

Lost!

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A SMALL BODY OF MEN AND THE FUTURE HANGING OVER MANY OTHERS.

The keeper of the Eddystone light house recently discovered a bottle containing the following pathetic sentences, the last expressions of a small band of ship-wrecked men:

"We have been living upon a raft for ten days and for more than half of the time without water. We have hoped against hope and now are ready and waiting for death. Anything is better than this agony. We cannot endure it more than a few hours longer. Yesterday we saw a vessel and thought we were safe but it passed on without seeing us. Today we have abandoned hope. Such a death away from friends and in such agony, is terrible. To look into a cannon's mouth requires bravery, but to face death coming slowly but surely needs only despair. There is no hope."

The only difference between the experience of these men and thousands of others on land to-day is that the ship-wrecked ones realized their fate while the others do not. They are in just as certain danger but are wholly unconscious of it. They are aware that their heads pain them frequently; that their appetite is fickle; that they are losing flesh or possibly bloating; that their skin is often hot or feverish alternating with distressing chills; that at times breathing is difficult; that the ambition is gone and despondency frequently occurs. People notice these things but think they are caused by some cold or indigestion, and hence give them no further thought. Any one of the above symptoms recurring at intervals indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys which is certain to result in Bright's disease if permitted to go on unchecked. What the terrors of this terrible disease are can never be described, but it has carried off some of the finest men and most noble women America has ever produced. "About one-third its victims," says Dr. Roberts, the highest authority on the subject, "through neglect to take the disease promptly in hand on its first appearance, die of uremic poisoning (in convulsions or by diarrhoea). Many die from watery suffocation, from gangrenous erysipelas in the legs, thighs and genitals, pneumonia, heart disease, apoplexy, intestinal, ulcerations, paralysis, etc., all of which troubles are the result of Bright's disease.

Another high authority says: "Diabetes and Bright's disease of the kidneys always terminate in death if discovered too late, but yield readily to treatment if taken in time. Thousands of people who pass thick, yellow matter with brick dust sediment and complain of a slight backache, headache, dizziness, imperfect vision, cold back, hands and feet, general debility, etc., etc., are victims of this deadly disease (unknown to themselves) and when, at last, overcome by its exhausting influence they present themselves to their medical attendant, who, in nine times out of ten, will write out a prescription for malarial poison or, discovering their terrible condition inform them that they have come too late."

To permit the kidneys to rot away or to suffer limestone deposits to accumulate in the bladder is criminal carelessness, especially when it can be entirely avoided by care and the use of the proper means. For this purpose, however, there is but one known remedy and that is Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is true there are many preparations that claim to cure or relieve these troubles,

but no remedy has ever been found that absolutely does this except the one above mentioned. It is, actually, the only proprietary medicine which has ever received the unqualified endorsement of the medical profession. Among the number of physicians who have written at length regarding its wonderful properties, are the well-known Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. A. Gunn, President of the United States Medical College of New York, and Dr. Frank Gallagher, of New Haven. These men are men of science and will not endorse anything they do not know to be valuable in the highest degree. But the thousands of men, women and children in every nook and corner of America, who have been kept from disease and saved from death by means of Warner's Safe Cure, speak more truly for its value than could all the endorsements of every physician in the land. They do not speak of its chemical ingredients, but of its healing power. They know the value of the remedy, for it has restored them to health. The above facts all show that it is an absolute duty you owe yourself and your friends to not only carefully observe and reflect upon these things, but to attend to them in time.

Profound Grief.

"Don't you think those are pretty nice looking remains?" asked a bereaved husband, of a reporter who had stepped in to put the funeral into an item.

"She looks very well indeed," replied the reporter in a subdued tone.

"How do you like the casket and the fixings? To my notion these flowers are a little something out of the general run. I didn't get many, because they come high, but I think they look pretty well, neat and not gaudy, as the devil said, when he painted his tail sea green. Don't you think so?"

"Assuredly," returned the reporter.

"I went in for the whole business," continued the mourner, wiping his eyes. "We had an autopsy and they finished her off with the prettiest stitches you ever looked at. Talk about a tailor! Why, they ain't a patch on these doctors! My idea was to have her wear a low dress to show them stitches, but the children kicked and I let 'em have their way. I don't see any use of going to all such expense if you are going to get no credit for it, do you?"

"Where do you bury her?" asked the reporter evading the delicate question.

"Oh, we'll bury her all right," replied the bereaved. "I'm going to do the fair thing right through. I have bought a grave in Greenwood, but we will put her in the vault for a few days. I say, can't you go to the cemetery with us? I'm going to make the cussedest row you ever heard! A good many people think I have no emotion, but I'm going to make those people so sick at the house and again at the grave that they won't dare have a funeral when any of their people die, you want to be round here when I tune up, and if I don't make you think the deceased left a fortune I'll give you one! I say, just stay till it's all over, so as to see what the people think of me, and let me know what they say, will you? I don't mind five dollars on an occasion like this."

"Would like to," said the reporter, edging away; "but I'm too busy."

"Well, you do it up in good shape and I'll drop down after the funeral and see you. I've got some business down town, and we'll talk it over. Don't forget to say that such grief was never witnessed before, and you might wind off with the statement that the poor husband refuses to be reconciled, and there is a reason to fear that he will soon follow his wife to the silent tomb. That is worth a glass of beer, if you ring it in right, and I just want to harrow up the neighbors. Will you do it?"

And the reporter promised, and the mourner went off satisfied that he was going to get from a newspaper the justice denied him by his neighbors, and for which he was willing to go as high as five dollars and a glass of beer.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*