

In the year 1847 they decided to go, and when they were ready to leave she called upon the Doctor, who gave her a recipe for what he said were "the best pills in the world." He had received the recipe from a celebrated doctor attached to the English army in India, where diseases of the liver are so prevalent, and had used it in his practice for many years. He charged her to guard it with care, as it would prove to be of great value in the new country to which she was going.

Before leaving England, she pasted the recipe on the bottom of a bureau drawer (the key to which she kept herself), as the most secure place she could find.

They finally reached America safely, and knowing of some friends who had settled in Vermont, they decided to go there, expecting to secure the fortune which they were confident awaited them. In this they were doomed to disappointment, but by patient industry they managed to live comfortably. After a while our father began to run down, and finally was taken severely sick with a complication of liver troubles. A doctor was at once called who said there was no help, as the disease had run so long.

Poor mother, in despair, thought of the last gift of her old friend, the Doctor, and going to the old bureau drawer, she copied the recipe, and sent me with it to the nearest druggist, several miles distant. When I returned with the pills she began giving father the old doctor's remedy, and to her delight he began to improve, and soon regained his health. After that, if she heard any one was suffering from Billiousness, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, or any such diseases, she would send them some of the pills, but never intended to offer them for sale. They soon gained such a reputation that mother could not afford

to give all that were asked for. Father and mother talked the matter over many times, and at last they decided to have a lot put up in boxes, and let people pay for them. The demand continued to increase, and finally father commenced selling them by travelling through Vermont and New Hampshire. He sold them in this way for eighteen or twenty years, until his death.

After his death, his wife continued to make the pills, with the assistance of her son-in-law. She would never show the recipe to any one, not even to him, although he manufactured the pills under her direction. When she had told him what ingredients to use, she would put the drawer back, lock it carefully, and return the key to her pocket. At her death, the original recipe was given to this son-in-law, who, being engaged in other business, and finding more people wanted them than he was able to supply, applied to the well-known firm of Wells, Richardson & Co., who, after investigating the matter carefully, and being convinced that the pills were a remedy of great value, consented to undertake their manufacture. The bottom of the bureau drawer was cut out, in order to obtain the original recipe, which is now in their possession, still pasted to the board where it was placed forty years ago. The old bureau still remains in Waterbury, where the cut drawer can be seen by any one.

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