

## AN AUBURN MIRACLE,

An Act of Heroism Followed by Dire Results.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering he is Restored to Health—A Story of Interest to Canadians.

Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight year old boy fell into the East River at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and sister, Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia St., which gave local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly passed out of the mind of the writer until a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 25, '92.  
I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly,  
EDWARD DONNELLY,  
71 Moravia St., Auburn, N. Y.

Immediately on returning to Auburn our reporter called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

Moravia street is one of the pleasant suburban streets of Auburn, and No. 71 is about the last house on it before reaching the open country, and nearly two miles from the business centre of the city.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Donnelly, "come into the house, I will tell you all about my case and how Pink Pills cured me, and will be glad to do it and to have it printed for the benefit of others, for I am sure I owe my restoration to health and happiness wholly to those simple but wonderful Pills." And then in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told our correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street, on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir I am sure I should have died long ago if Pink Pills had not saved my life, and I wouldn't have cared then for my sufferings were so great that death would have been a blessed relief; but now, thank God, I am a well man again and free from pain and able to be happy.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deadly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of last June (1892) my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals and I must say I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking the medicine ('It was Iodide of Potassium,' said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I read of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed Pills before, but I thought if they could cure another case of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once, following, all the directions closely. In a few weeks time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets—(more than a mile) where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Potchin, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left a prescription with Dr. Hyde, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes, at an entire cost of less than \$10.00. (My other treatment cost me pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well, I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country, but instead of

dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I were able I would, at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here.

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world. Why when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also wore the ruddy flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Our reporter then called upon Chas. H. Sager Co., druggists, at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances, which had come to the knowledge, where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These 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 unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to the pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever 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. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers wish to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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.

### DEVILS LOOSE IN THE HOLD.

#### A British Skipper's Yarn.

This story may recall to the reader a celebrated chapter in French fiction from the master pen of Victor Hugo, which tells how a cannon on board a little ship manned by half-savage Vendeeans got loose in a gale and came near wrecking the ship before it was secured. Hugo endows the cannon with the fierce instinct of a living monster.

Capt. Creeden of the steamship Elsie, like the true Briton that he is, scorns to read anything except standard English writers who know the forecastle head from a marlin spike, but he declared yesterday that the big spare propeller, weightier than Hugo's cannon, that broke from its lashings on the Elsie seemed to have three or four devils in it. It is the habit of every well-regulated tramp steamship to carry, usually between decks, aft, a spare propeller and a tail shaft, which is that section of the shaft nearest to the propeller. These extra pieces of machinery may be put in place by the engineers of the ship in almost any port.

The extra tail shaft of the Elsie weighing over four tons, and the spare propeller, weighing about two tons, were lashed between decks aft in the ship, which was in ballast. Capt. Creeden says they were made fast in the most approved sailor fashion, and would have stood any strain except the altogether abnormal and unexpected one they were subjected to on Wednesday last. The Elsie is from St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, and she had a fine voyage until she reached the latitude of frst. Capt. Creeden was in his berth at 3 o'clock last Wednesday morning trying to get a few winks. A frigid gale was howling out of the northwest, and every bit of spray that struck the ship froze instantly, weighing her weather bow with two feet of ice. She rolled deep in the seas, and every movable thing on her decks was carried away. Capt. Creeden was awakened by a thunder-like rumbling aft. The mate rushed forward and reported that the spare propeller had got loose.

The little skipper summoned every one of the crew except the helmsman, and flew to the after hatch and scrambled down the ladder. He says the ship when she rolled went over to an angle of 65° from the perpendicular. The compartment where the propeller got loose was only dimly lighted. When the skipper recovered his equilibrium he described what seemed to be several propellers whirling and curving like gigantic bats about the hold. He also saw that there were two big holes, one in each quarter, through which the seas gushed whenever the ship went on her side.

Not a man dared to venture within the space where the huge pieces of iron tore about. They were the propeller blades, all

smashed from the hub except one. That was the most dangerous.

Ten men in all were in the hold watching their chances with pieces of scantling and lassos to intercept the destructive career of the broken blades. There were many close shaves. One by one, by the sudden placing of a lever or the dexterous use of a noose, all save the blade attached to the hub were secured. That one seemed to have a positive genius for dodging, and a terribly earnest desire to crush the adventurous sailor man who tried to get a lever under it or a lassoo around it. It resisted all the efforts to make it fast of the men, who sometimes were thrown by the wild motion of the ship into tangled heaps. It was like a propeller that had an invisible engine attached to it.

While it was flying and pounding fore and aft and athwart the hold. Captain Creeden saw the ponderous extra tail shaft tremble and move. He knew if that massive cylinder snapped its lashing nothing could prevent it smashing the bottom out of the ship. So, regardless of the danger from the flying propeller blade, all hands were called to secure the tail shaft. The skipper himself was the first man to advance upon the shaft. It had begun to roll. He shoved one end of a piece of scantling under it and braced the other end against a deck beam above. Simultaneously a sailor had got a heavy hawser noosed about one end of the shaft. Just then the propeller blade made the work of the imperilled sailors comparatively safe. It secured itself by punching a two-foot hole in the starboard quarter and sticking there. The hub was stuck inside on the deck, and the blade protruded, like a wing from the heel of Mercury, outside the hull. The fight with the blades and the tail shaft had been so hot that the men hardly knew that the ship was in danger of being swamped by the seas that came through the gashes in her quarters.

The skipper mopped the perspiration from his forehead and with his men began stopping up the holes. Burlaps, dunnage, and tarpaulin were jammed into them. The skipper feared some of the dunnage, which persisted in working out of the holes, might foul the propeller and break the blades, but he had to take the chances on that. The gale moderated and the seas went down that day, and mightily glad the skipper was to see next evening the lights of Delaware Breakwater. The Elsie will have to go on dry-dock to get the propeller blade out of her side.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

What grand designs some have formed of future service of God! What small results have followed! Ah, it is better to lay one brick to-day than to propose to build a palace next year.—[Spurgeon.]

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

A. P. 643

### Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help.

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.



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and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

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There was Tom, the Son of the Piper, Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole, And the Three Wise Men of Gotham. Who went to sea in a bowl; The woman who rode on a broomstick, And swept the cobwebbed sky, And the boy who sat in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie. These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The Old fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one for a dose.

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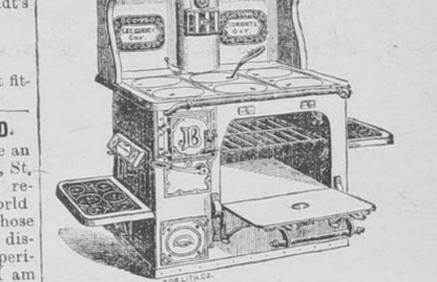
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