Sciatic Rheumatism

It Shortened the Patient's Leg Two Inches, and so Affected the Nervous System that He Continually Shook as with the Palsy.

After Six Years of Torment He Succeeds in Finding a Remedy for the Horrible Disease.

From the Egyptian Press, Marion, Illinois.

There is no name in this section of the country, connected with the medical world, that is better known to the public than that of Mr. Monroe Peterson. He is situated in a nice, comfortable house, with a good farm, about four miles west of Johnson City, Ill., He is now fifty-eight years old, in a healthy condition, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Not a more upright and honorable citizen does our nation afford, and he is looked upon with wonder, because of his healthy condition after so long a period of misery and suffering.

The cause of Mr. Peterson's long suffering was a hurt which he received in a fall, while running a drill in 1861, being a soldier at the time. He has been crippled in his right leg ever since that date. Sciatic rheumatism then set in, and his leg began to slowly wither away and draw up in the joint, and now it is about two inches shorter than the other. It began to grow worse and, finally, his whole body began to shake like a person with the St. Vitus' dance. His first severe attack was about six years ago.

There is no disease in the power of human endurance more awful in its pains and afflictions than sciatic rheumatism. Sometimes its pain may be a slow, steady one, while, at other times, it comes with jerks and wrenches that seem to twist the body out of all shape of recognition. It seems to contract the muscles, drawing the body alone in a knot. While this is probably the worst form of sciatic rheumatism, it is sometimes found in milder forms. So it was with Mr. Peterson, but with it was associated a feeling and condition almost as uncomfortable and unbearable. The body was in a continual shake, rendering it impossible for him to do anything. He had lost all control of its muscles. On application to a physician for relief, he was told that the affliction might last him all his life, or, on the other hand, it might leave him entirely at an unexpected moment.

For over three years he was not able to write a word, so severe was his shaking. He could not even sign his vouchers, thereby having to make his mark and witness it. At this time he could not walk a step without aid, nor even sit down in a chair without assistance. So severe was the shaking of his head that it almost caused him to go blind. He could not distinguish a person a rod's distance in front of him. He came very nearly losing his mind, and his friends thought, as a last resort, that he would have to be taken to a hospital. When he was taken to town for examination by a physician, he had to be carried in the buggy, so difficult was it for him to get out. Oftentimes it would seem that life was nearly extinct, and his feet and hands would have to be bathed in warm water and rubbed in order to restore the circulation. For two years he was not able to feed himself at the table. His ever faithful and dutiful wife put the food to his mouth. At night he would take smothering spells and would have to be lifted up in bed that he might regain his breath and strength. At this critical period he was not able to put on his clothes, not able to do anything but sit and suffer his miserable life away.

One physician gave as his decision of the case, that his leg would have to be placed in a vise and stretched to its original length, thereby extending the contracted sciatic nerve which was the seat of trouble. Mr. Peterson, unwilling to subject his body to such severe treatment, objected, thinking that it could be made better, if not cured, in some more humane way. All kinds of patent medicines had been tried. At times he thought he was enjoying the comfort and pleasure of a partial relief, but soon would be back in the same old rut, making his life one of misery and affliction. Instead of life being one of improvement and hope, it was one of continual toil and suffering. Electric currents, which have gained a foothold among the remedies for rheumatic and neuralgic pains, were tried without partial relief for a while. He was treated by nearly every physician in the country. All kinds of medicines were tried without avail. Much money had been spent in vain. Still was this disease like a vampire sucking away at his miserable life. The doctors finally gave him up, saying nothing could relieve him. They had tried everything known to the medical world, and now he thought it best to keep the money which was being spent for doctors' bills and medicines and make his last days as pleasant as his miserable condition would allow. He was placed before a State Board of Pension examiners and was told that it would be useless to spend any more money in direction or to try to improve his health, for it was an impossibility. As he now thought the culmination had been reached, but not to be baffled by despair, he still sought a remedy by which his miserable life could be made more happy. "As long as there is life there is hope." He saw an article in the papers which stated that a distinguished German man in Michigan had been cured of a disease resembling his own by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He then received courage to try again. He ordered one dozen boxes, and by taking pills one started the following night better than he had rested for years. So severe was his case that he took them nearly six months. He began to gradually mend and is now a hale and hearty man. He now goes anywhere on the farm that he desires, and is now able to write a good, plain hand and sign his name to his vouchers, and is able to do his chores about the house. While he is too old to labor hard, he is in such a condition that he can spend his last days here on earth in peace and comfort.

These pills were not known to this section of country till Mr. Peterson tried them, and now they can be had at any drug store. Hundreds of boxes have been sold on account of the reputation of this one case. About half of the people, not knowing the merits of the pills, call for "the kind Mr. Peterson tried."

(Signed.) MONROE PETERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me on the 25th day of May, A.D., 1896.

JOHN H. KOPP,
[SEAL.] *Justice of the Peace.*

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MRS. LATON'S TEA.

Ensconced in the depths of her big arm chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good-looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the timepiece on the mantel, whose hands were already past three o'clock.

"Well, Andrew, do you find the clock very interesting?"

In some confusion the young man stammered an excuse, but she went on:

"Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently."

"Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sundial like that in your drawing-room?"

"Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that is behind time. But come—instead of criticising my drawing-room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here."

"In the first place I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."

"Mrs. Laton—Pauline Laton?"

"The same."

"Ah, yes. I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"

"She is a blonde, aunt."

"Indeed? She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"

"We are all sighing at her feet."

"She must enjoy it."

"Well, I rather think she does."

"Is it fun?"

"Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good-looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor girls."

"And what do you do besides look at these women?"

"We take tea, which we moderate with rum, a bit of lemon; we gossip and we flirt."

"Oh, oh."

"But, my dear aunt, one must do something between five o'clock and dinner."

"Evidently, and flirting is what you have found to do."

"It is a way to kill time."

"I scarcely know what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."

"Oh, impossible. A definition for the word has long been sought, but it has not yet been found. But, given a young woman tete-a-tete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you it won't be long before you will have a practical demonstration. Flirtation is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."

"And is love a science, too?"

"No, it is rather an art."

"And marriage—what is it?"

"Oh, that is philosophy."

"Indeed? At what age does one attain this philosophy?"

"As late as possible."

"It seems to me that at 28—"

"Aunt, aunt!" cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concocting some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator."

Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in her victim's face. Then she answered, after a pause:

"Yes, you are right. I wish you to get married."

"In heaven's name what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness; and, as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, aunt, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, descending to the role of match-maker! It is a terrible shattering of my ideals."

"Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming, I can assure you."

"Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her; I can see her now; she may not be exactly pretty, but, as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably, and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school, and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times, no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt, even if I don't look it, and if I marry, I shall marry a woman who suits me. But I know girls—they are all alike—and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me, or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."

"And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's," murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, while a disturbing expression came into her clear-seeing old eyes.

Under this ironical and even inquisitorial look Andrew lost countenance a little; he could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard.

"A caller, eh? Is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at five o'clock?"

"You are impertinent, nephew. At my age a woman does not give 'five o'clock flirtations.' It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the 'charming girl' I spoke of."

"I shall flee, then."

"Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never. Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make."

And the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor; through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little books of the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"

She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that she must be frightfully ugly.

"Sit down here, dear, beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room and the young man, approaching his eye to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.

"Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"

"No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You will not betray me, will you?" and she laughed a merry laugh, that set Andrew's heart to vibrating.

"Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations, with no one to talk to but the insipid women and stupid men of her set?"

"You are severe, my child."

"Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton I do not think one can be too much so."

Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and, under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and, as she rearranged the drapery, whispered to her nephew: "It's nearly five—you'll be late for your tea."

But her warning was unheeded; Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.

"Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," the old lady hastened to reply; and to turn the conversation she went on: "But you are wrong to declare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible."

"Sensible? Well, I don't know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair, smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous gowns."

Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He would have liked to strangle this girl whose superb health and triumphant beauty irritated him.

"And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again throwing herself into the breach.

"I shall never marry."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over the face that Andrew admired in spite of himself. "Because I am a little fool who cannot do as the rest do. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single out from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all be proud of him."

As the girl spoke she had become animated with a gentle exaltation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"

"Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another."

Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pretending she had an order to give, excused herself and hastened to her nephew.

"Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl,' I would back her against the world."

"Hurry, Andrew; it is late, and you have almost missed your tea."

"My tea!" he repeated. "Bother my tea! Is there nothing else in the world but my tea? Now, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little money, and a heart still intact."

Mrs. Harmon could not refrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing-room.

But, contrary to expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gayety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconception fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm, forgetting his anger in his admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrating timber of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.

The hour for the tea had long passed, and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond—as he was forced to admit to himself—had portrayed so truthfully.

And ensconced once more in the depths of her arm chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently regarded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with looks that do not deceive, and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.—San Francisco Examiner.

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