I OBJECT.

Lawyer Against Lawyer—How the Original Question Disappeared.

The case was a claim for damages for breach of promise. The defendant's counsel presented the question to a witness:

"Were you engaged in the cheese business in 1854?"

"I object," promptly remarked the attorney for the plaintiff, flushing up. "The question is immaterial and irrelevant."

"I propose to show, your Honor," said the defendant's counsel, rising with some heat, "that the question is material. It is true that the period referred to is somewhat remote—I admit it. But you will see"—he turned his eyes toward the plaintiff and looked sarcastic—"that the plaintiff is not a tender bud, however blighted she may be. A moment's glance will suffice to show, your Honor, that the plaintiff had at least been born in 1854, even if she were not advanced in years."

"Permit me a suggestion, your Honor," broke in the plaintiff's counsel with intense dignity. "I had hoped that this case might be conducted, delicate as it is, with some respect for the proprieties. Instead, what do I see? The opposing counsel is continually making unpleasant allusions to the deeply wronged lady who appeals to this court for a simple matter of justice. One would think from his actions, from his painfully cutting allusions, that my client was a scheming woman—a sort of Mrs. Cunningham"—

"I must beg your Honor," interrupted the defendant's attorney, "that the gentleman confine himself to the case at issue—indeed to the point at issue—and not lug in outside parties. Has Mrs. Cunningham anything to do with this case, sir?"

"I merely alluded to Mrs. Cunningham in passing," remarked the plaintiff's counsel. "I used her as I would an adverb, a common noun, an ordinary adjective. Now, your Honor, if the gentleman, if my brother cannot see the difference between an allusion to a person as a mere passage of speech and a case that is brought up because of its similarity to the one at issue, and for the purpose of influencing the jury, I submit that his comprehension is at this moment—for I will not say that he is characteristically stupid—extremely limited."

"Your Honor," remarked the defendant's counsel, rising hastily, "my learned brother is too kind. He injures me with faint praise. I think I do understand the difference he mentions—any child might understand it. It has probably struck him as a distinction entirely new to the bar, excepting only his gigantic mind. Now, your Honor, I propose to show that the case of Mrs. Cunningham might very easily have much to do with the present one."

"Your Honor," interrupted the plaintiff's attorney, "the gentleman remarked a few moments since, and strenuously insisted on it that Mrs. Cunningham had nothing to do with the case at issue and that she should not be drawn into it in any manner whatsoever."

"My learned brother," responded the defendant's counsel, "must thank himself for this interruption. It was not I who introduced the disturbing element. It was he. I am surprised that he has forgotten it. And I would pause to remind him of the distinction between what is introduced as a passing allusion and what is to go before the jury as evidence. Now, your Honor, my client does no need any of Mrs. Cunningham's assistance. I rise for my personal vindication against the assumption of my learned brother that I do not understand the distinctions between fact and evidence where there happens to be any, and assumption and evidence, and a passing allusion and—we will say what might be deemed a parallel case."

"This is wasting time, your Honor," remarked the plaintiff's counsel. "I am perfectly willing to drop Mrs. Cunningham, if my learned brother is, and will go on with the case before us."

"I think that is fair," said the judge, wiping his perspiring countenance, and looking as if he would like to go home. "Mrs. Cunningham is ruled out. The counsel for the plaintiff will resume his remarks and confine himself strictly to the point."

"Very well, sir," said the defendant's counsel, looking vexed. "Your Honor will note my exception."

"I objected, your Honor," resumed the plaintiff's counsel, looking pleased and triumphant a moment, and then gracefully assuming a look of injured innocence, "to the habit my learned brother has of continually alluding to my client in a sarcastic manner, and particularly to her age—which has positively nothing to do with the case, at all. The affections of this very deeply wronged lady have been blighted, regardless of her age; and if she were as old as Methuselah or as young as the child unborn, the injury would be the same."

"The defendant's counsel will speak respectfully of the plaintiff," said the judge with great dignity. "As to the question of the lady's age, that will come up hereafter. We will not discuss that now."

"Your Honor will note my exception," snarled the defendant's counsel, throwing a bitterly knowing look upon the jury.

"I objected further," resumed the plaintiff's counsel, to the question of my learned brother, 'Was the witness in the cheese busines in 1854?' What, your Honor, has the cheese question to do with the demand of my deeply injured client for damages for breach of promise?"

"Your Honor," remarked the defendant's counsel, "at the time the witness was in the cheese business——"

"I object!" violently interrupted the plaintiff's counsel. "It has not been shown that the witness *was* in the cheese business."

"Objection sustained," said the Judge shortly. "The gentleman will not assume as truth that which remains to be shown by evidence."

"Very well, your Honor," responded the defendant's attorney. "I propose to show by the question that in 1854 the plaintiff in this case lived within a mile of the witness at present on the stand."

"I object," repeated the plaintiff's attorney. "The question, as I said in the beginning of this discussion, is immaterial and irrelevant."

"The objection is overruled," remarked the Judge, placidly. "The defendant's counsel will put the question."

"Sir," asked the defendant's counsel of the witness, looking as sweet as a bank of June roses of a summer morning, after a dreadful storm, "were you engaged in the cheese business in 1854?"

"I was not, sir," answered the witness, promptly. "I was peddling patent rights in California."

The case at last accounts was still on. And, merciful heavens! it is going to be on until the last syllable of recorded time.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Tall and Short Men.

At one of the public halls in this city are now on exhibition a couple of the tallest human beings in the civilized world. At another public hall not far from the first-mentioned one, are two remarkably little human beings, who are believed to be the smallest couple ever exhibited in any country. Martin Van Buren Bates, who was born in Kentucky, is thirty-two years of age, weighs 500 pounds, and is eight feet one inch in height. His wife was born in Nova Scotia, is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 413 pounds, and is eight feet two inches in height. When but six years of age she was just as tall as her mother, who was five feet high. Her father was only five feet four inches in height. This loving couple may be said to represent "linked sweetness, long drawn out." Gen. Mite is turned thirteen years of age, weighs but nine pounds, and is only twenty-two inches in height. His hands are smaller than those of any known living baby. Miss Minnie Obom, who stands beside him on the platform, is in her thirteenth year, and is but twenty-three inches in height. Either of these infinitesimal members of the human race is supposed by most persons who have seen them to be the smallest human beings living. This, however, is not true, if we may believe the Tokio (Japan) *Times* of October 20, which says that a dwarf, said to be fifty-one years old, and only one foot three inches high, named Sato Yukichi, is about to be exhibited in that city. This is a depth of diminutiveness truly wonderful. It would hardly be more surprising to read the announcement of a giant one and one-fourth years old and fifty-one feet high. The irregularity of proportion for which Mr. Yukichi is conspicuous is not less remarkable than his condensed compactness. His head is seven inches and a-half long, while all the rest of his body measures only seven inches.

The height of men, according to Villerme, varies from 4 feet 9½ inches to 5 feet 10 inches, and thus gives an average of 5 feet 3½ inches. Taking the extremes of individuals known, being 17 inches for a dwarf spoken of by Burch and Buffon, and 9 feet 3 inches for a Finlander mentioned by Sapply, the medium would be 5 feet 4 inches. But those cases may be regarded as quite abnormal. The Esquimaux were long considered the smallest race of men on the face of the globe. Harn de Paw has asserted that the men do not exceed 4 feet 3 inches, and the women 4 feet 2 inches. Subsequent investigation by Drs. Bellebon and Guerault has, however, proved that those figures are too low, that the average of the lowest tribe is 5 feet 2½ inches, and that some others attain to five feet 6¼ inches. The smallest family of known men is the Boschmans of South Africa, whose medium height is given as 4 feet 7 inches. Some other tribes of that continent rival them but are not quite so short. Henry M. Stanly, the explorer, mentions in one of his letters having come across a race of dwarfs of most minute stature, but the details have not reached us. As for the tallest races, they are Norwegians in Europe, the Kaffir in South Africa, some of our North American Indians, the Polynesians, and finally the, the Pataonians, whose average height is given by numerous travelers worthy of credit, at 5 feet 10 inches. Taking these last as the highest, and the Boschmans as the lowest, we obtain an average of 5 2½ inches. But the savants who have studied this subject, considering the small proportion of very short races, have decided on fixing the medium heifiht of the human race at 5 feet 4¾ inches. The average of the four persons now on exhibition in this city is precisely 5 feet.—*New Times.*

Wedding in Low Life.

There was an excitement in the Italian colony of Crosby street yesterday, owing to a wedding. A line of carriages stood in front of 43 and 45, and the adjoining houses, and there were over two hundred bootblacks, chestnut roasters, cigar venders and rag pickers in front of the house at 43. Michael Moninina, the bridegroom, is one of the wealthiest organ grinders in the city, owning the instrument he personally grinds and two others of equal volume of tone and variety of airs, which he hires to other musicians. He is also the proprietor of a ringtailed monkey that climbs up the spouts of tenement houses and has earned many hundred pennies for his owner. The bridegroom's costume was elaborate, consisting in the main of a yellow vest, brown velvet coat, bright plain trousers and frilled shirt. His long black hair shone like a well polished stove. The bride, Miss Viola Forretti, who is but 17 years of age, is a member of one of the most active "collecting agencies" on the street. Her father has a cellar full of scrap iron, much of which was collected by her sun-browned hands. The family has frequently sent four bales of old paper to a pulp factory in one week, and employ many children sorting rags, if the information of the neighboring Dutch grocerymen can be relied on. The bride wore a pink satin dress, without a train, and sufficiently short to show sandals and white stockings. There were no less than three hand-organs used in the ceremony, the airs desired not all being found in any one instrument. There was so great an assembly as to interfere with Bleecker street cars, and bringing several police officers to tge scene in haste. The bridegroom opened a package of candy, and threw the pieces into the street. This caused a scrimmage by the bootblacks and newsboys. From another carriage came peanuts in profusion, said to be from the private stock of the guests. The party rode to an Italian dining-room in Bleecker street.—*New York Sun.*

Women as Hunters

Hunting is becoming fashionable sport for women in France. The majority of these female disciples of St. Hubert, when going out for a day's shooting, appear in simply a short dress and high boots; but some have adopted a special costume *ad hoc*, which merits attention. It is composed of a blouse *a la Russe*, of colored velvet, fastened around the waist by a leather belt and metal buckle. Large, loose zouave trousers, stuffed into leggins made of the same material as the blouse, complete the costume. The boots are made of leather of the same shade as the rest of the suit, and fastened with bright metal buttons, which glitter in the sun. But it is not only by the presence of their beauty that the fair daughters of France have rendered shooting in that country a far more agreeable pastime than it was heretofore. They bring with them a spirit of refinement, of elegance, of good taste, and of good breeding, both in conversation and manners, which are quite unknown in gatherings composed exclusively of male Gauls.—*New York Graphic.*

Nourishing Blood.

The blood imparts to the body the elements which are essential to its existence. When these are insufficiently supplied, its energies begin to flag, there is a loss of flesh, the muscles grow flaccid, the reflectile powers lose vigor, every function is destroyed, every organ weakened. Under these circumstances, it is obvious that the constitution must soon give way unless the vital fluid is enriched. To accomplish this object recourse should be had without delay to that grand fertilizer of the blood, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes assimilation of the food and is the means of rendering the circulation rich and active. The good effects of the great tonic are speedily apparent in a gain of bodily vigor and mental energy. A regular action of the various organs also results from its use, the good work of bodily reform goes rapidly on, and eventually health is established on a sure basis.

The Mathushek.

The experience of a country dealer who considered cheapness before quality, tends to show the estimation in which some manufacturers hold their moral obligations to the public. Thinking that perhaps the introduction of pianos into his stock and trade would impart to him a greater air of solidity than his competitors could attain, the countryman dropped down to New York, and, after going through the horror and amazement engendered by the price lists of respectable manufacturers, he dropped down the scale, until he found something to suit his ideas of value, and without stopping to regard the interests of his prospective customers, he bought a gross or two. Great was the gossip that flooded the town, and prodigious the respect in which the daring dealer was held. Rivals grew green and sick with jealousy, and his stock was evidently on the rise. But in a short time trouble assumed the throne in the old man's mind. Purchasers trooped in daily, each claiming some new defect for his piano, and demanding, without much particular stress upon the politeness of the method, that the affair be "fixed" straightway or the money refunded instanter. It began to grow warm, and finally the countryman concluded to find the man who had imposed on him, and learn his reasons for it. He visited New York again, and observed to the manufacturer that his pianos had not given satisfaction. "Pianos! my dear sir," exclaimed the worthy head or a large concern, "pianos! I didn't sell you any pianos; you didn't pay me for pianos; I only sold you a wooden box, with some things in it."

"Made, my dear sir, made to sell," is a motto that might be well painted across many a musical intrument that is foisted on the public in this generation, getting money "honestly if you can, but getting it." And it is little to be wondered that the man who comes forward with his honest money should look scrutinizingly and suspiciously upon the various offsprings of gilt edged frauds that surround him and clamor from every side for his attention. Perhaps in no branch of business has this canker eaten more deeply than in the manufacture and sale of pianos—not that a fraud is intended by all, but because of imperfections which exist, though latent, and which the dealer fails to recognize because he knows of no remedy. There are hundreds of pianos in the market to day, pure and sweet in tone, and appealing strongly to lovers of music, which a year from to-day will lie apathetic under the touch of the player, depressed, wretched wrecks of what they were. The fault is in the system of construction, and one can readily see wherein an instrument perfect in its make, tested for years, and perfect still, presents attractions beyond all others.

For years and years the manufacturers have adhered to old traditions in the details of their instruments. The curved bridge, the parallel strings, the fitting of tuning keys, have been the same for nearly half a century, and though experiments have been numerous in efforts to improve the system, they have all failed, except those of Mathushek, the German workman who solved the problem and gave the world the only piano approaching perfection. He saw that the curved bridge and the arrangement of the strings produced unequal tension bringing the strain upon certain parts, breaking the plate and ruining the sounding board. He introduced a linear bridge, carried his strings so as to distribute the tension, added three cross bars to the iron frame, and found that he had not only secured strength but greater purity of tone, longer strings, but had improved the vibration and had constructed an almost perfect piano. The only improvement left was the tuning pins. They passed through the plate into the wrest plank, and by the tension upon them soon became loosened and valuless for their purpose. A bushing was introduced into the plate, and the pin passing through it is held with a grasp like a vise. The result is a model piano, rich and durable, strong and with a tone unparalleled by any other manufacturer. The world has recognized its excellence and accepted it, and the Mathushek instrument stands to-day the foremost of pianos. Pelton & Pomeroy, sole Agents, 152, State Street, Chicago.

THE CENTENNIAL CALENDER.—J. H. Zeilin & Co., proprietor of that well known and excellent medicine, Simmons' Liver Regulator, have issued 4,000,000 copies of their "Centennial Calendar," for 1878, for gratuitous distribution. It contains besides the usual tables and calculations of an almanac, a large amount of general information. Druggists generally are supplied with it, or it may be obtained of J. H. Zeilin & Co., by sending a one cent stamp to pay postage.

No Other Remedy Known is equal to Carter's Extract of Smart Weed for breaking up a cold and curing hoarseness, pain in the breast, side or back, soreness of the flesh and bones, stiffness of the joints, mumps, swelled neck, etc.

Burnett's Cocoaine, for promoting the growth of, and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The Cocoaine holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

-WHY-

The following letter is from the Pastor of one of the oldest and most respectable churches in America:

STONE RIDGE, Ulster Co., N. Y.

VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS—DEAR SIRS: Your Worm Confections have been invaluable to us. Last summer our little boy two years old discharged about one hundred worms in three days, using half a dozen of your Worm Confections. Yours, J. L. MCNAIR.

P. S. I am glad of this opportunity to bear testimony to the value of Van Deusen's Worm Confections. J. L. McN.

BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHE. cured by taking Quirk's Irish Tea. Price 25 cts. per package. Sold by druggists.

DYSPEPSIA is often caused by eating sour bread. TWIN BROTHERS YEAST always makes sweet bread.
Moral: Use TWIN BROTHERS YEAST.

THE Pat. Wood Box Shoe Blacking is the best novelty yet introduced for the purpose.

If you have never used Carter's Little Liver Pills, go at once to the nearest drug store and get a vial. They will surely please you.

WE are glad to assure our readers that the Great English Remedy is meeting with the success its merits so justly deserve in the cure of Coughs and Colds.

Give Heed! Acid is often thought to be a too trifling matter to claim attention till it gets such a hold on the lungs as to imperil the life of the consumptive patient—then and not until then do many think seriously of relief, when it often comes to late; what foolish negligence, we say, when a 25 cent bottle of *Madame Porter's Cough Balsam* will give ease.

We all Know
That two and two makes four, and it is known by every mother who has once used Laycock's Worm Killer that it stands unequaled as a worm medicine. Worm candies are going out of date. Laycock's Worm Killer is safe to use and pleasant to take. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

Two doses of Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup completely cured my child of a severe case of Croup. I have used a great many different Cough medicines, but have never found any so efficient as Dr. Marshall's. J. W. SPELLMAN, Elkhart, Ind.

"Good Wine Needs no Bush."
Neither does Dooley's Baking Powder, matchless for all kinds of bread and pastry. The purest cream tartar made from grape juice is used in its composition. And each can is exactly full weight. It's not merely a question of economy in purse, however. The products in which it is used are most healthy and delicious.

T. P. Childs.
Our readers will notice the large double-column advertisement in reference to a CATARRH CURE. Mr. Childs was for many years a great sufferer from this disease, and at times despaired of his life. By study and experiment he discovered a system of cure of this disease, which has baffled the skill of physicians for many years. The is certain, through and scientific. Mr. Childs' reputation and character secure him the confidence of his patrons, who are assured that they are not dealing with a man that has a patent to sell, but a simple remedy. Mr. Childs has nearly six thousand patients scattered over the country, and thousands more he has cured permanently.

Dr. Pond's Hospital.

Taking occasion to look over this establishment on Saturday, we found the doctor and his assistants, as usual, busily engaged in the relief of suffering humanity. As usual, too, we found patients from every point of the compass, some who reside in our immediate vicinity, and some from far distant States, a thousand miles or more from home and friends, attracted hither by the fame of the Aurora Cancer Hospital, after having abandoned all hope of relief in other directions; and, as usual, we found these sufferers, even in the most serious cases, confident and hopeful, evincing an abiding faith in the efficacy of the treatment to which they have been subjected by Dr. Pond.

The institution throughout, from basement to attic, from parlors to warerooms, from kitchens and larders to private chambers, is tastefully and handsomely furnished and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences for the comfort and accommodation of inmates, while the matron, Mrs. West, is aided by a large and most efficient corps of assistants, who spare no pains to make the surroundings as agreeable and homelike as possible.

The spacious building is heated by steam, lighted by gas, amply supplied with water and surrounded by extensive grounds which are from year to year being still further improved and beautified—and while within easy access from the depot, is sufficiently removed from the business center of the city to afford a quiet and exceedingly pleasant retreat. We understand the institution has capacity for the accommodation of about three hundred patients, though the names at present enrolled will not reach nearly that number. A large majority of those presenting themselves for treatment are persons who have delayed until their cases have become desperate, while many have been totally given up by other prominent physicians—yet while laboring under these disadvantages, a glance at the mortality reports of the city clerk will show that Dr. Pond loses no larger percentage of patients than our othe physicians in ordinary local practice.

Patients restored to life and health are almost daily departing for their homes, and never fail to give grateful testimony as to the success and skill of Dr. Pond in the treatment of this terrible disease. One of the latest discharged was Col. John M. Hawkins, of Rodney, Miss., who started for his home on Monday last, fully cured.

Among the worst cases at present under his treatment—all of whom are doing finely, however,—we have only space to mention the following:

Mrs. John W. Hedrick, of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mrs. James Mack, also of Iowa,—shocking cases of cancer in the breast.

Rev. B. H. Damon, of Quasqueton, Iowa, cancer in the nose.

Malen Newburn, Mount Palatine, Ill., cancer in nose and extending over the cheek.

Mrs. Johnson, of Somonauk, and Mrs. Jones of Iowa, are great sufferers from internal cancers, of which they will be speedily relieved.

Mrs. Farley, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has a fearful cancer in her breast, but will be cured.

Wm. Smith, of Huntington, Ind., is afflicted with a monstrous cancer on the right leg, below the knee. He had been operated upon three times with a knife, and the cancer had again acquired a diameter of eight or ten inches before he finally sought the aid of Dr. Pond, and he is already satisfied that his leg and life will be saved.

Samuel Jones, of Ashton, Ill., cancer in the cheek.

Allen Ross, of Ward's Corners, presents a ghastly and terrible spectacle, the cancer being in the lower jaw and neck, actually extending from ear to ear. And yet the poor sufferer reports himself in quite comfortable condition under this treatment.

Another frightful case, and very critical, is that of G. W. Woodard, of Gibbon, Nebraska, the cancer being on the right side of the neck.

Still another is that of Henry Hazen, of Belle Plain—the cancer taking the chin and lower lip, and extending into the mouth beneath the tongue.

The wife of Judge Porter, of Monmouth, Ill., had an ugly and dangerous cancer in the forehead, in the eradication of which the Doctor found it necessary to remove a piece of the skull an inch and a half square. The operation was successfully performed, and the lady this week returns to her home entirely cured.

David Martin, of Little Rock, Ill., has suffered more than tongue can tell, but is at length in excellent hands and in a fair way for recovery. In his case the cancer circles from the right ear to the corner of the mouth, and thence to the eye, laying the jaw and cheek bones entirely bare.

In the case of H. M. Neisler, of Irving, Ill., the cancer extends over the entire lower lip, but will be completely cured.

Whenever speaking of Dr. Pond's practice and treatment of the disease, we do not wish doubting sufferers to accept our simple statement of facts alone, but, as above, give them the names and address of a few of the most serious cases undergoing treatment or more recently cured, any of whom will gladly confirm our assertions and add their testimony to the long chapter of indisputable evidence as to his success during the five years of his residence in Aurora.

Money to Loan—By the State Insurance Co. of Des Moines. Address, JNO. A. ELLIOTT, President.

30 Elegant Cards, with name, no two alike, 10c post paid. C. B. HAVENS, Summit, Schoharie Co. N Y

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CHILBLAINS Prevented, permanently cured No inconvenience and costs but 25c for directions. E. LEANDER, West Killingly, Ct.

Catarrh Pamphlet of 62 pages, giving Treatise on Catarrh, containing innumerable cases of cures, sent FREE. Address Littlefield & Co., Manchester, N. H.

66 Specimens Cephas of our beautiful Oil Chromos FREE to responsible agents. Enclose 10 cts with application to cover postage. Stedgeman & Co., 104 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wanted—Detectives; Men in each State for the Detective Service. Pay liberal; position permanent. Send stamp for particulars. U. S. Secret Service Co., 210 Walnut St., Cincinnati.

A good to succeed with the Illustrated History of the Great Eastern Wars. Prospectus now ready. Millions will be sold. GOODSPEED'S BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE, Chicago.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY 20 More Young Men to learn and engage in Telegraphy. R. R. business. Paying situations when qualified. Address WESTERN TEL. INSTITUTE, Sedalia, Mo.

$2000, Fourteen Hundred Dollars "Or Nothing." Agents. Not Pedaling, but selling by sample. C. MERRITT, 105 N. Seventh St. St. Louis.

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$25 BULLS Brand Celebrated Laminated Steel Double Shot-Gun. Muzzle-loaders, Twist-barrels, Warranted, $12. Nickel-plated Seven-shot Revolvers, $2.50. Stamp for 20p Illustrated Catalogue. PEIRCE, BIDDER, 18 State St., Chicago.

The Compound Oxygen Treatment. Readers's Mode of curing the sick, by revitalizing the blood. Curing, prompt, safe, permanent. T. S. Arthur, Judge Kelly, endorse it. Brochure of 200 p. free. Dr. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St. Phila. Pa.

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CHEW MATCHLESS!! FINEST PLUG TOBACCO in the WORLD. Ask for it and TAKE NO OTHER. 134 Water St., N. Y. 85 Lake St., Chicago.

HUNT'S REMEDY THE GREAT KIDNEY MEDICINE. A positive remedy for Dropsy and all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable and prepared exclusively for the above diseases. It has cured thousands. Every bottle warranted. Send to W. E. Clarke, Providence, R.I., for illustrated pamphlet. If your druggist doesn't have it, he will order it for you.

For sale by JUNKERMANN & HAAS, Wholesale Agents, Dubuque, Iowa.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Eighteen years of terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night sweats, incapacitating me for my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave—ALL caused by, and the results of, NASAL CATARRH. After spending hundreds of dollars, and obtaining no relief, I compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC AND COLD AIR INHALING BALM, and wrought upon myself a *wonderful cure*. Now I can speak for hours with no difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends, I have given my cure to the public, and have now thousands of patients in all parts of the country, and thousands of happy fellow-beings whose sufferings I have relieved. My cure is *certain, thorough and perfect*, and is indorsed by EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined it. If I can relieve my fellow beings as I have been relieved of this loathsome disease, making the possessor at once disgusting to himself and others, I shall be satisfied, and feel that I have done my little toward removing the ills of mankind. REV. T. P. CHILDS.

A Dangerous Disease!

CATARRH is a *dangerous disease*; yet it can be cured by the use of my "Catarrh Specific." Thousands suffer without knowing the nature of this almost universal complaint. It is an ulceration of the head. Its indications are hawking, spitting, *weak inflamed eyes*, frequent soreness of the throat, dry and heat of the nose, matter running from the head down the throat, often ringing or deafness in the ears, loss of smell, memory impaired, *dullness* and *dizziness* of the head, often in its first stages, but more commonly in its advanced stages, attended with pain in chest or left side, and under the shoulder blades. Indigestion usually attends Catarrh; a hacking cough and colds are very common. Some have all these symptoms; others only part. Very little pain attends Catarrh until the Liver and the Lungs are attacked in consequence of the stream of polution running from the head into the stomach. It ends in CONSUMPTION.

The Legitimate Child of Catarrh is Bronchitis

BRONCHITIS is the legitimate child of CATARRH. Troches and all palliatives can not, by any possibility, reach the ulcerated foustain in the head, whence the polluted, festering, corrosive matter issues. Snuff, or dust of any kind, always *aggravates* and never cures the Catarrh. All such persons catch cold easily, and have frequently a running at the nostrils; the breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient has frequently lost all sense of smell. The disease advances cautiously, until pain in the chest, lungs, or bowels, startles him. He hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps even Cod Liver Oil prescribed. Perfectly rediculous! The foul ulcers in the head can not be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor jaded stomach. The patient becomes nervous, the voice is harsh and unnatural, he feels disheartened, memory loses her power, judgment her seat, gloomy forebodings hang overhead; hundreds, yea, thousands in such circumstances, feel that to die would be a relief, and many do even cut the thread of life to end their sorrows. There is one other form of Catarrh that I must just refer to. A hard substance forms in the passages, becomes very painful, frequently breaks, and is blown with great pain and difficulty from the nose, making a terrible gangrenous sore. One of my patients was in this condition. She is now getting along finely; the sore healed up, and the stench and acrid matter are all gone.

For all afflicted with Catarrh, in all its developments—not even excepting cases where the bones of the nose are affected—my Catarrh Specific affords a safe sure and *permanent* cure.

Cleanse and Heal—My Motto.

CLEANSE AND HEAL is my motto, while at the same time one of the six remedies I send brings the nasty corruption out through the nostrils, and thus prevents it from running down the throat and into the stomach. By thus keeping the ulcers clear of matter, and of applying the proper medicine, they soon heal, and heal permanently. Also for weak nerves, chronic headache and neuralgia my Specific is invaluable.

Thousands are dying in early life with consumption who can look back a few years—perhaps only months—when it was *only Catarrh*. Neglected when a cure was possible, very soon it will transform the features of health and youth into the dark, pallid appearance, while the hacking cough, the excess of blood gushing from the lungs or night sweats, all significantly proclaim it is *too late; and thus a neglected Catarrh ends in the consumptive's grave.*

100,000 Die of Consumption.

More than 100,000 die annually from consumption in these United States, and a careful classification has revealed the startling fact that fully 50,000 of these cases were caused by Catarrh in the head, and had no known connection with hereditary causes. A large share of these cases might have been cured. Many of them were in the morning of life, and their young hearts—now cold in the consumptive's grave—struggled hard against the vile enemy that laid them low.

Physicians' Testimony.

This certifies that the undersigned are acquainted with Rev. T. P. Childs, and believe him to be reliable and truthful, and that his mode of treating Catarrh is scientific and effectual in breaking up and curing it; and indeed it seems to be the only mode likely to effect a complete cure.

J. H. GREEN, M. D., Troy, O.
JOSIAH REED, M. D., Troy, O.

☞ Either of the above-named physicians can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

Be Cautious.

Five years ago, when I first announced to the world that "Catarrh could be cured," it was the *only* announcement of the kind then to be found. All, or nearly all, the physicians in the land said it could not be cured. A few snuffs could be had at the drug stores, labeled "Catarrh Snuff." Now what? More than twenty who had advertised their "bitters" and "tonics," and nostrums of all sorts, and claimed for them almost miraculous power to cure a long catalogue of disease, slip into that catalogue "Catarrh." Is not this an after-thought? Or have they really changed their medicines to suit the development of Nasal Catarrh, which has but recently become prevalent? Be not deceived!

Special Remarks.

The Specific is regarded by the best of judges as being the most complete system for the treatment of Nasal Catarrh ever devised. Indeed, there does not appear to be anything lacking in its perfect adaptation to the horrid disease, in all of its loathsome, painful and dangerous developments. It is really two systems harmoniously combined; for in addition to the regular treatment for Catarrh in the nasal passages, it includes a fine system for inhaling warm, medicated vapor, and for passing it all along the air pipes, and even along the eustachian tubes, without pain or difficulty.

No One Medicine

Can by any possibility cure Catarrh, when it spreads, as above described, through the nasal passages, throat, and bronchial pipes. Here lies the secret of the unparalleled success of my treatment. Some of the six excellent Catarrh medicines which I send, or all combined, are just sure to follow it into all of its hiding-places, search it out and destroy it, no matter where located. If it has taken root where the medicated water can not reach it, then the *medicated vapor surely will.*

BOSTON TESTIMONY.

William Collier, 62 W. Dedman St., Boston, Mass., writes, under date of Feb. 12, 1877: "I would here state that my daughter has used your Catarrh Remedy about four weeks with me, and considers herself well, and I have used it about six weeks and consider myself half well. In answer to inquiry from a gentleman what I know personally about your Catarrh Remedy, I have stated these facts to him, thanking God I ever got hold of T. P. Childs' Catarrh Remedy."

The following voluntary notice appeared in the Boston Congregationalist of Jan. 31, 1877:

"The Publishers of the Congregationalist, with multitudes of other people are somewhat suspicious of patent medicine, as a rule, and when we received the large two-column advertisement that may be seen on this page, we at first declined its insertion; but on making inquiry, we received such satisfactory replies, and one especially from a well known Congregationalist pastor not far from Rev. Mr. Childs, the proprietor of the medicines, that we withdrew our objections. Our readers will do well to read the advertisement carefully, and examine the certificates. Mr. Childs has been drawn into the manufacture of his Catarrh Cure by the calls of numerous friends who desired relief from their infirmities."

Daughter is Cured.

Rev. T. P. Childs—Dear Sir—I should have written to you long ago to let you know what a great medicine your "Catarrh Specific" is. My daughter is cured. L. P. JAMES, Crab Orchard, Ky.

Judge J. Collett, of Lima, O., writes: "You will remember how terribly Catarrh had taken hold upon me at the time you were at my house, making me offensive to myself and to all around, and without suffering day and night. I began to use your excellent remedy about the 20th of Aug. Now I am cured; head free, air passages all open, and breathing natural. I express to you again what I said in a recent letter. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy and so very cheap. I have laid away the instrument, having no further occasion to use it. Thus in about six weeks I have accomplished what you thought could be gained in from three to six months."

Late Testimonials.

Dr. T. P. Childs—Dear Sir—I am happy to inform you that your medicines have acted beyond my most sanguine expectation. Your inhaling instruments and Balms have afforded me great comfort. In fact, they have accomplished wonders in my case. When I commenced their use, I was almost totally deaf. In ten days' time I could hear tolerably well, and my hearing is constantly improving. I am very truly your friend.
JOHN H. WALLACE, Gray's Hill, Texas, Dec. 22, 1876.

Mr. Gates, of Meadville, Va., says, in a recent letter, "I would not take a thousand dollars for the benefit I have derived from your Specific."

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, of Concord, Ga., in a letter dated Nov. 4, 1876, says, "I have never paid out money for anything in all my life that has given me such satisfaction as your medicines."

A Case of Catarrhal Consumption Cured.

Bro. T. P. Childs—Dear Friend:—I had been confined to my room seven weeks. I was given up by my friends soon to fill a consumptive's grave. Had a distressing cough and smothering, so that I could not lie down without the greatest distress in my lungs. I had lost all sense of smell and hearing, and my head was one mass of misery. My friends aided me in the use of your treatment, which I commenced with faint hope, and had been under the care of good doctors for nine winters, all of whom said I had the consumption. But I began to amend immediately. The vile phlegm ceased to accumulate, and the inhaling balm soon relieved my lungs, and I passed the winter quite comfortably, and have been improving all summer, am now in good health. No cough, no stoppage of the air passages, no soreness of the lungs. I do not take cold easily at all. I thank the Lord that I ever ordered your medicine, and shall ever pray for your success. Truly your friend,
Lime Springs, Howard Co., Iowa. RACHEL STEWART.

Little Children.

The undersigned has invented a neat contrivance by which little children can be treated successfully, and the nasal passage kept open, and colds not only warded off, but broken up when contracted, and thus settled catarrh prevented.

Conclusion.

Everything known to be good in the treatment of Nasal Catarrh, throat, bronchial or lung diseases, combined in one grand system. Two of the best inhalents in the world, and instruments with which to use them, in each full set, so that, with the Catarrh Specific, the enemy can be attacked all along the line, morning, noon and night, and the fight kept up all through the day, with but little trouble. One of my inhaling balms produces a quick circulation, carries the blood to the surface, and then it is quite impossible to take cold. This is fully one-half of the battle. An ounce of prevention is worth fifty pounds of cure in this case, as elsewhere.

Do not trifle with some cheap thing, which at best can afford but temporary relief, while the roots of the vile disease are left to strike deeper and deeper. Be in earnest and thorough or do nothing. Write at once and say what paper you saw this in. Circulars, price-lists, all necessary information can be had by addressing with return stamp.

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

Illustrated Marriage Guide, 200 pages, cloth and gilt binding, 50 cents; same in paper covers, 25 cts. Manhood, 10 cents; Womanhood, 10 cents; Pamphlet, 3 cents—securely sealed, by mail. Send money or postage stamps. DR. WHITTIER, the great specialist, 617 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo.

EPILEPSY OR FITS CURED! by Dr. Ross' Epileptic Remedies. TRIAL PACKAGE Sent Free. Cures speedy, absolute and permanent. Address ROSS BRO