

FASTED TWELVE DAYS.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHUT UP IN A PLACE WITHOUT FOOD.

The Queer Story of a man who Made a Journey in a Box Car Without Food or Water—The Horror of his Position—A Close Call That he Does not Want Again.

Twelve days without food! Twelve days without drink! Twelve days shut up in a dark, ill-smelling box car, with a little fresh air to breathe as is to be found in a Russian convict cell. These are conditions which happily few men are called upon to face. And of those called upon to face them few survive. The experiences, the sensations, the feelings of pain or pleasure, if there be any of the latter, of the man who has faced them and survived them are unique. These experiences and feelings are given here, as told by one who has gone through them—William H. Falkenburg, at present an occupant of a ward in the city hospital.

Falkenburg was found in a box car of a train belonging to the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, when the car was opened at the foot of Biddle street, eight or nine days ago. He was helpless and appeared to be insane. He was removed to the city hospital, being placed in what is known as the chronic ward. By careful nursing and a diet suitable to his very weak stomach he has recovered at least a little of his former strength, and yesterday, for the first time, was able to tell the tale of his terrible sufferings. It is expected the man will now be fully restored to health. There is some question as to the effect which his calamity will have upon his reason. Yesterday, however, he was rational and quiet, and took upon himself the responsibility for his own condition, on the ground that in taking possession of a box car he was trespassing on other people's property.

Notwithstanding the fact that Falkenburg has partially regained his usual strength he still possesses all the indications of the man who has just passed through a period of starvation. There is one thing peculiar about the starving man which the least observant individual who has ever come in contact with one must have noticed. This striking feature is his excessive thinness. It is not the leanness of the lean man, but the thinness which is accompanied by emaciation. Even after a week's careful and skillful treatment at the city hospital this emaciation is present. As a consequence, the bones and certain of the features are exceedingly prominent. The nose, for example, seems much larger than the nose of the average man of similar character, physical and intellectual. The face is lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken. The eyes possess that brightness peculiar to a feverish condition. The pupil is dilated—the stare is wild. The voice is feeble. The hands tremble like those of a person who regains his liberty after long confinement.

"It is difficult," said Falkenburg "to give you anything like an accurate tale of the sufferings I endured or of the sensations I experienced on my way in that box car from Monterey, Mexico, to this city. Nor can I say how many days I spent in the box car. In fact, I have no recollection what ever on that point. I have, however, a vivid recollection of some of the earlier days I spent without food or water. First of all, as to the peculiarity of taking possession of a box car which was at the time or subsequently became locked. I had been in Monterey for some time, and had been working there for about six months. I was engaged for the greater part of this time in working around engines. I was paid for this about \$60 or \$70 a month, according to the way the work came. At length work became slack, I was dissatisfied, and you know the lack of reasonableness which a dissatisfied man will always display. If he's dissatisfied in the North he wants to go South; if dissatisfied in the South he wants to go North. Tell him that he may meet with harder conditions by reason of the contemplated change, and he replies that they could be no worse than they are.

"Well, I determined to get North, and also determined to beat my way. I am not what you would be justified in describing as a drinking man. I do take a drink, but am not a hard drinker in the generally accepted meaning of the term. But I had been having a few drinks with a few friends on the day on which I had made up my mind to quit Mexico. My companions accompanied me to a point on the railroad where a freight train was standing. One of the box cars was open, but some of the train hands were walking round, and so I had to resort to a ruse to gain admission. On the top of the car was a little door, I suppose for the convenience of the trainmen, to hand lamps backward and forward, &c. I climbed to the top of the car and let myself down through this door. In the mean time I had told my friends to close the main door, that is, to close it without locking it. The trap door on which is a sort of sliding arrangement, which, when fastened, cannot be reopened from the inside. For the purpose of having a joke at my expense, I imagine, my friends not only closed the main door, but locked it and barred it, so that it was impossible for me to open it. I had myself closed the upper door to more effectually escape the chances

of detection. For a few hours I did not think I was in any danger. But the car became unusually stuffy, so much so that I put my mouth to the small chimney in the sides of the car in order to get a little fresh air. I soon began to suffer intensely from the heat of the car and the want of air, and the anxiety as to whether I would be left in the box to die. Twenty-four hours passed and still the train rolled on, jerking and jolting. In vain I made an attempt to attract the attention of some train hand. I finally became so weak that I could no longer even make this attempt.

"My suffering, so far as hunger is concerned, was not noticeable up to this point. Thirst, however, had set in. The intoxicating liquors of which I had partaken before starting added to it. Another twelve hours had passed. It was now night, and how terribly long and dismal that night seemed! I hardly slept; at least my sleep was fitful. I felt alternately the freezing cold of age and the burning consuming heat of fever. The morning came, and, as if a new day gave a fresh hope of life, I rejoiced that it had come. There is something which is exceedingly captivating to a man traveling through the country in a train as he pulls up the curtain of his sleeper and sees the shadows of dawn falling on the woods or hills in the distance. No such sight can have been as attractive to any man as was the coming of day to me, cooped up in that old box car, which I expected would be my tomb. This was the second day out, and, after three or four hours, we rolled into some station. While we were practically unconscious—I was told I was delirious—I still managed to retain my senses. When the train came to a standstill I heard some person walking close by on the platform. Throwing all of the little energy which remained into my voice, I called for help. And then I fell prostrate to the floor. The station was San Antonio, I afterward discovered. The car was opened and I was lifted out. I longed for the air; I longed for a draught of water. But the air overcame me, and on trying to walk I again fell. I was given some water. I begged for it, and it seemed to relieve me. But my thirst did not go away. I was given more, and my stomach would not stand it. I was taken to a doctor. He evidently saw there was something wrong, and I believe he knew what was wrong. He put a glass of water before me and while I was anxious to take it, I told him I feared it. My thirst continued and now I was supplied with some medicine, and told I would be all right. After a day I managed to eat a little, so little that it is not worth mentioning. I felt, however, that nothing now was wrong, and not thinking a great deal of my experience, determined to get further north.

I went to a box car a little outside of San Antonio, attached to a train which I knew would soon be starting out for St. Louis. I was weak still, and I suppose I was suffering from the effects of the previous trip. It looks as if I were either exceedingly unfortunate, or as if I had a mania for getting into box cars. Possibly I had become a little bit unbalanced. At all events the car was locked on me, as you know, for it was lying three or four days in the yards here before being opened. When we had been one day out I began to experience the first pangs of hunger. Every man has been hungry, but what a difference between the pleasant stimulus of appetite and the agony of starvation! But the hunger was nothing to the thirst. It began to rain, and I tried with all my might to lap the little drops which entered the crannies in the sides of the car. I was hoarse. My voice was so weak that the use of it would have procured for me all the comforts I could ask. I could not use it. My tongue began to swell; it seemed to stick to my palate. I found it difficult to breathe. I became light-headed; my heart beat violently. As night came on I became terribly cold. I suppose I was feverish. Then I had dreams, and such dreams! They were the dreams of the fever patient. All the incidents of life would be woven into them in confused mass. And in the visioned picture, woods and streams were always most prominent.

"I know little about my removal to the hospital. I only know that the sight of water sickened me and the sight of food sickened me still more. The experience is one which I shall not forget. I am feeling well now, although I am exceedingly weak."

Falkenburg is a man a good deal above the average of his class in the matter of intelligence. He seems, by his conversation, to have received a fair education, and the eyes, particularly, denote a fairly bright mind.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Easy Matter.

Simmons—How in the world do you get yourself in the proper frame of mind to write those pessimistic poems?

Timmins—I use a fountain pen.

Tried to Drown His Sorrow.

Mrs. Ayebce—Men are such funny things. When Ayebce asked me to be his he was the most disconsolate man imaginable.

Mrs. Cedee—I can well believe that.

Open to Deceit.

Good Samaritan—Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse uphill so fast?

O'Connor—Up hill, is it? Oh, begorra! the nag's blind and can't see it!

GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT.

GRADUAL PROCESS WHEREBY IT HAS ACCUMULATED.

It Now Amounts to Eighty Five Dollars for Every Man, Woman and Child in the United Kingdom—The Principle on Which It May Be Gradually Reduced.

It is interesting to study the gradual process whereby Great Britain has piled up her enormous national debt, which reaches the stupendous sum of £660,160,607. Against this sum there are £25,000,000 of assets, including the shares in the Suez Canal, which were purchased by Lord Beaconsfield, thus making a net liability, in round numbers, of £635,000,000. But large as this sum seems, it is less than it was some years ago. In 1856, at the close of the Crimean war, it stood at £826,000,000, and in 1860 it was only reduced to £813,000,000.

A national debt such as this has grown up, strange to say, with the progress of civilization. Xerxes, Alexander the Great, and Mahmud of Ghazni knew nothing of such necessities. The British national debt began in the reign of Charles II., when some of the goldsmiths of Lombard street placed large sums of money in the national treasury, and the light-fingered "Merrie Monarch" calmly annexed it to his own use, promising interest. The war with Holland, soon afterward, justified him, as he thought, in coolly appropriating the money of several of his nobles; and his brother, James II., on his accession to the throne, followed on these questionable lines, and it was these methods which eventually led to the present great national debt. Its growth was gradual. At the close of the revolution of 1688 it stood at £664,263, involving an annual interest of £39,855. Fourteen years later, at the death of William III, in 1702, it had risen to £12,750,000. Again, twelve years later at the death of Queen Anne in 1714 it had reached the sum of £37,000,000.

The American and French wars added over £900,000,000 to the debt, and in 1816 it reached the enormous sum of £846,000,000. This is the highest figure at which the national debt of Great Britain has ever stood. But although at the commencement of the Crimean war, in 1854, it had decreased by several millions, at the close of that war it had again risen to the great sum of £826,000,000.

Before the reign of Charles II, the sovereign of England always pledged certain distinct revenues, or even the crown jewels, for money loaned. But when the need for increased sums grew urgent the present system of banking and of credit came into vogue; and in the year 1850 that consolidation of the stocks of the national debt known as "consols" took place, bearing three per cent. interest. In 1888 the "new stock" was issued, bearing interest at 2½ per cent. until the year 1903, when it will become 2½ per cent. In England this national debt has always been regarded as a great national evil, although there are some who hold that it is a good thing because it affords a safe means of investment. If the debt had been incurred for some remunerative object something might be said in its behalf, but the national debt of England has been entirely incurred through unnecessary wars.

Stories are told of persons who, feeling the heavy burden which the national debt lays upon the nation, have patriotically bequeathed sums of money to assist in defraying it. But gradually the debt is being diminished. This is effected by three methods: First, from any difference between the money required for the interest and management of the debt, and the £25,000,000 annually laid aside out of the taxes of the country by order of Parliament, for the service of the debt. In 1855, for example, the amount so laid aside was £28,000,000. That is to say, £25,000,000 of revenue must now every year be used for the national debt; so, if the interest and management absorb, say, twenty-four millions, it is clear that one million could be used for the repayment of the debt itself. And this, in fact, is the plan pursued; and as even the comparatively small amount paid off yearly reduces the annual charge, an increasing balance should accrue year after year from the £25,000,000 for the repayment of the debt. The extinguishment of the debt should thus proceed automatically and at an increasing rate.

The second source from which the debt is repaid is from the surplus, accruing at the end of any financial year, of national income over expenditure. Thus if the taxes, excise duties, &c., during the year ending March 31, 1896, produced, say in round numbers, 186 millions of pounds sterling, and the expenditure was 100 millions, the surplus of 86 millions would be used to repay the debt. The remissions of taxation for the coming year would have

to come out of that year, and not from the surplus of the year just closed. The actual process of the extinction of the debts is, of course, performed by the purchase of the stock or bonds of the debt, and the cancellation of them as they are bought.

Another method of paying off the debt is by the creation of "terminable annuities." The government of the day purchases at intervals from the National Debt Commissioners so many millions of national debt stock, i. e., "consols," and in return give the Commissioners an annuity, including principal and interest, to be terminated in a number of years. The stock is cancelled and the annuity is paid to the Commissioners every year, on terms calculated to return to them the capital of the debt with a low rate of interest. The charges from the national debt include this expenditure for the "terminable annuities" which comes out of the £25,000,000 now set aside for the service of the debt.

But, slowly as this great national debt is being defrayed, yet at the present time it is being divided out among the people, it would be equal to about \$85 for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, while the annual cost is equal to about \$3 each.

A recent English writer on the subject has said: "Let us realize what that twenty-five millions a year means which the national debt costs the United Kingdom. It means that but for this tremendous annual charge we could at once dispense with the burdensome and vexatious income and property taxes, raising some sixteen millions a year; we could dispense with the equally annoying tea, coffee, and cocoa duties, producing some four millions a year; we could dispense with the railway passenger tax, producing over a quarter of a million a year, and we could also abolish the duties on dried fruits, such as currants and raisins, figs and plums, producing nearly £400,000 annually. The dog license and some other taxes might also be taken off. In short, taxation might be reduced by 25 per cent."

At the present time the financial condition of England shows but little prospect of a permanent reduction of the national debt. The recent vote of the House of Commons of the large sum of seventy millions of pounds sterling for the increase of the navy, and the prospects of a large addition to the next budget for a large vote of money for the increase of the army, would seem to indicate that ere long the national debt of Great Britain will rise to the "high water mark" of £846,000,000, where it stood at the close of the American and French wars, and which will involve an annual cost of nearly £32,000,000 of money.

Not very many years ago Sir William Harcourt, in speaking on a "Hundred Million Budget," raised a cry of caution. He said, "Great Britain is wealthy, but how long can she spend a hundred million pounds a year?"

SALVATION ARMY DISCIPLINE.
Story of Gen. Booth by a Former Resident of Guy's Hospital, London.

The present trouble in the Salvation Army has recalled some incidents showing the inflexible, not to say cruel, discipline in the rank and file of the army, and the extreme hardships undergone, especially by the newer members. Not many of these stories get into print, for the new converts are silent. A bright woman who has lived several years in New York, but is of English birth and training, told the other day of an incident of twelve or thirteen years ago, which occurred while she was a resident of Guy's Hospital of London. She was there as an indoor medical student attending clinic, and also for treatment for spinal trouble, her brother being one of the resident doctors of the hospital.

"During a severe spell of cold weather," she said, "three of the patients brought to the hospital were members of the Salvation Army in uniform—two women and a man. All three had collapsed from weakness and exposure while out in the bitter cold performing the work imposed by their superiors. I believe they were begging, or at least one was. That is, as I understood it, each was furnished with a list of names and addresses of people from whom subscriptions were to be solicited, each list representing a day's work of the very hardest sort. It was said that if they did not do a satisfactory day's work they got only bread and water for supper."

"The man was found to be dangerously ill of pneumonia. The house doctor said that one of the chief causes of his illness was insufficient clothing. The man had on only a thin cotton shirt of the flimsiest material underneath his Salvation Army jersey. The doctor said that to go out in such weather was simply suicidal, and that the people who imposed such tasks ought to be in jail. In fact, all the attendants in the ward were indignant, and it was almost the sole subject of our conversation at meals. The man said that these were all the clothes he had, and he had no means of getting more. They had a trifling allowance, I believe he said, of three or four shillings a week, and they had to account literally for every halfpenny of it. If they spent what was considered an unnecessary penny, it was deducted from the next week's allowance."

"I don't know so much about the women patients, but we understood they were also very low. They, too, had the scantiest clothing. It is a rule in Guy's, as in other hospitals, that patients who can pay for treatment ought to do so. After a while in this case the hospital authorities sent a bill to Gen. Booth for the treatment of these three patients. The General answered, declining to pay: he said neither he nor the Army could be held responsible for the medical bills of its members. He also said, and this was the outrageous part of it, that when a soldier ceased to work he ceased to belong to the Army. The hospital people wrote again and insisted that as these people became ill while performing unreasonable duties imposed by the Army, the Army ought to pay the bills."

"I don't remember how that controversy ended—probably I never heard—but I know the hospital officials were angry enough to make trouble for the general if he did not pay. Some part of the story



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eventually got in the papers, and a Radical weekly—I think it was Reynolds's Sunday News—took it up. This paper bunted up the people that Gen. Booth dealt with for his supplies, and published long articles showing that he revelled in the choicest luxuries in the market and lived like a regular nabob. They said he bought strawberries in winter, the best in Convent Garden, at half a guinea a box, and that he bought the most expensive wines, and had a cook at £45 a year, which is a very big salary over there for a cook. Several of the papers criticised the General, and called for some a counting of the thousands of pounds that had been raised for the Army, and which the General had put in his own private pocket for all the public knew to the contrary. But the General never noticed these attacks.

It has already been noted that the General has always kept the control of the Army, which includes the sole handling of the funds, among the members of his own family.—N. Y. Sun.

Was Strictly Honest.

An instance of strict honesty under trying circumstances is reported from Connecticut. A police officer started from Danbury for Bridgeport on a railway train the other day with a prisoner sentenced to serve thirty days in the Bridgeport jail for drunkenness. The prisoner promised that if the officer would spare him the indignity of the landlouts he would go to jail peacefully. At South Norwalk there was a change of cars, and in the shuffle the officer became separated from his prisoner. The officer started on a hunt all over the town for the supposed escaped prisoner. When the prisoner reached Bridgeport he hung round the station an hour or two waiting for the officer to catch up with him and wondering what had become of him, and then walked over to the jail and surrendered himself, explaining the circumstances. It is possible that his honesty will have the effect of shortening his sentence considerably.

Law For Taxing a Billy Goat.

The newly appointed assessor in a Maine city was making up a tax assessment and taxed the billy goat of a hard working citizen.

"Sure," said the latter, "where do you get the authority for that?" Much talk ensued, and finally the assessor got the book of laws and read that all property bounding and abutting on both sides of the street should be taxed so and so, "and, sure," said the assessor, "many of the time I've seen that same billy goat of yours a boundin' and a buttin' on both sides of the street."

An X Ray on a Great Name and Fame.

Professor—To what did Xenophon owe his reputation?
Student—Principally to the fact that his name commenced with an X, and came in so handy for headlines in alphabetical copy books.

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