SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN.

Which the Public Knows But Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of TRUTH. *It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.*

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the washbowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about *ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers*, as they may be called, *many times a day*, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in *three minutes*. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five *gallons of blood each hour*, or about forty nine barrels each day, or 9,125 hogshead a year. What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are?

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis, or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the uterers, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and *right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.*

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to do, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is *passing through this terrible, disgusting pus*, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have *pure blood and escape disease?* It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it *suddenly stops*, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, *for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part*, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have *never there had a pain nor an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where *there are few nerves of feeling* to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined* by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford will build a hospital at Albany, N. Y., for aged men and women.

—An ex-sea captain, who "can talk in six languages," advertises in New York for a position as master of a canal-boat.

—Barbers near Mono Lake, California, whose water is heavy with salts of sodium and borax, use it as a natural shampooing water, to the satisfaction of their customers.

—Rip Van Winkle's hut in the Catskills has been repaired. It was damaged recently by lightning. Rip's old rusty gun, ammunition-pouch and drinking-cup are still there.—*Troy Times.*

—The women of the Salvation Army in Bristol, Conn., have armed themselves with Cayenne pepper, to throw in the faces of the ruffians who are accustomed to annoy them in their street parades.—*Hartford Post.*

—A mocking-bird can be taught to sing almost any tune. A bird at Macon, Ga., warbles Dixie in a manner that would enthuse any Southerner, and another at Savannah sings alto to its owner's whistling.—*Chicago Times.*

—Several young ladies of New York City are earning very good salaries from their knowledge of the Spanish language by doing work for those merchants who have business relations with Mexicans.

—A judge of the superior criminal court, Boston, ruled that the furniture in a room used for gambling purposes is subject to seizure as well as the layout actually used in playing a gambling game, and that it is forfeited.

—The aldermen of New Bedford, Mass., have notified the saloon keepers of the city that "henceforth an unusual number of persons going in or coming out of their places on Sunday will be considered sufficient reason for revocation of licenses."—*Boston Journal.*

—In England between 1815 and 1820 a banner with the following inscription was carried at workingmen's demonstations:

"Eight hours of work,
Eight hours of play,
Eight hours of sleep,
Eight shillings a day."

—At Laredo, Tex., a man was arrested for the theft of a suit of clothes from a baker. He had entered the house and put the clothes on over his own, and taking the boots in his hand leisurely walked out and seated himself on the door step to put them on, when the police grabbed him.

A huge derrick-pole fell and severely injured the foot of mechanical engineer E. R. Hoyt at the New Orleans Exposition, and after only three applications of St. Jacob's Oil, all the swelling and pain disappeared.

The entire pearl fisheries of Mexico, from the mouth of the Colorado River to the boundary of Central America, are now controlled by a single comprny.

The most astonishingly beneficial results have followed the use of Red Star Cough Cure by those affected with throat and lung troubles. Price, twenty-five cents.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Baptist Church at Scotch Plains, N. J., recently celebrated the centennial of its founding.

—Mr. Spurgeon has received a legacy for his orphanage of $2,000 from a gentleman who recently died in New Jersey, the first ever sent him from this country.

—All the Lutheran churches of the South were consolidated into one at the late General Synod or Council at Roanoke, Va There are thirty thousand communicants.

—The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Coke, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's Antigua, December 25, 1776, and there was established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

—Dr. Deems, the venerable pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New York, has strong convictions upon the subject of closed churches, and expresses them very frankly. He keeps his church open all the year round, and always has a congregation.

—"My brethren," said a pious rabbi, "the preaching of the Torah to some people is like pouring water over a sponge; it soaks in and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken coop. My experience of this Kehillah is that it contains more chicken coops than sponges."—*Hebrew Standard.*

—In an article published in the *Nouvelle Revue* a French traveler declares that there is scarcely a village in Syria without a Protestant church; more than one may be found even in the gorges of Mount Hermon. At Beyrout there is a German hospital and an American university, where the most practical sciences are taught, especially that of medicine.

—The stealing of two clocks from one of the Presbyterian churches in this city was a piece of cold-blooded cruelty. The amount of comfort and encouragement some people derive from an occasional glance at the clock during a service is not to be put into figures, unless one uses the Roman figures usually seen on the dial.—*Detroit Christian Herald.*

—The Chief Inspector of Schools at Taganrog, Russia, has issued an order forbidding girls frequenting the gymnasium and other scholastic establishments in this district from wearing any kind of unbecoming fashionable dress, stays, corsets, bustles, pads, high-heeled boots, tall hats, etc., and the parents of the girls are said to be very much pleased with this order.

—The Church Army is an evangelistic agency of the Church of England, and is modeled somewhat after the pattern of the Salvation Army. In some of the towns of England, but particularly in London, south and east, it has been doing excellent work. The army has concluded to extend its operations to India, where the members will adopt the native costume. It is difficult to see what good can come from the adoption of the native costume if they can not at the same time adopt the native speech.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If our neighbors had as few faults as ourselves, what a pleasant world this would be to live in.—*Boston Courier.*

—A New York tea merchant throws in three packs of the best fire-crackers or torpedoes with every pound of tea. That explains the origin of gunpowder tea.

—Customer (looking at something labeled "country butter")—"Butterine?" Small boy (forgetting himself)—"Yes, there is butter in—saw 'im mix it myself."

—Yale College has established a chair of journalism. It is an old battered affair with three legs and a broomstick and filled with exchanges for a cushion.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Although beauty is only skin deep and is often coupled by frivolity, it will get a seat in a crowded street car where plainness and common sense would be compelled to stand up.

—Woman's sphere.—

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a line,
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

—A small boy in a bright Melrose family wanted something of his mother the other day when she was very busy writing. She was absorbed in her work and did not look up at his repeated "Mamma! mamma!" beside her elbow. "Well," said he at last, flinging away from her side in a pet, "It's no use to try to make my mamma hear when she is writing; she's just ignominious of everything!"—*Boston Record.*

—The man who minds his own business as he ought is seldom idle.——"Brilliant men are born with black eyes." Insolent men gets theirs later on.——The charity that begins at home sometimes ends there; it is too feeble to go out.——"Castles in the air are cheap." Not if a fellow has constantly to keep them in mental repair.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A fly was gayly disporting himself upon the ceiling, when a spider, who had been watching the fly in the vain hope that he would come in his direction, finally called out: "I say, Mr. Fly, won't you drop in and be a little sociable this morning?" "Thanks," said the fly; "modesty forbids. I'm not in your line this morning." Moral—All folks are not fools, even if their heads are turned upside down occasionally.

Not Fixed for the Chances.

The son of a prominent Chicago minister went out to Montana to look up a business opening but soon returned with an empty pocket-book and no watch and chain.

"I am surprised to see you back so soon," said his father.

"Well, I feel somewhat that way myself."

"Didn't you strike a business chance out there that you could take advantage of?"

"I struck plenty of chances, but the fact is, father, I never held the right kind of a hand to take advantage of them. Can you let me have about five dollars?"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

MOUNTAIN SAM'S DOGS.

Their Exploits in Rounding-Up and Capturing Big Horn Sheep.

An old trapper and hunter known as "Mountain Sam," is doing a land-office business killing huge mountain sheep for their heads and horns. These he ships to New York to fill the orders he is constantly receiving, and there they are mounted. Sam's best customers are wealthy Englishmen, and many an English hall bears witness in mammoth heads and antlers of the mountain sheep magnificently mounted, to Sam's prowess as a hunter.

For many years "Mountain Sam" has buried himself in the most remote recesses of the Big Horn mountains. Here he is in the very haunts, hidden and deep, of the big horn or Rocky mountain sheep. Sam's way of capturing his wily quarry is peculiarly adapted to his needs and deserts. He rounds up the wild sheep of the mountain crag, peak and precipice with dogs.

His pack numbers twenty-five head, and they are a pure cross of the bloodhound and bull-dog. Mountain-born and bred, these noble animals add to the natural strength and sagacity of their blood strains a marvelous endurance and a cat-like activity. No snow depth, no roughness of trail, no steepness of precipice, no loftiness of peak, no remoteness of locality can stop the mountain dog when on the track of the mountain sheep.

The pack works in an organized way when the trail of a band of sheep is struck. The dogs break into little bunches and wide and careful circuits are made. The closely-pressed sheep are hurried forward a common center and they will soon be bunched with twenty-five dogs, crests erect and tails wagging, moving about them in an endless and eager circle.

The pack has been known to bunch two hundred and fifty head of sheep, and to hold their watch and guard for over six hours waiting the coming of their master, who has been kept back by the difficulties lying in his path. It sometimes occurs that the dogs bring the game together on a spot that is utterly inaccessible to human feet. Then the hunter gives his dogs notice of the fact by a peculiarly shrill and piercing shout. The pack at once dash into the midst of the sheep, seize and slay the largest, and by dint of rolling, tumbling and falling from crag to crag, from declivity to declivity, bring the carcasses within reach of their master.

These dogs trace their pedigree to a pair brought into this region many years ago by a rich Englishman, who made old Fort Stambaugh his hunting headquarters. When the Englishman left those mountains he gave his dogs, whose worth he had proved in many a hard day's chase, to "Pap" Conant, who was well known then as a frontiersman. "Pap" gave a couple of pups from the first litter to his old comrade, "Mountain Sam," who thus came into possession of the nucleus of this present magnificent pack.—*Lander (Wy. T.) Cor. Denver Republican.*

HOW HE WON ROSE.

An Arkansaw Romance Which Had a Very Satisfactory Termination.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Arkansaw, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You knowed her, I reckon."

"Yes, but I thought that she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mightily downcast, for I thought thar wa'nt no use in buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got to town, lo an' behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he: 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw drapped. When Sam was gone I says, says I: 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"'Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

"'That's bad, Rose, fur they've got a world of hosses.'

"'Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you kan't go to the show; that's certain, but if you marry me, I'll take you.' She studied awhile and says, says she: 'An' let me stay to the concert after the big show's over?'

"'Yes.'

"'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

"'Tibby sho'.'

"'An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?'

"'No, sw'ar I won't.'

"'An' when the sho's over will you let me look at the monkeys again?'

"'Yes.'

"'Nath,' said she, puttin' her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n a half hour we was dun married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, Governor."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Age of Fishes.

Prof. Baird says there is nothing to prevent a fish from living indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year. He is authority, likewise, for saying that carp have attained an age of two hundred years. He also says that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century. The Russian Minister says that in the Royal Aquarium in St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been there one hundred and forty years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as when they were captured, while others have not grown an inch in length.—*Christian Union.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The immigration of 1884 was considerably short of that of the previous year.

—Three children in a Denver asylum which practiced faith cure died within a few days of each other.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The deficit of the last World's Exposition, held at Paris, was upward of $6,000,000, and that of Vienna, in 1873, was over $9,000,000.

—The production of pig iron last year was in excess of what it was in 1880, which was the last year of the great boom.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—To Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, the honor seems to belong of establishing the first printing office in America. The first printer was Juan Pablos, a Spaniard.

—Fully nine-tenths of the sardines consumed in the United States come from Maine. They are nothing but small herrings packed in cotton seed oil in tin boxes with French labels.

—The late Baron Rothschild would not employ a cook who could not make three hundred and sixty-five kinds of soup. In American restaurants they serve that many kinds of soup out of one kettle.

—In the Lynn (Mass.) Institution for Savings is a deposit made the year the bank was organized, 1826. The deposit was ten dollars made for a little boy by his father, and the accumulation for interest is now over two hundred dollars.—*Boston Journal.*

—Two hundred thousand Americans have wintered in Europe, and one of them writes to know if they have not been missed. Hardly. Most of them fill so small a place here that they are not missed. The public here could not name ten of them off-hand.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Nashua *Telegraph* says that within two years the shoe industry has taken a rapid and remarkable development in New Hampshire. Ten factories have been established and over $1,000,000 invested. Several of these firms have migrated from Lynn, Mass., in order to get away from the trades union complications.

—Lord Coleridge says that when in this country he was struck by the absence of childhood. We defer to our children, ask their opinions, allow them to engross the general attention, force social obligations on them, and cut them off from "all the sweet dependence of their years," making grown persons of them before English children have left the nursery.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"When Dr. Kane returned from the Arctic regions," as the Boston *Globe* tells, "Boston experienced a very cold winter. One extremely frigid day one gentleman on Tremont street remarked to another: 'Phew! isn't this cold?' 'Cold?' was the reply, 'not in the least. Why, I just saw Dr. Kane up the street and he had on a linen duster, a Panama hat, slippers, and was fanning himself.'"

—It has been said that at Yuma, Cal., it seldom or never rained, and that it was the hottest place on the American Continent. These fallacies have received a rude shock by the records of the United States Signal Service, which show that the winter temperature in Yuma is much lower than it is in Los Angeles, while in regard to rain that locality has frequent showers, and not very small showers either.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Just starting on the wedding trip: Young Wife—"I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive." Young Husband—"It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!" Just ending the wedding trip: Young Wife—"What a delightful time we have had, dear!" Young Husband—"Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.
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MR. I. LEBERER, Haywards, Cal., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for Backache with most satisfactory results. I consider it the best tonic in the market."
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