

## Nasal Catarrh.

A correspondent asks me to discuss the treatment of nasal catarrh. This has already been attempted half a dozen times in the "Answers to Correspondents" column, but perhaps it is well to speak of a subject which seems to interest so many people rather more in full than the small space allotted to that part of the contents of our paper permits.

A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment. A salt rheum appears on the hand. An ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the skin." He applies an ointment. The eruption disappears. An ulcer appears on the ankle. The ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the ankle." He applies a salve. The sore disappears. There is a discharge of matter from the ear. The ignorant doctor says, "The ear passage is diseased." He prescribes an injection. The discharge stops. A case of nasal catarrh is presented. The ignorant doctor says, "This nose is sick." He prescribes a snuff. The discharge stops. In every case the apparent relief is temporary. The difficulty soon returns, and it is worse than before. Harm has been done. Often, other difficulties have been added. In every one of these cases the ignorant doctor has entirely mistaken the seat of the malady. Of course his prescription is a blunder.

Salt rheum is not a disease of the skin. It is a disease of the system showing itself in the skin. Catarrh is not a disease of the man's nose. It is a disease of the man, showing itself in his nose. The blood which is now in my brain is before I am done writing this sentence back in my heart, and off on a visit to my feet, and now it is back in my heart again, and now it is distributed to my liver, stomach, kidneys—every part. Every part of the body is fed every moment from the same blood. Every atom of every organ and tissue is obtained from that blood, and every minute all the blood comes back to the heart to be mixed and intermixed. Now, do you suppose that one part of the body can draw away from the rest, get up a disease and carry on an independent operation of its own, on its own responsibility?

What I have said is not new. This dependence of local upon general disease is a common idea with the people. A young man begins business with a large capital. He falls into dissipation. In ten years it exhausts his fortune. When at last we see him beg for bread, we do not say this exhibition of his poverty is his financial disease. His financial constitution has been ruined. The begging is only an unpleasant exhibition of that ruin.

During this course of dissipation, the young man not only ruins his fortune, but ruins his health. His lungs fall into consumption. A doctor may tell you it is a disease of the lungs. But it is no more a disease of the lungs than was begging the man's financial malady. In both cases the apparent disease is only a local exhibition of the constitutional trouble. In brief, a local disease in a living body is an impossibility. Every disease must be systematic before it can assume a local expression. In other words, every local pathological manifestation is an expression of systematic pathological conditions.

But to return to nasal catarrh. A man has a catarrhal discharge from his nose. He is an editor, and mostly confined to sedentary habits. His digestion is weak, bowels constipated, head dull, and general condition altogether unsatisfactory. He comes to me with a long story about his catarrh, and finally wishes to know if I have any confidence in the advertised cures for this disgusting affliction; would be willing to take anything or do anything if he could only get rid of the horrible nuisance, &c.

"Will you do exactly what I will advise for a week?"

"Yes; I wouldn't mind standing on my head for that length of time, if I could only reduce myself to the decent use of one pocket handkerchief a day."

"Eat a piece of beefsteak half as large as your hand, one baked potato, and one slice of bread for your breakfast; a piece of roast beef as large as your hand, with one boiled potato, and one slice of bread for dinner; take nothing for supper, and go to bed at half-past eight o'clock. Sleep, if possible half an hour before dinner. Drink nothing with your meals, nor within two hours afterward. Drink as much cold water on rising in the morning and on laying down at night as you can conveniently swallow, and you may add draughts of cold water, if you wish, before eating your meals. Live four to six hours a day in the open air, riding in the saddle and walking. Bathe frequently, and every night on going to bed rub the skin hard with hair grease. In less than a week one handkerchief will do you. And yet you haven't touched your nose in the way of treatment."

To cure nasal catarrh, you have only to make your stomach digest well, only to make yourself healthier. Your nose will quickly find it out, and adapt itself to the best manners of its companions.

A disconsolate husband advertising his runaway wife, describes her as follows: "Blue eyes, red hair, prominent nose, dressed in yellow kids, bronze boots and a blue sash."

A writer in the St. Paul's Magazine, London, offers the following bold challenge to the woman movement in an article on "Milton and Divorce":—"If a man really managed to get out of the Bible any doctrine about woman except that she is man's inferior, man's tempter, man's subordinated helper, under a special ban—ceremonial ban, too—then I say he is either dishonest or wanting mental fibre."

## An Officers' Mess.

A writer in *Lippincott's* says:—"It chanced one day in 1870 business took me to Monaco, and I arrived at that capital on the anniversary of the birthday of the reigning princess. The little town was decorated with flags and banners; a 'Te Deum' was sung in the abbey church, and after high mass a review of the 'army' took place in front of the castle, on the Grand Place. Now I happened to be well acquainted with the captain, who, the instant he saw me watching the manoeuvres, took the opportunity to come over and invite me to dine with the officers that evening, when they were to be regaled at a banquet at the expense of the princess. I of course accepted, and was, at about four in the afternoon, taken over the guard-house, which is exquisitely clean and neatly furnished, and contains a handsome chapel, a billiard-room, and a well-supplied reading-room. Dinner was served at five o'clock, and a very good one it was. The dining-room had been in days of yore the refectory of an ancient convent, and the men sat at two long white wood tables placed facing each other in the centre of the chamber, while the officers were accommodated with a table to themselves at the top of the room. During the feast a good deal of jesting went on, toasts were drunk, and wine circulated freely. Some hot heads among the youngsters began to turn, and it became pretty evident that it was more prudent to confine the men to the barracks than to allow them to go out after dark through the town. The colonel consequently gave the captain a hint to that effect. It soon got noised about, however, and when the colonel retired to his private room to smoke, his key was suddenly turned from without and he was locked in. The same thing happened to the captain and myself. Presently the most awful noises resounded throughout the building; 'the army' was in a state of insubordination. Some dozen young fellows came up to the colonel's door and declared that they would not release him until he granted the extra leave which was theirs by right. Furious was the gallant colonel, and no less so my friend the captain. They swore terrible vengeance, but 'the army' cared little for their threats. Over each door throughout the whole building is a circular window, just large enough for a man to put his head through. Wishing to see what was going on, I got up on a chair and looked out. Down the corridor was a tide of upturned, excited faces. Out of the next loophole to mine appeared the infuriated face of the colonel. Presently some bright wit in the lower part of the house was inspired with the brilliant idea of firing off a gun. This decided matters, and making a terrible effort the colonel burst open his door, and rushing down the corridor with drawn sword, soon intimidated the revolutionists. By and by the captain and myself were released from duress vile, and before twenty minutes elapsed the 'revolt' was over. Decided as was the action of the colonel, it was as kindly as possible. He treated his men as they deserved—like unruly boys—locked them up for the night, and promised them a holiday when they were good."

## Greenland's Icy Mountains.

The origin of the favorite hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," the original manuscript of which is in the collection of Mr. Raffles, magistrate of Liverpool, is thus given by Dean Howson, in the *Art Journal*:—"When Bishop Heber was a young man, missionary sermons were not so frequent as they are now; and on one occasion, when he was staying with Dean Shirley, vicar of Wrexham, his father-in-law, such a law was to be preached, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on the Saturday to write one; and, seated at the window of the old vicarage house, he produced after a short interval, in his clear handwriting, with one single word corrected, the hymn beginning 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' with which we are all familiar. It was printed that evening and sung the following day in Wrexham church. The writer of these pages on the Dee saw the original manuscript some years ago in Liverpool, and more recently he has seen the printer, still in Wrexham who set up the type when a boy."

## Cause of Sick Headache.

The true cause of sick headache lies deep in the patient's idiosyncrasy, and is developed by a hundred causes. The advice, then, to sufferers is to give as much time as they can by adopting all those methods which experience has shown to be good, and then avoid as far as practicable, all those causes which are known to excite an attack. I need scarcely describe a sick headache—how one rises in the morning more dead than alive; perfectly unable to swallow the smallest particle of food, and often, perhaps, actually sick; how the head throbs and the pain increases by the slightest movement; how speaking or doing is a burden beyond bearing; how one prays to be let alone in the utmost quiet, so that he may, if possible, sleep. To other persons the sufferer looks extremely ill, very pale, dark around the eyes, and with contracted pupils. To himself his head feels hot, and the application of cold is most refreshing. The clamminess in the mouth, the nausea and general gastric disturbances, are secondary, and thus in no way relieved by the too frequent and ignorantly administered purgative. This is not needed, and has no good result. The only remedies which are of any avail are those which act on the nervous system, such as hot tea and coffee; or after the stomach is quieter, and the more urgent symptoms have passed off, a little wine, or ammonia. If the headache takes more the form of hemiorrhagia,

then remedies are occasionally useful, as the local application of the bisulphide of carbon, or galvanism, and internally the bromide of potassium. This is the only drug which I have seen to be serviceable. Whilst the nausea exists, and the worst symptoms prevail, even this remedy is of no avail.

## The Tomb of Lazarus.

The most recent discoveries by the Palestine Exploration Expedition are such as to excite the liveliest interest of the Christian world. The explorers have found on the Mount of Olives a number of Jewish Greek sarcophagi bearing inscriptions. In these were the bones of Christian Jews, and one of them bears the name of Lazarus. Others are inscribed with the names of Simon and Martha, and although the discoverers do not claim that these sarcophagi actually served for the entombment of the biblical individuals known to the world under those names, they leave it to be inferred that such may be the fact. The tomb of Lazarus—the scene of one of the most marvellous of Christ's miracles—is it believed will be definitely located before the exploration is finished.

## A Persian Joke.

The innate love of practical joking found in every clime, be it in the barracks of a garrison town or the dignified atmosphere of Eastern palace life, is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Mounsey in his book, "A Journey through the Caucasus and the Interior of Persia." He says:—

"His Majesty, the Shah, having taken a fancy to a portable Indian-rubber boat that one of our officers had got out from England with the view of exploring some of the rivers, its owner begged, and of course obtained, permission to present it to him. It was at once transported to the palace, and, when inflated, my friend had then the honor of paddling royally about on one of the tanks. The amusement pleased His Majesty, and he took to paddling himself; the courtiers followed suit, and eventually the king caused a throne to be erected near the tank, in order that he might at ease watch their progress in this new accomplishment. It was probably too slow to afford him satisfaction, for one day he announced that he should like to see how many persons his boat was capable of carrying. Three could sit comfortably in it, but there was room for a dozen, and accordingly a dozen A. D. C.s and Chamberlains, in their handsome shawl dresses and gold brocade, stepped in. Meanwhile some one in the royal confidence had secretly opened the valves; the boat was shoved off toward the middle of the tank, and, as the air escaped, gradually sank lower and lower, and finally disappeared with its gorgeous and unsuspicious freight in the water. For a moment there was nothing visible on the surface of the tank but lambswool hats and linen skull-caps; for a moment, too, there was silence. Then a dozen shaven heads were seen wagging their tufts and side locks, and a dozen mouths and noses were heard puffing, blowing and snorting as their owners struggled slowly to the side. The Shah laughed long and loudly, and was so much pleased with the success of his stratagem that when his victims emerged, all dripping and dragged from their bath, he deigned to inquire,—

## "What news of the fish?"

"Persians can take a joke, and, though the courtiers no doubt wished the boat and its donor a speedy descent to a warmer climate, I dare say they all ultimately joined in their sovereign's laughter."

## A Bashful Bridegroom.

Weich reminds us of a little anecdote about a very bashful man in Indiana. The unfortunate's friends knew that he deserved to be married; they knew that he was a good fellow, but they were quite certain that he never would be, if he waited until he found courage to pop the question; so took all the trouble off his hands, and by a series of rapid strategic moves had him "popped," accented and wived before he could find a pretext for "witting." So much accomplished and the nuptial evening having passed off merrily, the young man's back-boners withdrew at an early hour, feeling that they could spare themselves further effort in their friend's behalf. About five minutes later, young Benedict, who had evidently been having a debate with himself, arose, took his hat, and with a nervous "good night," made his exit. He was not seen again by the bride or her family until the following evening, when he timidly knocked at the door and was admitted.

No special comment being made upon his singular conduct, he passed an hour rather comfortable in the parlor; and everything seemed to promise favorably for a cure of the besetting weakness, when hearing the household monitor proclaim the hour of nine, he suddenly seemed to remember he had forgotten something, and started for his hat. That was the moment and the event which had been somewhat expectantly awaited with indignation most profound, but under control, by the bride's mother. Planting herself resolutely in the door-way, the old lady demanded to know why and wherefore, what he proposed to do, or whether he was a man, or only a feeble initiation, etc.; in short, why he did not remain with his wife, instead of slinking back to his old quarters? The bashful son-in-law stammered out, as the elderly female seized his hat and backed him into a chair again:—"Well, I should like to, but I thought maybe I'd better wait awhile, for fear it might make talk among the neighbours."

Passion makes the best observations and the most wretched conclusions. It is a telescope whose field is so much the brighter as it is narrower.—*Bichter.*

## "Earning" what He Took.

General sympathy was elicited some two weeks ago in favor of Mr. Basil Wood, the express agent at Franklin, Ky., when the telegraph announced that he had had his face terribly cut, his skull mashed in, and his safe robbed by parties unknown. It now appears that poor Wood himself took the money from the safe, and then, to ally suspicion, cut his gums with a knife to produce blood and disfigure his mouth, and then knicked his head against the corner of a counter in order to produce the "mashed skull" result.

## Appalling.

Nearly a century ago, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Coming alongside the vessel, he saw, through the port-hole, a man at a table, as though keeping a log-book, frozen to death. The last date in the book was 1762, showing that the vessel for thirteen years had been drifting among the ice. The sailors were found, some frozen in their hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years the ship had been carrying its burden of corpses—a drifting sepulchre, manned by a frozen crew.

## A Remarkable Well.

Out in Saginaw County, Michigan, there dwells a man by the name of Reif, who has had most tremendous experience in well-digging. Calmly and uninterruptedly he excavated to the depth of forty feet, and then, as he did not get much water, he began to bore. When he had drilled down some thirty feet, things began to happen. His residence was badly shaken, as by a small earthquake. Down in the well rumbling sounds, like the discharge of cannon, were heard. A general rumour ensued among the people in the vicinity, and poor Reif was in danger of needing a life insurance agent. A bunch of ignited straw was lowered, and up came a volume of flame rising fifty feet above the surface. It is said that the people out that way are a little shaky about the "hereafter" since that well was sunk.

## A Concealed "Treasure."

"There is no knowing what may turn up," especially in a horse-hair sofa. In a small attic, says a Venetian journal, lived the family of a tailor who had died some days since in the greatest poverty and misery. The widow could not earn enough to support herself and her children, and was obliged to sell her furniture bit by bit to supply their needs. In her garret stood an old sofa, which had been given to her at her marriage by a relation long since dead. At length even this valued heirloom had to go to the broker's. Two porters accordingly attempted to remove the sofa, but were unable to do so. The broker, who naturally feared that his bargain was stuffed with stone instead of horse-hair, insisted on immediate investigation. To the surprise of all persons, the removal of a thick coating of the latter material brought to light about forty muskets, the existence of which the owner of the sofa had no idea. Each musket was wrapped in a poster containing an invitation to join the students' legion, and bearing date "October 14, 1848." An animated controversy is now in progress between the broker and the tailor's widow regarding the ownership of the property thus unexpectedly discovered.

## Debt and Dishonesty.

One who is anxious to discover the causes and remedies for the prevailing lack of honesty traces the matter to the credit system as well as the financial calamities now upon us. A thousand honest men are put at the mercy of a single dishonest man to pay his debts. If the one pockets his money and refuses to pay, he deprives a thousand who are anxious to do so. The best way to get capital is to work for it. Work for wages till you have money of your own. To use another's capital, if you lose it you must replace it. When a man finds he owes more than he can pay, he begins to inquire how he can get rid of his debt. If all he has will not pay all he owes, then less than all, he thinks, will pay a part, and he hides a portion or all from creditors. Learn to make money a year before you spend it, then you will buy less and buy cheaper. Other things being equal, dishonesty prevails in proportion to the facilities for escaping obligations. The wise man hath said that the "borrower is servant to the lender," and he ought to be till he returns what he has borrowed. When one has had the benefit of another's labor, property, person, skill and all are bound equitably to the lender. The ancient Roman and Jewish codes held that a man's life and labour should be bound for his debts. This may appear, and sometimes is, severe; but strict justice says, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly?" "Owe no man anything," if you can help it; but if you do, place what you have at the disposal of your creditor till all is paid.

There are none but men of strong passions capable of going to greatness; none but such capable of meriting the public gratitude.—*Mirabeau.*

Baltimore will not admit girls to the High School under twelve years of age. It thinks that below this limit the children would have to undergo a process of mental forcing which is very injurious, and quite opposed to the complete development of their minds.

## Wise and Otherwise.

Job fades into insignificance when compared with Socrates.

Colored citizens of Georgetown don't say "Shoo Sile" when an insect troubles them now a-days, but "Gwof, fumfah."

"Pa, what is the use of giving our pigs so much milk?" "So that they may make hogs of themselves, darling."

Seven cars full of eggs were sent on Milwaukee and Northern Railway, in one train, last week—an unparalleled instance of over-loading.

It is written on the sky, on the pages of the air, says the Oriental, that good deeds shall be done to him who does good deeds to others.

The feeling soul soon discovers that the seasons of greatest gladness are those of greatest growth, and that all hush is loss of joy.—*Summer Ellis.*

Enthusiastic English tourist in Scotland to a native coachman—"And that indeed the house in which Rob Roy was born? Native coachman—"Eh, sir, an it's just an o' them."

Not long since at Sunday School, the teacher, after trying hard to impress on the minds of a class of small boys the sin of Sabbath-breaking, asked—"Is Sunday better than any other day?" when the smallest boy in the class answered:—"You bet your boots it is!"

A mill has been recently started in England in which flour is made by crushing the grain by small trip hammers instead of grinding it. It is claimed that a pounding mill, costing \$1,000, will produce as much flour in the same time as a grinding mill worth \$5,000.

Sir Edward Watkin, one of the candidates for member of Parliament at the recent election in Exeter, finding that a voter would not go to the poll because there was no one to "mind the shop," actually stayed behind the counter himself while his supporter went away to vote.

This is what we learn from the *Cleveland Police*: A Westsider, who keeps a general store, is desecrating on the completeness of his stock, says he tries to keep everything in creation but the ten commandments, and he would keep them, but no one else keeps them, and he don't want to appear eccentric.

During a visit of some young men to a young lady in Shelbyville, the other evening, a little brother of the young lady came into the room, and after surveying the young gentlemen, said, "I bet I can do something that you can't." One of them imprudently asked him what that was. He said "I can kiss my sister and you can't." In nine cases out of ten it is fatal to include little boys in conversation with their older sisters.

"Charles," said a young lady of culture to her rich but ignorant and boorish beau, as the couple stood in the parlor of the young lady's papa looking at a steel engraving entitled "The Temptation," representing the garden of Eden, with the perfect Adam and Eve standing near the tree of the forbidden fruit, where the serpent was coiled in the branches and beguiling the curious Eve into taking a nibble. "Charles, I say, don't you think Eve looks chaste?" "Yes," replied Charles, "I suppose she was chaste by that darned snake." She married him though—he had money.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN MEDICINE.—There are "new departures" in medicine, as well as in politics. The latest and most successful of these is the bold movement of Dr. Joseph Walker, of California, who has actually had the effrontery to produce a Vegetable Tonic and Restorative, without any alcoholic basis, which is curing disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, nerves and pulmonary organs, with a rapidity that fairly entitles him to the anathemas of the Old School of Physicians, and the praise and confidence of the New. His California Vinegar Bitters may be safely pronounced the most popular remedy of the age. When it is considered that this now famous specific was introduced some two years ago, its present sale, which is at the rate of 3,000,000 bottles per annum, can only be ascribed to its intrinsic merits. It is believed that the history of "patent medicines" affords no example of a success so rapid and complete. The community insists that this success is thoroughly deserved, and we have no inclination to dispute its dictum. The voice of the people, if not exactly that of Omnipotence, is generally the voice of Common Sense, and as they have had ample time to take a sober second thought on the subject, it may be assumed that in this instance their opinion is creditable to their sagacity.

ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS, OF NINE YEARS' STANDING. CURED BY THE SYRUP. ST. JOHN, N.B., August 11, 1880. MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS—DEAR SIR: I consider it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have received from the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have been for the last nine years a great sufferer from Asthma and Bronchitis, and at times so ill that for weeks I could neither lie down or take any nourishment of consequence, and during the time suffering intensely. I have had, at different times, the advice of twenty-two physicians. The last exposure to either damp or draft was sure to result in a severe attack of my disease. Finding no relief from all the medicines I had taken I concluded to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have great reason to thank God for the result. I have, in all, taken twelve bottles, and now feel as strong and well as ever. I felt in my life, and for the last year have not had one moment's sickness, and neither does dampness or draft have the least effect upon me. Were I to write on the subject for hours, I could not say enough in praise of your invaluable Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, or give an adequate idea of my sufferings.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, because I hope its publicity may be the means of benefiting other sufferers as much as it has me.

I remain yours, respectfully, MRS. HIPWELL, Exmouth Street.

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