CURSING AND SWEARING.

The Crime of Blasphemy is Accursed for this Life, and Makes a Man Miserable for Eternity.

How the Habit of Swearing Grows in a Community—Young People Think it Manly.

The Day Will Come When All Our Crimes of Speech, if Unrepented of, Will be Our Condemnation.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 8.—One of the hymns sung at the Tabernacle this morning begins with the words:

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess.

After reading appropriate passages of scripture the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the habit of cursing and swearing. His text was from the Book of Job, ii, 7-9: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes. Then said his wife unto him: 'Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die.'"

A story oriental and marvellous. Job was the richest man in all the east. He had camels and oxen and asses and sheep, and, what would have made him rich without anything else, seven sons and three daughters. It was the habit of these children to gather together for family reunion. One day Job is thinking of his children as gathered together at a banquet at the elder brother's house.

While the old man is seated at his tent door he sees some one running, evidently from his manner bringing bad news. What is the matter now? "Oh," says the messenger, "a foraging party of Sabeans have fallen upon the oxen and the asses and destroyed them and butchered all the servants except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," says the man, "the lightning has struck the sheep and the shepherds, and all the shepherds are destroyed except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "the Chaldeans have captured the camels and slain all the camel drivers except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "a hurricane struck the four corners of the tent where your children were assembled at the banquet and they are all dead."

But the chapter of calamity has not ended. Job was smitten with elephantiasis, or black leprosy. Tumors from head to foot—forehead rigid with tubercles—eyelashes fall out—nostrils excoriated—voice destroyed—intolerable exhalations from the entire body, until with none to dress his sores, he sits down in the ashes with nothing but pieces of broken pottery to use in

THE SURGERY OF HIS WOUNDS.

At this moment, when he needed all encouragement and all consolation, his wife comes in, in a fret and a rage, and says: "This is intolerable. Our property gone, our children slain, and now you covered up with this loathsome and disguting disease. Why don't you swear? Curse God, and die!"

Ah, Job knew right well that swearing would not cure one of the tumors of his agonized body, would not bring back one of his destroyed camels, would not restore one of his dead children. He knew that profanity would only make the pain more unbearable, and the poverty more distressing, and the bereavement more excruciating. But judging from the profanity abroad in our day, you might come to the conclusion that there was some great advantage to be reaped from profanity.

Blasphemy is all abroad. You hear it in every direction. The drayman swearing at his cart, the sewing girl imprecating the tangled skein, the accountant cursing the long line of troublesome figures. Swearing at the store, swearing in the loft, swearing in the cellar, swearing on the street, swearing in the factory. Children swear, men swear, women swear. Swearing from the rough calling on the Almighty in the low restaurant, clear up to the reckless "O, Lord!" of a glittering drawing-room; and the one is as much blasphemy as the other.

There are times when we must cry out to the Lord by reason of our physical agony or our mental distress, and that is only throwing out our weak hand toward the strong arm of a father. It was no profanity when James A. Garfield, shot in the Washington depot, cried out: "My God, what does this mean?" There is no profanity in calling out upon God in the day of trouble, in the day of darkness, in

THE DAY OF PHYSICAL ANGUISH,

in the day of bereavement; but I am speaking now of the trivility and of the recklessness with which the name of God is sometimes managed. The whole land is cursed with it.

A gentleman coming from the far west sat in the car day after day behind two persons who were indulging in profanity, and he made up his mind that he would make a record of their profanities, and at the end of two days several sheets of paper were covered with these imprecations, and at the close of the journey he handed the manuscript to one of the persons in front of him. "Is it possible," said the man, "that we have uttered so many profanities the last few days?" "It is," replied the gentleman. "Then," said the man who had taken the manuscript, "I will never swear again."

But it is a comparatively unimportant thing if a man makes record of our improprieties of speech. The more memorable consideration is that every improper word, every oath uttered, has a record in the book of God's remembrance, and that the day will come when all our crimes of speech, if unrepented of, will be our condemnation. I shall not to-day deal in abstractions. I hate abstractions. I am going to have a plain talk with you, my brother, about a habit that you admit to be wrong.

The habit grows in a community in the fact that young people think it manly to swear. Little children, hardly able to walk straight on the street, yet have enough distinctness of utterance to let you know that they are damning their own souls, or damning the souls of others. It is an awful thing the first time the little feet are lifted to have them set down on

THE BURNING PAVEMENT OF HELL.

Between sixteen and twenty years of age, there is apt to come a time when a young man is as much ashamed of not being able to swear gracefully as he is of the dizziness of his first cigar. He has his hat, his boot, and his coat of the right pattern, and now, if he can only swear without awkwardness, and as well as his comrades, he believes he is in the fashion. There are young men who walk in an atmosphere of imprecation—oaths on their lips, under their tongues, nesting in their shock of hair. They abstain from it in the elegant drawing-room, but the street and the club-house ring with their profanities. They have no regard for God, although they have great respect for the ladies! My young brother, there is no manliness in that. The most ungentlemanly thing a man can do is to swear.

Fathers foster this great crime. There are parents who are very cautious not to swear in the presence of their children; in a moment of sudden anger, they look around to see if the children are present when they indulge in this habit. Do you not know, oh father, that your child is aware of the fact that you swear? He overheard you in the next room, or someone has informed him of your habit. He is practicing now. In ten years he will swear as well as you do. Do not, oh father, be under the delusion that you may swear and your son not know it. It is an awful thing to start the habit in the family—the father to be profane, and then to have the echo of his example come back from other generations; so that generations after generations curse the Lord.

The crime is also fostered by master mechanics, boss carpenters, those who are at the head of men in hat factories, and in dock-yards, and at the head of

GREAT BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS.

When you go down to look at the work of the scaffolding, and you find it is not done right, what do you say? It is not praying, is it? The employer swears—his employe is tempted to swear. The man says: "I don't know why my employer, worth $50,000 or $100,000, should have any luxury I should be denied simply because I am poor. Because I am poor and dependent on a day's wages, haven't I as much right to swear as he has with his large income?" Employers swear, and that makes so many employes swear!

The habit also comes from infirmity of temper. There are a good many people who, when they are at peace, have righteousness of speech, but when angered they blaze with imprecation. Perhaps all the rest of the year they talk in right language, but now they pour out the fury of a whole year in one red hot parsgraph of five minutes. I knew of a man who excused himself for the habit, saying: "I only swear once in a great while. I must do that just to clear myself out." The habit comes also from the profuse use of bywords. The transition from a byword which may be perfectly harmless to imprecation and profanity, is not a very large transition. It is "my stars!" and "mercy on me!" and "good gracious!" and "by George!" and "by Jove!" and you go on with that a little while, and then you swear. These words, perfectly harmless in themselves, are next door to imprecation and blasphemy. A profuse use of bywords always ends in profanity. The habit is creeping up into the highest styles of society. Women have no patience with flat and unvarnished profanity. They will order a man out of the parlor indulging in blasphemy, and yet you will sometimes find them with fairy fan to the lip, and under chandeliers which bring no

BLUSH TO THEIR CHEEK,

taking on their lips the hollest of names in utter triviality.

Why, my friends, the English language is comprehensive and capable of expressing all shades of feeling and every degree of energy. Are you happy, Noah Webster will give you 10,000 words with which to express your exhilaration. Are you righteously indignant, there are whole armories in the vocabulary, righteous vocabulary—whole armies of denunciation, and scorn, and sarcasm, and irony, and caricature, and wrath. You express yourself against some meanness, or hypocrisy, in all the oaths that ever smoked up from the pit, and I will come right on after you and give a thousand-fold more emphasis of denunciation to the same meanness and the same hypocrisy in words across which no slime has ever trailed, and into which the fires of hell have never shot their forked tongues—the pure, the innocent, God-honored Anglo-Saxon in which Milton sang, and John Bunyan dreamed, and Shakspere dramatized.

There is no use for profanity when we have such a magnificent language—such a flow of good words, potent words, mighty words, words just to suit every crisis and every case. Whatever be the cause of it, profanity is on the increase, and if you do not know it, it is because your ears have been hardened by the din of imprecations so that you are not stirred and moved as you ought to be by profanities in these cities which are enough to bring a hurricane of fire like that which consumed Sodom.

Do you know that this trivial use of God's name results in perjury? Do you know that people who take the name of God on their lips in recklessness and thoughtlessness are fostering the crime of perjury? Make the name of God a football in the community, and it has no power when in court-room and legislative assembly it is employed in

SOLEMN ADJURATION!

See the way sometimes they administer the oath: "S'help you God—kiss the book!" Smuggling, which is always a violation of the oath, becomes in some circles a grand joke. You say to a man: "How is it possible for you to sell these goods so very cheap? I can't understand it." "Ah!" he replies, with a twinkle of the eye, "the custom house tariff of these goods isn't as much as it might be." An oath does not mean as much as it would were the name of God used in reverence and solemnity. Why is it that so often jurors render unaccountable verdicts, and judges give unaccountable charges, and useless railroad schemes pass in our state capitals, and there are most unjust changes made in tariff—tariff lifted from one thing and put upon another?

What is an oath? Anything solemn? Anything that calls upon the Almighty? Anything that marks an event in a man's history? Oh, no! It is kissing the book! There is no habit, I tell you plainly—and I talk to hundreds and thousands of men to-day who will thank me for my utterance—I tell you, my brother,—I talk to you not professionally, but just as one brother talks to another on some very important theme—I tell you there is no habit that so depletes a man's nature as the habit of profanity. You might as well try to raise vineyards and orchards on the sides of belching Stromboli as to raise anything good on a heart from which there pours out the scoria of profanity. You may swear yourself down; you cannot swear yourself up.

When the Mohammedan finds a piece of paper he cannot read, he puts it aside very cautiously for fear the name of God may be on it. That is one extreme. We go to the other. Now, what is the cure of this habit?

IT IS A MIGHTY HABIT.

Men have struggled for years to get over it. There are men in this house of God who would give half their fortune to get rid of it. An aged man was in the delirium of a fever. He had for many years lived a most upright life and was honored in all the community; but when he came into the delirium of this fever he was full of imprecation and profanity, and they could not understand it. After he came to his right reason he explained it. He said: "When I was a young man I was very profane. I conquered the habit, but I had to struggle all through life. You haven't for forty years heard me say an improper word, but it has been an awful struggle. The tiger is chained, but he is alive yet."

If you would get rid of this habit, I want you, my friends, to dwell upon the uselessness of it. Did a volley of oaths ever start a heavy load? Did they ever extirpate meanness from a customer? Did they ever collect a bad debt? Did they ever cure a toothache? Did they ever stop the twinge of the rheumatism? Did they ever help you forward one step in the right direction? Come now, tell me, ye who have had the most experience in this habit, how much have you made out of it? Five thousand dollars in all your life? No. One thousand? No. One hundred? No. One dollar? No. One cent? No. If the habit be so utterly useless, away with it.

But you say: "I have struggled to overcome the habit a long while, and I have not been successful." You struggled in your own strength, my brother. If ever a man wants God, it is in such a crisis of his history. God alone by His grace can emancipate you from that trouble. Call upon Him day and night that you may be delivered from this crime. Remember also in the cure of this habit that it arouses God's indignation. The Bible reiterates from chapter to chapter, and verse after verse, the fact that it is accursed for this life and that

IT MAKES A MAN MISERABLE

for eternity. There is not a sin in all the catalogue that is so often peremptorily and suddenly punished in this world as the sin of profanity. There is not a city or a village but can give an illustration of a man struck down at the moment of imprecation. A couple of years ago, briefly referring to this in a sermon, I gave some instances in which God had struck swearers dead at the moment of their profanity. That sermon brought to me from many parts of this land and other lands statements of similar cases of instantaneous visitation from God upon blasphemers. My opinion is that such cases occur somewhere every day, but for various reasons they are not reported.

In Scotland a club assembled every week for purposes of wickedness, and there was a competition as to which could use the most horrid oath, and the man who succeeded was to be president of the club. The competition went on. A man uttered an oath which confounded all his comrades, and he was made president of the club. His tongue began to swell, and it protruded from the mouth, and he could not draw it in, and he died, and the physicians said: "This is the strangest thing we ever saw; we never saw any account in the books like unto it; we can't understand it." I understand it. He cursed God and died.

At Catskill, N. Y., a group of men stood in a blacksmith's shop during a violent thunder storm. There was a crash of thunder, and some of the men trembled. One man said: "Why, I don't see what you are afraid of. I am not afraid to go out in front of the shop and defy the Almighty. I am not afraid of lightning." And he laid a wager on the subject, and he went out, and shook his fist at the heavens, crying: "Strike, if you dare!" and instantly

HE FELL UNDER A BOLT.

What destroyed him? Any mystery about it? Oh, no. He cursed God and died.

Oh, my brother, God will not allow this sin to go unpunished. There are styles of writing with manifold sheets, so that a man writing on one leaf writes clear through ten, fifteen, or twenty sheets, and so every profanity we utter goes right down through the leaves of the book of God's remembrance. It is no exceptional sin. Do you suppose you could count the profanities of last week—the profanities of office, store, shop, factory? They cursed God, they cursed His word, they cursed His only begotten Son.

One morning, on Fulton street, as I was passing along, I heard a man swear by the name of Jesus. My hair lifted. My blood ran cold. My breath caught. My foot halted. Do you not suppose that God is aggravated? Do you not suppose that God knows about it? Dionysius used to have a cave in which his culprits were incarcerated, and he listened at the top of that cave, and he could hear every groan, he could hear every sign, and he could hear every whisper, of those who were imprisoned. He was a tyrant. God is not a tyrant; but He bends over this world and He hears everything—every voice of praise—every voice of imprecation. He hears it all. The oaths seem to die on the air, but they have eternal echo. They come back from the ages to come.

Listen! Listen! "All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And if, according to the theory of some, a man commits in the next world the sins which he committed in this world—if unpardoned, unregenerated—think of a man's going on cursing in the name of God to all eternity!

THE HABIT GROWS.

You start with a small oath, you will come to the large oath. I saw a man die with an oath between his teeth. Voltaire only gradually came to his tremendous imprecation; but the habit grew on him until in the last moment, supposing Christ stood at the bed, he exclaimed: "Crush that wretch! Crush that wretch!" Oh, my brother, you begin to swear and there is nothing impossible for you in the wrong direction.

Who is this God whose name you are using in swearing? Who is He? Is He a tyrant? Has He pursued you all your life long? Has He starved you, frozen you, tyrannized over you? No. He has loved you, He has sheltered you, He watched you last night, He will watch you to-night. He wants to love you, wants to help you, wants to save you, wants to comfort you. He was your father's God and your mother's God. He has housed them from the blast, and He wants to shelter you. Will you spit in His face by an imprecation? Will you ever thrust Him back by an oath?

Who is this Jesus whose name I heard in the imprecation? Has He pursued you all your life long? What vile thing has He done to you that you should so dishonor His name? Why, He was the Lamb whose blood simmered in the fires of sacrifice for you. He is the brother that took off His crown that you might put it on. He has pursued you all your life long with mercy. He wants you to love Him, wants you to serve Him. He comes with streaming eyes and broken heart and blistered feet to save you. On the craft of

OUR DOOMED HUMANITY

He pushed out into the sea to take you off the wreck.

Where is the hand that will ever be lifted in imprecation again? Let that hand, now blood tipped, be lifted that I may see it. Not one. Where is the voice that will ever be uttered in dishonoring the name of that Christ? Let it speak now. Not one. Not one. Oh, I am glad to know that all these vices of the community, and these crimes of our city will be gone. Society is going to be bettered. The world by the power of Christ's gospel is going to be saved, and this crime, this iniquity, and all the other iniquities will vanish before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the nation.

There was one day in New England memorable for storm and darkness. I hardly ever saw such an evening. The clouds which had been gathering all day unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, which flows quietly, save as the paddles of pleasure parties rattle the oar locks, was lashed into foam, and the waves hardly knew where to lay themselves.

Oh! what a time it was! The hills jarred under the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, or beat against the window pane as though to dash it in. The grain fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm king. When night came it was a double night. Its mantle was torn with the lightnings, and into its locks were twisted the leaves of uprooted oaks and the shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and open the door to let in the spaniel howling outside with terror.

We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, the forests with uplifted voices, in chorus that filled the mountains praising the Lord. We woke not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out the window and the Housatonic slept as quiet as an infant's dream. Pillars of clouds set against the sky looked like the castles of the blest, built for heavenly hierarchs on

THE BEACH OF THE AZURE SEA.

All the trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God-appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if our Father had looked upon the earth, His wayward child, and stooped to her tear-wet cheek and kissed it. So will the darkness of sin and crime leave our world before the dawn of the morning. The light shall gild the city spire and strike the forests of Maine and the masts of Mobile, and all between. And one end resting on the Atlantic coast and the other resting on the Pacific beach, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the world shall never more see a deluge of crime.

"But," says some one, "preaching against the evils of society will accomplish nothing. Do you not see that the evils go right on!" I answer, we are not at all discouraged.

It seemed insignificant for Moses to stretch his hand over the Red sea. What power could that have over the waters? But the east wind blew all night; the waters gathered into two glittering palisades on either side. The billows reared as God's hand pulled back upon their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel? March! March! Pearls crash under the feet. The shout of hosts mounting the beach answers the shout of hosts mid-sea: until, as the last line of the Israelites have gained the beach, the shields clang, and the cymbals clap; and as the waters whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow. So we go forth; and stretch out the hand of prayer and Christian effort over these dark, boiling waters of crime and sin. "Aha! Aha!" say the deriding world. But wait. The winds of divine help will begin to blow; the way will clear for the great army of Christian philanthropists; the glittering treasures of the world's beneficence will line the path of our feet; and to the other shore we will be greeted with the clash of all heaven's cymbals; while those who resist and deride and pursue us will fall under the sea, and there will be nothing left of them but here and there, cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, and thrust out from the surf the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

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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, discharges from the ears, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, expectoration of putrid matter, *spicules* 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.

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