

## THE HAPPY HOUR.

The busy day is over,  
The household work is done;  
The cares that fret the morning  
Have faded with the sun;  
And in the tender twilight,  
I sit in happy rest,  
With my darling little baby  
Asleep upon my breast.

White lids with silken fringes,  
Shut out the waning light;  
A little hand close-folded  
Holds mamma's fingers tight;  
And in their soft, white wrappings  
At last in perfect rest,  
Two dainty feet are cuddled,  
Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy  
Depart at this sweet hour;  
All pure and noble longings  
Renew their holy power;  
For Christ, who, in the virgin,  
Our motherhood has blest,  
Is near to every woman  
With a baby on her breast.

## THE DESERT OF SARAH.

All of one's preconceived ideas vanish before the facts of experience. The Sahara is not a desolate plain of moving sand, with no signs of vegetation, but a cultivated country, fruitful as the Garden of Eden. Like our "great American desert," it has been greatly belied. El Sahr, as the Arabs pronounce it, is indeed a vast archipelago of oases, offering an animated group of towns and villages. A large belt of fruit trees surround each of these villages, and the palm, the fig, the date, the pomegranate, and vines abound in the utmost profusion. Ascending the Atlas Mountains by a gradual slope to the region of high mountains, we come to the land of the Mozabites, or Ben Mozab, and then comes a gradual descent for three hundred miles to the vast stretch of treeless country known as the Great Desert. The rivers have an inclination of about one foot in four hundred. Many of the streams are dry, except after rains, when they deluge the country. Gun-shots are fired as soon as the currents appear; all objects are removed, and soon, with a terrible noise, flood rolls on. The Saharian stands as if by magic on the banks of the waters which rise to the tufts of palm trees, but a few days only these are all disappears, leaving the strict rich and fruitful. The inhabitants are not a migratory people, and, like the tent-dwellers of the north, live in substantial houses with thatched roofs, and ceilings of the houses generally consist of but mats on the floor and upon the walls for three or four feet high. Beds are sometimes found, but no one thinks of sleeping on them. The walls are whitewashed, and inscribed with verses from the Koran. The inhabitants are made up of genuine Arabs, Berbers, or Kabyles, as the French call them. Jews are found in every part, doing much of the trading and making-up of the great caravans.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, dispairing of cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitter. Ask your druggist for proof.

## A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

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 here-with 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 they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against hearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if 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 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain and sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains 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, and at times a 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 disarmed 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 always brings a person to his senses even though it may then 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. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and travelled 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 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 little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 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 the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs 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 derided 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 me 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 hiccoughs 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 remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also 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 hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 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 astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that 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 "Heart Disease," "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. 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.

## PEEPING.

Mr. Stewart one day took his little niece, Margaret, to walk in the fields with him, and as they were walking, he amused her by telling her a tale about Lavinia Grosvenor, who had a bad habit of peeping into everything. One day she peeped up the chimney, and her clothes caught fire, and if somebody had not caught her in a moment, and rolled her up in a carpet, she would have been burned to death. Whenever her mother went out of the room, she would peep into her work-basket or into the closet; or if she was in the kitchen, she would peep into the dresser-drawer, or into the pantry.

"I think," said Margaret, "Lavinia Grosvenor must be very curious."

"I think so too," said Mr. Stewart. "I hope my Margaret is not so curious. Do you ever peep, Margaret?"

"Yes, I do sometimes," replied Margaret. "But, uncle, is there really any harm in peeping?"

"Yes, my love," replied Mr. Stewart; "and I will give you two reasons why you should not be so curious to see what is concealed. First, we have no right to peep into things which do not belong to us; secondly, when we do so, we may wish for what is not ours, and then we may be tempted to take it—that, you know, is stealing."

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for General Debility, and all nervous complaints; after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it is his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped, self-addressed envelope to

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