THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. I. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FRINGED GENTIAN.

Along this wood road winding slow,
When tree October ranged its sylvan ways,
And vaulting up the terraced steep below,
Chased laughing sunbeams through the golden days,
In matchless beauty, tender and serene,
The gentian reigned an undisputed queen.

One sudden break, half down the lengthening shade,
Revealed a dark-rimmed circle, still and lone;
Her presence filled that sun-illumined glade,
She made the enchanted solitude her own;
The heavens above their watch eternal kept,
And, steeped in light, the embracing woodland slept.

Pale knots of grasses filled the open space,
Her lifted cups passed lightly through and through—
Each chalice molded in divinest grace,
Each brimmed with pure, intense and perfect blue;
Alone and spotless in her virgin frame,
Her life upheld the year's immortal claim.

Now wail low winds about the forest eaves,
Now life grows cold 'neath cold and dreary skies,
And nestling ankle deep in fallen leaves,
The lone, deserted wood path blanching lies;
Yet, pinched and wan, of youthful charm bereft,
The last forsaken gentian still is left.

A wondrous fairness hath the perfect flower,
Serenely calm beneath a sapphire sky,
But holier far, in autumn's wildest hour,
The constant love that can not wholly die;
To me her radiant youth new faith did bring,
Yet now her pallor seems a higher thing.

Thrilled by the gaze, I deem no fancy wild
Where spirit grace outlasts the ruder clay;
For me the autumn's last and loveliest child
Takes not even now her haunting charm away,
But when cold storms have stripped the snow-clad hill,
In finer spirit presence lingers still!

—*Elaine Goodale.*

AN ELECTRIC SPRING.

The Most Wonderful Natural Curiosity Yet Discovered.

[From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

The beautiful Buffalo Valley—the mountaineer's paradise, and one of the most romantic spots in Tennessee—lies along the eastern bank of that lovely mountain stream, the Caney Fork. Three or four miles from the mouth of this valley stands an old water mill, whose huge iron-bound wheel, it is said, performed its last revolution somewhere about the year 1818. The mill in its day was no doubt a wonder in that part of the country, for, judging by its present appearance, it must have been the most wonderfully constructed building of its kind ever erected in that vicinity. It is now the home of rats and owls, and the ashes of the jolly old miller, who long years ago was the life and the light of the place, sleep peacefully on a neighboring hill. Under this old mill is the most wonderful spring of which the world has ever heard. Among the inhabitants it is known as the "Devil's Spring." No one seems to know how or when it received this unpleasing, importunate appellation. Few people, other than those living in the immediate neighborhood, know of its existence, and they rarely visit it, from the fact that it is believed to exert a powerful and evil influence over all who were rash enough to venture sufficiently near its confines to allow a single drop of the bubbling, boiling fluid to fall on them or their garments. Besides, the old mill is said to be haunted, and this alone would keep those superstitious, though pious, people from risking their lives by frequenting the accursed place, much less the fact that the devil keeps watching underneath it. Notwithstanding the many harrowing tales related by the natives of the loss of fortune, reason, and finally death of those who had ventured in too close proximity to the unhallowed spot, a gentleman recently visited the mill and the spring, the latter of which he thoroughly examined, pronouncing it the most remarkable natural curiosity he had ever seen. The spring is described as boiling up from the center of a solid rock, its shape being very like that of a bushel measure and about as large. The sides of this basin or hole are perfectly smooth, having the appearance of having been polished by the hand of man. Its depth is not known. The people who reside in the immediate vicinity say it is without bottom. How this may be we are not prepared to state, but true it is that an iron wedge and 300 feet of cord failed to reach it. The water is of a dark blue color and boils up with great force—so great that it spouts up several inches above its proper level. And not only does it boil up with immense force, but it whirls around with tremendous velocity, something after the fashion of a whirlwind.

The gentleman who describes it says that he dipped an ordinary tin dipper into the spring for the purpose of procuring some of the water for a closer examination of its qualities, and that the moment the dipper touched the water it was wrenched from his grasp as though it had been struck from his hand by a stroke of lightning, and indeed, he states, that his arm felt very much as if it had been suddenly paralyzed. In endeavoring to regain the dipper, which did not sink more than six inches below the surface, but which kept whirling round and round so fast that it was almost impossible to see it, he placed his hand into the water. He says that the sensations he experienced at the instant his fingers touched the water were singularly strange, causing him to think that thousands of needles had pierced his body at one time. But he didn't succeed in getting the dipper out. He tried time and again to wrench it from its fastenings, but the greedy waters seemed loath to give up their strange captive, to which they clung with more than a vise-like grasp. Giving up all hope of rescuing the dipper with his hands, the gentleman bethought himself of an empty flask which he carried in his companion. With this he again attempted to lift some water from the spring, and was rewarded with success, not, however, without a considerable effort, for it required his entire strength to prevent the angry waters from snatching the flask from his hands. Pouring a single drop of the strange fluid in the palm of his left hand he examined it minutely with a magnifying glass with the most satisfactory results. He states that the drop of water resembles a flake of snow viewed with the same instrument. He examined several other drops, and, strange to say, each presented a marked difference in appearance. The first assumed the shape of a star, the second that of a crescent, the third a dagger, the fourth a comet, and so on. After concluding his examination, the gentleman resolved to further test the qualities of the water by tasting it. Letting a single drop fall on his tongue, he was surprised and delighted to find that it sparkled like the best brand of imported champagne. He then concluded to swallow a portion, which he did with the most delightful effect. He says the moment the water began descending his throat he enjoyed the most pleasant sensation of his life. It seemed, indeed, as if he were truly sipping the nectar of the gods. The draught seemed to divide itself into a million parts the moment it passed his throat, a portion passing with the speed of lightning along every vein of his body. So delightful was the effect that he forgot for the time where he was, and uttered peal after peal of the wildest possible laughter. He avers that the sensation of squeezing a pretty girl is no comparison to the ecstatic joy which he derived from one draught of this water.

Owing to the peculiar effects which the water has on the human system, the gentleman before leaving the place christened the spot "The Electric Spring." He claims that this name is peculiarly appropriate, for there is no doubt but that the water is heavily charged with electricity. He will endeavor next summer to form a company for the purpose of merging the place into a summer resort, as it is believed that the waters of the spring will cure any or all ills that flesh is heir to.

Brother Gardner's Lime-kiln Club.

The glee-club had been given the hint, and as soon as the triangle had sounded and the meeting declared open, they sang:

De house-fly he am seen no mo',
De skeeter's mighty dead;
De bumble bee, oh! whar am he?
Oh! whar's de hornet fled?

Soft butter it hez hardened up,
An' taller's on de brace;
An' folks kin make a buckwheat cake
To look 'em in de face.

Wid pork an' taters in de house,
An' wood behind de doah,
De winter drear dis club can't skeer,
Wid all its windy roar.

Brother Gardner bowed his acknowledgments with Senatorial dignity, and then advanced and said:

"I was axed de sodder day what dis club didn't believe in, an' de queshun was one deservin' of thought an' reflekshun. Speakin' on behalf of all dose present and missin', I think I kin say:

"1. It doan' believe in hangin' clothes down cellar to dry.

"2. It doan' believe in puttin' a tendollar hoss in front of a fifty-dollar wagin.

"3. It doan' believe dat talkin' polyticks will buy codfish, or dat disputin' on religun will darn socks.

"4. It doan' believe dat a cigar in de mouf an' holes in de butes help a man to git a job.

"5. It doan' believe in payin' cash down for penny whistles an' runnin' in debt for grindstones.

"6. It doan' believe dat de world owes any man what he doan' work fur an' put in full time at.

"7. It doan' believe in singin' trew its nose when its mouf hez nuffin else to do but to sing."

"VENTILATION."

At this point the Reception Committee donned their vestments and proceeded to the ante-room and brought in the Hon. Hascoe Billings of Maryland, familiarly known in that State as "Orator No. 4." After his introduction he announced that he would speak for a few minutes on the subject of ventilation, and began:

"De subjeck o' ventilation am one dat earnestly consarns all folks who live by breathin', an' we neglect it at our peril. De out doors am ventilated enough, but inside de houses of de land larks a fiend known as 'foul air.' He gets in dar by varus means, an' he mus' be put out or sickness results. Open a doah an' what do you feel?"

"I feel cold!" solemnly replied Pickles Smith, as the speaker paused.

A club was laid up for him, and the orator continued:

"You feels a rush o' pure air. It sweeps in, cotches de foul air by de froat, frows him on his back, an' de lungs expand wid pleasure agin. Two cullud pussons an' a dog, sleepin' in an ordinary-sized bedroom, pizen de atmosphere at de rate of a bar'l an hour. If dar' was no chance fur fresh air to circulate aroun' de room de man would wake up wid red eyes an' a backache, de woman would git out o' bed an' kick de cha'rs aroun', an de dog would slouch aroun' de back yard widout courage to tackle a bone. Nebber shut out de fresh air, my frens. Sleepin' wid de feet ober de foot-board can't compare wid inhalin' de keen, cool air, made of de best materials, warranted not to rust, an' giben away to all."

"MAKE HOME HAPPY."

Col. Elderberry Southdown of Texas was next introduced to the club. He said he had only a few minutes to spare, having agreed to be at a certain spot at a certain hour to buy a dog of a resident, yet he felt like saying something on the subject of making home happy. "How many unhappy homes is dar in dis kentry?" he inquired after taking a drink of water. "Dar is millions an' hundreds an' dozens, an' why? I know husbands who come home wid a smile on de face an' kindness in de heart. Dey whistle to de children, speak a kind word to de ole woman, saw up a fence rail for wood and eat what am placed before dem widout grumblin'. I know odders who slam de gate, bust in de doah, kick de dog under de bed, bounce the chill'en aroun', cuss de stove, jaw de ole woman, an' upset de table kase dey hevn't got fried oysters for supper. Ebery man orter consider dat his wife hez feelins an' dat his chill'en am human, an' dat his dog am not to blame fur bein' in dis world. Doan' be afraid to slap yo' wife on de back an' call her old gal. Dey likes it. Gib de chill'en a show. If ye want de dog to go under de bed outer de way, speak kindly to him and reason wid him. Wid dese few exhilerations I will now encompass my time and deviate to all of you a happy and previous career."

THE CLOSE.

The hour for closing having arrived, the triangle was sounded and the whole club joined in singing:

Ize got my arctic overshoes—
Ize all prepared to go.

"Handsome Billy"—A Romantic Story.

Wellsville, Alleghany County, N. Y., lately developed a rural romance out of the usual way. William Freeman had worked as a boy several years for farmers in the vicinity of Wellsville. He was a good boy, and the people called him "Handsome Billy," on account of his fine face. He finally rented a small farm, engaged a widow as housekeeper and her nephew as a farm hand. There were several burglaries and robberies in Wellsville, and some of the goods stolen were found in Freeman's house. He stoutly denied the robberies, but the grand jury found a bill of indictment; at the trial he pleaded guilty, and was sent to the Penitentiary for 18 months. But after all the people of Wellsville did not believe that Freeman did the crime to which he pleaded guilty and for which he was suffering imprisonment. The actions of his housekeeper's nephew had opened their eyes, and Gov. Robinson was appealed to for a pardon, which was finally granted, and William Freeman was set free. He immediately disappeared, and there came to Wellsville a handsome woman, who knew all the people very well, although they did not at first know her. It was "Handsome Billy" in petticoats, and she now introduced herself as Mary Ann Shafer. She gave her history previous to her appearing among them as a boy. She was the daughter of German immigrants; her father died soon after they landed; her mother married again; her step-father would not support her, and at 11 years of age she donned a boy's suit and left home to seek her fortune. She was then 23—and for twelve years she had concealed her sex, and run on canal boats and worked on farms for a livelihood. In regard to the robberies, for which she was sent to prison, she said they were committed by the housekeeper's nephew, who visited her in jail and declared that if she did not plead guilty he would kill her, and she believed he would carry out his threat, and that the safest place for her was the penitentiary. That was the cause of her pleading. When she was pardoned and released she thought the safest refuge would be her own proper woman's apparel. And she made as pretty a woman as "Handsome Billy" had been a boy. The Wellsville merchant, whose store she was charged with robbing, and who had been the cause of her wrongful imprisonment, made her all the reparation in his power. He met her, apologized, loved, proposed and married her.

What Shall I Do?

In reply to a correspondent who writes—

I am a student and must shortly engage in some particular calling. How can I be assured what profession it is right I should adopt? Am I merely to be guided by the conviction that I am adapted by nature and training to fill usefully and creditably a particular one?

—the *Christian Union* says:

In general the well balanced man is one who finds it most difficult to ascertain where he belongs, because he is like a marble, he will roll east, west, north or south equally well. Where this is the case, and the man has no preponderating wish or taste, but a vague state of mind to which all professions are alike attractive or alike indifferent, he must either adopt the advice of others or take the first opening that presents itself. The misfitting of men to their vocations is among the most mournful incidents of human life. Hundreds and thousands of men go through life doing respectably well that which gives them a livelihood without finding in it once in their whole life opportunity to develop that for which God really sent them into this world. There is many a man preaching respectably poor sermons whom God sent into the world to be an inventor and mechanician. He has abandoned that for which he was built, and is as absurd in that which he has taken up as a duck waddling along the ground—being made to swim—or a locomotive off the track. There are a great many men engaged in farming who are fit to be judges, and who are indeed the natural judges of the men among whom they live, and accepted by them as such. A great many who are born for fine art and taste suffer desolating hunger and thirst all their lives long while steadily, if not resignedly, performing some mechanical drudgery for which they are ill fitted, or not so well as an ordinary immigrant would be. Notwithstanding this, a man ought to be sufficiently versatile to follow and bend to the law of necessity. We once found the son of the Superintendent of Education in Prussia breaking stone on the road back of Cincinnati. It was an honorable thing of him to do—instead of begging to go out an earn his dollar or dollar and a half by stone-breaking. We once met with a hostler and gardener studying a geography of such an abstruse type of instruction that we could not follow it, though we had a college diploma, and on questioning him found he both read and spoke Latin and read Greek, though he could not speak it. He was adapted to something higher than the work in which he was engaged; but it was infinitely more creditable to him to take it up and do it well than to go about the street soliciting charity.

All through society we find men harnessed to things for which they are unfit, and often under the guidance of misjudgments of devout friends. A youth who is the pet of his family, whose health is a little feeble, whose passions are weak and who lacks impetus, his mother thinks is apostolic, and fit to be a St. John of the present time, and must be a minister. He is a "good boy," and he is cosseted and goes through school under her sheltering wing, and goes through college with no great power but with no ill-repute, and is very pious, emerging a sweet, lovely, feeble man. He slides into a pulpit, if the Lord does not take him home by consumption, and in a few years he gradually settles down into a feeble preacher of traditional beliefs or mild moralities. It would seem from his moral qualities that he ought to be a preacher; but a preacher requires something else than moral qualities. Spirituality is excellent powder, but if you have not a strong cannon in which its energies can be concentrated, and a weighty ball to be propelled by them, what good is touching off the powder?

Practically there are only three directions to be given to a young man, or to any man, asking this most perplexing of questions: What shall I do?

I. Consult your own tastes and inclinations, if you have any. Go where your instincts and nature take you; but no not mistake the incidental rewards of a profession for its real work and suppose yourself called to journalism because you like to see yourself in print, or to the ministry because you like to declaim before an audience.

II. Consult parents, guardians, teachers, anyone who knows you, who knows life, and in whose practical judgment regarding the adaptation of men to work you can trust. In other words, first use your own common sense and then supplement it by the common sense of others.

III. In the absence of clear guidance from these two sources, follow the Scripture motto: Whatever the hand finds to do, do it with thy might. Ordinarily the best thing for any man not driven by instincts into a calling is to take up that which lies next him and put into its performance such judgment and activity as shall indicate what he is good for, and if he can show that he is competent for something higher yet he will be called up to it. In the selection of their vocation in life there are many men who sit down at the head of the table and when the Master comes in he starts them clear down to the bottom. It is a great deal better for a man to take the first seat that offers itself to him, unless he has a rational conviction that he belongs somewhere higher.

OLD FAMILY MINCE-PIES.—Three pounds of fresh roast beef, chopped fine, and added to one pound of beef kidney suet, after it has been chopped and strained; three pounds of Rhode Island greening apples, after they have been chopped; three pounds of raisins, muscatels, two stoned and one left whole; one pound and a half of well cleaned and dried currants, a pound of mixed candied peel, one-third lemon, one-third orange, one-third citron, one pound of light brown sugar, and a second put with a pint of golden sirup into a quart of sweet, fresh cider, with which it should be boiled until it is reduced one-third. To the other ingredients add the juice and grated rinds of two oranges and two lemons, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two large nutmegs, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and half or more of ground cloves. When all these are put together, add the boiled cider, and mix thoroughly. Make a paste by mixing half a pound of lard to half a teaspoonful of salt and a pound of flour, with cold water. Roll out with butter, dredging with flour, until it has been rolled out three times. Cover with pastry quarter of an inch thick, and bake in a steady but not fierce oven, covering with paper, if the top becomes too brown.

AN Arab who was quarrying stone at a place about four and a half miles from Gaza, in Palestine, recently, unearthed a marble figure supposed to be a colossal god of the Philistines. The total height is 15 feet. The hair hangs in long ringlets down upon the shoulders, and the beard is long, indicating a man of venerable age. There is no inscription on the figure or the pedestal, which is a huge block carved in one piece with the figure. The statue was found in a recumbent position, buried in sand on the top of a hill near the sea.

—Pine Apple Sherbet: Juice of six lemons, one can of pine apples cut fine, sugar to taste, and filter it begins to freeze add the whites of six eggs, well beaten with two tablespoons of sugar.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Float: One tablespoon of loaf sugar, and one tablespoon of jelly to the white of every egg; beat for several hours.

—Feather Cake: One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda.

—Scalloped Oysters: One quart of oysters to two quarts of rolled crackers; a good quantity of butter, and salt and pepper. Enough oyster juice to moisten them well. Bake until brown.

—Raw Oysters: Wash the shells clean, take off the top one (the flattest one), detach the oyster from the under one, but leave it on it; place half a dozen on a plate, and serve with sliced lemons and other condiments to taste.

—Squash Pie: Take a good sized crook-necked squash, one-fourth of a pound of butter to a milk-pan of squash. Sweeten to taste. A bottle of cream; one quart of milk, unless too thin. Season with mace, a little nutmeg, brandy, and rosewater. One dozen eggs, and a little salt; eggs beaten.

—Ginger Pudding: Five eggs, two cups each sugar and butter, four cups flour, one cup each of molasses and sour milk, teaspoonful of soda, ginger and all-spice to taste. Sauce: Half pint of molasses, one pint of sugar, lump of butter, little water, ginger to taste, boil all well together.

—Graham Bread: One pint water, one quart Graham flour, one pint wheat flour, one yeast-cake dissolved in half-pint water, half a gill of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda; mix at night; in morning pour in deep bread-pans and bake about one hour; it is too moist to knead with the hands, but requires to be thoroughly stirred with a strong spoon.

—Apple Pudding: Pare and core nice, tart apples and put them in a deep dish, make a batter same as for griddle cakes, pour over the apples and bake. This is to be eaten with cream or sirup, according to taste. Or line a deep dish with crust made as for biscuit, fill with apples, place on a top crust same as for pie; or take bread-crumbs soaked in milk as a substitute for a crust; pour this on top of stewed apples and eat with sauce.

—Delicious Plum Pudding: One pound of bread-crumbs, two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of suet, chopped as fine as dust, with the aid of a little flour, one-quarter of a pound of citron, orange, and lemon peel, some cut in thin strips and some in four-cornered little lumps; four or six eggs, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Spread the bread-crumbs, with a little flour, in a large open pan; mix the suet, and spice to taste, with it, then stir in the fruit, then the milk and eggs, well beaten up, and grate a nutmeg over the whole. Wet the pudding-cloth, arrange it in a mold, and put in the batter. Take care that it is not too liquid to run through the cloth, or too solid to make it difficult to take up with a spoon. Tie up carefully, put in a pot of boiling water, and boil four hours or more, according to its size.

Miscellaneous.

—A coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the sole waterproof, and it lasts three times longer.

—To polish the Piano: Saturate a piece of chamois skin in sweet oil and apply faithfully to every part. Then, with a dry skin rub well, renewing the pieces as they become greased with the oil. It will require one hour, or even longer, of constant rubbing to give it the gloss desired.

—Polish for Walnut Furniture: Take three parts of linseed oil to one part of spirits of turpentine. Put on with a woolen cloth and when dry rub with woolen. The polish not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores the wood to its original color and leaves a luster upon the surface.

—Indelible Ink: Rub together nitrate of silver one ounce, cream-tartar one ounce; add aqua ammonia four ounces; when it is dissolved add, first moistening with water, white sugar, six drams; gum arabic, eight drams; vegetable black, forty grains; water, to make in all six ounces; cork tightly and it will keep any length of time.

—To Soften Hard Water: Take two pounds of washing-soda and one pound of common lime, and boil in five gallons of water for two or three hours; then stand away to settle and dip off the clear water from the top, and put into a jug. Can be used for washing dishes or cleaning, and one teacupful in a boiler of clothes, put in after the water is hot, will whiten the clothes and soften the water, without injury to the hands or clothes. An old iron pot is good to make it in.

—A Southern method of removing stains from black cloth is said to be very effectual. Boil a quantity of fig-leaves in water until the water is reduced to one-half its original quantity. Keep the liquid bottled, ready for use at all times. When needed, apply with a sponge, rubbing the spot gently with the liquid, and rinse off, after the spot disappears, with warm water.

—Ink and iron mold can be removed from linen by any acid that will dissolve the red oxide of iron which is found in ink and iron, but care must be taken that the acid is not too strong or the fabric of the goods will be destroyed. Oxalic acid is very good to take out such spots, and salts of lemon also; but both must be carefully used or the cloth will be weakened; and it should be remembered that both are deadly poisons.

—Stains from vegetables or fruit can usually be extracted, if taken in season, by drawing the cloth tightly over a large bowl and pouring boiling water over the spot; but if left to dry they are more difficult to erase. A little soda rubbed on the spot and just moistened with water will remove the stain, but endangers the strength of the cloth. A mixture of ammonia and spirits of wine is safer. The spot should soak in it several hours.

—The following is a good way to clean a carpet which has had hard usage: First sweep it clean, then put three tablespoonfuls of ammonia in a bucket of hot water. With a stiff brush and plenty of borax soap scrub a yard or two of carpet at a time, rinsing it off with a second bucket of water and ammonia and wiping as dry as possible with a woolen cloth. Proceed in this way over the entire carpet and when done open the windows to dry it quickly.

—There is on Long Island Sound an old oyster digger who has raked the bivalve for 60 years. He estimates that in his time he has caught billions of oysters and has eaten thousands of oysters in soups and stews. The other night he was taken to a church fair, and was given a regular charity fair oyster stew. He exclaimed: "I have eaten nothing but oysters all my life, in one shape or another, and I like a change. This is something new."—*New York Herald.*

—Bismarck publishes a card in the *North German Gazette* thanking his many admirers and well wishers who have written him at Varzin, expressing sympathy with him in his illness, and notifying them that he is stil too feeble to undertake to answer their letters and telegrams in any other manner than the general and public one adopted.

The Receipt

for Gilt-Edge Butter Maker was obtained from one of the most extensive dairy farmers of Ireland, noted for the excellent and superior keeping qualities of his butter, which was eagerly purchased by London dealers for export to India, where the warm climate melts butter to a very severe test. It has been thoroughly tried by a large number of the very best butter-makers in this country, and they have given it their emphatic approval. Price 25 cents per package. Sold by all storekeepers.

COLLINS, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1878.

Gentlemen—We churned one gallon of cream to-day at a temperature of 56 deg., using your Gilt Edge Butter Maker. Time of churning, 15 minutes—result, 4½ pounds of butter. Color, good. As we have not previously weighed our butter, of course we cannot tell whether there is a better per cent. or not, but appearances indicate it, and the quality is at least two cents per pound better.

Yours, &c., M. E. WILSON,
Proprietor of Collins Creamery.

Danger Signals.

Five eminent men have died within the past few weeks of Bright's Disease, and many more will soon die of the same fearful destroyer because they do not take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the only sure remedy for this and other kidney and liver diseases.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

VEGETINE

Kidney Complaints.
DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back and thence shooting downward, nausea, vomiting, usually at first a deep red color of the urine, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease lays on, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; costiveness and some degree of chills. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and loins, dropsy of the skin, frequent urination (especially at night), general dropsy, headache, dizziness of sight, indigestion and palpitation of the heart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the face, cough, and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the VEGETINE gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it has been several months, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretions, cleansing and strengthening, removing all morbid humors and impurities. A great many can testify to cures of long standing having been perfectly cured by the VEGETINE, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for kidney disease.

Kidney Complaints.
I GAINED SIXTEEN POUNDS.

CINCINNATI, O., March 17, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer from Kidney Complaint, and after the use of a few bottles of VEGETINE I find myself entirely cured. I gained sixteen pounds in flesh while taking the VEGETINE. I will cheerfully recommend it. Yours truly,
W. T. ARCHER, No. 330 West Fifth St.

Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O., March 19, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have used your VEGETINE for some time, and can truthfully say it has been of great benefit to me; and to those suffering from diseases of the kidneys I cheerfully recommend it. Respectfully,
O. H. SMITH,
Attested to by E. R. Ashfeld, Druggist, corner Eighth and Central Avenues.

Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O., April 19, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
I have suffered several years with the Kidney Complaint, and was induced to try VEGETINE. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy. It has done me more good than any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from Kidney Complaints.
Yours respectfully,
J. N. McMILLEN,
First Bookkeeper for Seabolt, Gale & Co., Flour Merchants, No. 86 West Front St., Cincinnati, O.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

CATARRH
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