BROKE.

Under this caption W. S. Fenn, of this city, expresses some of the thoughts that come over a man when he is broke, in the following very fair rhyme:

"What is the trouble? Why look forlorn?"
Well, friend, you've probably heard it remarked
That "by our own bushel we measure the corn
Of others;" and so, since embarked
The first mortal on the journey of life,
One-half the world know not, or care, I surmise,
How the other half live, 'mid the turmoil and strife.
Should the tale e'er be told, 'twould no doubt cause surprise.

'Tis the same old, old story, you've no doubt heard before.
That's embittered existence of good men and true;
For whilst those who have plenty are grasping for more,
There are others whom Fortune grants nothing but rue;
And they struggle and plan and strive for success;
Woo the fair, fickle goddess with most fervent of prayers;
But their efforts seem fruitless, and th' appeals they address
To Fortune fall only on unheeding ears.

It seems strange that in this fair world of ours,
Where all, it is claimed, are equipped for the race,
That some should be destined to cull naught but flowers,
While others a path rank with thorns only trace;
That our friends whom we trust in properity's hour,
Who hover around then with smiles and good cheer;
When adversity's storm makes us feel its grim power,
Leave us lone 'mid reflections most sad and so drear.

And the poor struggling wait on the ocean of life,
Being borne swiftly on by the current of Fate,
Nears the sea of Eternity; whilst the elements rife
Rudely buffet his bark toward oblivion's strait.
Then the dark, gloomy clouds of despair settle down
And enshroud the poor soul like a funeral pall—
And one more life of promise, whose efforts no crown
Of success has been given, we may never recall.

'Tis reflections like these that have made me morose,
'Till it seemed, from the force of my feelings, I'd choke;
I've been there myself, and to be less verbose,
They're the thoughts that come over a man when he's "broke."
I've answered your query. I know what you'd say;
That you're "sorry, God bless me," and that sort of thing;
But your sympathy's oft been expressed that same way.
As for me—I'll "pull through" like "the flowers of spring."

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

Mrs. Gillespie's overskirt would not come right, and Doris Hilburn was, as she expressed it, "so worked up" that she could not eat her dinner. She prided herself on her draping, but that day her right hand (likewise her left) had forgotten its cunning.

"Don't worry, Doris," said Mrs. Gillespie, putting another slice of boiled mutton on the dressmaker's plate. "Lay it by till to-morrow, and begin Sarah Jane's school gingham."

"Well, if you don't care," said Doris, with a look of relief, "it would be a great lift off my mind," and she ate three pieces of the mutton in her satisfaction.

"Did you know that Eben Doolittle was sick?" asked Mrs. Gillespie, after dinner, as she plied her basting-needle. Doris looked up from the sewing-machine so quickly that a keen observer might have said she was startled, but Mrs. Gillespie's glasses covered unsuspecting eyes.

"They says he's threatened with a fever. No wonder. Living alone, and doing his own cooking and farming, when any man in his senses would have hired a housekeeper long ago or got married, which would have been better still. He's worrying about some payments that he can't meet, and, take it altogether, I shouldn't wonder if he was pretty bad off. Would you have this gingham waist shirred at the top, or laid in pleats all the way down, Doris?"

The little dressmaker's heart was thumping so that she thought her companion must hear it. But the placid face opposite was absorbed in the "pleatings" and "shirrings."

"It's all shirrings," thought poor Doris. "All puckered up close and tight, and somebody's got to cut the gathering threads before things will come out straight." (The dressmaker and Eben Doolittle had once been much more than friends, but fate had undertaken to do some "shirring," and, as usual, there was nobody at hand to cut the gathering threads.")

Doris answered Mrs. Gillespie to the best of her ability, and started the machine again.

When night came she rolled up her scissors, thimble and tape-measure, and put on her things, despite Mrs. Gillespie's invitation to stay all night.

She wanted to be alone where she could think, and the society of Sarah Jane, who who would have been her bed-fellow, was not conducive to contemplation.

On her way home she passed a low, brown house standing back from the road—a house dark and silent, but which quickened her pulses by its mere outlines.

"I wonder if the poor soul is there all alone," thought Dorris. "Any other neighbor could run in and see after him in a friendly way, but that's all out of the question for me."

When she reached home she roused her fire out of its all-day sluggishness, and sat down before it without lighting a lamp. She could think better in the dark.

"I wonder when those payments must be made," she said to herself, "it's the first of March now."

Suddenly a two-fold idea buzzed through Doris Hilburn's brain like a Fourth-of-July "pin-wheel," and her plaintive little face grew hot and rosy in the dim fire-lighted room.

"If I only dared," she said, half-breathlessly, then with gathering boldness, "why not? No one will ever find it out, and Eben will not dream of my doing such a thing. It will tide him over, and then he will pick up and get well in no time. It may be only the drop in the bucket, or it may be the full gallon, but I'll risk it, whichever it is." Pleasant dreams turned her humble pillows into cushions of down that night, and draped her bare walls with the cloth of gold which too often, alas! must turn to hodden gray with the first touch of day.

But Doris' cloth of gold kept the glimmer of its threads through all the next day. At noon, she spent a shorter time than usual over her dinner, and said she must do an errand. She hurried along the quiet village streets to the business quarter, and when she met a group of gleeful children on their way to school she pressed her hand over a little bankbook in her muff, and wanted to skip and run as they did.

The official who waited on her was evidently surprised at the nature of her errand. "He needn't stare so. I have a right to do what I please with my own," thought Doris, a trifle indignantly, yet with a certain shamefaced feeling that she was doing something wofully unbusiness-like and "unpractical."

"I don't care. If I starve I will starve. I will have my comfort out of this any way," she said.

Her eyes were so bright and her cheeks so rosy that Mrs. Gillespie viewed her through her spectacles with surprise.

"I declare, Doris, if you weren't so sensible and so settled in your ways, I should think you had been having an offer—and accepting it, too. You look as young and handsome as the best of them." Doris laughed, slipped off her hat and sack, and collapsed into the little sewing-chair, and in three minutes was apparently absorbed in Sarah Jane's "bias bands" and skirt ruffles.

"Don't make it too scant, Doris," said her companion. "Skimpiness don't pay when you're making up gingham."

"Nor when you're giving a present," said Doris to herself, with a sudden thrill of joy.

The short March day came to an end. Sarah Jane's gingham was finished and hung over the back of a chair, ready for its owner to carry up-stairs at bedtime. The troublesome overskirt had come right at last, and was a triumph of balloon-like, billowy folds.

"You'll save a day for me in April, Doris, to fix over my black Henrietta cloth?" said Mrs. Gillespie, interrogatively.

Doris nodded gaily. She was in a mood to promise anything.

"Here, Doris, you might just as well take a couple of these mince turnovers with you. They'll keep nicely till Sunday."

Doris thanked her, and stepped out into the cold, cloudy night. She passed slowly by the old brown house which had attracted her attention the evening before. "I wonder if it is dark enough yet?" she said, as she lingered in the shadow of an old elm that stood close by the sidewalk. The house seemed gloomy and silent as on the preceding night.

"It wont get any darker if I wait till midnight, because the moon will be up soon. I must do it now or never."

These mysterious words implied no scheme of burglary or arson, though the dressmaker's actions verged on "breaking and entering." She glided to the door and noisely tried it.

With the usual "depravity of inanimate objects," it gave a treacherous squeak as Doris turned the knob, and she fled precipitately, but not until she had dropped far into the hallway a small, fat, white envelope superscribed to

"EBEN DOOLITTLE,
"From a Friend and Brother."

Luckily no one was stirring on that quiet street, and when Doris was far enough from the brown house she resumed her ordinary gait. Though walking with outward calmness, there was a turmoil under her brown cloth jacket. She felt like one who has burned his ships behind him—and for what?

To gratify a sentimental fancy and to prepare for herself still longer years of toil and self-denial. Yet how she exulted in the thought. "He will get upon his feet again and prosper—and he will owe it all to me and never know."

Two weeks later Reedville was set agog by the news that Eben Doolittle, after a rapid recovery, had settled up his debts and gone West to make investments which promised to be very profitable.

"Must ha' had a legacy or somethin'," said one old crone to another.

"Borried from Peter to pay Paul, most likely," was the answer.

Sometime after Eben left Reedville, Doris Hilburn's right arm became helpless from rheumatism. She did up her bit of house work, but cutting and sewing were out of the question.

Then Doris, with a rather grim smile, sat down before her kitchen fire with a bit of memorandum book on her knee, and a pencil in her left hand.

Slowly and clumsily she jotted down some items and gazed at them stonily.

"One-fourth of a sack of flour—enough for three bakings, if I can manage to work dough with one hand.

"Two quarts of beans, half a paper of oatmeal and ten pint milk tickets.

"Six quarts of potatoes, a 'stump' of dried beef, a sugar-bowl nearly full, four or five 'drawings' of tea.

"One barrel of coal (enough to last ten days) and old shingles enough in the back yard to keep me from freezing when the coal's gone.

"No rent to pay, and sixty-two cents coming to me from Aunt Finney.

"Not such a desperate showing after all. Maybe my arm will be well before every scrap is eaten."

Then she laughed till the tears came.

"Everybody will say, 'How lucky that Doris has money in the savings bank. She can live on the interest while she is disabled.'"

In point of fact, that is substantially what everybody did say; and Doris smiled her little grim smile, and measured her potatoes and flour for each day, and doled out her coal—so much for the morning, so much for the night—and was ready, for every joy, to clap her hands if one had not been helpless. Eben Doolittle, prosperous, had almost passed out of her life except as a vague, somewhat pensive memory—Eben Doolittle, sick, forlorn and in debt, called back all the old affection, added to a maternal pity and yearning.

And, day by day, the potatoes dwindled and the flour grew less, while the crippled hand became no better. At last the final morsel of food had disappeared, and Doris scraped the coal barrel with her left hand.

"I have the shingles to fall back on," she said. "It's lucky I dried a good pile of them in the oven while the coal fire lasted."

The day after she had eaten her last saucer of oatmeal she did not feel so brisk and so independent of physical limitations. If "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," it is no less true that "out of the emptiness of the stomach the thought uttereth itself."

"I know I've been what the people call 'a born fool,' but I said I would take the risk. If I die Eben will never know why. He will come and drop a few tears on my grave, likely, and remind himself of the pleasant walks and talks we used to have before the trouble came between us. And how the neighbors will exclaim and conjecture when they find I have withdrawn my bank deposit. They will search every hole and corner in the house for my hidden cash, and finally bury me at town expense. Well, I shall never know it."

But Doris did not die. She lived a day and a half without food, because she was too proud to run into any of her neighbor's houses in a sociable way for a cup of tea.

Toward the end of the second day Mrs. Gillespie opened the kitchen door, and found Doris weak and shivering in her little bedroom debating within herself whether she should make a friendly visit to Ann Finney, her next neighbor, where she would be sure of a hearty welcome, warmth and supper.

"Why, Doris Hilburn, your fire is as dead as Julius Cæsar, and you look as if you were going to have a fever. Whatever in this world possesses you to keep so at home? I meant to send Sarah Jane down to ask you to spend to-morrow with us, then, on second thought, concluded to come myself."

Doris smiled a faint smile of welcome, and rose feebly to start a fire with the next day's share of shingles.

"Um not quite so chipper to-day," she said, drawing forth her little rocking chair for her caller. "Guess I shall be all right to-mor—" She didn't finish the word, but staggered and fell forward into Mrs. Gillespie's arms.

That good lady put her back to bed, pursued the usual course in cases of fainting, then said, "Now lie still, Doris, and I'll light the fire for you."

The dressmaker murmured something almost unintelligible about "ordering coal soon," she meant to be strictly truthful. But Mrs. Gillespie was already out in the kitchen, lifting the stovelids, and with her suspicions aroused.

"There is some mystery here," she confided to the poker as she cleaned out a few wood ashes. "Doris looked pinched with hunger, and that fainting was a bad piece of business."

She took an old friend's privilege of softly opening the buttery door and glancing along the shelves.

"Not a crumb of anything that a baby fly could make a meal on. Doris is either out of her mind, and growing miserly, or else she has put her savings into some humbug concern that doesn't pay any dividends except to the men that run it."

She lighted the fire, then stepped to the bed-room door again.

"Doris, why can't you put your night-gown into your little satchel bag and come right back with me to-night? Sarah Jane thinks some of pulling molasses candy after supper, and maybe the Simpson girls will be over. You used to be more sociable." She smiled kindly, and patted Doris on the shoulder.

"What a godsend!" thought Doris, nor dreamed that her old friend suspected the truth.

It was a heavenly change when, after letting the light-wood fire die down and fastening the doors securely, Doris with her "satchel bag" on her left arm accompanied her friend to the home overflowing with plenty.

The merriment after supper was at its height when some one knocked at the side door.

"Eben Doolittle! Come in, and welcome home again," said Mrs. Gillespie.

Eben's handsome face brightened as he put out his hand to Doris, after greeting the others.

"I called at your house, Miss Hil—Doris, to speak about a little business matter," he said, giving her a penetrating look which made her heart whirl like an infant cyclone. "I guessed that you were here, and I earnestly beg that you will grant me five minutes interview in the course of the evening."

He dropped her hand, and, to relieve her confusion, began to joke with Sarah Jane and the Simpson girls, who all insisted on his "pulling" a skein of the yellow candy, on penalty of not getting any.

Doris was in danger of fainting for the second time that day, but fate was merciful.

The opportunity came at last, and after taffy, pop-corn, games and riddles, she and Eben were alone for a moment in Mrs. Gillespie's sitting-room, while that lady and Sarah Jane were exchanging good-nights with the Simpson girls at the door.

"I suppose I am very ungallant not to escort those young women to their parental mansion, but I can't help it. Doris, do you think I didn't know who put that blessed money in my hall that night? I saw you, Doris, from the shadow of the window, where I was standing lonely and weak and dispirited—I saw you, dear," he stood close to her and saw her tremble with the sudden surprise, "and I blessed you as the drowning sailor blesses the rope that is thrown to him over the ship's side. When I picked up the envelope and examined its contents, I understood the whole story, and I knew that you could not be wholly indifferent to me"—she trembled more and more—"and I took that money, vowing that I would make it increase and multiply for us both. I have it with me to-night (expecting to repay it to you at your own home in a proper, business-like manner), but it can wait till to-morrow, for I have something else to say. Shall we cast the old burden of misunderstanding and estrangement behind us, and will you be my wife?"

One day when, in an outburst of confidence, Eben told Mrs. Gillespie what Miss Doris had done, that lady smiled and clapped her plump hands in approval.

"Now I know," she thought, "why Doris Hilburn's buttery shelves were bare and her kitchen fire out that day."

But Eben Doolittle never knew.—*Helen T. Clark.*

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Dr. Gatling has patented a new gun metal composed of steel and aluminum, which is said to be of remarkable strength.

Scientists say there is no plant that does not serve as food for some animal; but the only article used as food from the mineral kingdom is common salt.

A writer in the St. Louis *Globe* is looking hopefully forward to the time when the walls, ceilings and floors of our dwellings will be malleable glass as a period when approximate cleanliness will be possible.

The health of New York compares very unfavorably with that of London. The annual mortality in the British metropolis is about 20 in 1,000, while in New York it is 26 in 1,000. The population of New York is also much more crowded, there being an average of 16 persons to a dwelling, while in London the average is only 7.

At Buda-Pesth a well has been bored to a depth not previously reached, and yields daily 176,000 gallons of water at 158° F. The attempt will be made to bore until the temperature of the water reached shall be 176°. Whether it will be possible in this manner to heat dwellings, churches, conservatories, and, indeed, gardens, is still an open question.

Heavy machinery is now run by artesian well power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French shows that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. The famous Grenelle well, sunk to the depth of 1,800 feet, and flowing daily some 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, the water being also so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals.

Plants are injured by parasitic fungi in various ways, according to A. B. Seymour. They are deprived of nourishment; growth is abnormally accelerated or retarded, causing distortion; not only are green parts affected, but roots, stems, buds, flowers and fruit; leaves and fruit fall prematurely; decay is produced in ripe fruits before and after removal from the plant, and valuable plants receive injury from those of less value by ordinary infection.

The attention of the French Academy of Sciences has been drawn by M. Faye, the eminent astronomer, to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than with a land surface. From this he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate, so as to give rise to a swelling up and distortion of the thinner portions of the crust; in other words to the formation of mountain-chains.

Poison for some animals is food for others. Hogs can eat henbane or hyocyamus, which is fatal to dogs and most other animals. Dogs and horses are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and morphia is said to be innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." This is due to habits and idiosyncrasies.

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Mr. Wm. A. Siebold, with Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York, writes March 29th, 1888: "I feel it my duty, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted as I was, to write you this letter, which you can use as my testimony in any way you choose. I will answer any inquiry from others in relation to the facts herewith stated. In February last I suffered great pain and inconvenience from boils, all over my neck; I could not turn my head without acute pain and my blood was in poor condition. After trying all the usual remedies in such cases, and finding no relief, by the persuasion of Mr. J. W. Fears, Manager of your New York Office, I used one bottle S. S. S., and I improved rapidly and very soon I was entirely relieved of my "Job's Comforters." Now not a sign of my affliction can be seen. I feel strong and cheerful. S. S. S. is a fine tonic as proved in my case. I sleep soundly and my appetite is good.

Dr. J. N. Cheney, a well-known physician writes from Ellaville, Georgia: "I use S. S. S. in convalescent fever cases with the best results. It will, in my judgment, prevent summer dysentery, if one will take a few bottles in the spring, thus preparing the bowels for the strains of summer."

Mrs. Scott Liston, 116 Zane street (Island), Wheeling, West Virginia, writes: "Having used S.S.S. for the blood, I can safely say that it beats anything I have used to cleanse the blood and make a new being out of a person."

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, Winston, N. C., writes: "I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enabling me to stand the long, trying, enervating hot summer days. On using it I soon become strong of body and easy of mind."

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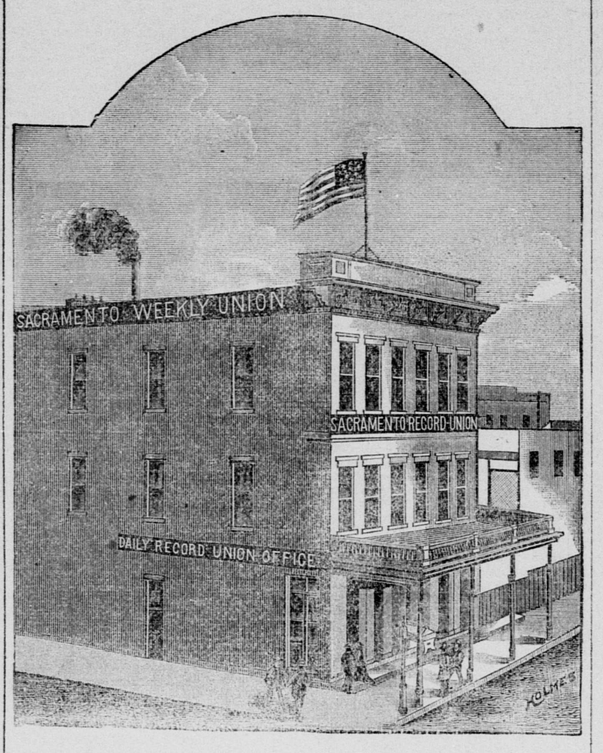

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

EXCITING CAUSES. In consequence of repeated attacks of acute catarrh, or "cold in the head," as it is usually termed, the mucous membranes of the nose and the air-passages of the head become permanently thickened, the mucous follicles or glands diseased, and their functions either destroyed or very much deranged. Although chronic catarrh is most commonly brought on in the manner above stated, it sometimes makes its appearance as a sequel of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, or other eruptive fevers, or shows itself as a local manifestation of scrofulous or other taints in the system.

HOW IT BEGINS. In the early stages of the disease, the patient may be annoyed by "only a slight dropping into the throat," as many express it, the amount of the discharge from the air-passages of the head at this stage of the disease being only slightly in excess of health. In some cases the discharge is thick, ropy, and tough, requiring frequent and strong efforts in the way of blowing and spitting, to remove it from the throat, in which it frequently lodges. In other cases, or in other stages of the same case, the discharge is thin, watery, acrid, irritating, and profuse. The nose may be "stopped up" from the swollen and thickened condition of the lining mucous membrane, so as to necessitate respiration through the mouth, giving to the voice a disagreeable "nasal twang." From the nature of the obstruction in this condition, it is useless for the sufferer to endeavor to clear the passage by blowing the nose; this only tends to render a bad matter worse, by increasing the irritation and swelling of the already thickened lining membrane. The swelling of the mucous membrane does not in all cases become so great as to cause obstruction to respiration through the affected passages. In some cases, the patient suffers from headache the greater portion of the time, or experiences a dull, heavy, disagreeable fullness or pressure in the head, with a confusion of his ideas, which render him quite unfit for business, especially such as requires deep thought and mental labor. Memory may be more or less affected, and the disposition of those who are otherwise amiable is often rendered irritable or morose and despondent. The mental faculties suffer to such an extent in some cases as to result in insanity. The sense of smell is in many cases impaired, and sometimes entirely lost, and the senses of taste and of hearing are not unfrequently more or less affected.

OZÆNA; OR, ULCERATED CATARRH. The ulcerous or more aggravated stage of the disease, from the offensive odor that frequently attends it, is denominated *Ozæna*. The secretion which is thrown out in the more advanced stages of chronic catarrh becomes so acrid, unhealthy, and poisonous, that it produces severe irritation and inflammation, which are followed by excoriation and ulceration of the delicate membrane which lines the air-passages in the head. Although commencing in this membrane, the ulceration is not confined to it, but gradually extends in depth, until it frequently involves all the component structures of the nose—cartilage and bone, as well as fibrous tissues. As the ulceration extends up among the small bones, the discharge generally becomes profuse and often excessively fetid, requires the frequent use of the handkerchief, and renders the poor sufferer disagreeable to both himself and those with whom he associates. Thick, tough brownish incrustations, or hardened lumps, are many times formed in the head, by the evaporation of the watery portion of the discharges. These lumps are sometimes so large and tough that it is with great difficulty that they can be removed. They are usually discharged every second, fourth, or fifth day, but only to be succeeded by another crop.

DECAYED BONES. Portions of cartilage and bone, or even entire bones, often die, slough away, and are discharged, either in large flakes, or blackened, half-decayed, and crumbly pieces; or, as is much more commonly the case, in the form of numerous minute particles, that escape with the discharge and are unobserved. It is painfully unpleasant to witness the ravages of this terrible disease, and observe the extent to which it sometimes progresses. Holes are eaten through the roof of the mouth, and great cavities excavated into the solid bones of the face: in such cases only the best and most thorough treatment will check the progress and fatal termination of the disease.

IT LEADS TO DANGEROUS DISEASES.

Catarrh, and ozæna, are liable to be complicated, not only by the system, blood, and fluids, suffering from scrofulous or other taints, as has already been pointed out, but also by an extension of the diseased condition to other parts beyond the air-passages of the head.

THROAT DISEASE. The acrid, irritating, and poisonous discharge, which runs down over the delicate lining membrane of the *pharynx* (throat), produces in this sensitive locality a diseased condition similar to that existing in the air-passages of the head. The back of the throat may be pale, or of a dark-red color. In the advanced stages, its surface will be studded with very small ulcers, which, as seen through the mouth, look like small pimples or "canker sores," for which they are often mistaken. The patient may at times experience a tickling sensation in the throat, with perhaps a slight cough. The voice is often more or less affected, and the tonsils often become enlarged.

EXTENDS TO LARYNX. The acrid, poisonous discharge which drops into the throat from the head is, by the act of inspiration, drawn into the larynx, or still lower down into the trachea (wind-pipe). In this way the disease creeps along the air-passages, the acrid, poisonous discharge arousing in its track the same irritation, inflammation, thickening, and ulceration, of the lining membrane, which characterize the disease in other portions of the air-passages. When affecting the larynx, the case is usually attended with more or less cough, which is sometimes very severe; at other times, only a slight hacking. Tenderness in the affected regions, hoarseness, and loss or partial suppression of voice, are common to this stage of the disease.

BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION. We have already detailed the manner in which the throat, larynx, and trachea, in succession, become affected from catarrh, or ozena. By the same process of extension, the bronchial tubes, and lastly the *parenchyma*, or substance of the lungs, in their turn, become diseased, and bronchitis and consumption are firmly established. Tightness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing; soreness; darting, sharp, or dull, heavy pains, or a prickly, distressing sensation, accompanied with more or less cough and expectoration,—are evidence that the bronchial tubes have become affected, and they should admonish the sufferer *that he is now standing on the stepping-stone to* CONSUMPTION, over which thousands annually tread, in their slow yet sure journey to the grave.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS. By means of a small canal, called the *eustachian tube*, an air-passage and communication between the throat and the organs of hearing is formed. The inflammatory process follows along the mucous membrane lining this passage, thickening its structure, until the eustachian tube is closed. While the thickening of the mucous membrane is going on, and the passage is gradually becoming closed (and this process sometimes extends through several years), the patient will occasionally, while blowing the nose, experience a crackling noise in one or both ears, and hearing becomes dull, but returns suddenly, accompanied with a snapping sound, until, finally, hearing does not return, but remains permanently injured. In other cases the hearing is lost so gradually that a considerable degree of deafness may exist before the person is really aware of the fact. Either condition is often accompanied with noises in the head, of every conceivable description, increasing the distress of the sufferer. The drum of the ear becomes ulcerated and perforated, and an offensive discharge is kept up by the internal ulceration.

DYSPEPSIA. A large portion of the acrid, poisonous, purulent discharge, which drops into the throat during sleep, is swallowed. This disturbs the functions of the stomach, causing weakness of that organ, and producing indigestion, dyspepsia, nausea, and loss of appetite. Many sufferers complain of a very distressing "gnawing sensation" in the stomach, or an "all gone" or "faint feeling," as they often express it.

SIGNS OF THE DISEASE.

All the symptoms given below, as well as others which have been previously stated and which it is not necessary here to repeat, are common to this disease in some of its stages or complications: yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or chronic bronchitis, and end in the grave, without ever having manifested one-half of the symptoms here enumerated.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH. Dull, heavy headache through the temples and above the eyes; indisposition to exercise; difficulty of thinking or reasoning, or concentrating the mind upon any subject; lassitude; indifference respecting business, lack of ambition or energy; obstruction of nasal passages; discharges voluntarily falling into the throat, profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, mucopurulent, bloody, concrete blood and pus, putrid, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness of the nasal passages; dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, ringing in the ears, deafness, discharge from the ears, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, expectoration of putrid matter, *spiculæ* of bones, scabs from ulcers leaving surface raw, constant desire to clear the nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impairment or total deprivation of the sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, nausea, indigestion, dyspepsia, enlarged tonsils, raw throat, tickling cough, difficulty in speaking plainly, general debility, idiocy, and insanity.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES. Any thing which debilitates the system, or diminishes its powers of evolving animal heat and withstanding cold or sudden changes of atmospheric temperature, and other disease-producing agencies, renders the individual thus enfeebled very liable to catarrh. Among the most common debilitating agencies are a scrofulous condition of the system, or other impurities of the blood, exhaustive fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, or those badly treated; exhaustive and unnatural discharges, intemperance, excessive study, self-abuse, adversity, grief, want of sleep, syphilitic taints of the system, which may have been contracted unknowingly, or may have been inherited, having perhaps been handed down, even unto the third or fourth generation, to an innocent posterity from infected progenitors; too sudden rest after great and fatiguing exercise, and living in poorly ventilated apartments. These are among the most fruitful causes of those feeble, deranged, or impure conditions of the system to which catarrh so frequently owes its origin. Although the immediate or exciting cause is generally repeated attacks of "cold in the head," which, being neglected or improperly treated, "go on from bad to worse," yet the predisposing or real cause of the disease is, in the majority of cases, an enfeebled, impure, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, which invites the disease, and needs only the irritation produced in the nasal passages by an attack of cold, to kindle the flame and establish the loathsome malady.

CONSTITUTIONAL IN CHARACTER. Some sufferers from catarrh are convinced with difficulty that there exists in their system a weakness, impurity, or derangement of any kind, which permitted the disease to fasten itself upon them. They may not feel any great weakness, may not have any pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, or ulcers, upon their whole person; in fact, nothing about them that would, except to the skilled eye of the practical and experienced physician, indicate that their systems are weakened or deranged with bad humors; and yet such a fault may, and generally does, exist. As an ulcer upon the leg, or a "fever-sore," or an eruption upon the skin, may be the only outward sign of a fault in the system, so, frequently chronic catarrh is the only sign by which a bad condition of the system manifests itself in a manner that is perceptible to the sufferer himself, or to the non-professional observer. The finely-skilled physician, whose constant practice makes his perceptive faculties perfect in this direction, would detect the constitutional fault, as an experienced banker detects a finely-executed and dangerous bank-note which the unpracticed eye would pronounce genuine.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT,—Guaranteed Cure.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our chief aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. Its ingredients are simple and harmless, yet when scientifically and skillfully combined, in just the right proportions, they form a most wonderful and valuable healing medicine. Like gunpowder, which is formed of a combination of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, the ingredients are simple, but the product of their combination is wonderful in its effects. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease. The reader's mind cannot be too strongly impressed with the importance of combining thorough constitutional with the local treatment of this disease. Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily, and permanently effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out, as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangements or weaknesses.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and syphilitic taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is *permanent*. The system is so purified, regulated, and strengthened, as to be strongly fortified against the encroachments of catarrh and other diseases. The effects of the Golden Medical Discovery upon the system will be gradual, and the alterative changes of tissue and function generally somewhat slow. They are not, however, less complete, radical, and lasting; and this constitutes its great merit. Under its influence all the secretions are aroused to carry the blood-poisons out of the system, the nutrition is promoted, and the patient finds himself gradually improving in flesh; his strength is built up, his lingering ailments dwindle away, and by and by, he finds his whole person has been entirely renovated and repaired, and he feels like a new man—a perfect being.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Price of Discovery $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00. Price of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete pamphlet Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute,
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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Lea & Perrins' the original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce, has been before the public over half a century. Like all popular favorites, it has long been the standard of comparison and the pattern for counterfeiters, who not being able to unite its excellence, offer to the public imitations in bottling, labels and style of putting up. They dare not counterfeit the signature of Lea & Perrins, which is on the red label of every genuine bottle, and of which this is a facsimile.

Lea & Perrins

To be sure of obtaining the genuine article, see that the above signature is on the label. [American Analyst.]

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested