FAMOMS TRAGEDY OF A LONGBOAT

Was It Murder Or Manslaughter Or Self-Preservation?

QUEER POINT IN LAW AND MORALS

How the Longboat of the American Ship William Brown Was Lightened of Half Its Human Load--A Black Page from the History of Disaster on the High Seas.

From the Sun.

On Monday night, April 19, 1841, the American ship William Brown, homeward bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia, was reeling off the knots about 250 miles southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland. She was manned by a crew of seventeen seaman, and she carried sixty-five passengers—Scotch and Irish immigrants seeking homes and fortunes under the brighter skies of the New World.

The night was black, black and tempestuous. The air was filled with sleet, and from the horizon came booms and grindings indicating the proximity of icebergs. Over the most sullen and vicious piece of water on the globe the ship sailed onward to her doom. At 10 o'clock there came a crash and a shock, followed by oaths from above and shrieks from below and the swift patter of feet along the deck. Up from the stuffy cabins, plain, scant, ill-lighted and evil-smelling, rushed the terrified passengers. The great ship—their one salvation in this trip over a boundless ocean—was in confusion, wrecked in rigging and damaged in hull from an impact with an iceberg. Even the eyes of the most inexperienced could detect the advances of deadly peril, for already the sailors were busy at the falls with the boats, already there was an ominous slant forward and downward to the whole fabric. So in little groups, half naked, shivering, speechless, the poor creatures huddled, awaiting something, they knew not what, but something as devoid of hope as the heavens were of starlight.

There were but two boats—a shameful lack in those days of shameful lackings at sea—a jolly-boat and a long-boat, incapable at best of affording even temporary refuge to half of the human beings on board. These boats the sailors swiftly prepared and launched, while the ship settled lower and lower and the waves surged and the passengers crowded the stern. It does not appear that the captain showed an executive ability equal to this crisis. He followed rather than directed the movements of his crew. But out from the ranks there stepped a man who led, thenceforth, through the inherent forces of his nature. This man, William Holmes, able seaman, was a Finn, handsome, athletic, young, and masterful. Those who are acquainted with the superstitions of the sea will remark the coincidence of his nativity—for a Finn is regarded by mariners as an embodiment of evil for others, a wizzard who deals in spells and purchases personal immunity at the price of blood.

Holmes, then, without meeting a show of resistance, assumed control. He saw that the boats were properly equipped; he calculated the life of the ship and the probabilities of the weather. By word and deed he sought in every way to put heart into the crew. But they were a craven lot, wolfishly selfish, and cruel in their fear. They beat back the passengers from the boats until they themselves had embarked. But for Holmes, they might have rowed away then without a sign of hesitation or a look of relenting. As it was, however, through his strenuous efforts, certain passengers were received on board and when the two craft finally dropped astern they were occupied as follows: In the jolly boat, the captain, the two mates, seven seamen, and one passenger; in the long boat, Holmes eight seamen, and thirty-two passengers. Holmes kept his head. He realized that there was little chance of the two boats keeping in company. So he called to the captain that the long boat was without a navigator. The captain thereupon ordered the first mate to transship with quadrant, chart, and compass, and the man without demur obeyed.

Then an incident occurred which showed that Holmes was both compassionate and brave. At the taffrail of the ship appeared a sick girl, stretching out her arms to her mother, who was in the long boat. There was a scream of despair in response as the woman recognized the awful gulf of separation. Holmes urged the men to their oars and caught the poor child in his arms. "Oh, mother, I am coming" she cried as they swung down by the tackle. Thus he was the last man to leave the ship. It was a piteous scene for the derision of the elements. A cable's length away the two tiny boats tossing and plunging like straws in a maelstrom, awaited the end. While on board the ship with her towering masts thirty-one deserted passengers—little children, young girls, matrons who had left all the associations of a life time for the sake of their families and sires, who had been not too old nor too battered by misfortune to have still hoped—pleaded and prayed and cursed.

And, withal, there was but little rational foundation for the unspeakable selfishness of the sailors. The same sea which was about to engulf the ship might at any moment swallow up the boats. Nor would respite necessarily be merciful; for there was the threat of thirst and famine darkening into horrors inhuman and incredible. "Poor souls," cried the first mate in answer to the appeal of frantic arms; "you are only going down a short time before we do."

At midnight the ship settled at the head and went down like a diving monster, hurrying into the vortex of death thirty-one passengers. The two boats, held by a fearful attraction, lay on their oars throughout the night and at daybreak drew near for consultation. The captain announced that it would be prudent to part company, as there would thus be two chances instead of one of sighting a sail. He exhorted the seamen on the longboat to obey the mate in all things, and each one in return so promised.

"I fear we will have to cast lots," said the mate significantly.

"Don't speak of that now," replied the captain; "let that be the last resort." And then the jolly boat, short, stout, and stubby, with but few on board, drew away until it was alone on the ocean, one atom instead of two in a vast waste. Its fate may as well be told now. After being at sea for six days it was picked up by a French fishing lugger and its occupants brought safely to land.

Though the captain's judgment in thus parting company was good, it is doubtful whether it was single, for this was his opinion subsequently testified to as to the condition of the long boat.

"The long boat was in great jeopardy. Her gunwale was within five to twelve inches of the water. She seemed too unmanageable to be saved. The people were half naked and all crowded together like sheep in a pen. It would have been impossible to run her to land, and the chances of her being picked up were ninety-nine to one against her." Perhaps a vision of desperate drowning creatures struggling through the water and dragging at the oars and the sides of his jolly boat had something to do with the captain's decision to part company.

The long boat, owing to Holme's care, was partially provisioned. She had on board six gallons of water, seventy-five pounds of bread, ten pounds of meat, and a small measure of oatmeal, sufficient, with economy, for about a week. She was naturally a well-constructed, seaworthy craft, being 22 feet long, 6 feet beam, and 3 feet deep, but she was laden far beyond her capacity. To make matters worse, she had not been in the water for thirty-five days, and her seams had spread from the dryness. Hence there was work for all. The passengers bailed with tins and buckets, while the crew kept steadily at the oars, holding the course which Holmes indicated as the one most likely to lead into a ship's path. On Tuesday afternoon the plug, 1½ inches in diameter, which had been repeatedly forced out, was lost, and though the orifice was stuffed with bits of clothing, the leakage greatly increased.

Then the rain descended, and with nightfall the wind freshened. The horizon was livid with the ghostly gleam of icebergs. The boat labored more and more heavily as the white-billowed cavalry beset her on all sides. But little was said by the passengers; the pall of a mortal fear pressed over them. They were crowded together like sheep in a pen, and like sheep they opened not their mouths.

The thirty-two passengers consisted of sixteen men, two of whom were married, fifteen women, most of whom were young, and one little boy. It does not appear that the men showed any of the nobler qualities of their sex. They were inert and unresisting; too much overwhelmed with the terrors of death to struggle to live. Had there been but one Holmes among them the impending catastrophe might have been averted. The water gained. Something must be done at once. Should they supinely perish together, or should might again prove right and the cowardly "Sauve que peut" of the ship be repeated?

"The plug is gone," shrieked the passengers; "God have mercy on our poor souls!"

"This won't do," moaned the mate; "Help me, God! Men, go to work."

"Don't part man and wife, and don't throw over any women," continued the mate and covered up his eyes. And then, without consultation or any attempt at drawing lots, Holmes and his men moved forward.

There ensued a ruthless scene. One by one the unmarried male passengers were ordered to stand up. One by one they were cast overboard. Now one entreated to be spared for the sake of wife and children awaiting his coming in the New World. Now another recited his sins, that their very enormity might procure him a little delay.

"Holmes," sobbed a man who had been friendly with the sailor, "You won't put me out."

"Yes, Charlie, you must go," was the response, followed by instant execution.

A man named McAvoy craved five minutes for prayer. This at first Holmes sternly refused, but finally granted at the intercession of the negro cook. It is noticeable as a sign of the times that all the current accounts of this tragedy, while denouncing the fact that not one of the crew was cast over added: "Not even the negro cook." And yet after all his heart had been the lightest.

There was a young man of wealth aboard, Frank Askin, with two sisters clinging to him. He strove to temporize, offering five sovereigns to Holmes if he would wait until morning, and promising that then, if no help came he would "draw lots and go over like a man."

"We don't want your money, Frank," replied the implacable leader: and Askin was tossed over.

"Give me only a dress to put around me," cried one of Askin's sisters, "and I care not to live longer." The two girls exchanged one glance, one kiss, and then, clinging together in death as they had in life, sprang over and shared their brother's fate. In the morning light Holmes did the most indefensible of all his lawless deeds. Two men were found hidden under the thwarts, all stark from cold. The danger then was no longer imminent. The sea had gone down and the boat was comparatively free from water, and yet these two were also tossed out. It may be that Holmes thought them dead; or, if not, that to his stern nature death in their unconsciousness seemed a favor.

Though the morning was fair, all the others remaining on board were too much prostrated for hope. The awful events of the night had stunned them. They lay prone on the bottom too spiritless to curse or to pray. Holmes alone continued cheerful, alert and equal to the emergency. He kept a sharp outlook, and it was due to his judement that the party were saved. He detected a film on the horizon, a mark, fainter than the shadow of a gull's wing, and he interpreted it. Thither he turned the prow, until the film became canvas and the mark a hull; and then, with the good old-fashioned signal of a shawl on an oar, he attracted the attention of the mate of the ship Crescent, supervising some work aloft.

As an example of Holmes' strong common sense the following incident is noteworthy: When the women forward realized that the tidings of great joy were true they sprang screaming and distracted to their feet. "Lie down," commanded the man; "if they make so many of us on board, they will steer off another way and pretend they have not seen us." Not a flattering comment this on the humanity of the sea, but an eminently practical one, as readers of Clark Russell will agree, recalling the frequent instances of such desertion. At all events, the advice was followed. The Crescent drew near, received the hapless survivors, and in due course brought them to their destination at Philadelphia.

Such a tragic tale aroused not only public sympathy but public indignation. A widespread discussion ensued as to how justifiable the conduct of the crew of the William Brown had been, resulting in the indictment of Holmes by the federal grand jury for manslaughter in killing Frank Askin on the high seas. He was brought to trial before the United States circuit court at Philadelphia in April, 1842, Henry Baldwin, associate justice of the Supreme court, presiding.

The case attracted universal interest. The people were represented by District Attorney Meredeth, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Hopkins, and the defence by David Paul Brown, Mr. Hazlehurst, and Mr. Armstrong. All these gentlemen were leaders of the Philadelphia bar. There was little contention regarding the facts; but when it came to the applicability of the law there was a battle royal. This involved a legal settlement of the old question, dear to the ethical heart of two men on a plank which is capable of sustaining only one; and, though diverted to the side issue of the duties of common carriers, still resulted in the most direct adjudication existing as to their rights and obligations.

Mr. Dallas argued for the prosecution as follows: While the manslaughter with which Holmes was charged was unlawful rather than malicious, the only defence to it could be the supreme necessity of self-preservation. To constitute this, in legal sufficiency, the danger must be instant, overwhelmingly, leaving no choice of means, no moment of deliberation. Such was not the present case. "What law," he asked, "gives a crew to be the arbiters of life and death? No, we protest against giving to our seamen the power to thus make jettison of human beings. If they believed that the ultimate safety of a portion was to be advanced by the sacrifice of another portion, it was then their duty to give notice to all aboard and have a common settlement made."

Such a course, Mr. Dallas next contended, would be equable were sailors and passengers in equal relation; but he denied the premise. "The seaman is bound beyond the passenger," he asserted, "to encounter the perils of the sea. It is for this exposure that his claims are a sacred lien, and if only a single nail of the ship is left he is entitled to it. Promulge as law that the prisoner is guiltless and our marine will be disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world. The proper rule is contained in Bacon's noble thought: 'The duties of life are more than life.'"

David Paul Brown summed up for the defence. "This case," he declared, "should be tried in a longboat sunk down to its very gunwale with forty-one half-naked, starved, and shivering wretches; the boat leaking from below, filling from above, a hundred leagues from land, at midnight, surrounded by ice, unmanagable from its load, and subject to certain destruction from the change of the most changeful of the elements, the winds and the waves. To these superadd the horrors of famine and the recklessness of despair, madness, and the prospects, past utterance, of this unutterable condition. Are the United States to come here now, a year after the event, when it is impossible to estimate the elements which combined to make the risk or to say to what extent the jeopardy was imminent—are they with square rule and compass deliberately to measure the boat in this room and to weigh these passengers, call in philosophers, discuss specific gravities, calculate by the tables of life insurance company the chances of life; and because they, these judges, find that by their calculations this unfortunate boat's crew might have had the thousandth part of one poor chance to escape, to condemn the prisoner to chains and a dungeon for what he did in terror and darkness of that dark and terrible night?"

The counsel ridiculed the contention that lots are the law of the ocean, asserting that such a plan under such circumstances was more easy to suggest than to put into practice. He maintained that the crew were either in a state of subordination to their officers or in a state of nature. In the former case he argued that Holmes was excused by the express orders of the mate, and he quoted in support as follows from Caranot: "The armed force is essentially obedient; it acts but never deliberates." And in the latter case that he was equally exempt, having ceased from being a sailor and become a drowning man.

Judge Baldwin, in his charge, thus disposed of the question of two men on the plank:

"Suppose two persons, who owe no duty to one another which is not mutual, should by accident, not attributable to either, be placed in a situation where both cannot survive. Neither is bound to save the other's life by sacrificing his own; nor would either commit a crime in saving his own life in a struggle for the only means of safety."

Coming, however, to the details of the case before him, the judge distinguished as follows: "The sailor must encounter the hardships and perils of the voyage. Nor can this relation be changed when the ship is lost by tempest and all on board have betaken themselves for safety to the small boats; for imminece of danger cannot absolve from duty. Should the emergency become so extreme as to call for the sacrifice of life, there can be no reason why the law does not remain the same; the passenger, not being bound either to labor or to incur the risk of life, cannot be bound to sacrifice his existence to preserve the sailor's. While we admit that sailor and sailor may lawfully struggle with each other for the plank which can save but one, we think that if the passenger is on the plank, even the law of necessity justifies not the sailor who takes it from him."

The judge then proceeded to consider what should have been done under the stress of circumstances existing in the long boat. He admitted that there was no rule of general application, but continued as follows: "There is, however, one condition of extremity for which all writers have prescribed the same rule. When the ship is in no danger of sinking, but all sustenance is exhausted, a sacrifice of one person is necessary to appease the hunger of others. The selection is made by lot. This mode is resorted to as the fairest mode, and in some sort as an appeal to God for the selection of the victim. For ourselves, we can conceive of no mode so consonant with both humanity and justice, and the occasion, we think, must be peculiar which will dispense with its exercise."

Under this charge the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation of mercy. Holmes was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary and to a fine of $20. But the interest of the public did not cease with this. Indignation vanished and sympathy doubled. People maintained that, sailor or no sailor, Holmes had acted naturally. There was a general demand for his liberation, and though President Tyler refused to pardon, part of the penalty was remitted. And so Holmes went back to the perils of the sea, which he held as naught in comparison with those of the land.

"EATING CROW."

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Indianapolis about the epoch of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," a native of those wilds discovered a mineral spring in his clearing. The medicinal effects of the water were wonderful, and their fame spread abroad. People came flocking in from all quarters. They had to put up with the accommodations offered them, which were, as a matter of course, of the most primitive order. The sleeping apartments were vile and the food vilier. To all complaints, however, the landlord had one answer, "Ef it's good 'nuf fer me it's good 'nuf fer enybody."

One day a man, said to be a Philadelphian, came to this woodland retreat and at once began to complain about the quality of the food. The landlord eyed him curiously and threw out his stereotyped reply with the addendum, "I kin eat ENNYTHING, I kin eat CROW."

It so happened that crows were abundant in the vicinity, and the Philadelphian killed one, cooked it and stuffed it with Cayenne pepper. At supper that night when the landlord was seated the new guest asked him blandly if he meant what he said about eating crow.

"To be sure I did," was the surly reply.

"Then," said the Philadelphian, producing his bird, "here is one that I've had cooked for you."

The landlord was game if the bird wasn't, and he sank his teeth into the tough morsel. At the first mouthful he stopped. The Cayenne pepper. His eyes started from their sockets and he rushed for the door. A half hour elapsed, and when he returned to the supper-room he looked like a poisoned pup. Taking his seat at the table, he ejaculated, "I KIN eat crow, but blast me ef I hanker arter it."

ALL MADE OF PEANUTS.

Soups, Sandwiches and Desserts, to Say Nothing of Candy.

The nutritious and extremely palatable peanut, which has been a decidedly popular feature of the country circus and the country fair for so many years, is now receiving an honored place among the nut family, regardless of the fact that it is dug from the ground likt the potato, in stead of being gathered from a tree. Doctors have found that the peanut is "an article of food rich in albumen, of which it contains 50 per cent., with 29 per cent. of fat and non-nitrogenous extractive matetrs." And these little ground nuts, as they were formerly called, are recommended as a valuable article of food, in the form of soups, purees, and mush.

The Chinese boil peanuts, roll them fine, mould them into dough, and bake.

The contriving housewife has already discovered that peanuts can be used to great advantage in many ways, of which here are a few:

Finely chopped peanuts eaten in milk in place of the rolled mush so much used make a dish very highly thought of and one very eceptable for the belated shopper or to be eaten at bed time when a light luncheon is required.

Peanuts rolled fine and added to the bread stuffing for ducks greatly improves it.

There are several ways of using peanuts for sandwiches. One way is to roll the meats very fine and stir them thickly in mayonnaise dressing and spread between the slices of bread. Another method is to roll or pound the shelled and skinned peanuts and spread them thickly upon thin slices of buttered bread. Sprinkle lightly with salt before putting the slices together. Still another filling is made by salting the powdered nut meats and mixing them with enough Philadelphia cream cheese to hold them together. Spread this on squares of thin bread or crackers. These sandwiches are particularly nice to serve with lettuce salad.

A peanut paste served on bread is made thus: For one egg beat one tablespoonful of butter to a cream and into it stir one tablespoonful of sugar and the yolk of one egg, beaten until it is very light and thick. Secure freshly roasted peanuts, shell them, and chop very fine. Stir chopped nuts with the other ingredients until you have a thick paste that will spread. Slice bread into very thin slices and cut them into some fancy form, such as rounds, triangles, or diamonds, and spread them thickly with the stiff and add to it a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Pile this meringue upon the spread bread and scatter a few finely chopped peanuts over the top. Heat a shovel, fill it with hot coals, and hold it over the meringues long enough to very lightly color them. These sweet sandwiches are nice to serve with chocolate or coffee in the evening. They may also be served for a dessert; in this case a little bit of currant jelly or a preserved cherry put into the centre of each piece adds to their appearance.

Peanut meringue shells are nice to serve with plain ice cream. Beat the whites of four eggs very light and stir in three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and one cup of finely chopped peanuts. Drop the mixture by the spoonful upon buttered papers and bake in a rather cool oven. Place a shell on each side of a large spoonful of ice cream and put a little whipped cream over the top in serving.

Another dessert is peanut croquettes: Put one gill of milk and half a pint of bread crumbs in a saucepan and stir over the fire until there is a smooth mass. Add half a cup of finely chopped peanuts which have had a tablespoonful of sherry poured over them. Stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and remove from the fire at once. When the mixture becomes cold form it into balls and roll them in egg and cracker dust. Fry them a delicate brown in hot lard. Drain on brown paper at the mouth of the oven so they will keep hot, and serve them with a caramel sauce.

For salted peanuts, shell and skin the peanuts and to one cup of nuts stir in one tablespoonful of melted butter or oil and one tablespoonful of salt. Let them stand one hour; then drain and place them on a bright pan and put in a moderate oven. Cook until they are a nice brown, stirring them frequently so that they will brown evenly.

Peanut soup is made like a dried pea soup. Soak one and one-half pints of nut meats over night in two quarts of water. In the morning add three quarts of water, a bay leaf, a stalk of celery, a blade of mace, and one slice of onion. Boil this slowly for four or five hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Rub through a sieve and return to the fire. When again hot add one cup of cream. Let the soup boil up once and it is ready to serve. Serve croutons of bread with this soup.

To make a salad with peanuts soak one cup of the nut meats in olive oil, drain them, and mix with two cups of finely cut celery and one dozen pitted olives. Mix them with a mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves. This is a nice salad to serve with duck.

To make peanut jumbles weigh a scant half pound of butter, add a half pound of powdered sugar, and stir them to a cream. Add two beaten eggs and a little nutmeg. Take one cup of finely rolled peanuts and stir them in with three-quarters of a pound of flour. Break off pieces of the dough and roll them in sugar on the moulding board with the hand and form them into rings on a buttered pan, leaving a space between them to spread. Put four half peanuts on each ring and bake them in a moderate oven to a very delicate brown.

Peanut wafers are delicious. To make them stir to a cream half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar. Dissolve a scant half teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of milk and add it to the creamed mixture, and then stir in two cups of flour and beat the mixture vigorously. Turn a baking pan upside down, wipe it very clean, butter it and spread the wafer mixture over it, using a knife to make the mixture smooth and quite thin. Sprinkle the top thickly with finely rolled peanuts and bake the wafers in a moderate oven until browned. As soon as the tin is taken from the oven cut the cake into squares and place them on a moulding board to cool. Put these wafers into a tin box to keep crisp.

Peanut caramel is made by putting into a saucepan over the fire one cup each of molasses and sugar and half a cup of butter. Watch closely while it is cooking and stir when there is danger of its burning or broiling over. Test the syrup by dropping a little in ice water, and when it is crisp quickly stir in one cup of chopped nuts and turn out on buttered tins to cool. Mark the candy off into squares when it is partly cool.

Another peanut candy is made thus: Put into a saucepan one pint of New Orleans molasses with two pounds of brown sugar and half a pint of water. Let this cool until, when tested by dropping some into ice water, it will become hard. Shell three pints of peanuts, butter biscuit tins and spread the nuts over the bottom, pour the cooked mixture over them, and put them away to become cold and hard.

A delicious dinner bonbon is made with large fresh prunes and dates having the stone removed and a peanut put in its place. Or the nuts may be chopped very fine and mixed with the white of an egg, a little sugar, and just enough sherry to flavor. Press this paste into the cavity made by removing the stone and roll the outside of the fruit in powdered sugar.

An old Southern cook made delicious peanut coffee by roasting the nuts quite brown and rolling them fine, then making it like other coffee. With rich cream it was good, and the cups always went back to be filled the second time.

An Unjust Suspicion.

Student—"Here my father writes me that my studies are costing him a mint, and the Lord knows I'm studying very little."—Fliegende Blaetter.

ARMY HARDSHIPS

No one but a Veteran can Realize the Sufferings from Army Life.

It Often Makes Our Able-bodied Men Helpless Invalids—The Story of one who Suffered for Twenty Years, Due to Hardships when in the Service of His Country.

From the Farmers' Voice, Chicago, Ill.

Born in Wyoming County, in the State of New York, fifty years ago, Edson A. Wood grew to manhood on a farm. Of fine physique, inheriting this from his parents, he knew little of sickness till he became of age, when he was stricken with sun-stroke one hot summer's day, and six years later, had another sun-stroke. From this he attributes his head troubles, from which he has suffered more or less ever since. Like many other young and active men, he became dissatisfied with life in his native State, and moved to Illinois.

The war of the great rebellion breaking out shortly after he came here, he enlisted in the 57th Illinois Volunteers, doing good service for his country in his regiment for nearly two years, when sickness produced by the many hardships and sufferings he had passed through forced upon him an honorable discharge. Being obliged to leave the army he came back to Illinois, determining to take up life where he had left it in his native State, the life of farming. But he soon found that his constitution had been more seriously undermined in the army, than he believed or realized. Among other ailments he had contracted while in his regiment, he found that bronchitis had assumed a chronic state, and with it he found that any more than ordinary exertion brought palpitation of the heart, short breathing and strange feeling in the head. Then to add to his distressed condition he found that he also suffered from kidney trouble directly caused from exposures during his army days.

He gave up farming and came to Chicago to settle down and remain. This was twenty-two years ago and he has lived here ever since. For eight years he was in constant service of the West Chicago Street Car Co., before the time of cables or trolleys. He was a driver of a West Madison Street car in good and bad weather, driving one week day-times and the next week during nights. This hard service he was capable of performing, for the reason that no physical exertion was required, but in the course of time had the tendency of increasing the acuteness of his troubles, especially bronchitis and asthma. Deeming it more than advisable on account of his health to seek employment not so wearing, he left the street car service and became an employe of the Pan Handle Railroad. With this railroad company he remained for six years in different capacities. For one period he was a watchman in the yards, at another period he became a flagman at different crossings, and in all these occupations he found it more difficult every year to perform his duties, as the heart trouble become more and more pronounced, his head grew worse, dizzy and strange spells came over him, and last summer he knew that if something was not done for him quickly he would be obliged to give up all active employment. It was then that he first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and found immediate and great relief. He has told every one he knows how well he thinks of these marvellous little pellets and what they did for him.

He now lives at 990 Washington Boulevard. He is well known, respected and prides himself on the fact that the house he lives in to-day he moved in when he came to this city twenty years ago. Mr. Wood is a fine, portly looking man, with white hair, and to-day the picture of health. In speaking of some of the greatest physical distresses he has experienced, he says, "what is told about me in the foregoing is all true, but everything I notice has not been mentioned. It was some time about a year ago when I was very poorly, that my head was giving me a great deal of trouble, dizzy spells, aches and queer feelings, and then I also had a strange feeling of uncertainty in the use of my lower limbs when walking.

"Physicians examined my condition closely and were of the opinion that I had all the first symptoms of locomotor ataxia, and I believe they were right, also last summer I had a very hard time with an attack of tonsilitis and neuralgia from which I did not recover for some time. It was then that I commenced to take these Pink Pills, and had only taken a few boxes when I discovered a remarkable change for the better in every way. The pills seemed to relieve me of aches and pains, the symptoms of locomotor ataxia have left me entirely, and they have made me strong and feel like myself.

"I am going to continue with the use of the pills for the reason that having relieved me of the ailments I thought had come to stay, having been caused thirty years ago from hardships in the army, I am practically rid of them and will lose no efforts when I have the remedy at hand to keep them rid. I am only too glad to tell all my friends what experience I have had with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and when they see the good physical condition I am in now, although near sixty years of age, they will come to the same conclusion as myself.

"The above is a correct statement of facts concerning myself.

(Signed.) EDSON A. WOOD."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of January, 1896.

ROBERT AESLEY, *Notary Public.*

Chills and Fever.

From the Commercial, Vicksburg, Mich.

Mr. George Wandell, of this city (Vicksburg, Michigan,) whose recovery from serious illness a short time ago was the talk of his friends and neighbors, was accosted by a reporter the other day and asked for a statement of his illness and cure.

Mr. Wandell is a carpenter by trade and is well and favorably known in this locality, having resided here for several years. His story as related to the reporter is as follows:

"I was taken sick with fever and chills in the Spring of 1892 and was sick all Summer, being able to work only a part of the time. The following Winter of 1892-'93, I was confined to the house from the first of November until the first of March, being so bad after the fever left me that nervous prostration followed, and I was unable to sleep at night and was all run down physically. I had taken all sorts of patent medicines and was treated by several physicians but all to no avail. I steadily grew worse and finally abandoned medical attendance.

"About the middle of March I saw an article relating the cure of a person similarly affected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I at once sent to the drug store of Mr. O. B. Dunning, by one of my children, and purchased a box of Pink Pills, determined to give them a trial.

"By the time I had taken half a box of them I was able, with the aid of crutches, to be out doors. I grew steadily better from almost the first dose and was able to go to the drug store myself for the second box, and in about a month discarded my crutches. Before May 1st I was able to resume my work at my trade of carpentering, and have been able to continue ever since. I supposed my disease to be rheumatism, but the use of the Pink Pills disproved that theory. I am now able to do a good day's work and my general health is better than for years before taking Pink Pills.

"My eldest daughter also had troubles of the blood and a few doses of the pills did her much good."

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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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