Rheumatism that Cracked the Swollen Flesh.

The Most Wonderful Cure from this Disease in Modern Medical Annals.

Is There Anything to Compare in Misery and Suffering With It.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.

It was four years ago next month that Mrs. M. M. Hoyt, who lives at 2429 Wentworth Avenue, came to Chicago. She was at that time bed-ridden, suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and not able to raise her [illegible] from the floor. One of the [illegible] physicians in Chicago treated her here [illegible] weeks but was unable to effect even relief. He gave up her case, believing nothing could be done for her and that she had but a few days to live.

In speaking of her sufferings and the relief and permanent cure effected later she says: "When I was five years old I was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism, but after a comparatively short time it passed off, and I was free from all its symptoms up to I was fourteen years old. Then I had another attack, of which I was cured, and did not have a sick day until four years ago [illegible] afternoon 1892.

"I had lived twenty-six years in Ludington, Michigan, and fourteen years in Manistee, Michigan, both towns being situated on the lake. The weather in both places is even more damp, more raw and in winter colder than it is here. In Manistee for many years I conducted a dressmaking establishment which I carried on until I was taken sick. I knew all the prominent people in Manistee and it was hard for me to give my business and leave all the people I had known there for years. My four children, all of whom are married, lived in other States. One daughter lived in Chicago and being advised to change climate I came here. The attack on that Christmas afternoon came on without warning. I was suddenly taken with chills and rheumatic fever which grew worse day by day. Medicine [illegible] all they could for me, but I got [illegible] but until the end of May [illegible] advised me to leave the city [illegible] and especially Manistee. I took their advice and came to Chicago.

"For eight months past I had not been able to comb my hair, dress myself or walk, and had to be fed during all this time like a babe. Well, the first pills I remember distinctly, I took on a Saturday, and the following Monday I found this improvement; namely, my nerves seemed to be firmer and my pains less. I wish to state that at this time, for the last four months I had not slept over an hour at a time, had suffered so greatly from nervous prostration, to the extent that the least noise would completely upset me and make me shake like one having the ague. This Monday evening I was sitting in my chair, and bear in mind, my daughter's house was full of company making more or less noise, all tending to keep me nervous. With all that I commenced to feel easier, a strange and quieting feeling I had not experienced since that Christmas afternoon I was stricken down. I called to my daughter and said, 'Ada, I don't know what has come over me. I feel so restful and actually feel sleepy. I think I will try to go to sleep.' I could see that she was surprised and pleased. Immediately she undressed me and put me to bed.

"I slept soundly from 9 o'clock till 1 o'clock in the morning, and that mind you with a house full of people. I remained awake but a short time, feeling better than I had for months, and went into a sound sleep, never waking till 7 o'clock in the morning. It was very hot down there in August, but from that time I slept and rested well. Then I felt and saw an improvement gradually going on. The first thing I noticed was that the swelling in my hands was going down, the joints after several weeks assumed their natural shape, and the tightly drawn skin, which looked like glass disappeared altogether as well as the pain. Before this time when I tried to close my hands my finger joints would crack and the same cracking noise as I heard when I bent my elbows or tried to raise my arms as high as my shoulders. All this left me and also all the fierce rheumatic pains all through my body. I came back to Chicago entirely cured, feeling hale and hearty, and that after having used the miraculous Pink Pills of Dr. Williams' for about four months. I suppose I have taken during these four months about one and a half dozen boxes.

"It is now over three years ago that all this happened, and I have never felt better in my life. You can see for yourself that I am pretty spry on my feet. I have no pains, no aches nor anything that would suggest to me now, the terrible time I had then. There is another thing I wish to say in regard to the Pink Pills, which to me signifies a great deal. That is when the weather changes, from extreme heat to extreme cold, or from dry weather to raw, damp, chilly weather, as we had the past two weeks, and have every little while in Chicago all the year around, I feel twinges and little pains in my shoulders or in my arm, or perhaps it may be in my side, all I have to do is to take a few of the pills for a day or so and they take every indication of these pains away.

"With the exception of the periods when the weather is frightfully miserable, I have not taken any pills since I was cured. And the pills I have taken since have not been for my old trouble, but simply for colds which have tried to settle in some parts of my body, and which the pills have instantly driven out. I also wish to state that the pills have cured my heart trouble, and in fact I am in perfect health in every respect."

(Signed.) MRS. M. M. HOYT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of April, 1896.

A. F. PORTMAN, *Notary Public.*

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A HOPELESS CASE.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

"It will pinch me sore, Lydia," said Mr. Waddilove, sadly. "Things are in a bad way with me just now, and it will be a great expense."

"We must make sacrifices sometimes for the sake of our children, James," replied his wife, severely. "I wonder you could hesitate for a moment."

"Do you? Well, don't, and I can't see the necessity for such a move. Why shouldn't the girls be happy at home? Why should they require a season in London? What good will it do them?"

"Had I not spent those two months in town with Aunt Susan long ago, James, I'd never have met you."

"Humph," he grunted, "how do you know? You were my fate. I'd have met you somehow."

Mrs. Waddilove shrugged her shoulders and smiled; then, folding her arms upon her lap, sighed heavily.

"I'm not a believer in fate. I pin my faith on opportunity."

"Well, who knows, an opportunity may arise."

"Here? In this quiet country place, where no man comes from year end to year end? Impossible. Miriam and Selina are 23 and 22. They are pretty, fair, attractive girls, but their youth is passing, and if they go on as they are doing, they must live and die unknown and unsought. We shall have three old maids to provide for—"

"Poor little Madge, too. Well, you do look far ahead. The child is barely 18."

"O," with a quick decision, "she is a hopeless case. A plain girl like Madge is as well in the country as in town. Fate or opportunity would do little for her. But the others are different."

"Very," he said, grimly. "So you would not take Madge to London?"

"Of course not. She will keep house and look after you."

"Yet she would enjoy the theaters and the various sights. At 18—"

"It would be a waste of money to take Madge, and she is quite happy at home."

He smiled, and the expression of his face changed; his eyes grew soft and tender.

"Thank God, yes. And Madge and I will be very happy together."

"She was always your favorite; so it's a good thing you are not likely to lose her."

"Yes," thoughtfully, "and yet, if anyone came to know her and her sweet, bright nature, he—"

"Don't be afraid. Sweet natures don't count for much nowadays. Beauty or money is a necessity. As Madge has neither—"

"Poor little girl. Then the love of her old father must suffice. When do you think of going?"

"At once," Mrs. Waddilove cried, rejoiced to find him give in so easily. "Lady Grantley has a ball on Thursday, Mrs. Townley one on the following Monday, and more are sure to turn up. As soon as Miriam and Salina are seen invitations will pour in. They will both be engaged before the end of the season, of that I am certain."

II.

The Manor house was flooded with sunshine. Every window was wide open, and every room full of the scent of roses, the perfume of new mown hay.

Mrs. Waddilove and her two handsome daughters, Miriam and Selina, had been gone some six weeks, and as yet showed no signs of returning. Madge and her father had grown accustomed to their absence, and felt no very strong desire to see them come back. They were the best of friends, these two, and perfectly happy in each other's society.

In the presence of her mother and her good-looking sisters, Madge had been shy, quiet and reserved. But alone with her dear old father, whom she adored, the gayety of her heart asserted itself, her whole nature expanded, and she became what she had never been before—a merry, laughing, bewitching little maiden.

"With such a pair of dancing dark eyes, and such a bright, happy face, who could call my Madge plain?" thought her father one day as he watched her flit backwards and forwards among the roses. "But I'm glad she did not go to London. Somehow, the world might rub off the bloom—bring sorrow to her loving little heart—and I want her to be happy always."

Across the lawn came one of the gardeners in hot haste.

"If you please, sir," he said, pausing in front of his master, "there's been an accident, just at the gate—a gentleman thrown from his bicycle by a—"

"Dear me, dear me, is he hurt?" cried the old man, starting up.

"I'm afraid, sir, he's sprained his ankle. He seemed in pain."

"He must come in, Madge," he called. "Madge, get the vinegar, bandages; there has been an accident. I'm going to bring the man in. Get everything ready."

"Yes," answered Madge, and laying aside her [illegible] she ran into the house.

III.

A three weeks later Madge strolled beneath the lime trees, a tall, fair man by her side.

"You are walking better to-day," she said. "I think your ankle is almost well."

He sighed and dug his stick into the sward.

"I fear so."

Madge laughed merrily. "How ungrateful! And surely a sprained ankle is not a pleasant thing?"

"It has been a piece of real good fortune to me," he replied, earnestly, "for through it I made the best friends I ever had—you and your father."

"I'm glad you think so, and I assure you," looking up with a bright, sweet glance, "father and I feel it was a lucky accident for us, Gilbert. We have had a pleasant time since you came to us."

"And I? O, Madge, if you could only realize what it has been for me! Since my father and mother died, when I was nine 18 years ago, I have known little but loneliness; and I came down to the Warren for the first time since I came of age, never guessing the delightful neighbors I should find there. That evening I went out on my bicycle to while away an hour, when luck, in the shape of a clumsy van, bowled me over in front of your gate. But now the happy time is at an end, and I feel that I must go home."

"Yes," Madge sighed, "I suppose you must. And, you see, perhaps it is just as well. Mother and the girls are coming back, and then things will be different."

"But you will be the same?"

"I?" blushing and dimpling. "Not quite; everyone, even the dear old dad, changes when they are about. You see, our positions are not what they are when far away. We are no longer master and mistress. We go nowhere, see no one, speak when we're spoken to—"

"O, Madge!" He reddened and looked at her in dismay. "That's rather much. But I'll tell you what—you and your father must come and pay me a long visit. My home is charming. I've good servants and horses, and—and everything to make you happy, and we'll have all our nice time over again."

"It—it sounds delightful. But," her lips trembled, "mother would not allow me to go. You see, I am not out. I am the youngest. Miriam would go. She's the eldest, and very handsome, with a tall, slight figure, fair hair, blue—" Her eyes filled with tears. "O, you—you will surely like Miriam, and—and forget your poor Madge."

"You know I won't," he cried, vehemently. "And I don't want Miriam, and I don't care whether she's handsome or not. I want you. And, what's more, I'll insist upon your coming."

Madge gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You don't know mother, Gilbert," she said, solemnly. "Not one of us dare turn the word with her, and if she told me—"

"But if it—if it—if the Warren was to be one day your home," he stammered, catching her hand and drawing her towards him. "If—O, Madge; we have known each other three whole weeks. We have spent hours of the day together, we have talk over everything. You know me, all about me, bad and good, and I know you"—his voice shook with emotion—"and I love you."

"O, Gilbert," she gasped. "Gilbert."

"My darling, I have startled, alarmed you. But if you could love me—be my wife?"

"Poor, plain little me?" She raised her eyes, then turned them quickly away, her face crimson, her whole frame trembling, her heart full of a new sweet joy.

"To me, as you stand thus and always, you are beautiful, for I love you above everything on earth. Madge, answer me.

"Yes," she whispered low; "yes"—then laid her face upon his breast.

The following afternoon, some three or four hours earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Waddilove, Miriam and Selina arrived at the Manor house.

As he stood watching his men stacking the hay, Mr. Waddilove was informed that his wife and daughters had come home, and, without an instant's delay, he hurried to greet them. The three ladies were tired after their journey, and answered his various inquiries with but scant courtesy. Then, as Madge did not appear to welcome her, her mother became extremely irate.

"My dear, she has gone for a walk," her husband said, soothingly. "She—she will not be long."

"A walk alone at this late hour? You are a strange person to have charge of a young girl, James. I suppose Madge has done exactly as she pleased while I was away? But that will soon be changed. Out for a walk alone—"

"She is not alone, dear," he began, knowing full well she was with Gilbert, and wondering how he should break the news of her engagement to her mother. "She's with—a friend."

"Well, this sort of thing must be put a stop to."

"Yes, yes, of course. But have you any news for me, Lydia?"

She glared at him. "None," she answered sharply.

"Then your time has been wasted. The opportunities were of no avail? Miriam and Selina have made no conquest."

"You are rude, Mr. Wadd—. And I am glad the poor girls have gone upstairs."

"I don't mean to be rude, dear. I am content to keep my daughter at home. I was only following up the conversation that led to your going to London. I believed in a sweet, bright nature, and fate. You put faith in what you called beauty—and opportunities. Without boasting or in any way annoying you, I wish to say, without taking any credit to myself, that my idea was the right one; that here, in our home, Madge and I have been more successful."

Mrs. Waddilove flounced over to the window.

"Pray explain—"

She stopped abruptly and put up her pince-nez, as a slim little girl in pink cotton wafted across the lawn in close conversation with a fair, blue-eyed man.

"Madge?" she cried. "And who, pray, is her companion?"

"That," he said, hurrying to her side, "is Gilbert Hastings, the wealthy young owner of the Warren, and our Madge's affianced husband."

"Good heavens." She sank into a chair with a cry. "But—but be generous, James. Do not triumph over me too much."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Nothing, my dear, is farther from my thoughts, and I am very glad that you have come home to rejoice with me at our child's great happiness."—London Sketch.

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