

CURED OF PARALYSIS

Carlos F. Shepard, a Member of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, is About Once More.

A Case of Weighty Interest to Anyone Suffering With Nervous Complaints, for the Patient was Cured by "Feeding" the Nerves. This is a New Term in Medicine.

From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.

One of the best known men about the Indianapolis Board of Trade is Carlos F. Shepard, who for several years has been connected with the house of H. E. Kinsey, grain broker. Mr. Shepard is a bluff, hearty, old gentleman of medium height, gray-headed and with a mustache like a French veteran. He is a man of very decided views on all subjects and is especially orthodox in politics and medicine. Notwithstanding his firmness in his convictions and the vigor with which he maintains them he is a man of many friends for many men, even though sometimes obstinate in their opinions, have the force of character that win admiration and friendship.

So a few months ago when the news came to his old associates on the Board of Trade that Mr. Shepard had received a stroke of paralysis and that the probabilities were that his days of usefulness were over, and that perhaps, his hours were numbered, the deepest sympathy went out to the stricken man and his family. It seemed to all his friends almost impossible that this rugged old man, always so wholesomely hearty and cheerful, always a picture of health for

with the aid of a cane. About home I do not use a cane now but when I come out on the slippery pavements I feel that I need a little support to make my footing sure. "I am still using Williams' Pink Pills, but I have reduced the dose to one after each meal. It seems that I have been able to throw some discredit on the predictions of my doctors thanks to the pills. They said I could never walk again but here I am, and I think the credit must be given to the pills. It is said the pills are stimulating, but I cannot say that they give me any sensations that I am aware of. They merely cure and that is quite enough for me.

"Since I have been out I have been a walking advertisement for Williams' Pink Pills. I suppose I have recommended them to at least a hundred persons. What! You want to print all this? Why, my dear sir, I never gave a recommendation to any proprietary medicine before in my life. Perhaps it may not be a bad thing to do this time if it will help any sufferer to regain health and bodily activity."

Carlos F. Shepard has been a resident of Indianapolis for over twenty years. He lives at No. 720 East Ohio Street. He has always been an active, enterprising man and his many friends rejoice that he has literally been put upon his feet again. He is not only well-known locally but to grain shippers all over Indiana and Illinois.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general weakness, nervousness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, soreness of head or feet, swelling of the feet and hands, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhoea, neuralgia, irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, neuritis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, catarrh, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scurvy, swollen glands, fever sores, rickets, infantile diseases, hunchback, acquired deformities, decayed teeth, chronic erysipelas, cancer, decomposition of the bowels and lungs, and are the invigorating blood and system were broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excess and indigestion of living, recovery from acute diseases, such as fever, etc., and all nervous, nervousness, early decay, premature old age. These pills are a true, restorative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying to it its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its healthy constituents, becomes rich and red, increases the vitality of the organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus to eliminate diseases from the system.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course a treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.

HIS CHECKS WERE LIKE THE ROSE IN THE SNOW;
could have been so suddenly laid low. But it was not so. Many weeks passed before his well-known form and kindly face returned to his former position. His recuperation was made the occasion of a hearty and warm and the story of his illness and recovery is well worth the telling.

"I was taken sick," said Mr. Shepard, "on the 15th of April, 1915. I had been along home of the opinion that I was made of iron, you may well believe that it was hard for me to walk like the night that I was to be laid up for more than a day or two. I am 55 years old, and for 30 years or so the time of this attack, I had not had a day's sickness. The doctors who diagnosed my case saw at once that it was something serious. They at first said that it was something like sciatic rheumatism. They finally came to the conclusion they did not know what was the matter with me. I experienced no pain, my head was clear, my appetite good, but I lost the use of my right leg from my hips down. This was a hard stroke to an active man who has always had an easy going pair of legs. My brother-in-law, who is a physician, came from a neighboring city to see me. He pronounced my affliction to be locomotor ataxia. I am of the opinion that he diagnosed the case correctly for I was absolutely paralyzed from the hips down.

"Before he came, however, a day or two before I had begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. That was on the 20th day of last October. I read an article in the Indianapolis News and was testatorially describing cases cured that were similar to mine. It struck me that the remedy could not do me any harm and I began to take the pills.

"Before I began taking them I could not sit a peg, but as I went on, I began to feel a little better. I had not yet taken the first box when I felt that deliverance from my enforced inaction had come. Before I finished the second box I was able to walk alone.

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HEART CULTURE.

A New Cure for All the Ills That Flesh Is Heir To.

Its votaries believe in the Building Up and Development of the Spiritual Together with the Physical Parts of Man.

Here is another new science. Its votaries call it heartculture, which is understood to be a word invented in contradistinction to maniculture. Maniculture, or the culture of the hand physical, is acknowledged to be well enough in its way. But as heart and hand must work together to effect any permanent good, the heartcultivists aim to begin at the beginning with the unseen, the inward and the spiritual in contradistinction to the outward and visible. Since the hand is powerless to act, unless the pendulum of the body, the heart, keeps even stroke and swings in harmonious time, they propose to open a school for the culture of the heart spiritual. Physical culture, to which so much time and attention have been given, is considered as of but secondary importance. Why? Because the spirit alone in man is that which animates.

It is proposed to open classes for the heart spiritual, having for a motto: "Do as you would be done by." Most of us know this motto by rote, just as we learned many of our lessons at school, when we crammed our brains with book knowledge of a dead past, which could be of little use to us practically. The heartcultivists point to the fact that too much brain work, over-study for the cultivation of the brain, has always been in excess of the cultivation of the heart, as is evidenced by the heartrending headings of our daily press news, such as: "Suicide of an only daughter, brought on by over-study." Study of what? they ask. Book study is the answer, a study which will be of little value to a woman after she has taken unto herself the duties of wife, mother and home. Does book lore, does schoolroom lore, make all that is required of wife, mother, companion or friend? "No," answers the heartcultivist; a thousand times no!

So they say let book learning be secondary to the culture of the heart. Let us begin in the kindergarten with the cultivation of the heart. Then, indeed, shall we have a new race of men and women, and our children in the next generation, at least, will rise up and call us blessed because we have planted the seeds of tenderness and loving care for others, to the exclusion of self and all that is gross and worldly. It is for us now, in this our day and generation, when crime stalks boldly in broad daylight, shamelessly defying public view, seeking only its own. To what are we to attribute all this crime, all this wickedness in high places? Why, to our own fundamental error—neglect to cultivate the heart of the young while in the nursery.

Let us work together, they cry, shoulder to shoulder, to emancipate generations yet unborn. Let us begin now also to instill principles into the hearts of our young men and maidens of marriageable age which shall bring forth fruit abundantly when in the divine order of nature they shall become parents. Is it not high time to inquire into cause, while hitherto we have only been straining after effect?

In what avails the culture of the physical body of man that shall perish and return to the dust whence it came? Let us relegate all save heart culture to the place whence it belongs. Too long have we ascribed mental and physical culture to the first place, the place of honor, to the exclusion of the cultivation of the heart spiritual; too long have we made clean the outside of the platter, the external, ignoring the culture of the heart, the motive power of our existence.

"Do unto others as you would have them do to you" must be imbibed with the mother's milk, instilled from earliest infancy, if we would have a self-perpetuating race, if we would have the brotherhood of man exemplified on earth. Good will bring peace to man and glory to God. So let us begin at the beginning. Teach good will and peace will follow. Wars and rumors of wars will cease. Wars domestic, wars social, wars political and wars physical—in fact, no war, no cause of war can exist when the golden rule becomes a living factor in our daily experience.—Chicago News.

NEARLY SPOILED THE BANQUET

Misfortune to a Printer Caused Confusion at a Dinner Given to Stanley.

Mention of the present visit of Henry M. Stanley to this country brought about the narration of an amusing, though somewhat annoying, incident in connection with the "American dinner" that was given to the explorer in London on his return from the Emin Pasha relief expedition. The incident also serves to show how a very slight accident may precipitate confusion in a dinner party. The American dinner to Stanley was the idea of Henry S. Wellcome, an American business man of London, who was not only a personal friend of Stanley, but a member of the firm of druggists who fitted out the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Through Mr. Wellcome's energy almost every American in London subscribed for tickets to the dinner, and on the night it came off covers for over three hundred people were laid in Evans' assembly-rooms. One table, on a dais, was reserved for Stanley and the more distinguished guests, and there were a dozen other long tables facing this one. Mr. Wellcome attended personally to the arrangement of the seats, and each man who had subscribed to the plate that was to be presented to the guest of the evening was given a place at the end of one of the subsidiary tables, and others were given seats near each other who had expressed preference. Mr. Wellcome gave minute attention to these details, and, the first thing on the morning of the night of the dinner, he took his completed plan of the tables and seats to a printer in order to have the usual diagrams ready for the guidance of the diners in taking their places. When the hour of 8:30, which had been fixed for dinner, had arrived, the 300 hundred guests were assembled in the reception-room. Stanley was there, and so was Consul General John C. New, who was to preside, and so were some of the most distinguished men in England. But there was no diagram of the dining-room, and the reception committee were anxiously waiting for Mr. Wellcome to arrive with them. At 8:35 o'clock Mr. Wellcome flew in, in his business clothes, with a smudge of printer's ink on his nose and more on his hands. He agonizingly informed the reception committee that the printers had pled the type or the diagrams of the tables at the last moment, and that they would be compelled to do without them.

It may seem an easy matter for 300 men to find their places at tables, when their names are at their plates, but it brought about so much confusion that everybody was turned from the dining-room back to the reception-room and a brilliant scheme was suggested. There was the original list of the names of the diners, with their respective places, that Mr. Wellcome had rescued from the printer, in the possession of the reception committee. The toastmaster was stationed on a chair at the door of the dining-room and instructed to read the list of names, each man to pass out and take his place at the table when his name was called. The toastmaster was a fine, big Englishman, with a stentorian voice. He did as he was told. "New—Consul General John C." he shouted, and Mr. New went through the door. "Stanley—Henry M." followed the toastmaster next. There was a roar of laughter and that scheme for seating the guests was dropped. Finally everybody went in again and searched for his place and found it or otherwise, as best he might. Several of the guests designed for the principal table were rescued from inferior positions below, and some ambitious ones were degraded from the table of rank; but the dinner went on merrily and ended similarly, though it began an hour later than the time it had been set for, and all because of the accident to the diagrams.—N. Y. Telegram.

Never write a letter to a man, woman or child when you are angry with the person in question, or perhaps, I had better qualify my advice by begging you, one and all, never to send an angry letter for 48 hours after you have written it, and then I would suggest reading it carefully, and, as the Irishman said, "burning it before sending it." We have many of us exhausted all our rage in the fire of the letter-writing, and have felt all the delights of a battle won by the prowess of our pen without the hackneyed formality of posting the epistle. Who is there who has not written his anger out in this wholesome way! Do not, I pray, send a cruel letter to anyone you have ever loved. You will but live to regret the act, and positively with the pallid absence of death between you and the wounded one. If mortals were, in these prosaic days, gifted with invisible powers, I would wish to be that spirit endowed with a force which would arrest every angry word at the tip of each sharp-pointed, heart-breaking pen.—St. Louis Republic.

A POLITE SHERIFF.

A Haunting That Was Conducted Under Rules of Society.

"The most polite man I ever knew," said J. D. Evans, of Missisquoi, to a Star writer, "was a colored man down in my county. He belonged before the war to Col. White, one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen in the south. During reconstruction days Tom was elected sheriff, and the first year he held the office a white man was sentenced to be hanged. I knew the doomed prisoner, and at his request was with him for several hours a day for the last week of his life. "The sheriff came in the first time I was there, and addressing the prisoner, said: 'Excuse me, Marster Bob. I jes cum fur jes a little advice. Yo' see, we ain' neither ob us as dis ter ceremonious occasion ob us kin', an' I jes wants ter know how yo' would like ter hab de gallows, facin' de sun, or de other way?' "The prisoner told him to have his face away from the sun. " "Thank yo', Mars' Bob. I done hab it dat way. We don' wan' to make no exposition ob ourself by not doin' what is propal on sich events." "Upon the next occasion the sheriff came in: " 'Mars' Bob, 'excuse me one moment, gem'man. I jes wants ter hab yo' show me once mo' how yo' done de cat knot. Mos' curiousest knot I eber seed.' "Upon the morning of the fatal day, as I went in, the sheriff had the doomed man's foot thrown over a chair and was blacking his boot, the other one having already been polished. 'Maw'nin', sah,' he said to me. 'Mars' Bob jes gittin' ready. I done borrered a suit an' necktie from de cunnel an' jes alicin' 'im up. Den I gits later my own dress suit dat I had made a puppus, an' Mars' Bob an' me, we gwine ter be de best dressed ob anybody.' "Arrayed in full evening dress, the convicted man and the sheriff mounted the scaffold when the time came. " "Right now, Mars' Bob,' said the sheriff, as he adjusted the cap. 'Excuse me, sah, jes a minute,' and he touched the fatal spring."—Washington Star.

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