THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

A SOMNOLENT VAGARY.

An idle dreamer, an idle dream,
A napping sun and a breeze at play;
A vagrant shadow, a drowsy stream,
A lazy, loitering, summer day.

A bold-eyed sunflower in vulgar rags,
A knot of weeds with a sailor air,
A pumpkin-vine with its gaping bags,
To catch what specie the sun can spare.

A spider winding his silver keep
To hold as hostage a fly or two;
A robin rocking himself to sleep,
Serenely reckless that notes are due.

A butterfly-boat on a wave of air,
With all its satiny sails unfurled,
For port in a blossom here and there,
The busiest things in this idle world.

A gossipy corn-field, making weird,
Fantastic bows in a languid way,
A tawny upland, with unshorn beard,
Gone fast asleep with the sultry day.

The sky is teeming with restless ghosts
From Mount Olympus and days of old;
They flit and vanish, and lo, the hosts
Of Jason, seeking the fleece of gold.

As sweet a fable as one can find
Is hid in the "golden fleece," they say—
Oh, you are snoring! Well, never mind;
I'll tell the fable some other day.
—*H. O. Knowlton, in Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.*

THE MILLER'S MAID.

THERE is a lonely mill, close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story:

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill and his whole family went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottelor. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny liked, with amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so, too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he dispatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and ye do nothing. But never mind! 'twill not go hard with me an' I refuse ye [illegible] more than that for you, bad though ye be."

This was spoken half sportively and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness or a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is master's money? I'll have it or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your grip of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you hug me so tight. And if I can't stir, you can't get the money; that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the household will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his grip, and, finally, let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said; "quick! quick!—no delay. The money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs gayly as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an ax which lay in the corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step to my apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little saving for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and her anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm. "Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly! fly to father! fly for your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he not haste back! fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered [illegible] onward, and inspired his little he[illegible] ran.

"Bless [illegible] boy! bless thee!" she exclaimed, [illegible] gladness of her heart; [illegible]ves in time, I will offer an' mast[illegible] the altar of our blessed up a tape[illegible]utzberg by Bonn." Lady of th[illegible] by the stone bench by She sat [illegible] ase her over-excited the mill doo[illegible] spirit; and she wept as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child and come hither! I am fast. Come hither. Bring the boy here and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however, and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field, the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heat of summer, she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and catching him in his arms hasten toward the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other obvious access to the interior being barred by strong gratings fixed at all the windows, and then took her post at an upper casement determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee," he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free speaking Teutonic language is so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it on ye."

"If you can, you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in Him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her to her reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, [illegible] assistance would reach her.

"[illegible] open [illegible] the door," shouted [the] villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with this discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath, suppose I set it agoing now? It can be seen far off, and haply my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed, "'tis God that has sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were, by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled around with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned and creaked and groaned, according as they came into action, and the mill was in full operation.

It was that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotations, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison; and she knew, also, that, unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime, the wheel went round and round with the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of Heaven, and adjure all the powers of Hell to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round and round and round as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connection with such a villian, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on the Sunday had, as she had anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cord wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain any account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hannchen, in a few words, told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's oldest son, and was with great difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and in due course came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger and her deliverance.

Formation of Soils.

VEGETATION and growth are very complex processes, involving the action of the whole material universe. In vegetation the sun acts by its light and heat and chemical rays; the atmosphere by its own elements and by the carbonic acid contained in it; the water that pervades the atmosphere, or that is furnished in various other ways, electricity, and the earth, by furnishing the mineral elements that are essential to each kind of vegetation.

There is thus a system of laws that underlies all agriculture. The elements taken from other sources than the earth—that is, from the atmosphere, the water, and the heat and the light of the sun—do not exhaust the sources of those elements, and cannot be restored to them by human effort, but are restored by the stated and constant action of the system. Another fundamental fact is that the elements taken from the soil by crops do by degrees exhaust it, and must be replaced, or else the soil will become barren. This is the most important fact in agriculture. In some instances the abstracted elements are restored by natural processes, as by the overflow of the Nile in Egypt, and of the Ganges in India, and some other similar cases; but as a rule they must be restored by artificial means.

If a process of abstraction goes on for a length of time varying in different cases, the soil becomes barren for all plants which demand the elements taken away. By a process of this kind the larger part of the world could be rendered barren, as large portions have been, so that a universal famine would ensue. Hence the most pressing problem of agriculture in all ages has been to restore to the soil the elements thus removed. At this point comes in another great fact. All the products of the soil that are eaten and digested, have, after this digestion, the identical elements taken from the soil, and form an effectual manure, which will restore and perpetuate its fertility. What is called manure is simply anything that restores to the soil the abstracted essential food of plants, by which they live, grow and become fruitful.

The results of digestion are the most obvious means of effecting this, and as such have been used in all ages. But the same elements if procured from other sources will produce the same results, so that a wide field is open for the manufacture of manures.

In view of these facts certain things are evident: 1. That an understanding of what each plant takes from the soil is always desirable, and to a scientific culture of any plant or tree absolutely essential. 2. It is desirable to know that the efficacy of manure depends on the fact that it gives to the soil the elements which have been taken from it, or in which it was originally deficient, but which are essential to the cultivation of plants or trees. 3. That it should be a principle of National policy to discourage, and if possible to prevent the exhaustion of the National domain or any part of it by repeated drafts on the earth, the great bank of humanity, without any adequate deposits to make good the withdrawals. During the greater part of past ages there has not been a scientific understanding of these laws. The chemical components of plants and the earths have not been understood until this century. True, manures have been used, but their composition and action have been imperfectly comprehended, and the component elements of plants and what they take from the soil have been even less understood.

Observation and experiment have taught what has been known as to manure, and tradition has handed down the rules an processes established by the usages of previous generations.

It is, moreover, very desirable to know what are constituent elements of every soil when it is first cultivated. Assuming that the constituent elements of all the plants to be raised are known, it can be seen if there is a deficiency of any requisite elements in the soil, or if any are in danger of being soon exhausted; or if any are not in a state to be used. This will decide what manures to use, when to use them, and how much to employ. The soils of the globe have been formed in past ages from the rocky strata of the earth, acted on and disintegrated by the air, by water, by heat and cold, and other chemical agents; the results of this disintegration have been deposited by rivers and floods, thus forming diluvial soils in low lands. In higher lands the character of the soil depends upon the constituent elements of the rocks which have been disintegrated. Thus in Gesner's "New Brunswick" we are told that from the disintegration of granite and syenite, silex, clay, lime and magnesia, result. The soil from the rock contains much potash, and produces hard wood, such as beech, birch, maple, oak, ash and butternut. The soil of granite and syenite also produces these; but frequently, if the soil is deep and mixed with sand, white and red pine grow to a large size. In like manner all soils can be traced to their original sources, and their primary powers and adaptations known. As a general fact, alluvial soils are the most complex and the most widely fertile, as containing a greater variety of the elements needed in the formation of different plants, and often a greater abundance of them.

In addition to such original elements of soil, a vegetable mold is added by the dissolution of leaves, grasses, trees and other vegetable products. In this, however, are found elements previously taken from the soil and the atmosphere. It is also important to know the degrees of heat and cold to which plants will be exposed, and the amount of water to be obtained from rains, brooks, rivers and irrigation, for these are things the cultivator is compelled to know through the action of the climate and the seasons.—*Christian Union.*

IT is puzzling to the male intellect to observe a young lady walking up the street with the sun directly in front of her, holding over her shoulder the parasol which is supposed to be carried for shade, and allowing the sun to shine full in her face. The male intellect does not at once grasp the fact that the parasol has a silk lining whose color exactly harmonizes with the young lady's complexion.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

Everything in Expression.

A WRITER in the *Magazine of Art* on "Passion and Paint," illustrates his subject by an instance of the use of language. Among a group of emigrants on shipboard, bound to a distant land, is a feeble man, bent with years, so frail that it seems doubtful if he will finish the voyage. A stalwart fellow standing near, who looks with kind eyes on the old man, is asked who it is. "Oh, that's old feyther! We're taking him out with us to start the new cemetery." The reply is startling, but the levity is only in the expression, not in the son's meaning. He means only what men have meant in all ages when they have refused to part with their kindred even in death. If he had said, "we take him with us that our bones may rest with his bones," he would have spoken the language of prophets and kings, as he thought their thoughts. This emigrant ship is as legitimate a subject of art as the wagons that Joseph sent up out of Egypt for Jacob. The man meant precisely what Ruth meant when she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee," etc. At a dinner-table, when the ladies have withdrawn, the host is telling a capital story about a British "rough" in an emigrant ship, and the purpose for which he was taking out his "old feyther." It is greeted with a peal of laughter. At this instant singing is heard in the next room, the gentlemen rise and go to the half-open door, and hear from a contralto voice, sweet and low, these words: "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." That is the very thing at which they are laughing, and they are not laughing now. What is this strange difference between the words of those two emigrants, the rough Englishman and the Moabitish woman, who mean the same thing?

—Sometimes when I look back over my life, says Burdette, I am amazed to see how the pages of its record are dotted with hair-breadth escapes. I escaped the dangers and hardships of the Revolutionary War by waiting until the war had been over about sixty years before I got born. When the Brooklyn Theater burned I was in Burlington. When the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans I was in Minnesota and immediately skipped out for Canada. When I was a boy at school one day all the boys in school were flogged all round for robbing an apple orchard, and the flogging didn't do a bit of good, for every beggar of them had the cholera-morbus all that night, just the same. And I? I was attending another school, twenty-three miles distant. When all of my brothers and sisters were down with the scarlet fever, I was down South in the army, and when I read the letters from home I laughed aloud to think of my great good fortune, and that I would only have to be shot at once or twice a week, instead of having to take medicine three times a day. When a man comes to the office with a little bill, nine times out of ten I am out. And if, by some astonishing blunder, I am in, then, indeed, I am more unfortunate, but the man is in no better luck than before.

DR. FOOTE in his *Health Monthly* for August in reply to the question—what good can possibly come from Dr. Tanner's experiment—says: "Previous to his first fast of forty-two days Dr. Tanner was subject to rheumatism. With the absorption of so much of his old tissue and the elimination of the offending matters he was cured of his rheumatic tendency. How far fasting may be employed as a curative is yet to be ascertained. Dr. Tanner's experiment will doubtless encourage many who are in diseased conditions to try what has already been called the "hunger cure." It is worth something to know that there is one man who can fast forty-two days without losing his life. Perhaps this fact may encourage others who are in diseased conditions to see how a fast of a few days will act on their maladies."

—A writer on Australian life in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* tells how a sick man was found by his mate at the diggings murdered, and his gold gone. The culprit was found, but contrived that night to escape with the money, which, for safe-keeping, had been placed in the place of detention. Nothing could be heard of him, but a few days later came the following: "Mr. Magistrate: Jem Bell (the murdered man) was once a mate of mine. He was a good man. You will find his murderer at the head of Dead Horse Gully. I have kept the gold for a reward.—KANGAROO BILL, Captain of the Bushrangers." They found the murderer's remains—a fleshless skeleton, every bone picked clean. He had been staked down on the ground, with his back to an ant hill, and left for the ants to eat him alive. A more awful retribution can scarcely be conceived.

—The proposed canal between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean will probably be taken up, or at least be assited, by the French Government. The canal will start at Bordeaux, and, after a course of about 250 miles, will enter the Mediterranean at Narbonne. It will be of sufficient size to allow of the passage of ships of over 400 feet in length, and will have a width of 184 feet at the surface level in its narrowest parts. It is calculated that it will save four days' steaming; and, as it will enable vessels to avoid the dangers of the bay, there is no doubt that it would be well patronized.

—Ammonia, so useful to agriculture and the arts, is a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen; and for a long time some method of utilizing the nitrogen of the air in its production has been sought. The desired result has at last been attained by two European chemists, who cause hydrogen to unite with atmospheric nitrogen in suitable apparatus by the aid of electricity. The economy of this process has yet to be shown.

GOES without saying—A deaf mute.

BROWN'S landlady passed him a dish of vegetables at the dinner-table and he helped himself to about two spoonfuls, almost bankrupting the dish, when she said to him with a smile on her face and ire in her eye: "Those are new potatoes, Mr. Brown, and some of the other boarders may want some." "Beg your pardon," choked Brown in surprise, as two or three effected an unpleasant lodgment in his windpipe; "I thought they were peas," and then he finished his dinner hurriedly. Brown is now hunting around for another boarding-place.—*Boston Globe.*

A HARD case—The shell of a tortoise.

SOUTH AFRICA, being much afflicted with Boers, is not a good country to start a newspaper in.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE promises of some men always remain shall owe.

PRESIDENTIAL candidates have as many lives as a cat, or will have before all their biographers get through.—*Lowell Courier.*

DON'T you believe that when a modern belle has done up her false hair, she has done her jute, eh?—*Corry Press.*

ON a tramp—rags.—*Boston Transcript.*

TWO Galveston ladies met. Says No. 1: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I've no idea." "I heard that when your husband was sick and not expected to live you went to a picnic." "It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."—*Galveston News.*

MEN who live in glass houses should be conservatory in their opinions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NOVEL for the season—"The Three Musketeers."—*Graphic.*

WELL POSTED—a telegraph line.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

PEDESTRIANISM is what tries men's soles.—*Steubenville Herald.*

CUTTING a swell—lancing a boil.—*Rome Sentinel.*

[Wausau (Wis.) Central Wisconsin.]

We love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. And the famous author might have added—old medicines, because of their known worth. In a late communication, Mr. Eustace Sauer, Modina, Mo., thus speaks of an Old German Household Remedy: I prize Hamburg Drops very highly. I had suffered for seven years with a severe disease of the liver. I vainly expended a great deal of money upon physicians and for medicines. I concluded to use Hamburg Drops. The trial was crowned with the highest success, as I am to-day healthier than I have been for years.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A Councilman's Recommendation.

In Cleveland, the Councilman from the Fifth Ward, J. Jackson Smith, Esq., recently recommended St. Jacobs Oil to a prominent politician, who was a martyr to rheumatic pains, and who by its use was entirely cured.

Enthusiastic in its Favor.

All housekeepers who have ever used the CHARTER OAK STOVE are enthusiastic in its favor, and say that for all purposes of cooking and baking this stove can not be equaled. The large flues and heavy castings, exposed to the fire, make the CHARTER OAK especially adapted to our soft coal, which is destructive to cast-iron. The Reservoir is pronounced perfect in its arrangement and operation, heating water just right.

"New Fangled Notions"

May not work injury to people when they relate to matters of little consequence, but when entertained as to what we shall take when afflicted with serious disease, they may lead to dear experience. Don't therefore trifle with diseases of the blood manifested by eruptions, blotches, scrofulous and other swellings and grave symptoms, but take that well-tested and efficacious remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age. If the bowels are very costive use also Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills.)

CURES FEVER AND AGUE.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Jo Daviess Co., Ill., March 31st, 1879.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I write this to inform you that my child, one year old, has been permanently cured of the fever and ague in a week's time, and the use of but half a bottle of your Golden Medical Discovery. My wife, a long sufferer from liver complaint and biliousness, by the use of the Discovery and Pellets has been entirely relieved. The Discovery has never disappointed us for coughs and colds.

Yours truly, JAMES STRICKELL.

Several Good Things.

If you want good digestion,
If you want good health,
If you want good baking,
If you want a good stove,
If you want the cheapest stove,
If you want a good square meal,
Buy a CHARTER OAK STOVE.

Honorable Men.

The *Sunday Tribune*, Rochester, N. Y., in one of its issues prints the following: "The proprietors (of Warner's Safe Remedies), each and all, are men born here, and here have lived the whole period of their stay on earth, and are men who have the unbounded confidence of all who know them."

Advantage of Heavy Plates.

The soft bituminous coal used in the West is so destructive on all cast-iron that the heavy plates in the CHARTER OAK COOK STOVE will be appreciated by housekeepers as well as dealers. This advantage, with excellent draft, quick and uniform baking, make the CHARTER OAK the most desirable stove in the market.

THE attention of medical students is directed to the card of the University of Louisville in this paper.

THE regular Frazer Axle Grease saves money for the consumer. The light colored or yellow loosens the spokes.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

CLERGYMEN, lawyers and authors find Malt Bitters a pure and safe invigorant.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

ASK your grocer for National Yeast.

HAMBURG

DROPS

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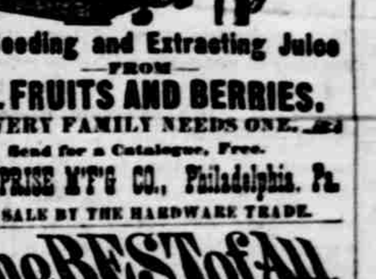

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