

DIED OF RABIES.

A Washington Young Man Bitten by a Pet Spaniel,

AND SUGGUMBED WHILE BEING TAKEN TO A PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—Harry Lannahan, aged 22 years, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., died at 11.36 o'clock last night in the Annex ferryhouse at Jewell's wharf, from what seemed to have been, without question, a case of hydrophobia. The young man was on his way to the Pasteur Institute in Manhattan, at the time and the doctor who had him in charge was unmistakably taking him to Brooklyn under the impression that the Pasteur Institute was there. The unlucky young man had several hard paroxysms on the boat and it required the full strength of the doctor and the deck hands and even some of the affrighted passengers on the boat at the time for it was nearly eleven o'clock when the Annex left Jersey city with the patient.

The story of Lannahan's illness and death is of more than usual interest. The young man was an orphan and lived with his sister in Wilkesbarre, working in the meanwhile in the Sterling House in that town. Just nine weeks ago, while he was playing with a favorite spaniel, the dog made a snap at him and caught him between the thumb and finger of the right hand, snipping out a bit of the skin. The dog did not seem to be suffering from rabies and Lannahan was not a bit troubled. As a precaution he washed out the wound and a nearby doctor cauterized it. Then he went about his work and did not think of the matter again. He seemed to be quite well for the eight weeks supervening.

About a week ago he became ill. His symptoms began with a tingling in the injured hand and thumb and in pains in the shoulder. He consulted Dr. Edward J. Butler, his family physician, and thought so little of the dog's bite that he did not mention the matter to the physician. He said that he had the pains but the diagnosis of the doctor, in perfect ignorance of the possibility of rabies, was that the young man was probably a victim of rheumatism. So he treated him accordingly but the malady did not give way to the medicine. Lannahan got worse, manifesting an indisposition to eat or drink and moped about the house in a listless way. His sister became very much alarmed about his condition and yesterday called in the physician again. He was told that the lad had not eaten in two days and that the patient was suffering from choking spasms in the throat and had been making queer sounds. At the time the doctor saw him yesterday and talked the case over with him, Lannahan was in perfect possession of his wits.

"Were you ever bitten by a dog, Harry," asked the doctor.

"Yes," was the response. "It is just nine weeks today since I was bitten in the hand by a spaniel. But that is all over. I had the wound cauterized and the injury is quite healed up."

This was a leader for the physician and he called in four other doctors of Wilkesbarre in a consultation. All agreed that the man had rabies and then the family physician broke the news to the patient. It happened that Dr. Butler had previously sent no less than fifteen of his patients to the Pasteur Institute in New York and all had been returned cured. So he told Lannahan that he had hydrophobia, sure enough, but that he was not in such a bad state as many of his other patients who had recovered.

"Don't be a bit alarmed, Harry," said the kindly physician. "There is no danger. All you have to do is to keep your nerve. But I would advise you to go to the Pasteur Institute at once and I'll take you there. I've never been there, although I've sent several of my patients, but I'll go with you."

Lannahan made a hurried arrangement to go, and last night took the train for New York with the doctor. He was quiet enough on the train, although there were symptoms of a spasm in the ears. The doctor had an idea that the institute was in Brooklyn, and took his patient on the Annex boat which left Jersey city when the train came in. The boat did not proceed very far when Lannahan had a frightful convulsion and it required the service of some of the passengers to hold him still. The paroxysm did not last long and when the young man came out of it he seemed to realize that he was in a dangerous way.

"But don't be alarmed, doctor," he said to his physician. "I'll not hurt you. You have been so kind to me."

He had more spasms before the boat reached the Brooklyn slip, and when the vessel was tied up Lannahan was in a state of physical collapse. He was carried dying into the ferry house, and a call was sent to the Brooklyn hospital for an ambulance. Ere Dr. Kaiser the ambulance surgeon, could reach him the unlucky young man had expired. The body

was taken to an undertaker's shop at 135 Jay street, and after Dr. Hartung, the coroner's physician, will have examined it the friends will have the remains taken back to Wilkesbarre. Dr. Butler remained in town and gave the history of the case to the coroner's doctor.

MR. PETERS DENIAL.

He Saw no Check from Lord Strathcona During Elections.

Mr. Joshua Peters, who is spending a few days in Moncton, was interviewed at the Record Foundry's offices on Tuesday, by a Transcript representative respecting the statement that he had seen a check in the possession of David Russell for \$40,000, signed by Donald A. Smith. Mr. Peters said that "so far as he is concerned there is not much in the story. They have drawn Lord Strathcona in, they will have King Edward in next. The story is ridiculous. I saw no check, which possibly could have had anything to do with the so-called election conspiracy which must have been progressing late in the fall. The check I saw was existing only last spring; and now the newspapers have associated it with a transaction late in the year. The time I saw Mr. Russell was in Montreal, some time last spring or early in the summer, possibly in May but certainly not later than June. I met him then on the street and we went into the St. Lawrence Hall, where I was boarding. Mr. Russell invited me too have a cigar at the cigar counter and in paying for it pulled out of his pocket a two dollar bill with a piece of paper. The latter Mr. Russell picked up, and remarking that it was a check for forty thousand dollars or forty thousand pounds sterling—I do not remember which—said it was signed by Sir Donald Smith. I did not see the signature. The remark was only a casual one by Mr. Russell. I regarded it as an indication of the extent of his business relations. Now by newspaper ingenuity that incident has been associated with an occurrence many months later. I do not believe for one moment that a gentleman of Lord Strathcona's standing would for one moment enter into any arrangement prejudicial to the government of which he is the representative in Great Britain."

At the present time there are 12,520 boys and over 4,000 girls in the industrial schools of Great Britain.

If it's the Kidneys, "Sun" Kidney Pills will cure you

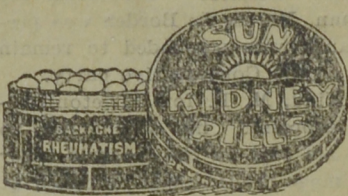
A man with weak kidneys is a weak man. The least exertion—the slightest departure from a rigid diet—a cold—aggravates the kidneys and puts the sufferer in a bed of pain.

"I contracted Kidney Trouble about 20 years ago. Since then, when I overexerted myself or got a cold, I would be a constant sufferer from pains in back and hips and soreness across the loins."

"I was extremely weak, very nervous, and had no appetite. I scarcely got a full night's sleep, and if I tried to work an hour a day, would suffer severe pain. I tried every remedy recommended for Kidney Trouble but none relieved me. At last I was persuaded to use 'Sun' Kidney Pills, and bought three boxes. Before I had finished the second box, I slept well, the pains grew less, and now after taking eight boxes, I think I am as well a man as I could reasonably hope to be at my age."

CHARLES R. WATT.

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50c a box—3 boxes for \$1.25. At all dealers or from the Sun Medicine Co., Oak Point, N.B.

Doaktown.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald).

Jan. 9.—The snow storm of last week was the heaviest here for some years. The fall was about eighteen inches.

Our school opened again today for the winter term, and we are glad to see Miss Cameron back again.

Mr. Samuel Freeze has made a machine to ice his hauling road by heat. It is constructed with a small furnace mounted on a pair of hollow iron runners through which the hot water will circulate, and melt the snow as it is drawn over it by a horse. Of course some folks are skeptical as to result.

Every team in this locality is now engaged in the lumber woods.

One of the firm of H. & F. D. Swim is going to Montreal tonight on business.

Mrs. Merrithew is the guest of her daughter Mrs. F. D. Swim.

Mr. and Mrs. Camming are in Fredericton on business.

Mr. William Murray is now laying in a supply of ice.

To a Girl on a Dresden Plate.

Who were you? In your dainty day Did you once tread a measure And have with the beau's hearts play—Your whim their pleasure?

Did you look out above your fan With piquant glances, And make a willing slave of man Between the dances?

Or lived you in some poet's brain—An artist's fancy—A beauty he could only feign By necromancy?

Perhaps—poor chap—he loved you too. Each graceful line a Tribute to one he only knew On Dresden china.

Where'er you lived your lacy life, Each hour, each minute, Brimming with love and laughter rife, A man was in it!

So you won immortality—Picture and ballad—And, looking up, you now win me Through lobster salad! —Kate Masterson in New York Life.

GREAT JAN. AND FEB. SALE

We are through with our 8th Annual Inventory. We are now getting our stock in shape for

A Monster Clearance Sale

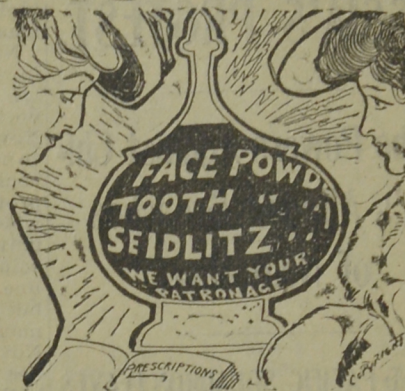
The date will be printed in this space shortly. Watch latest announcements. Get ready and tell your friends and neighbors of the great Clearance Sale to begin soon.

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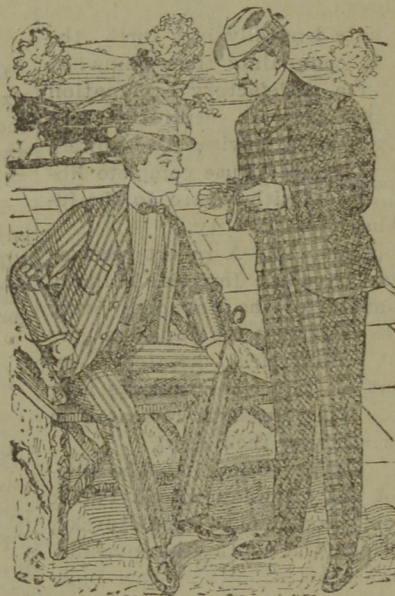
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All of which is respectfully submitted.

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CHRISTMAS, 1904

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