

# A DOUBLE CASE.

Remarkable Cure of a Boston Man who was Afflicted with Salt-Rheum and Rheumatism.

BOTH PROMPTLY CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Those who have had the misfortune to be afflicted with salt-rheum, more especially when it has set in early childhood, can appreciate what it is to "doctor" for this most incurable trouble. They almost all testify that they have "doctored" for years, and often with some of the leading physicians, spending large sums of money without obtaining relief. When this is complicated with an attack of rheumatism, especially in the case of a man whose avocation is one that exposes him to it, the serious nature of his physical ills may be imagined, and also the potent efficacy of such a remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has proved able to conquer such a concatenation of bodily problems, and to put the man into a condition of vigor as a substitute for one of a most disheartening outlook.

In view of the circumstances it is not surprising that many in Boston, especially those of the railroad men, who have been familiar both with the individual and the attendant circumstances, should make so much comment on the cure wrought in the case of Mr. James Freeman, for a number of years past employed as a brakeman on the Old Colony Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This gentleman had been afflicted with salt-rheum from infancy and his blood had a decided tendency to humors, in addition to which the exposed character of his occupation presented an aggravated attack of rheumatism, which threatened to destroy his usefulness and deprive him of his means of livelihood.

But learning of the remarkable testimony which had been given to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People whenever tried for these and kindred difficulties, particularly such as arise from an impoverished or disordered condition of the blood, he was induced to try them, and the result has been so gratifying that he has become a pioneer in recommending them to his fellow workmen, who through his words and the manifest results of his example have shown a constantly increasing use of the pills.

In view of the degree of attention which the case attracted particularly in its effect of promoting the use of the pills among men who are not in the habit of taking medicines, the circumstances were deemed worthy of personal investigation, and accordingly a reporter made a call at the cozy home of Mr. Freeman, at 253 Seaverns Avenue, Boston, Mass., where he and his wife were found to be thoroughly free and untroubled in stating the facts, and most cordial in appreciation of the Pink Pills.

"Yes, it is true," he said in response to inquiry, "I have the greatest satisfaction in giving my word as to what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I have no personal interest in speaking about the matter except that I feel grateful for the cure they have caused, and I think it is only right that I should try and let others have the same opportunity for benefit as myself." In regard to the origin of his use of the Pink Pills he remarked:

"I was first led to try them on account of a certificate from a Montreal man which was published in the papers, and I thought the same thing that had done so much for him would help me.

"I needed to take the Pink Pills for the condition of the blood and for rheumatism. The fact is that my blood has been of a very humory nature and I have been troubled with salt-rheum from infancy. My head

was covered with it and a good deal of my hair came off. It was very uncomely and nothing that I could do seemed to cure it.

"Then came my rheumatic trouble during three months of last winter. I think it came from exposure in the railroad yard during bad weather. It was muscular rheumatism and was located principally in my right arm so that I could hardly lift it that high."

Here Mr. Freeman raised his outstretched right arm slowly to a position below the middle of his breast and gave a graphic idea of the difficulty and distress which accompanied that effort before taking the Pink Pills.

"I began to receive benefit from the first time that I took the pills, and I have never known them to fail of doing good. The trouble with a good many people is that they think they do everything by taking the first small quantity of any remedy. I am not one of those who are satisfied with that kind of sampling, and when I became satisfied that they were the right thing for me I resolved to use them with fullest effect. I soon secured about 25 boxes. I bought them mostly from Jones' Apothecary Store on Washington Street. One of the first good effects I found was an increase of appetite and the benefit of a general tonic. My blood became purer and better, and the effects of the muscular rheumatism rapidly disappeared. As I took no other medicine the whole effect must have come from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was so gratified with their effect that I must have bought altogether about eighty boxes.

"The result was that I was enabled to attend to my work as a brakeman on the cars, which you know requires a pretty free strength in the arms, and I found my general health and spirits took up.

"In the early periods of taking the pills I took one as a dose, and later I increased to two and then three, the toning effect being all the stronger without any disagreeable effect.

"I was so pleased with the results of the Pink Pills in my case that I recommended them to all the railroad men and others within my knowledge that I knew would need their benefit. As a consequence quite a number began their use, and from all that I hear their effects were very satisfactory, so that I doubt not they would be willing to reinforce my certificate with their own testimony."

Mr. Freeman's remarks were corroborated at intervals by his wife, who was a participant in the conversation and manifestly shared his genuine enthusiasm for the curative effects of which she had been a witness, and for which the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has become synonymous.

He certainly looked well and no one could imagine by his appearance and manifestation of energy the double stage of rheumatism and salt-rheum from which the Pink Pills had rescued him.

"I am so satisfied," he said, "as to the true results which the Pink Pills have brought me that I can readily give an affidavit before a Notary to that effect, and who knows me and the circumstances of my case will, however, feel convinced without the need of that."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unalloyed specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink 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. W. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## THE HOURS.

Behind each hour there always lies another more like the first than brother unto brother. And thought can never find the first one or the last. In endless future nor in endless past.

No ending to the line and no beginning. Simply the clock of time forever ringing. A solemn fog bell tolling everlastingly Above the wan waves of a level sea!

What does it mean, this ceaseless, sad procession Of hours? No halt, no change, no retrogression. No haste, no swerving, no delaying, no retreat. Each like the last as pendulum beat to beat.

The earth and moon grow ever old and older, And human hearts grow warmer or grow colder. While stealthy death creeps up all ties to sever. The hours move in unbroken file forever.

For they alone are free from all mutation, Exempt alike from death and from creation:

They pass, and pass, and pass, and passing testify To infinite and imminent eternity.

—Charles F. Johnson, in Outlook.

## CAPT DICKY'S CAPTIVES.

How His Crew of Cripples Recovered in a Night.

One Day Late the Schooner Hester Sailed Into Bristol Harbor with Rum, Molasses, and Five "Cinq Hommes."

The only words that Capt. John Dickey, of the Bristol schooner Hester, had understood were "cinq hommes."

"Five on 'em," he muttered. "That's odds for the frog-eaters."

And in the depths of his gloom he fell to cutting off a pipeful of tobacco.

Truly, Capt. John couldn't be very sanguine. He had sailed from Boston several days before, bound for Bristol town, or ancient Pemaquid, with a general cargo for the storekeepers of the settlement, and alas! a French privateer had overhauled him away off the mouth of the Kennebec. The Hester had fled, but her flight was about as nimble as the scuttling away of an old hen floundering through a backyard to escape a tormenting dog.

The Hester was all right for conveying rum, molasses, and other necessities—broad of beam and tight of seam. But she couldn't run away. Her blunt nose bumped against the waves, her heavy sides smashed continually down upon the brimming swell. The tough old bird spread all sail and bowled along, like a Brahma scuffling before the wind with tail spread, but up came the privateer'sman, his frisky nose dipping, his clean sides flashing back the glint of the wave, and the spume whizzing through the lee braces.

"Schoonaire, ahoy!" shouted a little man from over the taffrail, his knurly, red nose gleaming from under his cap. The pursuer had edged up on the Hester's quarter, and Capt. Dickey and his men were surlily eyeing the small craft.

"What do you want?" roared back the captain, hoarsely, just as though he didn't know all too well.

The man with the knurly red nose screamed back:

"Heaf' ter stand by for bot!"

Capt. Dickey didn't haul around of one, however. He turned to Mate Constant Jenkins.

"Spoke we've got to, Jud?" he remarked, placidly. "Course you know what it means. We're gibbeted."

"Yes, and it's just as well to be gibbeted whole as piecemeal," remarked Mate Jenkins, carefully throwing his squid to lee.

This was wisdom. So in a moment or so the Hester came stopping and clanging and foaming around into the wharf. Not a moment too soon, for the privateer'sman's long Tom had taken a rather determined squint at the mainmast of the schooner.

Then Capt. Dickey, listening attentively and with astern face, heard a gobble of French, in which he distinguished "ring hommes," and that alone, for he wasn't a linguist.

"Sank 'em," he growled; "wal, come along and sank 'em more if you want to."

Constant Jenkins listened to the colloquy with puzzled face.

"If I may be so questioniferous, cap'n," he asked, "who's this 'ere Sank 'em who's coming aboard?"

The captain didn't smile. "I heard 'em say in We-we-lingo," he explained, "that they're going to put five prize men aboard us, and the Lord only knows where they'll take us!"

The crew of the Hester were four—the skipper, the mate—Ozarias Hodson, A. B., able-bodied seaman, and Bernaul Jougith, cook and before the mast.

Now, as the captain strode forward front of the house to see about throwing over the stern ladder, he saw Ozarias Hodson sitting on a rope coil in the waist, with head tied up.

"What ails you?" snapped the skipper.

"Too'ache, sir, and dum'd bad, too!" Ozarias evidently was more distracted by toothache than by a privateer'sman. Bernaul Jougith, who had had the lively suspicion that the privateer'sman would pop a few shots at them by way of exercise and practice, dodged out of sight into his sanctury.

Just as Capt. Dickey threw over the stern ladder a thought struck him.

"By ginner!" said he, and he jumped as though he had suddenly taken in a mouthful of that condiment.

"Boys," said the captain, "there ain't time to go into long explanations, but I want you to know right now that you're as good as dead, and I'm the only man about ship who can keep on his legs."

The expression on the faces of the three captives grew into averted intelligence as they stared into the twinkling eyes of the "old man."

"You're all in the trouble is with us," remarked Bernaul, "and we'll be the dearest folks you can ever seed in about two days of the 'fin' job."

"Wal," said the captain, "I ain't as good a liar as I wish I was, but I guess I'll be bloody enough if a truck fell and smashed your jaw, Ozarias, fractured your collar-bone and broke Bernaul's leg, eh?" And the skipper extended a grin from his wrinkles.

"Takin' that putting consid'able responsibility on one truck, cap'n?"

"That ain't us telling what a truck will do on a rampage," cheerfully replied the captain.

Forthwith he bundled the tooth-sely Ozarias into his bunk and made him wrap into elaborate bandages about his head and shoulders.

Then he obliged Bernaul to remove his trousers, and finally but neatly he strapped a bit of board upon the cook's leg, bandaging it with strips from his disolothic.

"I'd kind of like to know the nature of my complaint," broke in Constant Jenkins, "so that I can be practical."

The captain pondered. "I suppose I might have your arm broken," he said, dutifully. "But one block couldn't very well knock out the whole crew. We're got to have a little variety, for their frog-eaters are suspicious cusses. Ever have guller janders?" he asked of Jenkins.

"No."

"Wal, all you've got to do is to lay still and haul your mouth down. I'll dunn on a little stush," and the captain skillfully rubbed some of the yellow oil over the mate's face.

"Now look sick, all of you," said the captain as he prepared to go on deck and receive the prize crew. "It'll help you to look sicker if you recollect that the frog-eaters have a way of sitting wizens when they suspicion shenanigan."

And he left.

Of the Frenchmen who came over the rail none could talk English, and the captain couldn't talk French. Yes, he could—he could say "long shur," but he loftily forbore.

However, when the new arrivals looked around suspiciously for the crew, and among their carlines and appeared to apprehend ambush, the captain, with many waves of his hands and much "we-ing," led two of the five below with an air like a rooster gallantly conducting pullets to a worm banquet. In pantomime he explained the sad plight he was in, and his crew groaned dolefully at the proper times. He tried to explain to the Frenchmen how low he was they had come and taken the Hester at this time of danger. The men didn't seem to grasp that part of the anatomy, however. But the captain didn't care. The prize men were evidently thoroughly convinced that below decks was just the hospital it claimed to be, and after much ineffectual jabber and much posturing they made the captain understand that he was to stay down and nurse his men.

The captain was a good nurse. He must have worked the faith cure on his devoted crew, for in the deep gloom of the dog watch three very determined-looking conscripts sneaked barefooted at his heels as he wormed aft in the shadow of the Hester's bulwark.

The night was made for the enterprise. Tens clouded, and from the work of the west a humming breeze sang in the shrouds and murmured down out of the hollows of the sails. One Frenchman was at the wheel and one penultimate back and forward at the head of the companionway. Another was doubled up on a coil of rope in the lee of the house and the other two were presumably below. All the men on deck were unarmed, for it wasn't to be supposed that they would lug about an arsenal to protect themselves against a nautical invalid's home. So Capt. Dickey's miraculously healed body-guard had little trouble in downing and tying all three before their surprise was over.

The only casualty was when a squirming Frenchman trod upon Bernaul's bare foot. In his anguish the cook let out a howl that started the two men below on a rush for the deck. They lobbed out of the companion-hatch like two jacks-in-the-box, saw the situation and as quickly jerked themselves back.

They stayed barricaded in the cabin till the schooner came up into Bristol harbor, 24 hours later, with a bone in her mouth and the foam bells tinkling off her rudder. Capt. Dickey would, in the kindness of his heart, have fed the garrison in his cabin on plum duff and salt horse; but every time he tried to explain his wishes through the cabin window they poked their gunbarrels at him. The poor chaps evidently thought their companions had been made way with, and that the bluff-faced old skipper was enjoying them to a similar fate.

"What's your cargo, John, this trip?" roared Job Bramon, from the wharf as he waited to catch the line and fling it over a spiling.

"Rum, molasses, sundries," and Frenchmen," shouted back the captain; "and if you'll bear a hand with a plank we'll unload the Frenchmen first."

And all Bristol flocked down to fling a sarcastic "polly voo" at Capt. John Dickey's unhappy captives.—Lewiston Journal.

Keeping Booth.

All soups can be preserved in a good condition for some days by taking great care, when freshly made, to skim well, and to remove every particle of fat from the surface. The broth should be kept in a very cool larder and uncovered; in every hot weather it should be strained every day, and poured into a perfectly clean vessel.—Albany Journal.

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