SHAMEFUL ABUSE.

Heaped Upon a Noted Englishman for His Open Honesty.

WM. ED. ROBSON, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M. K. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London *Family Doctor*:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give my experience both here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and, indeed, to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer."

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and if possible find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease.

"In my hospital practice in England, India and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease."

"Some time ago, when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment—which is very limited—complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's safe cure, of which I had heard marvelous results. In his case the result was simply marvelous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts."

"The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is today a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and after analysis I found it to be of purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances."

"Casting aside all professional prejudice, I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure."

"For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's safe cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's safe cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians."

"I am satisfied that more than one-half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric and kidney acid. Warner's safe cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"Done? He has spoken the truth 'out of school,' and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to meet certain disorders.

"That letter created a wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduct, and notified him that unless he made a retraction they would discipline him.

"The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's safe cure only after all the regular methods *had failed*, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's safe cure, he was so much surprised that he wrote the above letter to the *Family Doctor*. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he could not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the *Family Doctor*.

"The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally *debar him from again practicing his profession*, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

The illustrious doctor's dilemma is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing, as it does, both his own honesty and the contemptible prejudice and bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends, and get well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejudiced doctors and die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—She—"Shall I sing to you, George?" He—"Yes! Sing one of Mendelssohn's songs without words."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Measurements have shown the thickness of the human hair to vary from the 260th to the 600th part of an inch. Blonde hair is the finest and red hair the coarsest.

—An evening contemporary in this city speaks of "to-night at six p. m." This ought to convince any one that it does not mean this morning at six p. m.—*New Haven News.*

—At a a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopic Society, London, Professor Bell, at the request of the president, gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological fact brought to light during the last twenty-five years—the existence of a third eye at the top of the head of certain lizards.

—The six hundred tornadoes recorded show that their whirl is almost invariably in the same direction—opposite the hands of a watch—and their onward movement with us is nearly always northeastward. Their favorite time of day is known, and a tabulated list of one hundred and sixty-two shows, nearly two-thirds between two and six p. m. —*Science Monthly.*

—In a book entitled "Ten Dollars Enough" Catherine Owens undertakes to show that a family may live well and yet limit the expenditures to ten dollars a week. This may be true in China or Japan, but not in the County of Cook, State of Illinois. By the time that Catherine had purchased a porterhouse steak or two at one of the avenue markets she would imagine that her ten-dollar bill had been struck by the front end of a Minnesota cyclone. —*Chicago Herald.*

—About the most cruel thing that has been reported from Connecticut lately was the conduct of three citizens of Norwich, who were on Niantic Bay recently in search of ducks. A gale was blowing, and a bevy of quail, which had evidently been blown off shore, alighted on the duck shooters' boat, too weary to fly any farther. The shooters deliberately shot ten of the tired little fellows, and the few that escaped went wearily winging their way out over the bay, and doubtless were drowned.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A New York druggist entered a restaurant and ordered a beefsteak. The meat was so tough, however, that he asked the waiter to give him a tender steak. The waiter gave him no satisfaction and, after waiting for some time, O'Brien drew from his pocket a bright revolver, eighteen inches long, and, flourishing it, demanded that he be given an eatable steak. Persons experienced in restaurant edibles, who will naturally sympathize with him, will be surprised to know that he was arrested for thus endeavoring to enforce his rights.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—A newly married couple from the interior of Nevada, who had evidently never before ventured upon a railroad train, took the cars to go upon their wedding trip. When the conductor came around to collect the tickets the bridegroom was so frustrated by the novelty of the situation that he handed out his marriage certificate. The conductor looked at it approvingly and handed it back with the remark that it was a highly useful document in it its place, and one he had often contemplated securing for himself, but that its possession did not entitle the holder to a free passage over that railroad.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A student who had made very little progress, in taking leave of one of his tutors began thus with great pathos: "Herr Professor, it is to you that I am indebted for all that I know—" "Stop, stop, I pray!" replied the tutor, "do not mention such a trifle."—*Elsener Kourier.*

—Some people are in favor of giving one's wife a name esthetically suggestive of her husband's business. A good plan. A chemist's wife would then be Ann Eliza; a furniture dealer's, Sophia; a farmer's, Tilly; a fisherman's, Netty; a tonsorial artist's Barbara; a burglar's, Kit-ty; an attorney's, Law-ra; a barkeeper's, Gin-erva; an editor's, Rita.

—Mr. Jones—"That was a shocking tragedy last night." Miss De Silva (of Boston)—"What was it?" Mr. Jones—"A man went down in the Bowery last night and killed a woman he never saw before without the slightest provocation." Miss De Silva—"He had never been introduced to her?" Mr. Jones—Never. Now what would you say of an occurrence of that sort in Boston?" Miss De Silva (very much shocked)—"I should certainly say that he was very rude."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. A. Fueger, 606 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo., suffered for two years with lumbago, and was confined to his bed for several months. He was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, which he says is also the best cure for sprains and all other pains.

Mrs. F. W. Ingham, 472 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill., recommends Red Star Cough Cure, a few doses of which gave her entire relief from a violent cold Price 25 cents.

A little bag of mustard laid on top of the pickle jar will prevent the vinegar from becoming moldy if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

Old Bob Tells a Neat Little Story and is Imprisoned on Strength of It.

"Dar oughter be some law in dis heah country agin blowin' hones' folks up wid powder an' all dat sorter foolishness, said old Bob, who, hobbling on crutches, entered the office of the chief of police, and addressed that officer.

"What's the matter?" the chief asked.

"W'y sah, somebody dun blowed me up wid powder."

"Where were you at the time?"

"In my own house, sah; ez peaceable ez er man could be."

"Had you been engaged in a quarrel with any one?"

"No, sah; not er tall."

"On good terms with your neighbors?"

"Best in de worl'."

"How were you blown up?"

"W'y, sah, ez I tells yer, I wuz a-settin' at home jes' ez peaceable ez er man could—bless yer soul I wuz er readin' my Bible at de time—when all o' er suddenment, dar come de blamdest 'splozion I eber heard."

"We must look into this matter?" said the chief.

"Yas, I hopes yer will, sah. De fust thing I knowed, bur—lur bim! an' den de stove do' flew off an' come mighty nigh breakin' bof my laigs. De stove—an' it cos' me two dollars an' sebenty fi' cents—wuz blowed all ter pieces, an' some sweet pertaters dat I had er roastin' in dar—huh, scraped one o' 'em off de j' ce wid er case knife, an' ain't seed de udder ones yit."

"You say that your stove exploded?"

"Yas, sah."

"How do you account for it?"

"Doan know, sah. Wuz er settin' dar er readin' my Bible an'—"

"Yes, I understand all that, but how do you suppose any one could have put powder in your stove without attracting your attent on."

"Da couldn't done it, sah, an' dat's whut pesters me. I tuck all de ashes outen de stove an' swep' it out clean."

"Could any one have thrown powder down the chimney?"

"Ain't got no chimly. Stove-pipe goes out de side o' de house."

Just then a well-known citizen entered. "Chief," he said, "the negroes out my way are stealing my wood. I spoke to a policeman about it, but he said that he couldn't do any thing, so I took the matter into my own hands. I bored a hole in a stick of wood and loaded it with powder. That night, so I have been told, a terrific explosion took place. I don't know whether any one has been killed. Thought I'd drop in and tell you that if you hear unusual noises out my way not to be alarmed."

When the citizen had gone, the chief, turning to Bob asked:

"Doesn't that statement explain the cause of the explosion which occurred at your house?"

"Look heah, boss; I wuz in faber o' yerse'f when yer wuz er canerdate fur dis office."

"That is all right. Where did you get your wood the other night?"

"Huh?"

The chief repeated the question.

"Whar I git de wood?"

"Yes."

"Bought it."

"All of it?"

"Huh?"

The chief repeated the question.

"Lemme see. Oh, yes, I found er chunk in de street."

"Are you sure it was in the street?"

"Cose I is. Knows de street when I sees it, I reckon."

"Jim," said the chief, calling a policeman, "take charge of this man."

"Whut fur?" exclaimed old Bob.

"For stealing wood."

"Dar, now; dar now; I'se got it. Neber seed sich er fool ez I is. Come right inter de lion's den an' gin myse'f up. Thought I wuz gwine ter git some money frum de city. Take me on er way, an' blame ef I keers ef yer flings me in de riber."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.

A Suicide Who Respected the Property of His Friend and Partner.

If Colonel Bluford is more precise about one thing than another, it is his razor. He is so particular about it that he has almost come to the conclusion not to allow himself even to use it on his own chin on Sundays. Bluford went off fishing a few weeks ago, and while he was gone, his partner, who was also his room-mate, committed suicide. The Colonel was asked by telegraph to return. He came back as fast as he could. Meeting a friend at the depot, he asked in a voice husky with emotion:

"Is it a fact that my partner has committed suicide?"

"Yes; he was buried this morning."

The blanched face of Bluford became paler than ever, and his voice sounded unnatural as he whispered hoarsely:

"How did he do it?"

"Morphine."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Bluford, fervently, "my razor is safe; but I might have known it would be, for George was one of the most considerate of men. I shall always revere his memory."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why He Was in a Hurry.

They had the pavement on Park street torn up from curb to curb the other day when a potato peddler's horse and wagon came rushing along. The repairers shouted to the driver to stop, but he would not, and horse and wagon were rushed over the loose blocks and through the ditch to the solid road beyond.

"You must be in an awful hurry," remarked one of the pavers to the peddler as he was gathering for a fresh start.

"You bet I am!"

"Any thing special?"

"Well, I sold a woman back here three pecks of potatoes for a bushel, and if there's any git in this hoss the next ten minutes is the time to show it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirror with, and here I find you drinking it." "Faith, mum, it's a drinkin' it and brathing on the glass O'im a doin.'"—*Life.*

LONDON SHOPS.

Scenes Whose Sight Would Seriously Interfere With the American Appetite.

One of these was a disgusting hole, ten by twenty, reeking with horrible vapors and diabolical smells. A woman served something in greasy bags over the humid counter; a brawny and unclean animal stirred a seething cauldron behind her with an iron ladle huge enough for services of Brobdignag. Every now and then he ladled something from the bubbling pot and deposited it on a strainer beside him. Then we saw that there were two cauldrons superintended by the bipedal bull-dog, one frying the dingy, unwashed slices of potatoes we saw heaping a basket under the counter, the other the bits of stale, oh, horribly stale fish, we saw selling so readily—"heads one penny, middles one and a half pennies, tails five farthings!"

The outer courts of hell can not be more offensive than this den where human beings crowded, an endless stream, to eat or to take this garbage away. The human imagination shudders before the attempt to solve the nature of the mysterious liquid in which the stuff is cooked, and not only imagination but the very dullest of olfactories discern that the fish are of smell most ancient and foul.

The man whisked the potatoes out with his ladle; the movement of the fish he accelerated with his filthy paws. When these paws became too slippery with over-acquaintance with greasy tails he coolly wiped them off upon his hair. His head fairly oozed fatness from every touzled hair; the sodden and sullen face was lustrous, and the bare, hairy arms from which loathsome flannel sleeves were rolled high, shone with a brilliancy that was not beatiful.

The horrible creature was snuffling and snarling at his wife as we entered.

"Count the pertayters, you fool," he growled, "height slices a farthin'! D'ye wanter come out sixpence beyind agin, as ye did last Saturday night? I s'pose ye fancy I *like* to stan 'ere a slavin' and a sufferin', a sizzlin' the very heyeballs outen me 'ead, all for nothin', just cos ye're such a dom blarsted ejot as to give *nine* slices o' pertayters for a farthin', instider height!"

There were very few, almost no, closed windows, and the edibles of all the establishments were reposed upon wide exterior shelves upon the sidewalks. At the pork and cheese shops, the butcher's, the green grocer's, the fried fish and hot potato places, buying was principally done from outside, the customer remaining upon the sidewalk, the dealer serving from within or without as might happen.—*Mary Witherbie, in Overland Monthly.*

—For ingenuity and originality it takes a down-east Yankee to perfect plans to shuffle off this mortal coil. A Massachusetts man, having determined to die, set about his arrangements, determined that there should be nothing lacking to make it a perfectly original suicide, unique and complete. He procured a piece of brass pipe, and firmly fixed one end of it in the root of a tree. He then loaded this improvised cannon to the muzzle with powder and ball, applied a slow-match, and calmly lay down with his head in range. The whole arrangement was perfect, and he was dead as a door-nail, but somewhat disfigured, when found.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—"I remember," said a Detroit boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "you told me always to stop and count fifty when angry, and I've done it." "Yes?" Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?" "You see, a boy came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said and began to count." "And you didn't fight?" "No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty and then run. —*Detroit Free Press.*

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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