

ANOTHER NEW YORK MIRACLE.

REMARKABLE
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 Marvelous 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 marvellous 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 physician 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 later 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 22nd, 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 1st. 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,

GEORGE L'HOMMEDIU,
Sec'y Marchal & Smith Piano Co.
Residence, 271 W. 134th St., New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Hommedieu, 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 Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he has 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 a statement of his case for publication.

"In fact," said Mr. L'Hommedieu, "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 with 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. J. 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 has 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 barely 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'Hommedieu 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 treatment by 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 585 5th Ave., 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 & Hols-term, 335 E. 21st St., 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 confessed I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. 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, 1892, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet causing a stinging and pricking sensation. Feb. 22d, 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 up stairs 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."

GEORGE 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'Hommedieu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a sceptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt, a Notary Public was called in and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Hommedieu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Hommedieu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 235 E. 21st 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'Hommedieu'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'Hommedieu 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 his 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 treatment 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 result that he has now recovered. 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 sceptical 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'Hommedieu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk up stairs with the help of his wife, and is now doing much important work for us at his home."

ROBT. W. SMITH

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

(SEAL) W. H. WOODHULL,
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'Hommedieu 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'Hommedieu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

"The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommedieu, 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'Hommedieu 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 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 the properties show 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 la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as scurvy, 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 case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excess of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozens 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."

TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

THE NOBLEMEN OF NEW YORK.

Trying to Entertain Eulalie, Spain's Beautiful Infant.

New York, June 2nd, 1893.

We are happy, happy as a lark at midsummer! Her Royal Highness! Just think of it! Her Royal Highness the Princess Eulalie is with us.

Perhaps you think we don't know how to behave ourselves in the presence of royalty. Well you should just have seen us! Were we embarrassed? not a bit of it! Why should we be? There was our noble mayor; of course he does not boast of it, but everybody knows who is versed in the "Ollum Fodlah," that the blue blood of kings runs in the veins of the Gilroys far beyond the days of great Bryan Boroo.

ROYAL-LOOKING NEW YORKERS.

Gen. Horace Porter of the reception committee looks like a king, and acts like a king; and Whitelaw Reid might be mistaken for a prince of the blood anywhere, except in the Tribune office; and there is a distinguished look of royalty about Hon. Van Rensselaer Cruger that would make an Irish hod-carrier doff the caubeen, if he met him in the street. Brass buttons and gold lace may do much, as in the case of Commander Davis and the prince, her husband; but when it comes to the rale ould stock we've got it right here. It don't matter what you ask for, we have got it on top, noblemen of all sorts—Chinese, Russians, Fins, Danes, Laplanders, Japanese, Cingalese, Afric-

Irish and Scotch, with a few Burmese and Siamese thrown in for good weight.

No wonder Her Royal Highness was delighted. On her arrival in Jersey City we let fly all our big guns; blowing the top of a person's head off is rather a strange way of bidding a princess welcome, but General Porter said that was the proper thing to do, and we banged away at her all the way up the river, and when the Philadelphia, the flagship of the White Squadron, uncorked her big guns Her Royal Highness must have thought that the day of judgment had come, and that Gabriel was tooting his big horn. It shook the smokestacks on the Gen. Slocum, where Her Royal Highness was enjoying herself, and it almost blew Commander Davis and the Prince, her husband, into the lee scuppers. Oh, I tell you, it was royal, but to enjoy it thoroughly you wanted about half a pound of cotton in each ear and the outside covered with court plaster.

UNCOMMON BRILLIANCE.

When the steamer that bore Her Royal Highness from the Pennsylvania depot to New York arrived at Thirty-fourth street, she was received with military honors; we had a troop of cavalry and mounted police, and police on foot, and the procession passed on to the hotel Savoy.

Then came presentations and a good time generally, after which they gave the poor Princess a chance to rest for an hour or so; then came dinner, after which she went to the Garden theatre, where the only Bostonians gave her a rich treat with the opera of "Robin Hood." Twelve o'clock saw her back at the hotel, and after a light luncheon she sought her couch, very tired and very happy, and glided quietly off into dreamland, thinking what an elegant people the Americans were, and no doubt felt exceedingly sorry that Ferdinand and Isabella did not move over here, when the country was first discovered, and then her husband might have been a magnate of the Tammany Central committee, like the Hon. Richard Croker or Mayor Gilroy, and other stars of our Iro-American aristocracy, instead of a mere Prince, with an indifferent title and no colaterals.

THE ROYAL FAMILY GOT MAD.

The ball at the Madison Square Garden Friday night was the event of the week, for everybody was there. There was an effort made by the committee to make it exclusive, and keep the bone and sinew out. Commander Davis, as high cockorum, said it must be so; Whitelaw Reid thought it would be comme il faut, and Van Rensselaer Cruger thought it would be eminently proper. Even the gallant Gen. Porter thought it would be nothing more than right, but as soon as Gilhooly and McCarthy, O'Sullivan and Maginnis heard of it, they went to Mayor Gilroy and kicked, so the second, sixth, twelfth ward contingent turned out in swallow tails and white chokers as usual, happy as clams at high water, and they were all presented too, and don't you forget it. The ball was a great success for those who got in, and had a pull. The pull came in on the refreshments, and a good many ward magnates and their wives came short on the ham sandwiches, etc. Then there were several thousands of our

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