

ANOTHER NEW YORK MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE AFFIDAVIT MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia for Fifteen Years—Did Not Walk a Step for Five Years—Was Given up by the Leading Physicians of New York City and Discharged from the Manhattan Hospital as Incurable—His Marvellous Recovery in Detail.

(From The New York Tribune.)

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvelous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity. If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physicians is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained. The first question that arises is, are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of The Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source:

February 22, 1893. Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to inform you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cursed with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years. I was turned away from the Manhattan Hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, as incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years. My pains have decreased so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business. Yours,

GEO. L'HOMMEDIU, Secretary Marshal & Smith Piano Co. Residence, 271 W. 134th street, New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Hommédu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghtaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed: he had just finished some writing for the Marshal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he had been connected as secretary for ten years. He met the reporter with a hearty greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him no one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science and pronounced incurable by some of the best known physicians of New York City. He expressed his perfect willingness to give his statement of his case for publication.

"In fact," said Mr. L'Hommédu, "I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow men and all those who may be suffering from the same affliction, many of whom, no doubt, have long ago abandoned all hopes of ever being relieved."

"I am 51 years of age and was born in Hudson, N. Y. I served my time in the army, being corporal of Company A., 21st N. J. Volunteers, and I believe the exposure of army life was the seed from which have sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came on at intervals of about a month, and while the paroxysms lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

"I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me a most thorough examination, having me stripped for a full half hour, and told me he could find no trace of any disease, excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain."

"My condition continued to grow more critical, and I was hardly able to walk when I went to the Manhattan hospital at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly with injections."

Here Mr. L'Hommédu pulled up his trouser leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures. Continuing, he said:

"I must confess I felt relief for the time being, and gained some hope. Urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever. From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital and this time was under the treatment of Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia, and was beyond the aid of medical science. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

"If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden the pains and be nearly dead the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have

discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia in suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of 285 5th avenue, about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

"He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, or rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayre for his great interest and kindness.

"So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever they read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia, they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief."

"It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James & Holstern, 335 East Twenty-first street, with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia that had been cured by Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me the statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company for my first supply in September last. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better, and I began the use of the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days.

"The first sign of improvement was in November, 1890, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet, causing a stinging and pricking sensation. February 22, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of blood in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite have gradually returned. I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk upstairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, and I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months."

GEO. L'HOMMEDIU, JENNIE E. L'HOMMEDIU. Sworn to before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

H. E. MELVILLE, Commissioner of Deeds, New York City.

[Seal.] Any one having heard Mr. L'Hommédu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a skeptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt a notary public was called in, and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Hommédu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Hommédu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 235 East Twenty-first street, has brought him in touch with some of the best known business men in New York and other large cities, and his case has created wide-spread interest.

The reporter next called on Mr. Robert W. Smith, a member of the firm of Marchal & Smith. Mr. Smith was found at his desk busily engaged, but when the reporter mentioned Mr. L'Hommédu's name, and stated the nature of his call, Mr. Smith cheerfully gave the following information with but little questioning on the part of the reporter:

"I have known Mr. George L'Hommédu for twenty years, and always found him a most estimable gentleman, a business man of great energy. He became connected with our firm as secretary in 1879, and attended strictly to his office duties until 1881, when he was stricken down with this trouble. I distinctly recall the day when he was taken with his first spasm, and we had to send him to his home in a carriage. Even when he lost control of his legs, so great was his interest in business affairs that he would drive to the office and direct the work he had in charge. As the disease advanced he was obliged to succumb and reluctantly gave up his office work. From that time on, his sufferings were almost incredible and yet, so great was his fortitude, that he bore them without a murmur. I know that he tried various physicians and their treatments without the least success, and he states that he was finally discharged from the Manhattan hospital, and told that he was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia and was beyond the hope of human aid. About six months ago, or so, he was advised by Mr. James to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the cold water treatment. He commenced to take Pink Pills about September last, though not regularly, for like myself, he had very little faith in proprietary medicines, and was very skeptical about their merits. So great was his improvement that he was entirely converted and commenced to take the pills as directed. The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommédu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk upstairs with the help of his wife, and at his home."

ROBT. W. SMITH. Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

[Seal.] Notary Public, New York County. When asked to make affidavit to the story he smiled, but expressed his perfect willingness to do so, if it would induce any poor sufferer to follow the same road that led Mr. L'Hommédu to relief. After securing the affidavit of Mr. Smith, the reporter called on Mr. A. C. James, who has offices and warehouses in the same building. Mr. James has known Mr. L'Hommédu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

"The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommédu, which was two months ago," said Mr. James, "he was able to walk with his wife's assistance. This I consider remarkable, for I remember when he had to be carried from one chair to another. I was one of those who helped to suspend him with the arrangement made by Dr. Sayre, and I never knew anyone to suffer more than he did at that time. I understand that Mr. L'Hommédu has taken nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills since last September; he has improved rapidly since he commenced

their use, and I believe his condition is due to their good qualities."

Still on investigation bent, the reporter interviewed one of the leading wholesale drug dealers of New York city, and elicited the following facts about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that they 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 the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in 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 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.

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred), and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND. How It Appears and Is Utilized at the Present Day.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez, the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years, is at the present time inhabited.

Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and here now stands a little village of small huts scattered round a long, low, one-story building, with a verandah running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families. The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay.

This island is now rented for about £200 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish, and raising cattle and vegetables, wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs, which completely overruns the island, depending for existence mainly upon seals. They are the descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths.

About forty years ago the Chilean government thought that a good way to get rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbling away.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called 'The Saddle,' because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz.

A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaíso to Juan Fernandez Island. The round trip is made in six days, and three of these may be spent on the island in fishing and visiting those lonely but beautiful spots which, nearly two hundred years ago, were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

Tebaldo's Fatal Key. The expression, "death as certain as that from Tebaldo's Key," is derived from the fact that Italian ingenuity in poisoning attained its climax in the famous Tebaldo's Key, which long remained a synonym for mysterious and cowardly assassination. Tebaldo was a merchant of Venice who became enamored of the daughter of a prominent citizen and demanded her hand in marriage. He was rejected, the lady preferring another, when Tebaldo contrived a singular revenge. Being by trade a watchmaker he made a brass door key of the size usually used in Venice for the front doors of houses and often seen thrust into the girdles of citizens. The handle of this key was easily turned, and when thus moved a poisoned needle was thrown from the other end of this mysterious weapon. Armed with this deadly contrivance, Tebaldo waited at the door of the church where the lady and her affianced were on the occasion of their wedding, and in the crowd, contrived unobserved to pierce the bridegroom with the needle. The young man fainted and died in a few moments. Tebaldo renewed his suit and was again refused, the refusal being followed by the unexplained death of the young lady's parents. Suspicion being excited, a medical investigation followed, and in each body the tiny needle, not more than a quarter of an inch in length, was found. For some time, no one supposed Tebaldo to be in any form way concerned, but growing bolder, immunity, he later attempted the life of the young lady. In this he was unsuccessful; his arrest followed and he died on the scaffold. The key is in a Venice museum.

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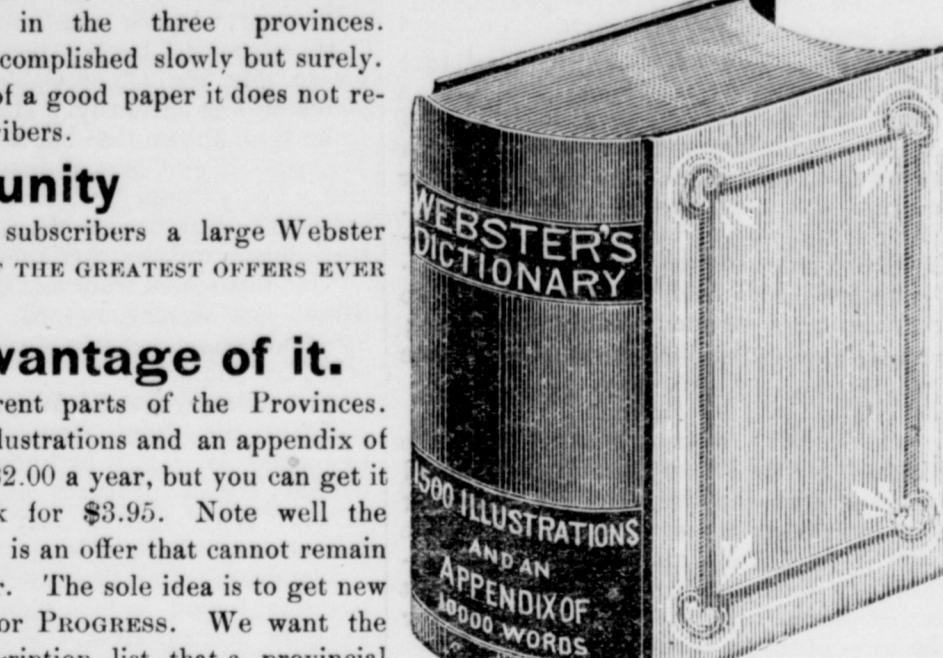
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