

A MODERN MIRACLE.

An Interesting Chapter From the Life of a Prominent Gentleman.
(Boston, Mass., Globe.)

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee, formerly of London but now of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times, although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious and I allowed the illness to run along until on the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and constantly attended by my regular physician, but in spite of his skill I kept growing worse and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctors gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than twenty-four hours and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was on the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading the paper to me, began an article which described my disease and sufferings exactly. It told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it described. So I sent my man to the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at 10 o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians as well as others have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the many thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver, or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and enquired if he was seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Toronto for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see the physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say? Why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I called at the Commonwealth hotel where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs Brugh & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said, "Why for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said, 'That means the death of Mr. Larrabee.' No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover, and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle."

"I then called on Dr. Johnson who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks and never called to see him during that time but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with Albumen or any kidney troubles he would certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are especially subject to albuminous troubles which require prompt attention."

"I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman, and he said:

"I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a Life Insurance company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, after his recovery, and I can't find out about

him. His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy."

The conclusions from the statements above made which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First, that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest of means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden complaint. Its beginnings are slight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. The fact was manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character and so outspoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have formerly been flooded. "The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought down to death's door must unquestionably be certain in the many minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

The Earth's Great Age.

In a lecture at San Francisco, Professor William Denton gave several striking illustrations of the earth's age. First, he said, we had evidence of the earth's great age in the tiny particles of soil beneath our feet. The great trees of California with from 1350 to 2350 annual rings of vegetable growth, reveal the fact that these monarchs of the vegetable world were saplings when Nebuchadnezzar was born. The great fallen Monarch of the Forest has been estimated to have been 4000 years old, and grew from seed propagated by older parent trees, and these in turn from grandparents, whose crumbled dust forms a rich vegetable mold to nourish their younger progeny. How many such generations occurred no one can tell. But older than these are the glacial beds. When these ploughed their way over the surface of North America and Scandinavia they planed out mighty beds and ground and polished down the uneven surface of a former age. In this remote age the coast of New England was like that of Greenland at the present day. Few geologists will place the glacial period at less than 100,000 years ago. But we could go back still further. In the tertiary strata of California has been found what is called the earliest human remains ever discovered. These existed many thousand years ago, when one-half of New Jersey, one-third of Virginia, and all of Florida, and part of Texas and Great Britain were under water. The Mediterranean sea was then double its present size, and the Gulf of Mexico extended to Ohio. A large part of California was under the bed of the Pacific ocean, and water then extended back to the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. But older than this period and formation was the underlying stratification of chalk, still older was the Triassic, and older yet the new red sandstone—such as comes to the surface in parts of Scotland. Again, still lower, the old Silurian, then the older Laurentian, seen at the surface in Western Canada, and older yet than all these the granite or great underlying rock—the parent that thrusts itself up as the back-bone of continents, cutting through all others to show us on the surface what is below. What an infinity of time must have passed away in the successive formation of these rocky layers!

Frictional Electricity in the Press Room.

We looked into the press room of one of Boston's large printing establishments this week. The foreman was furious and the proprietor sorrowful. Frictional electricity in the printed sheets of paper as they left the presses was the immediate cause of their trouble. It is an interesting and not uncommon phenomenon, and is not easily explained nor easily controlled. It has puzzled Prof. Bell and Wadman, and the best electricians we have about here. The packing upon the press cylinder seems to act as an inductor, and the paper leaves the press thoroughly electrified. We watched a press running off 1,700 per hour. Suddenly the printed sheets clung about the cylinder as though pasted upon it, and had to be torn off in strips. Again, we lifted a few freshly printed leaves, and they ripped and crackled like thestiches in an old coat. Then we saw a lot of cardboard being printed. The sheets stuck together as solid as a brick, and could not be separated until the electricity had partly passed off. A printer's piece of brass rule placed in this pile of cardboard, with an end projecting, threw off sparks when approached within an inch by another piece of rule. Two sheets sucked together when held fourteen inches apart. Wet rags placed around the delivery table and let into a bucket of water charged the water with electricity in forty minutes so that a positive shock was felt upon a hand being immersed in the pail. Electrical currents were left in the hands and arms upon handling a pile of paper eight minutes after being printed. The bother to the printer is a considerable one. It entails inconvenience and a serious loss. Valuable work is frequently spoiled by the electricity packing the leaves so closely as to offset the fresh ink. Then the presses have to be slow-speeded, with frequent stoppages. Nothing so demoralizes the press-room as this mystery of frictional electricity when under full headway.—From the Paper Trade World.

Liberal Belief.

We do not believe that God is less just or merciful than are His feeble human children. Or that He has prepared a hell for those who never knew Him, or for children not baptized prior to death. Such thoughts are degrading to the Almighty. We do not believe in the sovereignty of God as taught by the Calvinists. God is a king, absolute by right and by a perfect law of love and justice. This belief makes man free in his will, reason and conscience. Such a belief makes us full of love, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. Not in the earthquake, the tempest and the fire does God become present to the soul, but by the still small voice which makes us one with Him, and takes all fear and doubt from our being.—Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Boston.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother G. rdiner Explains the Platform of the Club.

"Heah am a letter," said the old man as he held up a missive, "dated at Washington an' writ in a splendiferous han', axin' to have do posihun of dis club on varus qeshuns an' subjicks defined fur de benefit of de public. De Secretary of State kin post up in his office de follerin' facts:

"On religun dis club rather leans to de Baptist kind, but am not so bigoted as to stan' idly by an' see a Methodist Church consumed by fire or carried off by a froshet. "On Pollyticks we wote split tickets, aimin' to elect the smaller rascal an' to beat masheen nominashuns.

"As to free trade and protection, dis club can't express its contempt for a gov'ment which levies a tariff of ten per cent. on women's corsets an' can't bring a million-dollar official embezzler to justice.

"On a civil service reform we doan' slop ober worf slucks. De cry am as holler as an old log an' as thin as de woice of a Connecticut baby.

"On social etikette, we eat wid a fork, address obery genlan as 'Kernel,' an' we generally manage to start fur home befo' bein' kicked out.

"On de temperance qeshun, we argy dat if a man doan' know me' dan to let whiskey git de upper-hold of him he'd better be tie to some laup-post whar' de fool-killer kin find him.

"As to de labor qeshun, pay fair wages, demand squar' work, an' keep the jail doors open fur demagogos who cacourage kicks and strikes.

"Dat's whar' an' how we stan', from ebry Sunday mornin' to Saturday night, an' I may add dat we shall be happy at any time to counsel wid Congress, gin advice to de Legislachurs, an' frow out wuable suggestuns to social bodies. Let us now attack de reg'lar programme of bizness."

Bernhardt-Damala.

Bernhardt, says a Paris letter-writer, can not get on without much advertising, and I ought to add that few people now need it more, for her star begins to pale, and there are rumours of an approaching catastrophe. Then, she and her husband have called the *Independence Francaise* to account for announcing the imminence of a suit for judicial separation, but this perhaps is simply another form of advertising. Jacques certainly has not proved to be a good investment; in "La Dame aux Camellias," thanks to madam's lessons, he was very successful; in "Les Mores Ennemis," in spite of his defective accent, he gave great promise, and it was fondly hoped that at the Theatre Moderne, of which he was to be the manager and the star, he would rise to renown in "Jane Grey," and "Carmagnola." But these expectations have been disappointed; Jacques suddenly declared that he was tired of the stage, and abandoned the part of *Andrew Bobolski* declaring at the same time that somebody else must take in hand the new management. Bernhardt was aghast, the gossips say; moreover, the man had struck for higher wages, and, to show how much he was in earnest, he betook himself to the Gymnase and there signed a three years engagement (luckily a professional one) with M. Koning. All this is a heavy blow to the comedienne, coming as it does on the top of the financial disaster—to wit the loss of those 420,000 francs which she had invested in a factory run by one of her relatives, who has failed. Then too all her diamonds are advertised for sale at the hotel Drouot, and by the time this letter reaches you those jewels, gained by sobs and tears and smiles, those souvenirs of triumph and success, will have been scattered by the auctioneer's hammer. Not one dollar remains of the harvest of dollars which she reaped in America. It is all well enough for Mme. Gabrielle Elliani to save up 5,000,000; Gabrielle never had any talent, and was by nature prudent; but Bernhardt is a genius, and was in duty bound to imitate her celebrated predecessor Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose casket fetched 40,000 livres when sold for the profit of Marshal Saxe. Not that I predict penury to Mme. Damala, but I remember the case of Sophia Arnould, who once rolled in wealth, and yet who was reduced to live on the charity of her hair-dresser. Then there was la Claison, who died in a garret, and Gilmard, only to glad to marry a dancing-master, after having refused the hand of the Prince de Soubise. All of these were idols in their time, yet their fortunes came and went "like the lamps of the footlights," to quote la Pelisser, who died in a hospital, though the carpet of her boudoir was covered one day by her admirer with bank-notes to the value of a million. But Sarah will never get on unless she ceases to be an anachronism and will follow the lead of Mlle. Davager and Marie Magnier, who have laid by for their old age and a rainy day. It is not enough to triumph; one must profit by victory, as Hannibal told his captains. Rachel was better advised, and though the 1,274,371 francs which she left to her heirs cut a sorry figure in comparison with some of the fortunes of the queens of comedy and song, yet it was enough to keep any reasonable woman from starvation. Bernhardt must bestir herself, for popularity is flitting, and she cannot stand the nervous pressure much longer, if those who are in her confidence tell the truth. Still, with her diamonds, she has not yet lost her prestige. The diamonds of Mlle. Mars were stolen twice and twice recovered and then sold, for fear that a third larceny might be irremediable, and none the less that great actress was hailed with rapture when it pleased her to play *Celime* or *Bernice*, although in the provinces the house was never crowded unless the bills announced that "Mlle. Mars would wear all her jewellery!" So true is the assertion of Mme. Cornuel, the sprightly chronicler of the seventeenth century: "Diamonds on a woman are as necessary as cheese in a mouse-trap!" M. Claretie and others bewail the sad fate of the great tragedienne, and then console her by predicting other and richer harvests in the future "for this valiant creature, whose dream is to reascend dramatic art in two theatres at a time and show the Parisian how Shakspeare and Goethe ought to be interpreted."

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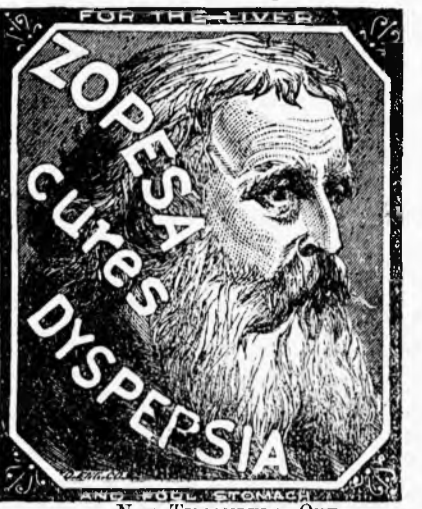
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