

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*:
SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 300 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indolent in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, aching neuralgic pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dismissed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land, visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the list of symptoms had grown to a catalogue of agony. My weight had been reduced from 307 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hicoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hicoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this cure, and whenever I had an opportunity, I determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopeless condition of my disease and the remarkable means by which I had been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than two months I had gained 25 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astonishing. I therefore state liberally, and as a physician, that I believe more than one half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Headache," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized

the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

Vera Cruz.

The city itself, compact and solid, with a line of domes and steeples blackened with time, roofs of substantial red tiles, plentiful balconies, and bits of wall tinted blue, green and pink, is like a little Venice. A large crane hangs out from the end of an iron pier, and the fancy hooks onto it at once—the terminus of the English railway which is to bear us away up the extraordinary slopes from the hot lands—the *terras calientes*—to the mysterious interior and the capital.

In an existence of going on four hundred years Vera Cruz has arrived at a population of seventeen thousand. The interior view of the place does not belie the promise of the first glimpse. The churches are of irregular, picturesque shapes, with nice bells. The principal one, in a little shaded plaza, has a dome of colored mosaic tiles, which shine in the sun—a style we shall see plenty of farther on. The principal shops have a well-furnished air, especially in the branches of groceries and heavy hardware, and the custom-house square is stuffed to repletion with cotton bales, railroad iron and miscellaneous goods waiting transportation. The principal street is called De la Independencia, and leads to a short concrete promenade bordered with stone benches and palm-trees. It is early discovered that the Mexican is very patriotic. He names his streets after his battles, as particularly the Cinco de Mayo, fought at Puebla against the French, and even has a way of joining the names of his heroes to those of cities. Thus Puebla is Puebla de Zaragoza, commandant in the same great battle of the 5th of May; and Oaxaca is Oaxaca de (President) Juarez.

Grass grows in the joints of the stones in the minor streets, and open gutters run in the center. One might be in some such Italian city as Mantua. The *zopitos* of which travelers have written sit on long, straight water-spouts projecting from the houses. They are large, raven black, dignified, and aloft there against the deep blue sky have an appearance of carved architectural ornaments. There are street-cleaning departments elsewhere which are far less ornamental, at any rate. Notices of a bull-fight for the coming Sunday are posted on the dead walls. A tramcar of a peculiar pattern runs out to the open fields, where there is a dancing place and ball ground. There is a view, in passing, of the cemetery, which should be a leading institution indeed at Vera Cruz; and yet when one is on the ground, as is apt to be the case, there are mitigations to be found even of the terrors of yellow fever. Pallbearers in gloomy weeds are naturally expected to form a considerable part of the population, just as murderers and kidnapers of all sorts are expected to abound elsewhere. But an American resident assured me that in four years he had known but one of our countrymen to die of the *vomito*, as it is called, and very few to have it. Its chief havoc is among the poor and badly nourished. The American Consul, himself a physician, and a resident of twelve years' standing, is strenuous in his views as to the harm done to the commercial interests of both countries by ignorance and misrepresentations on the subject. It is certain that the local authorities do not regard the disease as contagious, putting those afflicted side by side with surgical patients in the hospital; from which it seems that if the case were really looked into, there may be as little need of the annoying quarantine against yellow fever, at least of this variety, as if it were simple ague.—W. H. Bishop, in *Harper's Magazine*.

—For three months past robberies, attended with most cruel murders, have been of daily occurrence in Hungary. One reason is the increase of pauperism, but the chief cause is ascribed to the mild sentences passed by the courts of justice on crimes of violence. A few weeks ago, for instance, at Komorn, a woman who, because she wanted to marry a young man had killed her husband with a hatchet, was let off with only five years' imprisonment. The Pesth Court of Justice, too, has just sentenced a man who, after robbing a widow of her money, had murdered her, to no more than twelve years' imprisonment.

—A Canadian has recovered a verdict for \$150 damages against the trustees of the First Baptist Church of Montreal, a horse, frightened by snow falling from the church, having collided with his sleigh to his personal injury. He lost his case on his first hearing. The Court of Review reversed that decision, and awarded \$150 damages, and the Court of Appeals has now sustained the latter judgment by a majority of the Judges.

Cure for Asthma.

A lady whose husband has suffered very acutely from asthma, and had tried many methods of relief, without advantage, sends the following: "One very hot day when the thermometer stood at one hundred and six degrees my husband took a severe cold, and asthma trouble commenced. A gentleman sent him word that an old man of his acquaintance had been cured by sleeping on a pillow made of wild balsam, or, as the Massachusetts people call it, 'life everlasting.' It grows wild in most places in the country, and is very sweet, and considered by some an excellent thing for cold—made into a tea, of course. We hadn't a particle of faith, but, as some grew close by, sent and got it, and, as it was not dry enough for a pillow, put it on the floor in his bedroom. That night my husband didn't have the asthma, nor has he had it since. We don't expect it will last, but we don't know. We are gathering more. We are going to give it a thorough trial. It has worked a miracle so far, for it is now a week since he has had the asthma."

—Bangor (Me.) folks have been looking with wonder upon a speck of humanity in the shape of a boy named Dudley Foster, who is five years old, weighs less than six pounds, and is twenty-one inches tall.

—It is interesting to know that Ching Tsao Ju, the new Chinese Minister, is a clever diplomat and scholar, about fifty-four years old. He is a man of great wealth.

A MAN often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

A WATCHMAKER is sitting in his shop, surrounded by clocks and watches, all going, and no two alike. He perceives that it is getting late in the afternoon, and anxiety rushes upon him. He rushes out of his shop and stops the first passer-by. "Sir, what o'clock is it, please?"

WANTED to swallow him—"I think I made a sensation," said Brown. "All the time I was speaking the whole audience received my statements with an open mouthed eagerness that was really wonderful." "Gaping is nothing very wonderful," remarked Fog in his usual exasperating manner.—*Boston Transcript*.

ACCIDENTAL truth—A medical certificate is among the treasures of the London General Post-office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended to Mrs. _____ in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof."—*Syracuse Herald*.

A CALCULATING exchange says "It takes a woman ten times as long to dress as a man." Perhaps because her dress costs ten times as much as a man's. Anyhow, when she is dressed, the chance she looks ten times more paralyzing than a man.—*Norristown Herald*.

W. to B.—"I'll give you a piece of my mind, sir, if you are not careful!" B. to W.—"I'll be very careful, for your sake, as you need all the mind you've got! It might ruin you for life if you were to give even a small piece away!"

WIVES ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only my nerves, my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."—*Boston Star*.

The word "nasty," though not nice, is much used in England. It describes so much of the weather over there that people cannot get along without it.

How to treat a bumster—show him no quarter.

He Did Not Mince Matters.

A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) *Item*, in a late ramble throughout that city, gathered, among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son. Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which became perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not notice matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. After pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt any rheumatic pain.

LAZINESS grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

HORACE B. DICK, Esq., associate editor of the *Delaware Co. Republican*, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of very severe injuries resulting from a fall. His arm appeared to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A FASHIONABLE belle wishing to be very serene on a rival said the only thing that wasn't false about her was the hole in her stocking.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

HONESTY is the best policy, except when an acquaintance strikes you for a loan. Then a little deception often saves cash.

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A Surprised Locomotive

The people along the line of railway from Framway Landing, Ia., to the inland towns were surprised and amused at a recent occurrence. So many strange things, however, are constantly presenting themselves to the attention of the people now-a-days that genuine surprises are few indeed. This was the exception. We have read of the "painted ship on a painted ocean," and witnessed the "poetry of motion," as shown in dancing, but had never heard of decorative art in rapid flight on a railway train until this time. People observed, with wide-eyed wonder, the locomotive approaching and full train of cars moving through the country, adorned on every available spot with the magical words—"By JACOB'S OIL!" It looked gorgeous, if full display of color is allowed to mean anything these times. It looked sublime, if the impudence of the advertising man be the measuring stick in regard. It looked funny to see the train and engine swathed with these parti-colored patterns; and at a convenient opportunity your correspondent inquired of the conductor, "Why, what is all meant?"

"Why, it means that my whole train looks like a traveling menagerie," said the conductor. "I laid up my train at Framway, as usual, and, during the hours of 'bainy sleep,' I suppose some of those advertising wretches backed up their 'kit' and posted it from front to rear. I don't know why they did it, but there stands the elongated, red and yellow faces staring you in the face, and just as prominent as a rabbit's ears! It's hard luck stranger, but I guess it's all right."

—*Galveston (Tex.) Daily Journal*.

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