Paralysis From Smoking.

W. H. Griffin, one of the Staff of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," Minutely Describes the Effects of Tobacco on Him and the Means Used to Counteract it.

A CASE THAT HAS GREATLY INTERESTED THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

From the Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.

The following was recently told by Mr. W. H. Griffin, one of the staff of the *Plain Dealer*, of Cleveland, Ohio. As it is a strange story we publish it in full:

"My case was a strange one from beginning to end. It puzzled the best physicians that could be secured in the vicinity in which I lived. Indeed it was such a remarkable case, such an unusual one that a description of it was published in the best medical journals throughout the country, and many were the letters received by our family physician regarding it from eminent New York doctors, and doctors from the cities.

"I was always of a nervous disposition, and am now. In September, 1892, I entered Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. The second week after beginning my college career I went home to spend Sunday with my parents. I was not feeling very well at the time. After dinner one Sunday I lay down on the couch to take a nap. About ten minutes after I felt sharp pains shooting across my body in every direction. These pains lasted for an hour, and then I became unconscious. When I came to my senses again I found that I was too weak to move. Soon, however, I felt as well as usual, and although I did not know what the trouble was, still I did not worry about it until the next day, when the same thing occurred again, and at about the same hour as on the preceding day. Our family physician was called in, and after examining me, rendered a verdict of stomach trouble, giving me medicine for the same. The next day the same thing recurred, only the unconscious spell lasted longer than before. Then it was decided that I was not able to go back to college that term.

"These spells came to be a daily occurrence, but without the sharp pains. When I felt them coming on I would go home and lie down on the couch. Soon I would commence to get drowsy. Then I would become unconscious, the spell lasting from a quarter to half an hour. When it passed away I would be left weak and unable to move for a few moments, but I was soon able to be up and about again. I continued to take medicine for stomach trouble, but as the spells continued and instead of one a day grew to the number of two and ofttimes three a day, the doctor suggested a slight change in treatment and that when I felt them coming on, instead of lying down I should go and take a walk. So the next day when I felt the drowsiness creeping over me, I started out to walk it off, accompanied by a friend. We walked some distance when all at once and without a moment's warning, over I went, and would have fallen on my face had not my friend caught me and held me. Although fast losing my senses, a good shaking aroused me, and I was able to get back home when I soon relapsed into unconsciousness, the spell lasting over an hour. The doctor was called in again, and after studying over my case, decided that it was not disease of stomach that ailed me after all, but nervous trouble. He gave me medicine accordingly which I took without the desired result. Another physician, one who had studied for years in both France and Germany, and made nervous troubles a specialty, was called in. He was telephoned for when I was in one of my spells, and arriving, proceeded to handle me most roughly. With a needle he pricked my body in several places sometimes drawing blood, but it had no effect upon me. I lay there as one dead, utterly unconscious of any pain or of what was transpiring about me. This spell lasted over an hour, and when I came to, I was told that some of my nerves were paralyzed. The doctor said that he had seen a few cases like mine in France, and that he thought he could cure me. This information was gratefully received, for I was becoming greatly alarmed over my condition. But the spells continued to come on me regularly every day in spite of the medicine I was given, and soon I was a nervous wreck. Many prominent physicians were called in, and as the new physician had published my case in some of the medical journals, he began to receive letters from many world renowned doctors regarding it. Advice was received from everywhere, and consultations were held, but nothing could be found to better my condition.

"I was able to get about a little with the aid of a cane, and one day while I was in a drug store I saw in the case several boxes of Pink Pills for Pale People. With no purpose whatever I read the label, and seeing that the medicine was for nervousness, I purchased a box. I took the medicine home with me and unknown to anyone began to take the pills. Before half the box was gone I felt stronger, and the unconscious spells began to diminish in number and in length and I stopped taking the medicine left me by the physician. When that box of Pink Pills was gone I purchased another, and before half of that one was gone, I began to feel so much better that I told the attending physician what I was taking. At first he laughed at the idea, but when I told him that I was not taking any of his medicine he began to wonder, and at last told me to continue taking Pink Pills. I did so and inside of six weeks I felt as well as ever. The unconscious spells left me, my appetite returned and it was soon decided to send me back to college when the January term opened. In January I went back to school, but inside of a week I was back home again with the same nervous trouble. I at once began to take Pink Pills again, but this time my condition was so much worse than before, that I had to take seven boxes of them. They cured me though, and inside of two months I was my old self again.

"And now comes the strange part of my case. I was always a heavy smoker, although I knew that an extremely nervous person like myself should not smoke at all. The habit grew on me until I found myself smoking all the time. There was scarcely a moment during the day that I was without a cigar, cigarette or a pipe in my mouth. If I became the least bit nervous about anything I would smoke, and the more I smoked the more nervous I would get, and then I would have to smoke again. I came to be a "smoke fiend," and the habit grew on me day by day. One night in the summer of 1894, I started out to make a call on a friend. I had been feeling badly all day. I stepped into the doctor's office on my way and told him how I felt. He examined me and told me to go home and to bed. But I laughed at his earnestness and saying that I would feel all right again in a little while, I went and made my call. I had felt nervous all day and had smoked unusually hard. I reached my friend's house and was taken into the parlor where I sat down on the couch. I was engaged in telling those present of the peculiar feeling I had experienced all day and of the doctor's anxiety concerning me, when, without a moment's warning I pitched head foremost on the floor. This happened about eight o'clock in the evening. When I regained consciousness it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. I was still lying on the floor and the doctor and a trained nurse who was in the house, were working over me, while all about me stood my friends. I did not know what had happened, could not remember a thing concerning the evening's escapade, but as soon as I opened my eyes the doctor told me to get up and walk around and see if I would not feel better. This I tried to do and was astonished and alarmed to find that I could not move even my arms. I could move my head, but that was all. A grave look passed over the doctor's face when I told him this, but he and the nurse succeeded in getting me back on the couch, then they drew the couch into a bedroom where the doctor put me to bed. I slept a little, but in the morning I was no better. I could not even lift a finger, and all of my limbs felt numb. They gave me my breakfast, and later on the doctor and another man came with a closed carriage into which they lifted me, and I was carried home and placed in bed. For almost six weeks I lay on my back unable to move, while one could stick a pin into me without my feeling it. I was utterly powerless to move hand or foot. Some one had to feed me and to turn me over when I wanted to change my position. I remained in this state for about four weeks when I sent for another supply of Pink Pills. These I began to take regularly, and within two weeks I was not only able to use my arms, but to walk around a little with the aid of crutches. For two weeks longer my legs refused to perform their allotted duty, but at the end of that period I was able to discard the crutches and walk about without their aid. I continued to take Pink Pills, however, and inside of three months after I was taken ill, I felt all right again. Pink Pills for Pale People cured me, as I can prove to the satisfaction of any person who wishes to know.

"I am married now, and am well, happy and healthy. I have never had a recurrence of nervous trouble in any way since I recovered from my temporary paralysis, and I owe my marvelous cure and present good health to Pink Pills. I will always speak a kind word for them, and recommend them for nervous trouble, for if they can cure a person in the condition that I was in, twice in my life, they can cure any nervous trouble that exists. I am positive of this and I want you to say so if you publish this testimonial. I am glad of this opportunity to say a good word for Pink Pills."

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TIMBER.

Reserves in the Cascades

Discussed by the Oregon State Land Agent.

In an open letter Senator McBride, Hon. T. W. Davenport makes public the following letter of date, May 13, 1897:

THE STATE LAND AGENTS LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR:—This morning's Statesman says that you have written to Mr. John Minto, that the Cascade reservation will be cut down so as to conform to the recommeedation of Oregon delegation made last year.

I presume the Oregon delegation were not fully informed as to the merits of that proposition.

If there is any rational purpose in having a reservation, then the boundary agreeded upon was futile.

Thirty-two thousand acres about, and including Mt. Jefferson, amounts to nothing, as it can have no object except to placate the Eastern Oregon sheep men. That amount of land will just fairly take in the base of the mountain, where there is no timber to protect and no water shed where stock can run. The mountain is the only thing up there that can protect itself. Evidently Mr. Minto and Ex-Senator Mitchell have no practical comprehension of how big a square 32000 acres cover. It will not do to be governed by the sound, for that is big.

A very little more than 7 miles on a side is sufficient, and the base of Mt. Jeffersons is larger than that.

If forest protection is what they are after, then they miss the purpose completely. Or if the guiding idea is to preserve an uncontaminated water supply for the Capital city of the state, the failure is equally emphatic.

Portland and Ashland are provided with special reservations for the protection of their water supply, but Salem is not, and only a few years will elapse until the Willamette water will be too foul to suit the sanitary ideas of the medical profession. The only recourse then will be the mountains, but if they are to be turned into logging camps and cattle and sheep corals clear to Mt. Jefferson, our posterity will be drinking sewage on the morning of the Day of Judgment.

The cost of laying a pipe to that mountain is in excess of the means of of any probable population of our capital.

There is plenty of cold water in less than half the distance and if we were wise, it will be so kept for future use.

At first Mr. Minto was in favor of depending upon individual interests, to save or ptotect in the mountains whatever needed protection, and in fact he thought our climate a sufficient protection, but his last article shows that his opinions have changed somewhat, for now he is in favor of such protection as may be derived from deeds of conveyance, containing stipulations, limiting the rights of the grantee,

Such protection, however, you will, no doubt, consider a mere fancy. I have known for some time that the present boundaries are not well laid for there is too much land included upon the eastern slope of the Cascades, which is really not forest but parture land and should be excluded. There is scattering pine timber, not very good fire wood, and nothing to be protected.

There is no objection, therefore, to any proper change of boundary, and it would be well to let the matter rest until an examination can be made. But such an examination must not be entrusted to the enemies of reservations, or to those unfamiliar with the general subject of forestry, and especially as it relates to the sanitation of drinking water.

Many persons are inclined to treat this as a fad, as the science of Bateriology is yet in its infancy, but enough is already known to make thoughtful people extremely solicitous as to the purity of the water they drink. That it shall be clear and cold is desirable, but what is of greater importance, it must be free from microscopic parasites which produce disease.

Only a few years ago the most enlightened physicians were ignorant as to the causes, and therefore impotent to prevent many diseases, which are now well known to be the effect of rapidly multiplying bacteria, introduced into the human system with water. Typhoid fever, which has had such a deadly run in Salem the past winter, is of this type. There were hundreds of cases, and too widely distributed to suppose the bacillus was derived from anything but the hydrant water, which is taken from the Willamette river. People here are getting very uneasy and more suspicious of the water they use. Already there is talk of piping to the Cascades where there is pure water, and there is no question but that sooner or later it will be accomplished.

But those people who expect to get good water from the Cascade mountains after coraling sheep and cattle upon them, should remember that the typhoid bacillus is alive forever.

Prof. Thornbury, of the university of Buffalo, N. Y., says, "the long and active survival of disease germs in soil was always made manifest by excavations made inside a coffee dam uncovering the bed of the Tiber alongside the bridge leading to the Castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Here in successive strata, were found coins and other relics fixing the age of the deposit down to the 4th. century A. D. The soil, as it was slowly removed, was piled upon an adjoining wharf, and then taken away. When the very lowest and oldest of all the strata disturbed was so disposed of, an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out among the workmen and those living in the immediate vicinity. The result of careful examination is said to have shown that the trouble came from the lowest strata, and that the disease germs that had been lying dormant at the bottom of the Tiber for nearly 1,500 years were still active for evil, and proved their vitality."

The professor asserts that pipes which have been infected cannot be purified with chalk but must be washed with diluted carbolic acids.

Hadn't the inhabitants of the Willamette Valley cities and towns better look to this matter in time and preserve the purity of their prospective water supply? Or is it best to throw open the Cascades to the free use of stock men who will no doubt work in the interest of the doctors and undertakers?

T. W. DAVENPORT.

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Germany exported last year $150,000,000 worth of beet sugar, and it is said that the average yearly profit of the 113 beet sugar factories in that country is $30,000 each.

That hideous and deathly demon of sickness—constipation, is an easy enough thing to cure if you take the right medicine. Constipation is one of the commonest things in the world. It is really one of the most serious things. Fully nine-tenths of all the ordinary sickness of mankind is due to this one cause. If you place an obstruction in the gutter, it will stop the flow of water, and gradually a mass of poisonous, putrefying matter will accumulate. That is exactly what happens in the digestive organs when constipation begins. Poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood. It goes all over the body and causes all sorts of symptoms. A few of these are dizziness, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, headaches, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, foul breath, distress after eating, biliousness and eruptions of the skin. These things are unpleasant, but they are not serious. The serious things come afterward. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for the cure of constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, easy to take, mild and efficient in their action. One is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. There is nothing else in the world like them. There is nothing that takes their place. There is nothing "just as good," although licing and unscrupulous druggists may sometimes tell you so for their own profit. Do you want to lose your health so that the druggist can get rich?

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