pianist, and who was, until within recent years, a drugist. Professor Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan Street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played at some of the most popular music halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the nervous tension of his work at the piano. He has lost to play continuously for several hours during every evening for five

years, and his nervous system finally gave way under the strain. He was forced to retire from regular work at the piano, but that did not have the effect of improving his condition. Upon the contrary, he steadily grew worse. His nerves had been shattered, and in addition he discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his having been exposed to counter draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His condition soon became such that he was confined to his home, and finally gave himself over to the care of a physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a drugist had given him an acquaintance with diseases and their remedies, so he had a full knowledge of just what was necessary on his part to effect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treatment by the physician," said Mr. Coleman, "I could notice no improvement in my condition. If anything, I think I was considerably worse. The action of my lungs had become so weak that I was afraid to walk any distance unaided for fear of falling, through loss of respiration. My nervousness had advanced to an alarming stage. I was not able to contain myself for even a short time, but had always to be fumbling with something or moving nervously about the room. It was while I was in this condition that I noticed in a paper an article on Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to try them, even though they killed me. Well, they didn't kill me, but I'm not going to tell you that they cured me immediately, my case was much too serious for that. But I had not taken a full box before I felt a great relief. My respiration was more certain, I was gradually regaining control of my nerves and my condition was generally improved. I kept right on taking the pills and getting well. Now I had taken just three boxes of them when I considered myself a cured man. And I was right, for although I quit taking the pills I did not relapse into my former condition, but grew stronger daily."

"It was truly a marvelous cure, and I will say that I think Williams' Pills possess remarkable curative properties, and I would recommend them to the use of the thousands of people of this city who are nervous wrecks, or who are suffering from diseases of the lungs."

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Diseases which heretofore have been supposed to be incurable, such as locomotor ataxia and paralysis succumb to this wonderful medicine as readily as the most trifling ailments. In many cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner, and in no case has the least semblance of fraud been discovered. Their fame has spread to the far side of civilization and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



"But I can answer for him," said Mrs. Brant, rising with a quivering voice and curling lip. "There is no sympathy between us. We are as far apart as the poles. We have nothing in common—but the house, and his name."

"But you are husband and wife—bound together by a sacred compact!" "A compact!" echoed Mrs. Brant, with a bitter laugh. "Yes! the compact that binds South Carolina to the nigger worshipping Massachusetts! The compact that links together white and black, the gentleman and the trader—the planter and the poor white—the compact of those United States!—Bah—that has been broken and so can this!"

Clarence's face paled. But before he could speak there was a rapid clattering at the gate and a dismounted vaquero entered excitedly. Turning to Mrs. Brant, he said, hurriedly:

"Mother of God! the Casa is surrounded by a rabble of mounted men, and there is one among them even now who demands admittance in the name of the law."

"This is your work," said Brooks, facing Clarence furiously, "you have brought them with you, but, by God, they shall not have you!" He would have clutched Clarence, but the powerful arm of Judge Beeswinger intervened. Nevertheless, he still struggled to reach Clarence, appealing to the others. "Are you fools to stand there and let him triumph! Don't you see the cowardly Yankee trick he's played upon us?"

"He has not," said Mrs. Brant, haughtily. "I have no reason to love him or his friends—but I know he does not lie."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" implored Col. Starbottle, with bearing and unctuous persuasion, "may I—er—remark—that all this is far from the question. Are we to be alarmed because an awkward rabble, no matter whence they come, demand entrance here in the name of the law? I am not aware of any law in the state of California that we are infringing. By all means—admit them."

The gate was thrown open. A single, thick-set man, apparently unarmed and dressed like an ordinary traveler, followed by half a dozen others equally unpretentious-looking men, entered. The leader turned to the balcony.

"I am the chief of police of San Francisco. I have warrants for the arrest of Col. Culpepper Starbottle, Joshua Brooks, Capt. Pinckney, Clarence Brant and Alice, his wife, and others charged with exciting to riot and unlawful practice calculated to disturb the peace of the state of California and its relations with the federal government," said the leader in a dry, official voice.

Clarence started. In spite of its monotonous utterance it was the voice of the red-bearded controversialist of the stage coach. But where was his characteristic beard and hair? Involuntarily Clarence glanced at Judge Beeswinger; that gentleman was quietly regarding the stranger with an impassive face that betrayed no recognition whatever.

"But the city of San Francisco has no jurisdiction here," said Capt. Starbottle, turning a bland smile towards his fellow members. "I am—er—sorry to inform you that you are simply trespassing, sir."

"I am here also as deputy sheriff," returned the stranger, coolly. "We were unable to locate the precise place of this meeting, although we knew of its existence. I was sworn in this morning at Santa Cruz by the judge of this district, and these gentlemen with me are my posse."

There was a quick movement of resistance by the members, which was, however, again waved blandly aside by Col. Starbottle. Leaning forward in a slightly forensic attitude with his fingers on the table, and a shirt frill that seemed to have become of itself erectile, he said with pained but polite precision:

"I grieve to have to state, sir, that even that position is utterly untenable here. I am a lawyer myself—as my friend here—Judge Beeswinger—eh?—I beg your pardon!"

The officer of the law had momentarily started, with his eyes fixed on Judge Beeswinger, who, however, seemed to be quietly writing at the table.

"As Judge Beeswinger," continued Col. Starbottle, "will probably tell you—and, as a jurist himself, he will also probably agree with me when I also inform you—that as the United States government is an aggrieved party, it is a matter of the federal courts to prosecute, and that the only officer we can recognize is the United States marshal for the district. When I add that the marshal, Col. Crackenthorpe, is one of my oldest friends, and an active sympathizer with the south in the present struggle, you will understand that any action from him in this matter is exceedingly improbable."

The general murmur of laughter, relief and approval was broken by the quiet voice of Judge Beeswinger.

"Let me see your warrant, Mr. Deputy Sheriff."

The officer approached him with a slightly perplexed and constrained air and exhibited the paper.

Judge Beeswinger handed it back to him.

"Col. Starbottle is quite right in his contention," he said, quietly; "the only officer that this assembly can recognize is the United States marshal or his legal deputy. But Col. Starbottle is wrong in his supposition that Col. Crackenthorpe still retains the functions of that office. He was removed by the president of the United States, and his successor was appointed and sworn in by the federal judge early this morning."

He paused, and folding up the paper on which he had been writing, placed it in the hands of the deputy. "And this," he continued, in the same even voice, "constitutes you his deputy, and will enable you to carry out your duty in coming here."

"What the devil does this mean, sir? Who are you?" gasped Col. Starbottle, recoiling suddenly from the man at his side.

"I am the new United States marshal for the southern district of California."

CHAPTER III.

Unsuspected and astounding as the revelation was to Clarence, its strange reception by the conspirators seemed to him astounding. He had started forward, half expecting that the complacent, self-confessed spy would be intimidated by his infuriated dupe. But to his surprise the shock seemed to have changed their natures and given them the dignity they had lacked.

The excitability, irritation and recklessness which had previously characterized them had disappeared. The deputy and his posse, who had advanced to the assistance of their revealed chief, met with no resistance. They had evidently, as if with one accord, drawn away from Judge Beeswinger, leaving a cleared space around him, and regarded their captors with sullen, contemptuous silence. It was only broken by Col. Starbottle:

"Your duty commands you, sir, to use all possible diligence in bringing us before the federal judge of this district. Unless your master in Washington has violated the constitution so far as to remove him, too!"

"I understand you perfectly," returned Judge Beeswinger, with unchanged composure, "and as you know that Judge Wilson unfortunately cannot be removed except through regular cause of impeachment, I suppose you may still count upon his southern sympathies to befriend you. With that I have nothing to say; my duty is complete when my deputy has brought you before him, and I have stated the circumstances of the arrest."

"I congratulate you, sir," said Capt. Pinckney, with an ironical salute, "in your prompt reward for your treachery to the south, and your equally prompt adoption of the peculiar tactics of your friends in the way in which you have entered this house."

"I am sorry I cannot congratulate you, sir," returned Judge Beeswinger, gravely, "on breaking your oath to the government that has educated and supported you, and has given you the epaulettes you disgrace. Nor shall I discuss 'treachery' with the man who has not only violated the trust of his country but even the integrity of his friend's household. It is for that reason that I withhold the action of this warrant in so far as it affects the person of the master and mistress of this house. I am satisfied that Mr. Brant has been as ignorant of what has been done here as I am that his wife has been only the foolish dupe of a double traitor."

"Silence!" The words broke simultaneously from the lips of Clarence and Capt. Pinckney. They stood staring at each other—the one pale, the other crimson—as Mrs. Brant, apparently oblivious of the significance of their united adjuration, turned to Judge Beeswinger in the fury of her still stifled rage and mortification.

"Keep your mercy for your fellow spy," she said with a contemptuous gesture towards her husband, "I go with these gentlemen!" "You will not," said Clarence, quietly, until I have said a word to you alone."

He laid his hand firmly upon her wrist.

The deputy and his prisoners filed slowly out of the courtyard together, the latter courteously saluting Mrs. Brant as they passed, but turning from Judge Beeswinger in contemptuous silence. The latter followed them to the gate, but there he paused.

Turning to Mrs. Brant, who was still half struggling in the strong grip of her husband, he said:

"Any compunction I may have had in misleading you by accepting your in-

itation here, I dismissed after I had entered this house! And I trust," he added, turning to Clarence, sternly, "I leave you master of it!"

As the gate closed behind him, Clarence locked it. As his wife turned upon him angrily, he said, quietly: "I have no intention of restraining your liberty a moment after our interview is over. But until then I do not intend to be disturbed."

She threw herself disdainfully back in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, in half contemptuous resignation, with her eyes upon her long, slim, arched feet crossed before her. Even in her attitude there was something of her old fascination which, however, now seemed to sting Clarence to the quick.

"I have nothing to say to you in regard to what has just passed in this house, except that as long as I remain even nominally as its master, it shall not be repeated. Although I shall no longer attempt to influence or control your political sympathies, I shall not allow you to indulge them where in any way they seem to imply my sanction. But so little do I suppose your liberty that you are free to rejoin your political companions whenever you choose to do so on your own responsibility. But I must first know from your own lips that your sympathies are purely political—or a name for something else."

She had alternately flushed and paled although still keeping her scornful attitude as he went on, but there was no mistaking the genuineness of her vague wonderment at his concluding words. "I don't understand you," she said, lifting her eyes to his in a moment of cold curiosity. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? What did Judge Beeswinger mean when he called Capt. Pinckney a double traitor?" he said, roughly.

She sprang to her feet with flashing eyes.

(To be continued.)

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