

## THE TOMBS DOCTOR.

HIS OPPORTUNITIES FOR STUDYING CRIMINAL NATURE.

Most of His Patients Suffer From the Effects of Dissipation—Victims of Morphine and Opium—Placebo For Those Who Feign Illness.

While his duties are limited officially to the care and medical treatment of the inmates of the Tombs, or city prison, Dr. O. J. Ward undoubtedly has one of the most interesting fields of professional practice and study. It extends among a class of patients which, taken all in all, are hardly to be duplicated anywhere else.

It was not to dilate on the valuable opportunities to science presented to the city prison physician for the making of a study of speciality of criminology in his calling, however, that I visited Dr. Ward recently, but to ascertain from him some of the more interesting details of his work and experience. I found him evidently about 55 years old, with pleasant and kindly features. When he spoke, he expressed himself meditatively and to the point. His words were well weighed, and there could be no misconstruing his meaning.

"Oh, there is no doubt of the Tombs being a fine place to make a study in the line of criminology," said Dr. Ward when I inquired of the subject of my visit. "The material is here, and the opportunities for observation are unlimited."

In answer to my question as to the physical condition of the prisoners at the Tombs and their ailments the physician replied:

"About 75 per cent of all that come in here suffer from some gastric and nervous troubles, the results of dissipation. Thirty-five per cent of these are or have been addicted to the opium or morphine habit. After these opiate victims have been here a short while and their access to their favorite drug cut off their sufferings become pitiable to a degree."

"I have had patients here of this class," he continued, "to whom I had to administer as high as 80 grains of morphine in one day to save their lives. This dose would be sufficient to kill about five ordinary persons not accustomed to the drug."

That victims to the opium and morphine habits should furnish as many as 85 out of every 100 criminals landing in the city prison, when the police and other authorities of the city are proclaiming that the open sale or use of these drugs has been entirely suppressed or stamped out, somewhat surprised me, and I asked Dr. Ward whence this particular class of prisoners came from.

"The alcoholic patients are principally from the upper section of the city, but the morphine or opium victims, as a rule, all come from the lower part of the city," he replied. "One of the most pitiable subjects of the opium habit that came here was George Appo, the green goods operator, who is the son of Quimbo Appo, the Chinese murderer. Appo testified before the Lexow committee against McNally, the king of the green goods men. Appo had not been in the Tombs without his opium for over a few days when the want of the drug began to assert itself on his entire system. His moans and groans at night fairly kept awake and annoyed all the prisoners in the other cells on the same corridor."

One curious feature, from a medical standpoint, about the Tombs prisoners is that they almost immediately become seized with the impression that they are suffering from all sorts of ailments and want treatment. They ruminate over their old complaints and shout for the doctor, whereas if they were at home they would never think of needing medical attendance.

With the habitual criminal or "repeaters" and "revolvers," as they are called, this is not the case. These know the regulations of the prison and understand that the least troublesome way to get along is to cause as little annoyance as possible. It is remarkable also to notice how newcomers to the city prison quite readily become reconciled to the surroundings. The first day they apparently feel their degradation, but in a few days it is wonderful to behold them, laughing and joking about their predicaments.

"Equally remarkable is the way the newcomers, or at least those committed for petty offenses, will take to lionizing and looking up to those committed for the higher grades of crime, such as murder and bank robbery.

"A class of people who are great at feigning illness are those who come down here from the workhouse on Blackwell's island," said Dr. Ward further. "As soon as I hear of these complaining and find them in a normal condition I tell them they require no medicine, and if they take any it will do them more harm than good. If they are persistent after my examination or advice, why, I give them a prescription calling for placebo, which is really something in the name of a medicine only, but in reality composed of pills of common bread or a colored water. This placebo acts like a charm in these cases, for when I go my rounds and ask the placebo patients how they feel after taking this medicine they declare the remedy excellent and want to know why I

do not prescribe it for them before.

"One thing that surprises me here is the way criminals charged with monstrous crimes secure the sympathy of those women who are of a benevolent or charitable turn of mind. These criminals pour alleged stories of their fall from grace and innocence into the ears of these confiding people, but in nine cases out of ten where the prisoner is helped and gets out he or she makes sport of the credulity of the benefactor," concluded Dr. Ward as he stepped out of his office to make his rounds.—New York News.

In summer time if the new moon falls between 6 and 8 p. m. fair weather or will probably ensue; in the winter time the weather will be fair and frosty, provided the wind is from the north or northeast.

The first American theater was opened in 1750 in the city of New York.

### AFRICAN ETIQUETTE.

The Wisest Plan to Follow in Visiting the Big Native Chiefs.

In African travel it is always wise to visit the big chief in any part of the country. One can always learn from other chiefs at a distance who they are and something of their character. In approaching them always send word of your coming and get, if possible, information in advance of the feeling of the chief toward whites. Upon nearing the village send on ahead to announce your arrival and wait until your messenger returns with some of the villagers to escort you to their chief. Greet the chief civilly and ask him to send one of his people to show you a good place for your tent, if you decide to camp in the village, which I have done invariably in this country, though it is not always advisable in every part of central Africa. When you have rested, the chief will come to see you. Then state to him your business, talk frankly with him and explain plainly your needs, whether you want guides or to buy food.

I seldom staid in a place more than one day, and generally the first night I called the chief privately into my tent, had a long talk with him and gave him a present, consisting generally of a good cloth, four yards of American, four of wide blue, four of narrow calico and about an egg cup full of beads and sometimes an empty bottle or two. Invariably I received next day the co-operation of the chief in every way, and also a big goat or sheep or bullock and 50 or 60 pounds of flour. Sometimes I gave a small additional present before leaving. If the chief took a fancy to any particular thing and I could spare it, I did so. Sometimes one wanted a sheath knife and another a hat. Old Kambuidi was determined to have a shirt. He wanted a candle matches and needles, which I gave him, and as I had previously given him cloth I suggested, as a feeble sort of joke, that, as he now had cloth and sewing materials and light, he might sit up at night and make a shirt. Immediately the old fellow replied: "It is the candle that is interfering with my success. Here, take back the candle and give me the shirt." I finally yielded and gave him a much patched garment, which satisfied him.

"Glave's Journey to the Livingstone Tree," by the Late E. J. Glave, in Century.

### An Episcopal Bull.

A number of "bulls" by members of parliament and others have been printed lately, but bishops seem to perpetrate them sometimes. His lordship of Ripon, in a sermon the other day at Calverley, near Leeds, betrayed his Hibernian origin, not for the first time, in the same way. He said, "My brethren, I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face."—Westminster Gazette.

One million standard silver dollars weigh 412,500,000 grams, or 859,375 ounces troy, or 71,614.58 pounds troy, or 58,928.57 pounds avoirdupois, or 29,464 "short" tons of 2,000 pounds avoirdupois each, or 26,807 "long" tons of 2,240 avoirdupois each.

Brass pins were first made in New York by English machinery in the year 1812.

The Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians began the year in the autumn.

### To Be Expected.

There was recently a public sale of the effects of a deceased artist who, though he never had any money and was always at the end of his resources, had managed to accumulate a considerable amount of bric-a-brac, chiefly for use in his trade.

All these things were sold for the benefit of his needy widow.

Among the items on the published catalogue was the following eloquent one:

"One money box, decorated, quite unused."—Youth's Companion.

### The Reason.

At a recent wedding in an English town the officiating minister asked how the name of one of the witnesses was spelled, to which he received the reply, "McHugh." The minister then inquired how it was that the witness spelled his name in that way when his sister spelled hers "McOne," to which the witness responded, "Please, sir, my sister and me didn't go to the same school."

## STOWING AWAY.

A Foolhardy and Dangerous Method of Getting an Ocean Voyage.

In spite of the fact that the punishment usually meted out to those who try to steal a free passage on a ship is several weeks' hard labor, with the option of a fine, stowaways are even more common today than they were 50 or 60 years ago.

Big passenger steamers, with their hundreds of passengers and their scores of stewards, sailors and stokers, afford innumerable opportunities for stowing away.

Three years ago a stowaway was discovered aboard one of the Allan liners running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was shabbily dressed, but being a big, starchy looking fellow he was put to work about the ship. When the ship anchored below Montreal, waiting for daylight before entering the harbor, he, it is presumed, slipped quietly overboard and swam ashore. In any case, when the boat touched at Montreal and was overrun by detectives looking for a notorious jewel robber, it was immediately suspected that the stowaway was the robber and that he had escaped, taking the jewels with him. He was captured some months afterward and confessed that when he swam ashore he had more than \$10,000 worth of jewels on his person.

The favorite hiding places of stowaways are the coal bunkers and the narrow passages left when the vessels are loaded with bricks, tiles, iron pipes or other similar cargo. These places are extremely dangerous, and many cases are recorded where the shifting of the cargo has resulted in the death of some unfortunate wretch in hiding.

During the passage of a cargo boat to this country from England the sailors were startled the third day out by a curious scratching, which was immediately attributed to supernatural causes. The scratching continued for three days and then grew quiet and ceased. When the hatches were lifted at the end of the voyage, the emaciated body of a man was found lying on some bags of cement. The poor starving fellow had struggled frantically to get out of the hold.

As for our American liners, it is folly to try stowing away in any of them. The United States will not receive pauper immigrants, and captains are forbidden to land stowaways in this country under a penalty of \$2,500. A "free passenger" on one of these ships is promptly clapped in irons and kept there until the ship returns to Liverpool, when he is brought before the authorities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## TORTURED BY THE TONGUE.

Some Men Who Read This Will Sympathize With Poor Junius.

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Junius from his paper. "A man falls dead while smoking his pipe, and"—

"There!" cried Mrs. Junius, raising her needle and voice with the same gesture. "Isn't that what I've always said? And yet you will go on, day after day, with those horrid old cigars and me slaying my life away doing up lace curtains that mother gave us out of the very money she saved up with her own hands keeping hens, and hard enough, too, I can tell you, with eggs only a cent each the very moment hens began laying as they ought to, and I'd like to know where you think you'll land, Julius Junius, if you keep on smoking your life away? Oh, but it is only a step—and for pity's sake I wish you'd fix that one to the front door before some caller trips over it and breaks the knob with her bonnet—and you know I've begged you on my bended knees to leave off before it's too late and not die suddenly, like this man you're reading about, with your life insurance run out, and bringing everlasting disgrace on your wife's family. But what a provoking creature you are, Julius Junius, to sit there grinning and refusing to say a word, and you know I want to hear the rest of the particulars just as well as you do."

As his wife stopped to coal up Mr. Junius laid down the paper.

"The man was 86 years old," he said softly. "Somebody put a cartridge in his pipe for a joke, and it went off and shot him."

And when Mr. Junius came in from the evening club his wife was still flowing on unbrokenly.—Tacks.

### That Sinking Feeling.

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it when she turned and said, "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling." And he called the next patient into his private office.—Louisville Post.

In 1889 occurred the "great fire" at Seattle, in Washington, in which property to the value of \$20,000,000 was destroyed.

When a pan has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame, a gaslight, or, in instance, for a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pan which is found too hard to write with will become softer by being thus heated.

### That Settled It.

Peterson—Do you suppose that young Pips has serious intentions?

Mrs. Peterson—Undoubtedly. I heard him ask Laura last night whether you were a partner in the firm or if you merely worked on a salary.—Cleveland Leader.

When bad weather is imminent, swallows fly low, because at such times the insects which constitute their food keep near the ground, and the swallows are forced to follow them on to lower regions than at other seasons.

## Ablaze With Erysipelas

There is no disease of the blood which so completely puzzles the doctors as Erysipelas. They admit that it is a blood trouble, but like other such diseases, they are unable to effect a cure.

It is not surprising that those who are afflicted with this distressing disease should suffer such untold agonies. Like a consuming flame, it covers the skin with a fiery, burning redness which is almost unbearable, and only those who have been so afflicted can describe its tortures.

Aside from the suffering which Erysipelas causes, there is always great danger attending the disease, unless promptly checked. The inflammation spreads through the tissues of the skin and, when a vital part is attacked, the result is disastrous. Often the bones are affected, and become so diseased that they crumble away, leaving the patient an invalid for life.

Here is such a case, where the doctors were unable to afford relief, and strongly urged an operation.

Miss Ada Wainwright is a most estimable young lady, residing at Alamo, Tenn. After being under the doctor's care constantly for three years and declared incurable, she saw before her only the gloomy life of an invalid. Under date of May 8th, 1896 she writes: "I feel it my duty to inform you of the great good I have received from your remedy, S. S. S., for I am sure that it saved my life. For three years



MISS ADA WAINWRIGHT.

I have suffered agonies with bone erysipelas, and though under treatment of the best physicians, I found no relief. One of my limbs was so swollen and inflamed that the doctors found it necessary to keep it lanced, and the bone became so diseased that several pieces were discharged through the opening. It is impossible to describe the suffering I had to endure; sometimes able to hop around on crutches, and again unable to turn myself in bed. I was so reduced in health that I weighed only eighty pounds.

"After lingering for three years having been treated by four doctors, I was finally told that I was incurable, and that I would have to submit to the painful operation of having the bone scraped, or it would be necessary to amputate the limb. This I positively refused to submit to.

"A friend recommended S. S. S., knowing of its wonderful reputation as a blood remedy, and when I had finished one bottle I felt an improvement. I grew better as I continued the medicine, and after taking six bottles I was entirely well, my skin was clear and pure, and I have no sign of the terrible disease. I gained in health and strength until I now weigh 130 pounds, and all my relatives and friends are astonished at the wonderful cure made by S. S. S."

The above is but one of the many wonderful cures being made daily by S. S. S. Experience has shown that the doctors are absolutely unable to cure diseases of the blood, and of the many blood remedies offered to the public to-day, S. S. S. is the only one which cures obstinate and deep-seated cases.

For real blood troubles, S. S. S. has no equal. It wipes out completely the most obstinate cases of blood diseases, which other remedies do not seem to touch. S. S. S. gets at the root of the disease, and forces it out permanently. S. S. S. is guaranteed

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