

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENNESSE, AER, INDIANA.

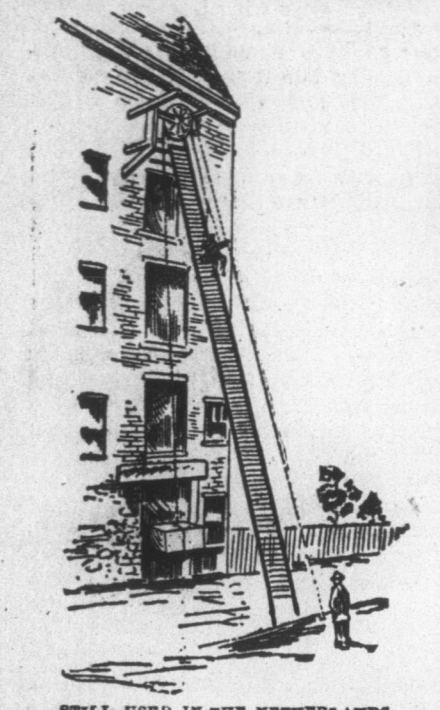
J. W. MOEWEN, PUBLISHER.

## PRIMITIVE DEVICES.

### PECULIARITIES OF ANCIENT MACHINERY.

The Water Hoists of Madagascar and the Ganges—The Dutch Inclined Plane and the German Flying Wheel—The First Hydraulic Lift.

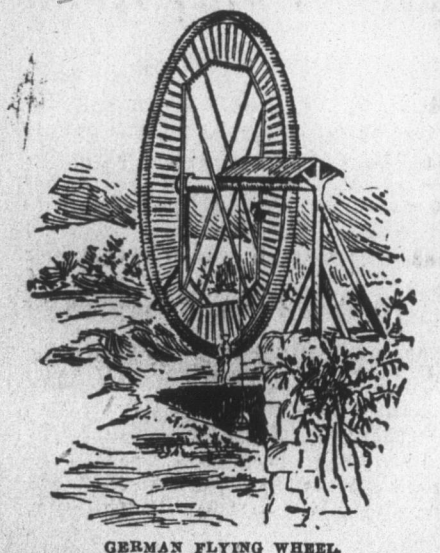
Used in Hauling and Lifting. I became acquainted with a man, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat, who told me that he was commissioned by a large manufacturer to hunt out various primitive forms of the application of power. It became



STILL USED IN THE NETHERLANDS.

then his duty to search through all sorts of musty tomes in half a dozen languages.

"And what have you found?" I said. "One of the oddest is that used on the coast of Madagascar by the natives. It consists of a long pole swung something after the fashion of the old oaken bucket. The pot goes down in the well. Now, the weight of the pot is just equal to the weight of the beam, or log, so that when it is filled with water it will not rise steadily. But the ingenious natives have arranged a railing on each side



GERMAN FLYING WHEEL.

of the log, and to make the pail come up, deliberately walk backward. Is it not ingenious?"

No one but a Dutchman would ever think of hoisting a package into a building in the curious fashion outlined here. A glance at the picture shows how it was done. The sliding seat holds the man; when the package is to go up the man slides down, and vice versa. It was used in the Netherlands about 100 years ago. In some small towns it may still be seen. The little Dutch boys look on in wonder and, no doubt, think of the time when they, too, shall ride.

I do not think that "Old Carrot Top" hit on a more odd or unique



WATER CRANES ON THE GANGES.

method of application of power than that of the flying wheel as it was called, a device used in Germany and Austria along about 1670-1700. The lads in the wheel had to be nimble fellows, but, the way being long and the day likewise, they must have been very tired at nightfall. Happily this



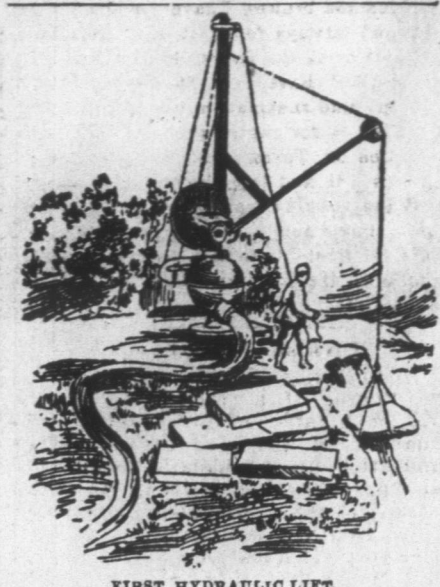
A CHINESE DEVICE.

rudimentary method of hoisting has now passed away.

Travelers on the Ganges often tell of the strange way in which the natives hoist buckets of water by means of a series of cranes. The method calls for a number of changes from one crane to another, but the labor being shared by half a dozen people, is not so tiresome to the individual as in the case of the wheel. Still, American engineers would doubtless

find it decidedly primitive and irksome.

The Chinese, of the last century used an odd device to haul up their wine. It was a rope running around a shaft, which, in turn, connected with a great wheel, upon which was a device something like the escapement of a modern watch. By working a lever up and down the ratchets

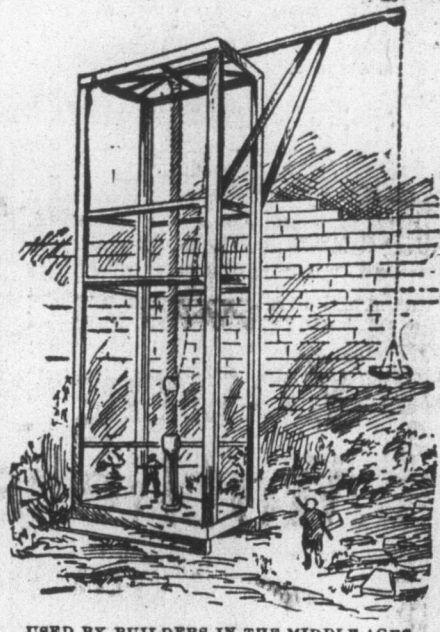


FIRST HYDRAULIC LIFT.

were rapidly thrown along the teeth of the wheel, and slowly the barrels of wine came from the cellar.

The earliest use of the hydraulic method is shown in the picture, and a quaint study it is. The water was forced against a paddle wheel, which, in turn, communicated its power to a rope, and this did the hoisting.

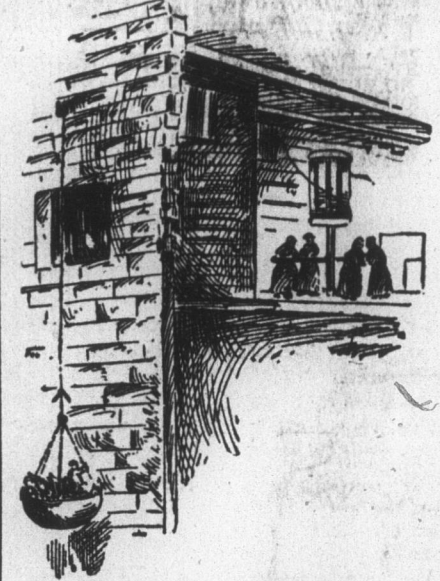
For a unique screw attachment, the one here shown beats the world. It was used by the builders of the Middle Ages to carry the stones upward in raising the high walls that surrounded the cities. It was painfully slow in its action, but at the



USED BY BUILDERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

time was regarded as a wonderful thing.

The monks of the Middle Ages had a clever scheme, simple and effective, for hoisting casks. It was the earliest form of the windlass, and for simplicity and general utility affords the best example of the early method of the intelligent use of hoisting power. Four men, or more, would man the



EARLIEST FORM OF THE WINDLASS.

captain and, like sailors in a ship, heave away until the plunder came into the castle.

### Just a Few Kisses.

Some wag with plenty of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of all the prominent English and American authors for the purpose of gathering all the adjectives with which they qualify the word kiss. The result of his labor is that kisses can be as follows: Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh as the morning, breathing fire, divine, satanic, glad, sad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, tricky, criminal, heavenly, execrable, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, trembling, electrifying, ecstatic, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immature, lascivious, libidinous, sisterly, brotherly, and parasitical. The task seemed interminable and he gave up at this stage.

### A Great Irrigation Project.

The people of Arizona are enthusiastic over a gigantic irrigation scheme, which is hoped to enhance the attractiveness of that State. The plan is to build a big steel dam in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River of sufficient strength to resist any pressure of summer floods, part of the water thus confined to be used to operate turbine wheels to drive pumping machinery for elevating the remainder to the plain above. The supply of water in the Colorado is unflinching, and many of the most extensive valleys in the Territory could be irrigated by such a system. The scheme is generally said to be entirely feasible. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"Fred only puts on the smoking-jacket I bought him when he is sick." "I didn't know he was ever sick." "He isn't," except when he tries to smoke." —Life's Calendar.

"Strange," said the actor, "that the ties should seem fewer as I get nearer home." —Plain Dealer.

## MURDER IN AMERICA.

Quaker Facts About the Crime in This Country.

Some late statistics published in regard to crime in this country show some interesting and curious facts. We generally think foreigners commit most of the murders in this country, but, in fact, over half the homicides committed by white people are chargeable to native Americans. The negro homicides constitute nearly one-half of all such crimes native or foreign, and they are remarkable for cruelty and brutality. Murderers are not usually illiterate. The majority of them can read and write, except in the case of negroes, less than half of whom can do either, and of the Indians only a very few have any education or even civilization at all.

One of the most curious facts is the large number of farmers guilty of homicide. The farmer is usually supposed to be tractable and peace-loving. Yet out of all homicides in any one year it will be found that nearly one-third of them are committed by farmers. It is even claimed by some that contact with the soil arouses a love for blood. The professions furnish about one or two out of 100; the office-holders about one for every 200, and the fishers about one for every 300. Unskilled labor is credited with most, agriculturists come next, manufacturers and mechanical industries follow, and then in their order of criminality come personal and house servants, railroad and steamship people, trade and commerce, mining, professional, official, lumber and miscellaneous.

To the everlasting honor of womanhood, be it said that out of all homicides men commit at least 95 per cent. of them and women not over 5 or 6 per cent., and of those the vast majority are by lewd and abandoned women. And of the men it is found, naturally enough, that nearly one-half of them are bachelors.

Men are never too old to murder. The average age is found to be about 35 years, except among the Chinese, where the average is higher. Twenty per cent. are under 35 and a few are over the Scriptural three score and ten. The average age of women is over 32, and that of the negroes is about 30.

The figures also dispel the popular delusion that idleness is a crime's great workshop, as over three-fourths of all persons charged with homicide were employed at the time of the crime. Nor does liquor play the all-important part usually attributed to it. Less than one-fifth of all the homicides are found to be inebriated drinkers, while fully as large a number are found to be total abstainers. Over 90 per cent. have been found to be in good physical health, and very few have shown any striking marks of physical atavism or degeneration.

### Not Blown Off by the Wind.

About a year ago the telegraphic dispatches contained an account of a wind storm in Missouri, which not only blew down houses and fences and caused great loss of life, but also stripped the feathers from a rooster. The correspondent stated that not even the pinfeathers were left, and his description of how the cock next morning strutted forth, flapped his naked wings and crowed with a somewhat-disfigured-but-still-in-the-ring style caused considerable merriment. It was reasoned that a wind of such force would have blown the fowl to Jericho, and the writer was set down as a Munchausen. Scientific research, however, sustains the story, but ascribes the rooster's condition to another cause. A writer in the New York Herald says: "Among the most astonishing effects of whirlwinds must be reckoned the well-supported fact that, on their cessation, birds exposed to them have been found stripped of their feathers, and people with every shred of clothing torn from them. These effects cannot possibly be ascribed to the wind. The force necessary would have sufficed to transport the objects away bodily. Numerous similar occurrences were observed in France in the tornadoes which prevailed there three years ago, and these were gradually brought under investigation. Over the whole region affected trees were found rent in a manner which could not possibly have resulted from the wind. These were, first, oaks split down the center for a length of twenty to twenty-five feet; second, poplars and beeches for a length of six to twelve feet were shivered into sticks of uniform thickness (for example, a beech tree sixteen inches in diameter was split into more than 500 sticks a centimeter thick, two centimeters broad and three and a half centimeters long); third, firs and other resinous trees had their stems cut clean through, leaving almost even surfaces. These phenomena and others of kindred nature can be ascribed only to electricity."

It was the Hat. "I never realized the truth of Shakespeare's saying that 'the apparel doth oft proclaim the man' till I made my first trip to New York City," said Editor McAdams, who prints the Chicago Asaw Chiefly away down in the Indian Nation, to some friends at the Ebbitt.

"You see the sombrero I have on now—well, the brim is pretty wide, but not a marker to the one I wore that day on my pilgrimage up Broadway. I must have looked pretty verdant, for there were just seventeen sharpers that struck me between the Astor House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When I reached that point the thing got monotonous, and I went into a hat store and bought a derby." Then I resumed my sauntering and walked a mile further, but never a 'con' man reached out his hand and with an insinuating smile pretended to know me." —Washington Post.

### Mocking-Bird Music.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt expresses the opinion that the musical reputation of the mocking-bird suffers greatly from its habit of mimicry. On ordinary occasions, and especially in the daytime, it plays the harlequin, but at night during the love season it has a song, or rather songs, which are not only purely original, but also more beautiful than any other bird music whatsoever. Once, near Nashville, he heard a mocking-bird sing in a way that he can never forget. He thus describes his experience:

The moon was full. My host kindly assigned me a room the windows of which opened on a great magnolia-tree, where, I was told, a mocking-bird sang every night, and all night long. I went to my room about ten o'clock. The moonlight was shining in through the open window, and the mocking-bird was already in the magnolia.

The great elm was bathed in a flood of silver; I could see each twig, and mark every action of the singer, who was pouring forth such a rapture of ringing melody as I have never listened to before or since. Sometimes he would perch motionless for many minutes, his body quivering and thrilling with the outpour of music. Then he would drop softly from twig to twig until the lowest limb was reached, when he would rise, fluttering and leaping through the branches, his song never ceasing for an instant, until he reached the summit of the tree and launched into

the warm, scent-laden air, floating in spirals, with outspread wings, until, as if tired, he sagged gently back into the tree and down through the branches, while his song rose into an ecstasy of ardor and passion.

His voice rang like a clarinet in rich, full tones and his execution covered the widest possible compass; these followed theme, a torrent of music, a swelling tide of harmony, in which scarcely any two bars were alike.

I stayed until midnight listening to him; he was singing when I went to sleep; he was still singing when I woke up two hours later; he sang through the liveliest night.

### OLD-FASHIONED RELATIVES.

A Little and Aged Man Inquires if "Willie" Can Be Seen.

Relatives of the old-fashioned sort are sad disturbers of the dignity of the rising generation, especially when they trot out pet names in public, as all fond parents of the old-fashioned sort invariably insist on doing. It's a difficult thing for a parent to realize, anyway, that his child has grown up.

There is a young man in a position of great trust in one of the largest mercantile establishments of this town. He came from the country originally, but would rather have that forgotten. Yesterday a little old man entered the counting-room. He was done up in about five lengths of red-and-yellow scarf, and gave other evidences of hailing from the latitude of Johnson's Creek or Findley's Lake.

"Is Willie in?" he asked the clerk at the counter.

"Willie? Who's Willie?" questioned the puzzled youth.

"Why, our Willie. He's clerkin' it here, ain't he?"

The young man was about to reply that Willie was not on his visiting list, when the stately gentleman who is known to the head of the firm as "William" to the cashier and the principal bookkeeper as "Mr. Jones," and to the other employees as "Will," and with the accent on the "Mister," came forward and greeted the visitor as "father." But he will never again be called any name in that establishment, even by the smallest office boy, except "Willie." —Buffalo Express.

### Too Magnetic for Safety.

The story that a deviation of her compass, resulting from the presence of steel in a cork leg worn by the man at the wheel, caused the steamer Susan E. Peck to strand near Bar Point, Lake Erie, in September last, with a loss to the underwriters of upward of \$20,000, has brought out another quite funny one.

According to the narrator, on one of the trips of the fine steel steamer Castalia down Lake Huron the past season, the second mate reported to Capt. Allen that the compass had suddenly gone wrong; that the needle would swing three or four points to the right or left at intervals, and that because of these erratic movements it had become utterly impossible to steer a course—in fact, he had lost track of the course of the steamer altogether. Capt. Allen accompanied the mate to the pilot house and found matters just as they had been reported. Besides the man at the wheel two lady passengers were in the pilot house when Capt. Allen entered. Turning to them, after meditating for a moment, he asked if they wore steel corsets. A reply in the affirmative led to a further question as to where they had been, and this elicited the information that the ladies had paid a visit to the engine room, and that while there the engineer had afforded them an opportunity to inspect the dynamo which supplied the electric lights of the steamer.

"That settles it; you must get out of here!" next greeted the ears of the ladies as Capt. Allen opened the pilot house door for their exit. And while they were waiting back to the cabin in a maze of surprise and astonishment at Capt. Allen's exhibition of bluff, sailor-like authority, that compass got right down to staid business again and showed the man at the wheel the way with its usual precision. It is hardly necessary to explain that the dynamo had magnetized the steel corsets worn by the ladies, and that thus the corsets became responsible for the crazy race the needle of the compass ran as the wearers moved to and fro in the pilot house. —Milwaukee Wisconsin.

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### Webster Was Lazy.

As a boy, Daniel Webster was not over fond of labor. On one occasion his father returned from a short journey and found certain work undone. Summoning the boys, he asked, sharply, "Ezekiel, what have you been doing?" "Nothing," was the reluctant reply. "Well, Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke," said the prompt and cheerful answer, and the father's anger was lost in his mirth. On another occasion Daniel was put to mowing, but complained that his scythe "was not hung right." "All right," said his father, "hang it to suit yourself." Thereupon Daniel hung the scythe upon a tree, remarking: "There; that is hung to suit me." And he mowed no more that day.

When an editor attempts to "feel the pulse of the people" he is liable to neglect his own circulation. —Glen Falls Republican.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious, and laughable—The Week's Humor.

### Let Us All Laugh.

A RELIABLE safety coupler—the minister.—Lowell Courier.

TO ENJOY a warm spring sit on a hot flat-iron placed on a chain by your wife.—Siftings.

TEACHER—"Willie, what is memory?" WILLIE—"The thing you forget with."—Vogue.

"I ALWAYS did enjoy an intellectual feast," said the cannibal as he ate the Yale man.—Life.

THE man who is waiting for his ship to come in usually finds it a tug.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE surgeon may be very sedate, but he is a great hand to cut up.—Glen Falls Republican.

ARE the members of the college Eta society particularly partial to pastry?—Lowell Courier.

MANY a man who would like to reform the world has a front gate that won't stay shut.—Ram's Horn.

"THERE is a time for everything," when the boarding-house cook makes hash.—Binghamton Republican.

IT is said peace efforts are on foot in Honduras. Statesmen may be saving their corns out.—Pittsburg.

WHEN a man past 50 hasn't had my bad luck for three days he begins to quake and tremble.—Atchison Globe.

THE man didn't know how it sounded when he said: "I'll believe there's a hell when I see it."—Plain Dealer.

"YOU can't eat your dinner and have it, too," said the sympathetic steward to the seasick passenger.—Siftings.

THE widower about to remarry is the most unselfish of mortals. He seldom thinks of number one.—Albany Press.

AFTER a man passes 40 he can help his children most by saving up money to care for himself in his old age.—Atchison Globe.

GRAMMAR TEACHER—"In the sentence 'Where am I at?' what is 'at'?" Scholar—"A superfluous, miss."—Detroit Free Press.

PATIENT—"Can you draw a tooth, Doctor?" Dentist—"Well, I should say so. I'm a perfect artist in that line."—Exchange.

PRIMA DONNA—"I sing only English words." Manager—"Never mind. No one will need to know it."—Detroit Tribune.

IT was a Manitoba high-school boy who said there were four zones—frigid, torrid, temperate and temperate.—Lynn Item.

"THE hard times make very little difference to me," remarked a lime dealer; "my business is always slack."—Philadelphia Record.

TOMMY—Paw, what is a braggart? Mr. Figg—"He is a man who is not afraid to tell his real opinion of others."—Indianapolis Journal.

PORTICUS (breathlessly)—"I have just dashed off these few lines and—" Editor—"Well, er, suppose you dash off yourself."—Boston Courier.

"SAY, pa," asked Freddy, "why is it that when you or Uncle George tell a story you always get laughed at and when I tell one I get a lickin'?"—Buffalo Courier.

FIRST BEGGAR—"Yesterday I extended my business enormously." Second Ditto—"In what way?" First Ditto—"I broke one of my ribs."—Littell's Blatier.

DOZELEIGH—Why do you insist upon the new pastor being a fat man? Deacon Broadside—"Because fat men are generally short-winded."—Williamsport Review.

"IDLENESS covers a man with nakedness," was the profound observation of a gentleman in the Crown Lands Department, noted for his flowery eloquence.—Grip.

"DID the publishers accept the novel of hers in which the heroine kills her husband by slow poison?" "No. They advised her to adopt prussic acid and make it a short story."—Puck.

"I SHALL be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," muttered little Johnny after his mamma had got through with him; "then I won't wash it."—Boston Transcript.

"I AM very much afraid," said the good old parson as he was admonishing his flock, "that unless you mend your ways some of you, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, will come out at the little end of the horn."—Rochester Democrat.

LITTLE ETHEL—What is these anarchist people talkin' about? Little Johnny—Why, they wants everything everybody else has got an' they never wash themselves. Little Ethel—Oh, I see. They is little boys growed up.—Good News.

"PAPA," said little Isaac, "rot is vun hundredt per cent?" "It depends on zirkumstances," replied Ringsheimer. "Vun hundredt per cent is small profit, but a larch undt outdraichus seddlement ohf your debts."—Harlem Life.

KITTY—Tom is down South this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator you ever saw. Ada—How are you going to keep him? Kitty—I don't know; but I've put it in Florida water until I hear from Tom.—Life.

JACKSON—You'd better go and make it up with Dobson, if you care anything for his friendship. Jenkins—What have I ever done to Dobson? JACKSON—Why you called him "Mister" Dobson is captain in a Brooklyn militia regiment.—Puck.

### United States Secret Codes.

The secret codes used by the United States state department are the most carefully guarded of all the nation's secrets. One of them is called the "sphinx"—it is so guarded. The "sphinx" was devised by a New-Yorker now in the state department, and is as susceptible to changes as the combination lock of a safe. Hundreds of messages have been sent by it, and it has never leaked.

## "LICKED" TOM REED.

How Billie Crowell Whipped the "Czar" in College Days.

There was a man in Bowdoin College who once "licked" Tom Reed. That is the very word to use—"licked." If he were alive to-day he could boast of something that would make him pre-eminent. William Crowell, or, as the boys called him, "Billie" Crowell, was a great, tall, lanky student, with a shocky blonde hair, a close friend of



Reed's. A. W. Bradbury, in a St. Louis paper, says concerning Tom and Billie: "One day, I remember, Tom was leaving his room, when he met Crowell just outside the door. I do not know what passed between them; at any rate, Crowell was a sturdy, athletic chap, handy with his fists, and—biff! he suddenly let out a right-hander which made Tom stagger. The row continued for some time, and Tom was finally and finally licked. Remember the incident? Well, I guess Tom does!"

### They Loved Well.

The strangest test of will power and endurance ever made was in Mexico, the characters being a Mexican woman and an American man.

They were lovers, and the girl's parents refused their consent to the union, insisting that she should marry a wealthy Mexican suitor.

At the suggestion of the girl they agreed to die together, and to test the strength and endurance of each other's love they choose a means of suicide unlike any ever dreamed of before.

Food and fruit were placed on a table in the center of a room, occupied by both, the girl having escaped from her home, but being unwilling to elope with her lover. It was agreed that they should starve to death with plenty before them, and should either succumb to nature, or partake of the food—then both were released from the bond of death, but there should be an everlasting separation.

For twelve days they endured the pangs of hunger without a murmur or a thought of wavering from their purpose to die together. The twelfth day the father of the girl discovered her whereabouts, and, breaking the door, they were carried out, too faint to stand alone.

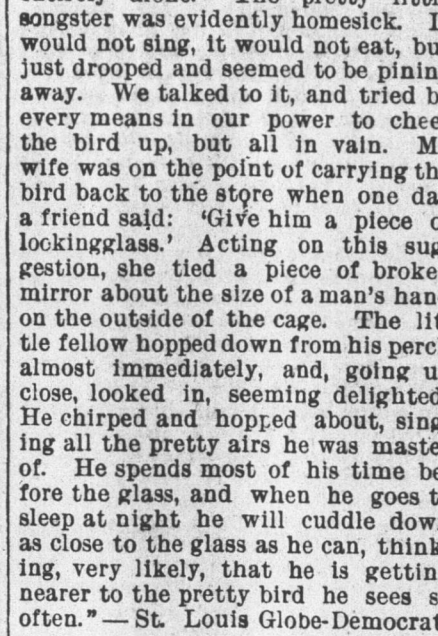
It took them several days to recover their strength, and when they did they were married.

This is a true statement, and the American is living with his Mexican wife to-day.

### A Lookingglass for the Canary.

The following interesting story of how a canary was cured of homesickness was told by W. G. Evans: "Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, and just drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means in our power to cheer the bird up, but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said: 'Give him a piece of lookingglass. Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and, going up close, looked in, seeming delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking, very likely, that he is getting nearer to the pretty bird he sees so often." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Biographical Note Illustrated.



ALUMINUM USED IN DRESSMAKING.

The French couturiers are somewhat in advance of the American dressmaker in making aluminum perform its duty in the modern gown. They place in the bottom of the skirt, about two inches above the hem, a hoop of that metal, perfectly round, and of course, extremely light. It is concealed by a ribbon matching the color of the lining to the dress. It is the best material made up in this manner to use for the purpose of making the skirt hang as if it were a hoop, and its adoption is a tribute to the shrewdness of the foreign dressmaker. —New York Advertiser.

### Demanding Gold for His Cotton.

A few days ago Mr. Cole Hall was asked by a big farmer in this county to go out and buy his cotton, which he had not sold for three years. Mr. Hall went out, weighed and classified the cotton, which amounted to \$14,000. Mr. Hall was about to write a check for that amount when the farmer said he would not accept anything but five-dollar gold pieces. Mr. Hall went to the New South Savings Bank and got 2,800 five-dollar pieces, and carried them to him, whereupon the farmer got out a jug and counted them into it for burial purposes. —Barnesville (Ga.) Journal.

### The Rhubarbs.

The growing fashion of naming private residences calls to mind the story told by Kirk Munroe of a witty woman who lived in an old-fashioned, quiet New England town. She wrote a note in response to an invitation to tea, dated at "The Elms," or some such name, newly given by newcomers to the old homestead; they had just acquired, and dated her reply from "The Rhubarbs." "For," as she said, "it would never do to call our place by some distinctive name, and there's more rhubarb than anything else in our back yard." —Independent.

### Dark.

There is a singular story told of the year's production of pictures by the artists of Paris, doubtless by way of satire of the way in which certain painters pull the wool over the eyes of the public.

One artist, it is said, has covered a canvas with nothing whatever but a thick cloud of black paint, in which nothing whatever is distinguishable, and he proposes to exhibit the canvas under this title: "Night attack of negroes on our black troops in Dahomey."

## SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

### RESTORATION OF PHILANDER HYDE FROM PARALYSIS.

Helpless and Bed-Ridden—His Recovery from This Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

(From the Syracuse Standard.)

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express, and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as stated. Different schools of medicine and some of the brightest lights in the profession had treated these cases, unsuccessfully; and their recovery later on, therefore, and its means, have created a profound sensation throughout the country.

The Standard has published the above accounts for what they were worth, and are happily able to supplement same to-day by an equally striking case near home. The case is over in Madison County, at Solsville, and the subject is Mr. Philander Hyde, who told the reporter the following:

"I will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison County, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, I came to live with my daughter here. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always well and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When it left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and the stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach, and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil."

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my back bone. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless. When in this condition I was treated by a number of prominent physicians. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"The physicians consulted pronounced father's case a consulting paralysis," said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, "and when we brought him home he had to be carried all the way in a bed. The doctors said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose we took a pint of whisky a day for three months, and morphine in great quantities. When he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People we stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, and out of all stimulants. In ten days after father began taking the pills, he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."