

A CALGARY MIRACLE.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the Northwest.

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued from What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be Her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune.
CALGARY, N.W.T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady, who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking, and exceedingly healthy, weighing 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat, but she did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring, the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do for her was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company, at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time, Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month, she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old time health, strength and spirits. I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS.
Your correspondent then called upon Mr. J. G. Tompkins, the well-known druggist on Stephen avenue. In reply to an enquiry as to what he could tell me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Tompkins replied: "What can I tell you about Pink Pills? Well I can tell you, they are the most wonderful medicine I ever handled, I had experience with them in Ontario before coming out here, and in all my experience as a druggist, I never knew any medicine have such a wonderful demand, or give such great satisfaction. My experience here has been like my experience in Ontario, all who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speak in their praise, and if I were to tell you how many boxes I am selling here daily, you would be readily excused for being somewhat incredulous. If I am asked to recommend a medicine, I unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my confidence in them has never been misplaced. I have already said the demand for Pink Pills is astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the statements of customers. I have sold here and in Ontario, thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as

scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature."
These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

HOW GOLD WAS FOUND IN A GRAVE.

Discovery Made by Men Who Were In an Unfortunate Prospect.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848 and in Colorado in 1858. The discovery was accidental in both cases, and the fact created the impression that mines were "lying around loose." Adventurers drifted about in hope of "stumbling upon a mine." Mr. Thayer, in his "Marvels of the New West," mentions several instances of lucky "stumbling." Three men, while looking for gold in California, discovered the dead body of a man, who evidently had been "prospecting." "Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks!" "Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if she knows it." They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they had located a grave they opened a gold mine.

An adventurer who had drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim" and opened one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Leadville.

"Dead Man Claim," the name given to another rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave.

A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow bank and hired a man for \$20 to dig a grave. The gravedigger, after three days' absence, was found digging a mine instead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."

But these "stumbings" are exceptions to the rule that mines are found by painstaking, intelligent prospectors. They spend wearisome months in exploring mountains and gulches. They are mineralogists, geologists, and, above all, practical explorers, who can tell from a "twist" in the grain of the rock or from the color of a spar seam whether "paying gold" can be mined in the region.

The French Executioner in Difficulties.

—The "Execution of High Works," as the French call the man who presides over the guillotine, is having a bad time of it in consequence of the Anarchist threats. M. Deibler resides in the Rue Vicq d'Azir, but he is looking out for apartments elsewhere, as his fellow-lodgers have threatened their landlord that they will leave. Several eligible places to let have been visited by M. Deibler lately, but the mention of his name has generally been sufficient to ensure his being shown the door. At length he found some apartments to suit him in the Rue Michol-Cizot, at a rental of about £30 sterling per annum. He was referred to M. Clement, who inherited the house jointly with some brothers, and who, as the rooms had remained unlet for a long time, was delighted to be able to announce to his co-heirs that a tenant who was prepared to pay a good sum had at last been found. The name of Deibler conveyed nothing to him, for, he says, he never reads the newspapers. The case was signed, but on its being shown to the brothers the truth was suspected. M. Clement called on M. Deibler. "Are you the executioner?" he asked him. "Yes," said the other, in a surly tone of voice. "Then you cannot have the rooms," was the rejoinder. But the lease was signed and M. Deibler was not to be trifled with. Successive offers of 500 and 1000 francs compensation for breach of contract failed to move him, and there at present the matter stands. The concierge, meanwhile, is troubled about a gratuity of 20 francs, which M. Deibler gave her as a "denier a Dieu" (a customary gift by an incoming tenant to the hall-keeper), as she declares she does not like to take out a post-office order payable to the "red man."

Handwriting of St. Peter.

A papyrus manuscript found in the den of an old hermit in a cave near Jerusalem in the year 1880 and which experts have all along believed to have been the handwriting of St. Peter, "the friend of Christ," was submitted to a committee of the Biblical Society of London in 1890. They have arrived at the conclusion that the work is in reality exactly what it purports to be, the last literary work of the great Apostle. I have been unable to ascertain exactly who has charge of the relic, but it is said that a "society of British literary voluptuaries" have offered £20,000 for the document.

A Hard Corner.

The age of thirty is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and *passé* at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded.

The Diary of the First White Man Who Entered the Transvaal.

Mr. J. de Villiers Roos, of *Land en Volk*, has just completed for the society Jong Zuid Afrika a work of incalculable importance to the South African Republic, and, in fact, to the whole of South Africa. He has copied for the society the diary of the first white man who entered the Transvaal. The story of the Trichardt march from the Cape Colony through Zoutpansberg to Delagoa Bay is contained in this diary, which is the handwriting of Louis Trichardt, grandfather of the Commandant of Middelburg. The trek consisted originally of two clans, the Trichardts and the Rensburgs, but they quarrelled in the North, and the Rensburgs trekked through to the Limpopo, and they were never seen again. It was subsequently ascertained that the whole clan had been massacred by a Matabele impi.

The Trichardts heard this in Zoutpansberg as a rumor among the Kaffirs, and they also heard that the Matabele were recruiting a special impi for them. Old Trichardt then decided upon the bold enterprise of marching to Delagoa Bay across a country which no white man had traversed yet. Then commenced the tragedies, the horrors, and the nameless horrors of the Trichardt diary. No novel that has ever been written appeals so potently to the heart as the simple words of the grand old hero of South African pioneering. The record of the march to Delagoa Bay is a record full of tears illumined scarcely by one brighter ray. There are passages in this journal which South African history cannot afford to lose. At Delagoa Bay the whole trek died of fever, one by one, and the old man—whose monument should stand on Church Square to-day—wrote the last page of his awful story the day before he, too, succumbed to the disease.

Few more touching passages will be found in any history than the description of their arrival in Delagoa Bay. They reached there at the very last gasp, so to speak. Their cattle had all been killed by the tsetse. Worn out and famished, with nothing but animal skin to cover themselves, they reached the Rio Spirito Sancto with death staring them in the face from its pestilential banks. Almost the first thing they beheld was a boat upon the river, and then they met the first white man they had come across during their long pilgrimage. He was a Portuguese soldier of the garrison, and with him they travelled down the river to the fort—to die. The book belongs to the Trichardt family, and was kindly lent to Young South Africa through the good offices of Commandant Trichardt of Middelburg. It is written in pale ink and apparently with all manner of instruments serving for pens, and is strongly bound in tanned oxhide. The binding is the handwriting of the Father of Voortrekkers himself. The watermark on the paper is 1830, and the diary was commenced in Zoutpansberg in 1835.

Mr. Roos has spared no pains to make a perfect copy. The grand old pioneer wrote a firm, clear hand, but through age and the bad ink used the writing is occasionally hardly legible. By means of the two mirrors, however, Mr. Roos succeeded in deciphering every word, and he will, therefore, present to the society a perfect copy of the first diary—the first thing, in fact—ever written by a white man in the Transvaal. It will be proposed in the society that the government be approached with a view to the publication of the book at State cost.

Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

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A. P. 636.

A Veteran's Story



Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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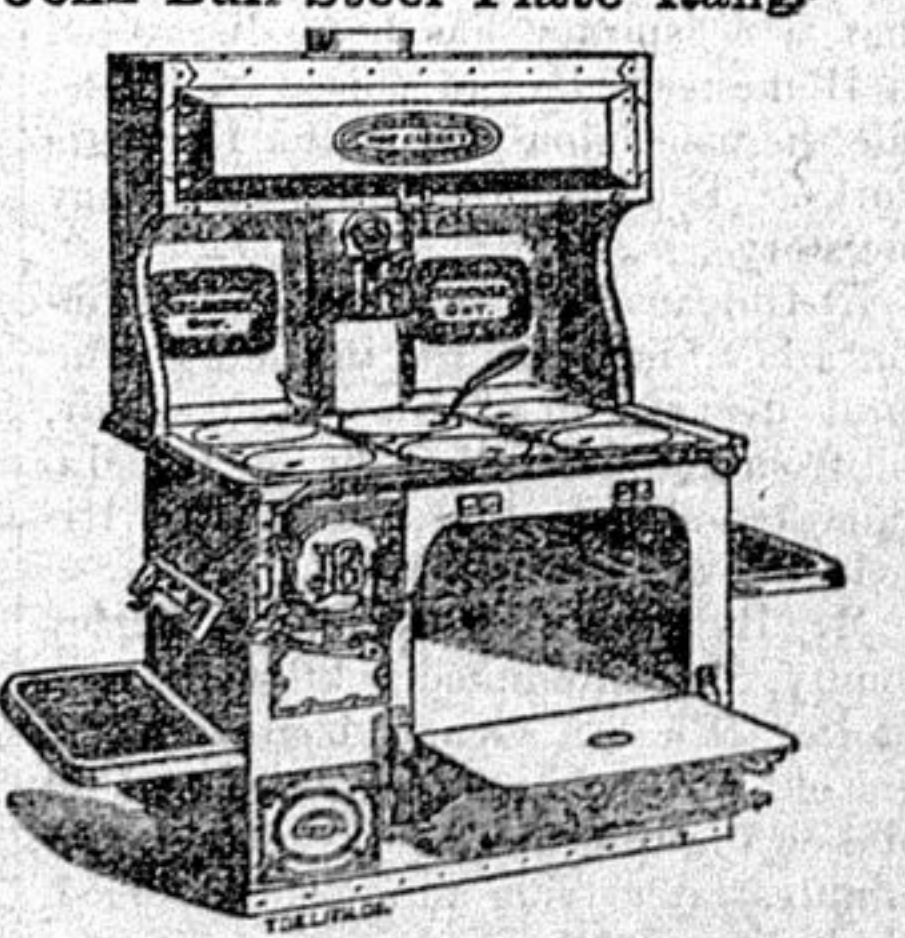
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