THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic, listening to the falling rain

As it pattered on the shingles and against the window pane;

Peeping over chests and boxes, which with dust were thickly spread

Saw I in the farthest corner what was once my trundle bed.

[illegible]

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed."

[illegible]

"Hallowed be Thy name, oh, Father! Father! [illegible]"

[illegible]

—*Household.*

HOW FRENCH DETECTIVES WORK.

Some five or six years ago, being on a visit to Paris, I went to see a friend, a French gentleman I had known for twenty years, who, with his wife and only daughter, lived in a small house in the Faubourg St. Germain. I found the family one and all in the greatest possible excitement. During the preceding day the domicile had been broken into, and property to the value of about thirty thousand francs, consisting of plate, jewels, money and bonds had been stolen. My friend was by no means a rich man, and the loss was to him a very serious one. The strange part of the affair was that no one seemed to have the slightest idea by whom, or how, the lost things had been taken. They were kept in a large iron-clamped chest, which was never moved out of the [illegible] and which was found in its usual place next morning, but with the lock forced open. The servants of the house were only two in number, and consisted of an elderly man and his wife, who had been in the family's service for more than ten years. They did not sleep on the same floor as their master and mistress, but, as is usual in Paris, occupied a room [illegible]. They had a key by which to let themselves in from the back stairs to the kitchen in the morning, but at the time of the robbery neither one or the other had been in the [illegible] when the chest was opened, until after my friend's daughter had found out what had happened. The lady of the family had locked the chest, as was her usual habit, before she had gone to rest the previous night. The key was found hanging on a nail at the head of her bed, its usual place. The theft must have been committed between eleven p. m., when the chest was locked, and eight a. m. when her daughter discovered the loss. The concierge declared that no one save those who lived in the house had passed his lodge during those hours. The door of the apartment opening on the main stairs was found locked, and the key on the inside. Altogether it was a most mysterious business of which no one could make anything save that the property had vanished, therefore it must have been taken by some one.

My friend resolved to go at once to the Rue de Jerusalem, the Scotland Yard of Paris, and ask the authorities to inquire into the matter. I suggested an *agent de police*, or policeman from the nearest station might be called, but was told that that was not the way that they did things in Paris. The policemen that keep order in the streets, and those whose business it is to discover what has become of stolen property, are two departments perfectly distinct from each other. Being anxious to see how our neighbors managed affairs of this kind, and whether they were better up to their work than our London detectives, I accompanied my friend to the Prefecture de Police, where he sent in his card, and we were at once ushered into the presence of a quiet-looking elderly gentleman, one of the *sous-chef* of the department, who looked more like a bank manager, or head clerk in a large mercantile house, than a man whose occupation was to indicate where the thieves and others who were "wanted" could be laid hands on.

A Frenchman is nothing if he is not polite. The individual into whose sanctum we were shown welcomed us with a civility which nothing could exceed. He heard my friend's story from first to last, made a few notes with a pen in a kind of diary which he had on his desk, and now and then asked a question or two respecting the house and apartment which had been robbed, the servants, visitors and other matters. But he did not detain us long. The interview was over in twenty minutes. The *sous-chef* then told my friend that he would send one of his subordinates to see the chest the next day. In the meantime would my friend prepare a list, and as minute a description as possible of the property that had been stolen? As a rule Frenchmen, no matter to what rank of life they belong, have the greatest possible respect for all who are in any way connected with the police, and never dream of disputing what they say; but my friend was somewhat annoyed at what he deemed useless delay, and asked whether the police-agent could not be sent at once. The *sous-chef*, however, overruled his objection, and said it was best for many reasons the agent should not go to the house till next day. "In the first place," he said, "I do not wish any one but yourselves to know that the gentleman who will call on you to-morrow is in any way connected with the police. He will send up a card, and you will be kind enough to receive him as a friend—talk to him of the robbery in the presence of your servants as you would to any casual acquaintance." He then turned to me and said, laughingly: "We do not manage these affairs as you do in London. We don't *afiche* our police; we don't send constables [he pronounced the word "conestabel"] to make a fuss and put every one on their guard; we like to do things quietly; the result is better." He then bowed us out, and we took our departure, not over-assured as to what the upshot of the affair would be.

"Un monsieur qui desire vous voir," said my friend's man-servant next day, putting a card into his master's hand, just as we were finishing our mid-day meal, and a gentleman-like, middle-aged man was shown in.

He was close shaved as to the chin and upper lip, but wore small whiskers, more like an English man of business of ten years ago than a native of *la belle France*. He was well but not fashionably dressed, and carried a small cane, with which he kept gently tapping his boot when not speaking. While the servant was in the room he confined his conversation to generalities, and gave his opinions freely on the political subjects of the day. When my friend spoke of the robbery and pointed to the chest out of which the property had been taken, he merely glanced at it, looked at the lock for a moment, and turned the conversation.

He asked Madame to call her maid and talk to her on some indifferent subject. This was done, and I watched his face during the time the woman was present; but he merely looked at her once, and continued talking to me.

The only point on which he seemed really anxious was to obtain a fuller description of the articles lost than that he had been already furnished with.

My friend offered to give him details then and there, but he declined to wait for it, on the plea that by prolonging his visit he might arouse suspicion among the servants. We suggested meeting him near the Rue de Jerusalem, but he laughed at the idea, saying that if he were once seen near the police-office his occupation would be gone, as he would be no longer of any real use as an agent of the police. So an appointment was made to meet at the Cafe du Helder on the Boulevards, where a more detailed description of the lost property should be given to him. He then took his leave, but asked me to accompany him down stairs, so as to impress the concierge with the idea that he was an acquaintance of some standing. Before arriving at the bottom, I found my friend had managed to dirty his coat in a manner which necessitated his turning into the concierge's lodge to borrow a clothes brush, thereby gaining an opportunity of casting an eye round the small room and on its occupant. To me, being initiated, the object was palpable, though quite unsuspected by the individual in question. When the brushing was over we walked out together, and in the course of conversation we touched upon the way in which some persons can so disguise themselves as to hide their individuality from their most intimate friends.

I expressed myself as being doubtful whether this could be really done, provided the parties to be deceived were on the lookout for such deception. My companion differed from me, and offered to disguise himself so effectually that he would, in the course of the next twenty-four hours, speak to me for at least ten minutes without arousing my suspicions. I accepted the challenge, and staked the price of a *dejeuner* at any cafe he would like to name. He agreed, and the very same day won the bet in the following manner.

Shortly after leaving the detective, I met an old friend, who asked me to dine with him at Versailles that evening. I agreed to do so, but could not leave Paris as early as my friend intended to do, and therefore told him I should go down by the 5:30 train from the Gare St. Lazare. I did so, and as I got into a first-class carriage, I remarked a short, gentlemanly-looking man, with white hair, who followed me into the same compartment. Frenchman-like, he began to talk about things in general, and we chatted, more or less, nearly all the way to Versailles. When within ten minutes or so of our destination, my new friend quietly took off his hat, pulled off a wig, got rid of a moustache, and to my utter amazement stood revealed before me as my friend, the detective! How he had managed to find out that I was going to Versailles—which I had no idea of myself when I left him—or how he had so effectually concealed his appearance that I, sitting within three feet of him, had no idea he was the man I had left some four hours previously, are problems which I cannot solve. The detective himself only laughed when I asked him how he had contrived it. He was evidently greatly flattered at the astonishment I displayed, but beyond showing me with some pride his wig and moustache, he was very reticent, and would enter into no detail. That he had fairly won the breakfast there could be no doubt, but he said he would rather put off the event until he could see his way as to whether or not he should be able to recover a part or the whole of the property which my friend had lost. We then parted, he taking the train back to Paris, I going on to the house where I was engaged to dine.

This was on Thursday evening. On the next Monday, about eleven a. m., the waiter of the hotel where I was staying told me that a gentleman wished to speak to me. He was shown up, and this time the detective was not disguised. He told me that, for reasons which I would learn later, he thought it better to come to me than to go to my friend's house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He said he had good news for that he believed the greater part of the stolen property had been recovered, and asked me to go to the Prefecture de Police on the following day, about two p. m., and to take my friend with me. We did so, and found that what the detective had told me was true. Among other valuables that had been stolen was a canvas bag containing between two and three hundred napoleons. These had disappeared; but the jewelry, the plate, and, what was still more surprising, the bonds, payable, as all such documents are in France, *au porteur* (to the bearer), had been found, and were ready for my friend to identify. This was easily done, but nothing was allowed to be touched for the present, as it would have to be sworn to at the trial, which would shortly take place. When my friend returned home he found that while he was at the Prefecture the concierge had been arrested for conniving at the theft, and in the lodge was found, in a hidden cupboard, the bag containing the money. In a word, without fuss, publicity, or loss of time, the whole of the property which had been stolen a week before was in the hands of the police. In ten days more the trial was over. The concierge and two of his relations were each condemned to five years of *travaux forces* (penal servitude), my friend got back his property, and, what to me as an Englishman seemed much more extraordinary, the total expense of the proceedings came to something like one hundred francs. Even this payment was nearly all voluntary, for my friend insisted upon making a small present to the detective, who had done his work so well.

To give any details as to how the valuables were found, or how the robbery was traced to the concierge, is not in my power. The French police are very reticent, particularly in cases like the one I have attempted to describe. They have a theory that publicity on such occasions is a very great mistake and hinders justice.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A Man Who Had Honey.

Eastern people do not always appreciate the scale upon which Californians lay out their work. If they could see a few of the fifty thousand or one hundred thousand acre ranches and note the manner in which work is carried on upon them, they would be better posted. A case in point is that of an Eastern merchant who wrote to a Los Angeles County bee man for a sample of his extracted honey. His request was complied with, and the merchant was so well pleased with the appearance and good quality of the honey that he sent an order for all the bee man had like that. The gentleman, thinking the merchant might not be reckoning on the amount he had in stock, wrote him that he had sixteen tons on hand, but that he might as well make it twenty tons, which would be just two car-loads, and that he would ship it immediately. He was not very much surprised a few days after to receive a telegram telling him: "Keep your honey. I only want a case or two."—*Los Angeles Times.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly, they will soon stop laying.

—A housekeeper furnishes us the following recipe for "one egg cake:" One egg, one and a half cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one cup milk, two and a half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls "sea-foam." Flavor to taste.—*Exchange.*

—In all cases a cow should be milked regularly and stripped clean. No doubt this has much to do in forming good milking traces of cattle, by encouraging a full development of the milk glands.—*Chicago Journal.*

—If garden seeds, when planted in the spring, are firmly pressed when under the earth by the ball of the foot, they will almost invariably grow, drought or no drought, and, what is just as important, they will spring up earlier and grow faster than any of their kind which have not received the same treatment.

—A suggestion for hoarseness worthy of trial is the use of common horseradish prepared in sugar—one part to nine parts of sugar. A little of this mixture in the mouth, swallowed slowly, gives relief. The remedy (horseradish) is not a new one, but to us, the sugar way of using it seems to be a new and good one.—*Herald Monthly.*

—Since the wide prevalence of the blight in the pear, a large number of instances are reported of great immunity from the disease in trees growing in grass, while in other cases the reverse has been observed. The evidence, however, preponderates in favor of pear orchards in grass. This remark applies to standard trees.

—Veal Pie: Cut the veal into small pieces, boil an hour or longer if necessary, to make tender; season with salt and pepper, and add a small piece of butter. Line the sides of a pudding dish or bake pan with rich short-cake crust, put the meat in and fill up with the gravy. Shake in a very little flour and cover with a not too thick crust, leaving a hole in the center. Bake about one hour.

—A medical student of good physique and healthy parentage suffered from shortness of breath, dry cough, general weakness and despondency. By practicing regularly deep and prolonged breathing he was relieved of his lung symptoms. He acquired, by his practice, a difference of five inches in the measurement of his chest. This is a kind of pulmonary gymnastics which can usually be prescribed in cases of "weak chest."

—Young asparagus beds should not be salted before the sprouts are old enough to cut for cooking, otherwise the bed may be seriously injured, and if only one or two years set out it may be entirely destroyed. The salt should be applied as soon as the bed has been cleared off of its rough top dressing of the previous fall, and the rest forked in. Care must be taken that the salt does not reach box edging, other plants, or very young trees, as they are liable to be killed or much injured.

Bulk in the Manure Heap.

Quantity is all the farmer seems to desire in his manure heap. He does not stop to consider the quality nor value, but judges it by the number of cubic feet it occupies. And yet there is as much variation in the composition of the manure in the farm heaps as there is in the different grades of animals on a farm. Take a ton of well-rotted manure, as it is usually found on every farm, and it will consist of about 550 pounds of organic matter and about sixty pounds of mineral matter. This is, in round numbers, 600 pounds of dry matter. The remaining 1,400 pounds is water. And to still further reduce the actual value, as far as the smallest amount will demonstrate, there is much valueless matter in the dry 600 pounds, for of that amount only twelve pounds are potash, eight pounds phosphoric acid and thirteen pounds nitrogen, giving a total of only thirty-three pounds. This shows badly against the farmer's prospects and hopes from his ton of well-rotted barn-yard manure; but nevertheless this conclusion has been arrived at only after careful experiments.

And to still further detract from the value of the heap, it is to be observed that the above applies only to good manure—that has been well composted, protected and managed. In manure heaps that have been exposed to the heat of the sun and drenching rains the amount is still less. These twelve pounds of actual potash are valued at $1, the phosphorus acid at eighty cents and the nitrogen at $3.25—total value of the ton of barnyard manure, $5.05. These prices, of course, fluctuate, and may be at times higher or lower. The actual potash is derived, in commercial salts from the sulphate and muriate, the acids in the salts merely adding to the bulk, but, being combined with the potash, must be used with it. So with the phosphoric acid and nitrogen.

There is in the manure heap, however, small proportions of matter that are not sold among commercial fertilizers, such as magnesia, iron, common salt and carbon. The latter is in the manure heap in good quantity, but is not considered valuable. Chlorine is bought in the muriate of potash, and even in lime we find magnesia. The iron is not desired. But these articles are not sold as such in the usual commercial fertilizers and farmers do not expect to find them there.

Then there are many compounds formed by the vegetable acids in the manure heap entirely unknown. A constant movement of the particles is in progress therein, and new compounds are formed daily. Still, if the proper ingredients are not added to the heap for the manufacture of first-class manure, no chemical process can create it. The true value and efficiency of the manure are derived from that which the farmer adds to it. It is a mistake to suppose that anything will make good manure. Anything will increase the bulk and assist in retaining the nutritive qualities, but after bulk has been acquired we must expend labor to haul it to the fields.

The preservation of manure is one of the most important matters for the farmer's attention. It is usually the method with him to haul everything to the barn-yard to be trampled by cattle, and there remain until it is ready to be heaped. After being heaped he thinks he has done his duty until ready to haul it out. During this interval a few drenching rains will deprive it of all that is valuable, and the scorching rays of the sun will assist in this deteriorating process. All manure, then, should be kept under shelter—not a very tight, close roof, but in such manner as to protect it against being drenched. A few leaks here and there that will admit some water are beneficial, care being required to guard against leaching only. As to exposure to the sun, that should never be done under any circumstances.

The black, disagreeable stuff that flows away in the drains after heavy rains carries off the wealth of the farm with it, leaving the dross for him to haul to the fields. But as the bulk still remains the farmer contents himself with the reflection that he has added so many loads of manure to his fields, and when harvest arrives he is ready to declare that farming does not pay. He has but to guard against loss in his management, and half the battle is won. Protect the manure heap, for it is your bank that contains the wealth of the farm.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

Street Sandwich Men.

Many a sad sight is to be seen in London, but few are more melancholy than the spectacle of those poor, broken-down creatures who are hired to saunter in the gutters of our great metropolis with advertisement boards on their backs. Their homeless, famished faces, their listless gait, their tattered garments often drenched with rain, and the thought of the precious pittance which a hungry child or two may be waiting at home to share, are too much for sober contemplation; and more distressing than all, perhaps, is the look of shame about these poor wretches. Of course they are glad enough to earn a shilling in this way, and yet—especially on a cold, raw, rainy day—it does seem an outrage, almost, for one man to put another to such uses. But when these poor wretches are forced to wear ridiculous costumes, then we have no doubt about the outrage at all. Here, too, the "sandwich man" has no choice; he has to conform to the demands and illustrate the humorous invention of his employers, if he does not wish to starve and does not like to steal. In this case also he is glad enough to earn a shilling; but though there can be no doubt about that, yet we should be delighted to see the man ashamed who adds to the humiliations of famine, friendlessness, and poverty by making "guys" of these poor strollers. It is done, however. Here we see a row of them, with tall extinguisher caps on their heads, there another, rigged with pigtails, like Chinamen, and all looking so piteously ashamed. As for that, however, we all know where the shame, the disgrace of the thing really lies, and a deep disgrace it is.—*St. James's Gazette.*

—In the battle of Cedar Mountain, fought on August 9, 1862, the 28th Regiment of New York Volunteers, after losing nearly half its officers and men, including its Colonel, was captured, together with its regimental flag. The flag bore no name or inscription, but the men who carried it cut a piece out of one corner before it passed out of their possession, so that it might be identified. It was never seen again by any member of the regiment until a few days ago Col. E. F. Brown, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 28th New York at the battle of Cedar Mountain, who lost an arm in that action, and who has since the war been the custodian of the piece cut from the flag, accidentally discovered the flag itself in this city in a collection of recaptured Union colors found in Richmond when that city was taken in 1865. He wrote to the Secretary of War on behalf of the surviving members of the regiment, asking that the flag be restored to them. The request was granted, and in pursuance of an order issued by Adjutant General Drum, the flag was turned over to Col. Brown, and will be presented to the surviving members of the regiment at their next annual reunion.—*N. Y. Times.*

—One of the most ingenious railway devices recently brought to notice is the mechanical train enunciator. A common wire is stretched the length of the track, a little to one side of it, and a short distance above the cab, this wire being swept by a metallic fan while the train is in motion, thus keeping up a communication along the line. The arrangement comprises, in each cab, a gong and a dry battery with a ground wire running to the axles of the locomotive, while at the distance of every mile the rails are grounded with a ground wire, and at every depot are two gongs, which automatically ring when a train approaches within three miles in either direction, thus insuring complete safety. Two trains approaching each other also break the circuit, causing the bells in each cab to raise a seasonable alarm.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Many of our Senators and Representatives are able linguists. Ex-Minister Kasson speaks and writes Spanish, Italian, German and French. Perry Belmont, who is a Harvard graduate, is a master of French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. Sunset Cox knows French well, has a traveler's knowledge of the modern tongues, and is a good Greek and Latin scholar. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, is always reading Horace and quoting Latin. Senator Lamar is a devotee of French and the classics. Senators Pendleton and Bayard are classically inclined, and Butler, of South Carolina, is a fine Latinist. Mr. Edmunds runs to Cicero and law, Latin and French, as does Mr. Harrison, of Indiana.

—The following are some of the names of highways in London: Addle street, Rottenrow, Gutter lane, Fryingpan alley, Vinegar yard, Mincing lane, The Poultry, Inkhorn court, Candlewick street, Pater Noster row, Amen corner, Sermon lane, Creed lane, Cripplegate, Houndsditch, Tripe court, Grub street, Halfpenny alley, All Farthing lane, Bandyleg walk, Shoulder-of-mutton alley, Cat's Castle, Hen and Chicken lane, Birdcage walk, Noah's Ark alley, Turn Again lane, Cut-throat lane, Doolittle lane, Labor in Vain street, Fig alley, Blowbladder street, and Ebenezer place.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—Wherever it started, the story is a good one that in a school examination when the question was asked, "Who is the Prime Minister of England?" the answer came promptly and confidently, "Mr. Spurgeon." The answer was as good as the story, and not so far out of the way, either.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—They have found out that the pressure of the water at the depth of two miles would kill a man in an instant. Prudent citizens won't go down there.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Down in New Haven they make a kind of candy that will get one drunk. We predict a rapid growth of New Haven.—*Boston Post.*

A LANDLADY advertises that she has "a fine well furnished bedroom, for a gentleman twelve feet square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair," still another has "a hall bedroom, for a single woman eight by twelve."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is THERE any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, fore-seeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob on the right."

A FINE tree uprooted in a recent inundation in Oulas, Finland, was found to have 1,025 annual rings. We saw a lady in the horse-car the other day with about the same number of rings, but she was probably not nearly so old as the tree.—*Boston Transcript.*

TWENTY-FIVE dollars will purchase all the material needed for a young lady to go into plaque painting, and if she has any talent at all some of the plaques can be warranted to scare a cat to death on sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MISS BUCHANAN once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or to a Buchanan's, either." And he did it.

THE breezy burglar's evening pleasantry: "I always raise the wind when I blow open a safe."

LAWYERS in Massachusetts carry green bags to show that they belong to "The Old Bate State."

"IF I rest, I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust I bust," is the American version.—*Rochester Express.*

THE old man "exploded with laughter" when the young girl "burst into womanhood."—*Texas Siftings.*

HOW can man and wife be one, when the woman is won herself?—*Seven Sundays.*

THE wheel of fortune runs slow, because its fellows are tied.—*Whitehall Times.*

IN the *Times*, of Philadelphia, we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1278 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

LOVE is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

[illegible] St. Jacobs Oil. Neuralgia. [illegible]

[illegible]

Spring Fever.

[illegible]

ADVERSITY [illegible] is sharpest sting from your [illegible].

[illegible]

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

MEN, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

"Now Well and Strong."

SIDNEY, IOWA.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. Yours truly, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

THE colon, in printing, does not occur before 1485.

Sick Headache.

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of Parker's Pleasant Purgative Pellets a day, for a few weeks has entirely cured me. [illegible]" Of all druggists.

CICERO, Rome's greatest orator, was born 106 B. C.

[illegible] Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN air gun was made for Henry IV., in Normandy, in 1408.

AN UNUSUAL FURORE.

A Recent Excitement Investigated by the Herald and the Results Made Public.

(*Cleveland, O., Herald.*)

A few weeks ago we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* "A Remarkable Statement," made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befell him, and a few days thereafter we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement in Rochester," caused by Dr. Henion's statement. In the first article Dr. Henion stated that for a number of years up to last June, he had been afflicted with what seemed at first a most mysterious trouble. He felt unaccountably tired at frequent intervals; he had dull and indefinite pains in various parts of his body and head, and was very hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. However, as a physician he thought, and so did his fellow physicians, that he was suffering from malaria.

But he grew worse, and was finally obliged to give up a large and lucrative practice. Still he was not conscious of his danger, nor that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon him, although all his organs had become gradually weakened. The symptoms above described continued, accompanied by others of an aggravated nature, and he noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids he was passing, that they were abundant one day and very scanty the next, and were covered with froth or filled with brick-dust sediment. But even then he did not realize his real and alarming condition. At last, however, he was brought face to face with the fact that he was a victim of a most terrible disease, and he made heroic efforts for recovery. He traveled extensively and consulted the best physicians, but they could give him only temporary relief, and that principally in the form of morphine. And so he grew steadily and constantly worse until his life became a torture. His pulse was uncontrollable. He lived wholly by injections, and for six days and nights he had the hiccoughs constantly, which are the sure indication of coming death.

When hope and life were nearly exhausted his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, strongly urged him to try a means which the reverend gentleman had seen used with remarkable results. He objected at first, but finally consented, and was conscious of an improved condition the first week. His pains gradually disappeared, his stomach resumed digestion; his heart became regular; his headaches disappeared; he had no more chills and fever, or acidity of the stomach; he gained twenty-six pounds in three months, and is a well man to-day, being entirely cured of a most pronounced case of Bright's disease.

Although conscious of the consequences from his professional brethren, still as a duty to his fellow men, and according to a vow he made on what he thought was his dying bed, he published a card detailing his illness and remarkable cure. "Since my recovery," he says, "I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and I believe MORE THAN ONE HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. It has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the life before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease."

The second article entitled "Excitement in Rochester," was made up of interviews with Dr. Henion himself, who confirmed all said in his card, and also with Mr. H. H. Warner. The latter gentleman did not regard Dr. Henion's case as particularly exceptional, because he had known of very many such cures by the same means in all parts of the land. Kidney diseases, he said, are carrying off tens of thousands every year, while Bright's disease is increasing 250 per cent. a decade, and yet the people do not realize it or seek to check it until too late. He related how a New Orleans medical professor, lecturing on this disease, [illegible] and although he had an acute case of it before, fancies that he too had the dreaded disease which proved fatal in less than a year. There was also an interview with the recognized chemist of the New York State Board of Health, Dr. S. A. Lattimore, who said he had analyzed the remedy which cured Dr. Henion, and found that it was "entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We have made these condensations in order that all the main points may be set before our readers. Since the publication of these two articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given us as to the validity of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following letters, which add interest to the entire subject, and which verify every statement hitherto made.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1883.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statement over my signature, to which you refer, is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself as to my physicians and friends.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1883.

SIRS: Acknowledging your favor of recent date, would say: The wonderful statements made to Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless such had been the case. The following testimonials from the best persons of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote, which you have doubtless seen, I now quote. H. H. WARNER & Co.

To Whom It May Concern:

In the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle of December 31, 1882, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr. J. B. Henion, of this city, recounting his remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys after several doctors of prominence had given him up, by the use of a preparation manufactured in this city and known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of that remedy, whose commercial and personal standing in this community is of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, Mayor of Rochester.

WM. PURCELL, Editor Union and Advertiser.

W. D. SHUART, Surrogate Monroe County.

EDWARD A. FROST, Clerk Monroe County.

E. B. FENNER, District Attorney Monroe County.

DANIEL T. HUNT, Postmaster Rochester.

J. M. DAVY, Ex-Member Congress, Rochester.

JOHN S. MORGAN, County Judge Monroe County.

HIRAM SIBLEY, Capitalist and Seedsman.

W. C. ROWLEY, County Judge Monroe County.

JOHN VAN VOORHIS, Member of Congress.

CHARLES E. FITCH, Editor Democrat and Chronicle and Regent of the University.

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill.:

Will you allow the following personal statement in your widely-circulated paper?

There was published in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of the 31st of December last, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I was referred to in that statement as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured.

Since the republishing of the statement in many of the leading journals of the day has been the cause of an immense flow of letters to me, making inquiry and asking but chiefly whether the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc.

I beg, therefore, to anticipate any further inquiries and save time and labor, and some postage by saying that the statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He is a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, D. D.,
Rector of St. Paul's Church,
Rochester, N. Y., January 28, 1883.

"PRESCRIPTION begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of Kidney-Wort began with wise caution and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hardworking man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

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