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 3429 Wentworth Avenue, came to Chicago. She was at that time bed-ridden, suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and not able to raise her foot from the floor. One of the best physicians in Chicago treated her here three 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 until 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 Christmas 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 close 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 without warning. I was suddenly taken with chills and rheumatic fever, which grew worse day by day. Manistee physicians did all they could for me, but I was helpless in bed until the end of May 1893. The physicians advised me to leave the shores of the lake and especially Manistee. I took their advice and came to Chicago.

"Rheumatism was in my hands, my feet and my head, in fact it was all over me besides having heart failure. I could not think of leaving my chair. I was unable to comb my hair, I was practically helpless at the time I came to Chicago. Do you see all those white scars on my hands? Well, let me tell you how I got them. My hands became fearfully swollen with the rheumatism and were smooth and shiny just like a piece of glass. The skin by the swelling was stretched to such a point that it burst wherever you see the scars and from the wounds came water for quite a long time. My sufferings were almost unbearable, and I tried the treatment of one of Chicago's oldest and best physicians. I took his medicine for three weeks, but only grew worse. I became so nervous that I could not sleep and my stomach became so weak, whether from the strong drugs or my general debilitated condition I know not, but it was difficult for me to retain any solid food. He gave up my case and advised me to send for my husband.

"I knew by that advice, that he did not give me much longer to live. Instead I went to one of my daughters who lives in the southern part of Indiana, in Elnora, Davis County, where her husband, Asa Haig, was one of the prominent merchants. I believed the climate there, being away from the influence of Lake Michigan might help me. I had been in Elnora about one week, not feeling any better, when one day I received from my daughter in Chicago three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, telling me in her letter that she had read in a newspaper of the wonderful cures they had effected. That she had gone to the women the newspaper spoke about and found their and they told her every word said about them was true. She pleaded that I try these pills and perhaps I would find the same benefits. I did not hesitate, as anything that promised relief, let alone a cure I was only too glad to try. I commenced taking them, two pills three times a day.

"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, and 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 whenever I tried to close my hands my finger joints would crack and the same cracking sounds 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 had 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. POERTNAN, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The 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 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HOW POLLY PROPOSED.

"Hi! Hi! All right! All right! Now we sha'n't be long!" said the gray parrot.

I regret to say that the irrepressible young man that brings the daily milk is the tutor of my parrot in the latest up-to-date slang of the day.

I am an old sea-captain at least, not old, perhaps the word slipped out unawares. I am the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have cast anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter's storm yet.

Being without a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister — a most comfortable party, fat, fair and 40 or thereabouts—in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister I had not previously been acquainted with, but, being in many respects like her brother, we were soon firm friends.

Capt. Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot—his the common African gray, with a red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar.

I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and got everything shipshape, or what seemed so to me—a very important difference, as I know to-day—when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was, and what a set-off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my fireside. But just here the curse of my life began to make itself felt. Inherent shyness in the presence of the opposite sex has dogged my footsteps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, a tornado in the tropics, or 20 hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as dispenser of delicate attentions to the fair sex, intensely as he inwardly admires their pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, no, he certainly does not, show up to advantage.

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest. One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had 19, and I began to wonder what sort of mummy being this was that had no objection to letting my bullets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenience. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quietly walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers'.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and quietly getting my air-gun, I took a steady aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound poor puss dropped on to my flower-bed as dead as the proverbial door nail.

My exultation, however, was of short duration, for to my horror and dismay, on proceeding to pick up his unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summer-house that stood at the bottom of the garden.

I was staggered at my position; I knew the parrot was a supreme favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever explain my carelessness I could not imagine. Suddenly a way out of my dilemma presented itself to my mind, and I hastened to put it into execution. I knew that the Travers were out, and would not be back for some little time, so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its cage, I carefully painted the end of its tail with red ink in imitation of its deceased comrade, and finding no one was about, I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I buried, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would not readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings, it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

Alas! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sang some poet, who, I expect, never wore anything harder than a nightcap, but, true as it may be, compared to the torture of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity, it would be a bed of roses.

It was towards the end of the following week that I happened to be out in the garden and saw my old friend come stumping down the path of his own garden in his dot-and-carry-one style, and, seeing me on the fence, he cried:

"Hollos! captain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel has been talking about coming in to inquire about your health, as she was afraid something must be wrong."

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. Oh! how easily the words slipped out, although I had been as right as a ninepence—why that particular sum should be endued with more rectitude than its fellows I have never been able to discover—this by the way.

"A bit of cold, perhaps," said Capt. Travers. "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summer-house, and Rachel shall come in afterwards and make you a good glass of something stiff for a night-cap."

Punctually at five o'clock I donned my spryest attire, and with a smart flower in my button-hole—gay dog that I was—slipped over the fence. Miss Rachel was there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it, which I consider a very pretty simile, and she bade me welcome with one of her beaming smiles. There, too, was the unlucky parrot in its cage, and standing just outside the summer-house. I had noticed that it had been let out to sun itself as usual on all fine days, and as far as I could see nothing had transpired to make me think they had any cause to suspect my imposition.

I purposely sat with my back to it, and avoided taking notice of it in any way whatever.

Tea went off all right; my old friend was very cheery and Miss Rachel showed me great attention. I could hear Polly nibbling her beak as she drove the wires of the cage, and swinging backwards and forwards in the special ring.

After the meal Capt. Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessaries for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commenced:

"Tell me, Capt. Manley, how is your parrot?" I have not seen it out in the garden lately."

I felt my heart beating a bit faster, but with every semblance of outward calm, I said:

"No—the fact is, it's not been at all well; in fact, it's dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "Well, I never. What did it die of?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "It died quite suddenly about a week ago."

"I hope our Polly isn't going to follow suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days, but seems a bit more lively this evening. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week."

"Thank goodness!" I inwardly ejaculated.

Things were beginning to look a bit awkward, and I cast about for something to change the course of conversation. I am not a quick thinker, however, and before I could collect my wits, Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry! I could be sorry to lose you, Polly dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But really, Capt. Manley," looking me straight in the face, "I can't make our Pollyout. Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't once seemed pleased to see me all the week."

I felt the blood rapidly rising to my cheeks and forehead, but I trusted to my tanned complexion for it not to show. I feebly replied: "Perhaps she's moulting."

It was an unlucky slip. "Well, now I come to think," said Miss Travers, "I noticed that its tail looked much paler after its bath the other morning, and the water was quite red. Is that a sign of moulting?"

"Yes, I often used to notice it about my own parrot."

"But I thought your bird had no red about it," she pursued.

"Confound the woman's persistence," I thought, but I stammered: "I mean—that is to say—you see—I've noticed it in all red parrots I have ever come across. They shouldn't be bathed at all, it injures their constitution."

"Oh! I thought you recommended it," she said.

So I had, dozens of times. "Only for the gray ones," I said, forming a convenient distinction on the spur of the moment.

Miss Travers did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further, much to my satisfaction, and then there was a dead pause.

During the whole of our conversation the subject of it had not ceased to continue its antics in the wire cage. Whether it was the sound of my voice that caused it to be thus excited I do not know, but at this opportunity it burst in with "Hi, hi!"

I was getting desperate, and could think of nothing to change the subject; and yet if I didn't say something I was terribly afraid the parrot would.

A bicycle bell sounded down the road.

"Are you thinking of getting a bicycle, Miss Travers?" I said.

"No, certainly not," she replied; "how can you ask such a question?"

Another awful pause, during which I mopped the perspiration from my brow.

"Ra—Ra—Rachel, I love you!" came in clear tones from behind my back. The wretched bird had caught the exact tone of my voice.

"Capt. Manley! Sir!" said Miss Travers, raising herself to her full five feet one and one-half inches. "Did you address that remark to me, sir?"

I had, however, utterly collapsed, and burying my head in my hands, I leaned down on the little round table. Whether the sight of the poor old ship in distress touched her tender heart I don't know, but she added, in softer tones:

"This is very unexpected, Capt. Manley."

I could hold out no longer.

"Miss Rachel," I cried, "I'm a thundering old hypocrite. My parrot isn't dead at all; there it is in that cage; it's yours that's dead; I shot it. I didn't mean to. Can you forgive me for all the lies I told you?"

"All right! All right!" said the solemn voice of the parrot behind me.

"It was Polly that made that remark just now, not I; but, believe me, she speaks the truth, if I don't. Rachel, I do really love you."

I ventured to look up. Tears were standing in her eyes, and the expression on her face made me hope that I did not look quite such a big booby in her eyes as I felt I did in my own.

Moving nearer, I clasped her hand, and as it was not withdrawn, I put one arm gently round her ample waist.

"Now we shan't be long," said the gray parrot.—*Tit-Bits.*