THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE HERO OF RAGENBACH!

A TRUE STORY.

Just as the closing autumn day
Was merging into twilight gray,

The sun had set in a golden sea,
The wandering wind swept o er the lea,

Sighing as onward it passed to the glade,
"As a leaf we all do fade—do fade;"

It chanced that some neighbors came drop-
ping in
The friendly doors of Ragenbach Inn,

To spend an hour in social chat,
Talk of the weather, of this, of that,

Nor dreamed a danger lurking near
Should fill each heart with sudden fear.

The smith, a goodly man to see,
Made one of this glad company.

Strong-limbed and powerful, sinewy, tall,
His genial smile o'erbrimmed on all;

But presently wide open swung
The half-closed door. With leaden tongue

Protruding, and with aspect bad,
Stood there a powerful mastiff, mad;

Savagely snapping, left and right,
He barred the only entrance tight;

To pass him surely was to die.
Then rose a great despairing cry;

And groans, and sighs, and tears, and
prayer,
Mingled in wild confusion there.

But in that moment, horror-fraught,
Like inspiration came the thought

Unto the blacks. 'h, strong and tall:
"My death shall be the life of all."

"Back, each!" he thundered, in a voice
So stern and deep there seemed no choice

But to obey. "I'll guarantee
The brute shall harm no one but me.

"God help me now!" he cried, nor quailed;
Seized on the foaming beast and nailed

With iron grasp unto the floor
Till all had safely passed the door;

Then dashed his prisoner swift aside,
And joined his weeping friends outside,

Bleeding and torn and out of breath,
A hero—doomed to awful death.

Then, 'mid the people's loud lament,
Straight to his own dear workshop went,

Whose walls, so often and so long,
Had echoed to his cheery song;

His strongest, heaviest chain unwound,
And firmly to his anvil bound;

Then with a skill by none excelled
About his own strong limbs did weld,

In solemn silence. "'Tis done, 'tis past,
The work is well—it is my last.

"Now bring to me my food each day,
And O, forget you not to pray

"That if the Father's will be such
I may not suffer long, or much!"

When nine bright morns had set and risen,
The early watcher sought his prison,

But heard within no moan of pain,
No dismal clanking of a chain.

Stretched cold and lifeless on the ground,
His chain still clasped the anvil round,

But his tried soul had snapped its bond,
And, soaring to the bright beyond,

Had left another martyr-name
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,

Beside which to the end of time,
Will stand no other more sublime.

—*Eunice Alcord Clarke, in Youth's Companion.*

A PAIR OF 'EM.

Tom and Bert were sitting on the top rail of the pasture fence. Their hands and faces were stained with blackberry juice. Having had their fill of berries, they were now considering what piece of fun or mischief to engage in next.

"Beats all Natur," said Deacon Jones, "th' amount o' mischief them boys ken crowd into forteen hours," that being the supposable number of hours they were not quietly sleeping in their beds.

The sun fell full and warm on the sloping upland, dotted here and there with wide-reading oaks and low-feeding placidly on the sweet grasses; all but three, who, after being satisfied their hunger, stood in the very deepest part of the brook, chewing their cuds and switching off the flies with a regular pendulum-like sway of their tails. Apart from the main herd a pair of pretty red and white yearlings were feeding.

"Beauties, ain't they?" asked Tom, pointing them out to Bert. Bert was a Boston boy, summering at Canterbury. "Father give 'em to me; an', I say, Bert, let's yoke 'em. I heard father tell Joe the other day it's about time they's broke."

Now, these boys were spoiling for some fun. They had been trying to be good all the morning, in consideration of a promise made to Mammy Jones the day before, when Joe fished them out of the clay-pit, into which they had tumbled, while trying to capture a huge mud-turtle. The clay-pit was a deep, black, slippery hole, perhaps a rod in diameter, and full of water.

So Tom's proposition was very welcome, and, without a moment's hesitation, they leaped from the fence and went together to the barn for the little yoke used in the breaking of steers, taking care to keep out of range of the windows and door of the kitchen, where Mammy was baking. If she should chance to see them, she would be sure to ask what they were going to do, and, with all their roguery, Tom and Bert were truthful and would never have thought of getting into or out of a scrape by telling a lie.

It was a work of time to catch the frisky little yearlings. Just as Bert or Tom almost had his hand on one, off he would go, curveting and kicking up his heels. With a series of flying leaps they dashed in among the blackberry vines, followed by the boys, the sharp briers seizing their clothes and making numberless little ragged tears; then down to the furthest end of the pasture, over a bit of bog that quaked ominously under the footsteps of both boys and calves; now in among the feeding cattle, who looked up with an air of surprise, but went on tranquilly feeding again (cattle understand boys, you know); then through the running brook, splashing the mud over the boys' clothes and completing the destruction the blackberry vines had begun; until, at last, tired and heated, the calves were caught and yoked.

Having yoked the yearlings, the next question was what to do with them. Obstinate and terrified, they would not stand, but pulled apart, straining their necks in a way that threatened dislocation. Tom had had some vague idea of hitching them to the ox-cart; but what could he do with two steers that persisted in traveling round in a circle as far apart as they could get?

"Say, Tom, tie their tails together," said Bert, struck with a bright idea. No sooner said than done; and the tails of the unfortunate pair were knotted into an indissoluble tie. The boys viewed their work with satisfaction. This last move had completely subdued the spirits of the pair. They stood side by side, meekly awaiting the will of their captors.

But just at that moment Tom espied the Deacon making his way down the pasture. Deacon Jones's eyesight was not good, and he was shading his eyes with his hand and evidently trying to make out the group at the extremity of the pasture.

"Quick, Bert!" said Tom. "There's Father! Unyoke 'em, quick!" Off came the yoke in a trice; but alas! the boys had forgotten the knotted tails. The calves pulled; but the knot held. So dismayed were the boys that they did not once think of getting out of the way; but stood, with a despairing sense of guilt, awaiting the coming of the astonished Deacon.

It is not for me to attempt to picture his astonishment and anger. The calves were released, and Tom and Bert marched to the house and put to bed, as a punishment, not daring to say even one word for themselves. After which the Deacon sat in the kitchen door and, while he mopped his face and his smooth, round head with his yellow cotton handkerchief, told the serio-comic story to Mammy.

Mammy sighed deeply while she listened, and as she took two brown, flaky, apple turnovers from out the brick oven and deposited them on the gay, old-fashioned china plates, she wondered whether it would lessen the effect of the Deacon's discipline if she should slyly slip them into the boys' chambers.

Chambers! I say, emphatically, for the Deacon was too wise a man to attempt to punish two boys by putting them to bed in one chamber in the daytime. Bert was in the east room, at one extremity of the house, and Tom was in the unfinished room at the other. The doors were carefully locked. The Deacon thought he had effectually cut off all communication between the two; but he had yet to learn the extent of the resources of two boys bent upon mischief.

There was a very comfortable arrangement for the convenience of the cats at Deacon Jones'. Cat-holes had been cut from the outer wall of the house through a succession of doors, so the cats could have access at any hour of day or night to the garret, where grain was often kept.

As Tom was lying in bed, revolving in his mind all the difficulties of his position and casting about for some way of escape, old Towser walked sedately through the cat-hole from the outside world. Instantly a way of communication with Bert flashed through Tom's mind. He secured both cat-holes at once, so Towser could not get out, hunted up a stray bit of brown paper, fished a pencil from among the rubbish in his trowser's pocket, and wrote the following note to Bert:

"DEAR BERT

"lets go to sea I saw a skooner at north warf It sales in too days Father is a Tirant I can have no more take the rope out of the bed std and ty it to the post and git out the winder to nite wate til I wistle.

"TOM"

Tom did not say how he expected to make his escape. He was not an expert in penmanship and the composition of the above short note took so much time it was nearly sunset when it was finished. Having folded it, he fastened it with a string around Towser's neck, and, opening the cat-hole in the direction of Bert's room, put him through, whence he proceeded peacefully on his way, as utterly unconscious of the weighty message he bore as a United States mail-bag. In due time he returned with the following:

"DEER TOM

"I have always wanted to go to see I hope we shall be rocked like robins in Crose so and live on a desert island and eat got broth

"BERT"

You will notice that Bert shows the superiority of his Boston schooling by writing the capital I where it belongs.

Tom waited that night till he knew everybody was in bed. Joe was always the last one to go to bed. Tom heard him come up to his bed-room, which was next to the unfinished room. He heard him take off his boots and toss them into the corners. Then he sang a verse of "A wet sheet and a flowing sea." (Joe was an old sailor and always sang when he was undressing.) Then the bed creaked, there was a silence of a few moments, a gentle snore was heard, which soon increased mightily in volume and finally settled into a regular cadence, which indicated that Joe was off for the night.

Tom's hour had come. He crept noiselessly up the flight of steps leading to the scuttle in the roof and lifted it very cautiously; but, somehow it fell from his grasp and dropped upon the floor with an awful bang. For a moment the snoring ceased and Tom's heart was in his mouth. But an old sailor, who had slept through many a roaring storm, was not to be awakened by so trivial a noise as that made by a falling scuttle. The snoring began again, and Tom stepped out upon the roof. He could climb like a cat and every inch of every roof on the farm was familiar to him. He ran lightly along the ridge-pole, jumped down upon the wood-shed roof, thence to still lower roof, and then to the ground.

He put on his shoes (he generally went barefoot in warm weather, but he felt that this was an occasion which demanded shoes, like Sunday or town meeting), and went round to the east porch and whistled. Bert, who was on the watch and had already fastened the bed-cord to the post, opened the window, swung down to the roof of the porch, and reached the ground from thence by a ladder which Tom brought.

Their first resort was to the buttery, a large, square room, with two windows. Tom's father rigidly carried out his intentions of punishment, and the boys had been kept on bread and milk through the day, a good enough fare for anybody, but considered rather deficient by boys accustomed to unlimited supplies of Mamma Jones' delectable puddings, pies and doughnuts.

Tom at once opened his plan to Bert. He proposed that they should stay the next day in Captain Ingram's barn, hidden in the hay, and the following night smuggle themselves on board the schooner. In the meantime they must have something to eat, and, without any scruples, they rifled the contents of jars and pails, taking many thick slices of pink corned beef and a couple of pies. These were packed into one of Mammy's tin pails, and, thus provided for, our two heroes started out on their travels, with as delightful anticipations of the wonderful and surprising things in store for them as ever Columbus had. It was about three miles to North Wharf; but, refreshed by the enforced rest of the day, they trudged cheerfully along, munching mince-pie and cheese.

Captain Ingram's barn was a large one, and, as the haying season was past, it was well filled with hay from the floor to the topmost mow. The boys selected the latter place in which to hide, and excavated a large hole in the hay near the wall. The moon had sunk low in the west, and the moonbeams fell through the crevices of the barn, lighting up their little den and lending to it a sense of comfort and coziness.

It was sometime before they were sufficiently composed to think of sleep. They talked in low tones, their talk dwelling mostly on catching codfish and whales, on the difference between schooners and barques, and such nautical subjects. Once Bert ventured to wonder what Mammy would say, when she found they were gone; but this subject was quickly thrust aside as disagreeable and inappropriate.

At last they began to grow sleepy, and Tom was just dropping off, when he thought he heard a movement of some sort, not far away. He was wide awake in an instant. He knew there was not an animal in the barn, for the cows and horses were always left in the pasture during warm summer nights. He clutched Bert's hand convulsively, and found he, too, had heard and was wide awake.

In a moment or two there was a subdued "Ahem!" coming apparently from the mow just under them. Cold sweats started out all over Tom when he heard that, and his mind turned involuntarily to the unfinished chamber and empty bed there. How he wished himself back in it! They sat with clasped hands, hardly daring to breathe. Pretty soon, although it seemed to the boys ages, there was another and a louder "Ahem!"

Who or what was it? It was before the days of tramps, though occasionally a stray vagabond was seen in Canterbury. Could it be a hand-organ man? Bert had heard fearful stories of the capture of children by hand-organ men; he had heard how they starved and beat them, and how tired the children got walking all day and shaking the tambourine. What if this hand-organ man should carry them off! Somehow a roaming life did not seem so desirable and charming to him as it did when he and Tom were talking about going to sea.

And Tom! A few days before he had heard Sam Ellis telling at the store about a crazy man who had escaped from the Danvers Lunatic Asylum and was wandering about the country, terrifying the women and children. Could it be possible, thought Tom, that that very man was in the barn with them? Or perhaps some dreadful beast had escaped from a menagerie and secreted itself in the barn—a lion, or a tiger, or a huge anaconda. It was not impossible. They had heard of such things. It was only with the greatest effort that the two frightened little fellows kept from shrieking outright.

To their great relief, there were no more loud, terrifying "ahems;" but soon, instead, a heavy, regular breathing was heard, breaking into an occasional snort, which indicated that the creature was sleeping.

They waited, to be quite sure, and then, slipping down from their perch on the hay, they crept out of the barn and started for home, running almost every step of the way. The moon had gone down and it was quiet dark; but this they thought was favorable, for, if the tramp, or hand-organ man, or lunatic, or whatever it might be, awakened by their exit from the barn, should follow them, he could not readily see them.

They reached home, and, finding the back door ajar, crept up to bed with a happy sense of safety and comfort. It never occured to them to ask how that door chanced to be open at that time of night. They were only too glad to ascertain that fact, without asking any questions about it; but, if they had been looking out about ten minutes after their own arrival, they would have seen a familiar figure enter, bolt the door, and walk softly up to Joe's room.

The next morning they slept so soundly Mammy had to ring the bell, an unprecedented act, for they were generally up at dawn. They came down very hungry, very happy and quite content to find themselves in their own places at the breakfast-table, cossetted by Mammy, instead of waking up in the hay on the top of Captain Ingram's barn. Somehow, seen by daylight, their plan of going to sea looked very silly and dreary.

While they were eating breakfast, Baasha said there must have been a "traveler" along the night before. "Traveler" was the old country name for "tramp." The grass was trampled about the buttery windows, and she had found a deficiency of doughnuts and cookies, and there was not so much cold beef for breakfast as she thought there was. Tom and Bert did not dare to look up while she was telling this. If they had, they would have observed an unusual twinkle in Joe's eyes, as he looked at them, and a suspicious twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Poor cretur!" said Mammy, who always had a tender spot in her heart for hungry folks. "I hope the vittles tasted good to him."

In conclusion, I will add one very mysterious incident. It will be remembered that the boys packed their provisions in a large tin pail, and they certainly never thought of taking it with them on their rapid retreat from the barn; but you should have seen Tom's eyes when he pointed out that very pail to Bert, as it stood on the kitchen dresser that morning.—*Frances A Humphrey, in N. Y. Independent.*

Mineral Waters.

The popular mind has been more or less invaded by a strange absurdity in connection with the idea that certain spring waters contain valuable medicinal properties. It also is strange that the opposers of mineral medicines are among the advocates of this impure water, made so by the presence of the dreaded mineral poisons. Now, I deny that minerals are any more poisonous than vegetables, or even as much so, since the most poisonous articles are found in the vegetable world. The great objection to minerals is not their poisonous character, but the fact that they so long remain in the system, like a needle, for example.

Now, what is a mineral water? It is not water really, but a combination of water and accidental substances. The mineral spring is found in the vicinity of various earthy salts, not needed in the human system, generally, not ordinarily in the best of water. In most of these popular springs the water is composed of water and such minerals as iron, sulphur, soda, silica, etc., none of which are always needed by all persons alike.

If, for example, iron is needed by a certain patient, it does not follow that all who seek the supposed virtues of these waters specially need just this mineral. The same is true of all of the other elements. It would be unusual to find a score of persons all demanding precisely the same medication, and yet they all must take the same mineral drugs. They not only take articles not needed, but take such a variety as may properly be objected to by the reasonably cautious. Indeed, while it is generally true that we, as a nation, take too much medicine, it is certain that he who takes this "all-healing water" of necessity takes a great deal more than is needful.

Again, the most popular waters, with some persons, certainly, are the most offensive to the taste and to the smell. Now, to my mind, this offensiveness is ample evidence of its unfitness for the human stomach. All poisons so far as I know, are unpleasant to some of the senses. I suppose that this offensiveness is designed as a means of protection, serving in man the same purpose that instinct does in the brutes. A bitter, for example, or a very unpleasant sour, and the like, are sufficient evidences that such articles are not fit for use. And then the special unpleasantness of the odor indicates a partial or general decomposition, or at least, a tendency to putrescence, and it often occurs that this offensiveness is attributable to decaying vegetable or animal matter, more frequently of the latter.

I repeat, there can be no better water than the very purest. This is the drink manifestly designed by the benevolent Creator for His creatures. In the matter of healthfulness I do not suppose that water is improved, in health, by the addition of any article, not even by tea, coffee or cocoa, though this last is somewhat nutritious and is also a sedative. I may add that I believe that much if not most of the nervousness, (the neuralgia, so prevalent in modern times, is fairly attributable to the use of strong tea, while much of the biliousness is as certainly the result of the use of coffee. I will add that when one needs any one of these constituents of the mineral water, it is more judicious to take it by itself, omitting those not indicated, or which, if taken, would prove unfavorable.

But it is claimed that decidedly good results have followed the use of these waters. It may be so, and yet the results might have been even better if only pure water had been used in the same quantities. The free use of any liquid in this way, reducing the impurities of the system, will aid in freeing it of its impurities, and we can find no other liquid that will do it any more effectually, not even the more active ardent spirits, than pure water.—*Dr. Hunsford, in Farm and Fireside.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An anonymous authority prescribes kerosene oil as a protection against squash bugs, and similar pests, to be applied by soaking rags in the oil and pegging them down to the ground in the hills.

—To make almond cakes, take one pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of bitter almonds, two eggs, and a tablespoonful of vinegar.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Eggs are a valuable food, not sufficiently appreciated by the farmer. One pound of nice, fresh eggs is worth as much for food as about two pounds of beef. They are easily digested.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The French Minister of Agriculture has placed at M. Pasteur's disposal a further sum of $10,000 to enable him to continue his investigations into the nature, cause and prevention of contagious diseases among animals.

—Hard Soap: Take six pounds of sal soda, four gallons of water; put this together and let it come to a boiling point; let it settle and pour off; add one-half pound of borax, six pounds of grease; then pour into dripping tins; let cool and cut into bars.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, a florist of Bordentown, N. J., has accomplished a feat hitherto unknown in the annals of floriculture in this country, that of growing to perfection in the open air a plant of the famous victoria regia, the giant water lily of South America.

—Rye tea cakes or breakfast cakes are made of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt; stir in this enough flour to make a batter about like griddle-cake batter (rye flour sifted is to be used). Bake in well-buttered gem pans for half an hour. If the cook prefers to do so, she can use part rye and part wheat flour.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A writer to the *Prairie Farmer* tried the experiment of fat and hill cultivation for vines. This year squashes, pumpkins, melons and other vegetables were planted, part in hills and part flat. He recommends the level cultivation as the best, as hot weather did greater damage in the hills. In ten days the difference was very marked. Although the flat cultivation was superior for a dry season, the hill system is preferable for a wet one.

—A nice omelette is made of four eggs beaten separately, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt. Add the flour dissolved in a little milk to the yelks, and lightly stir in the whites beaten very stiff, and then the milk. Pour into a deep spider, heated and buttered, and cover with a lid and let it cook on the top of the stove. When you think it sufficiently browned on the bottom place it in the oven for five minutes to finish cooking the top.—*The Household.*

—Cribbing in Horses: I see an inquiry asking for a cure. I will give a cure generally successful in a young horse, and sometimes for old ones. Get some cayenne pepper (red pepper pods will do), and make a strong pepper tea. Wash the stall, manger and feed-box thoroughly with the tea boiled down very strong. Also wash the neck-yoke, and wagon or sleigh-tongue, if driving the horse daily. Do this once a week for several weeks, and if it is a young horse it will most likely cure him. A good many old ones have also been cured.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

"A Mean Business!"

A few years since I met a gentleman, educated for the ministry, who after a few years came into possession, through marriage, of a good farm on the Connecticut River, which had been well managed by the father-in-law and his brother, who owned and improved it in common. On the death of one, the farm and stock were divided; and the homestead, a good-sized farm, with good and convenient buildings, went to this heir, who thought he could run it as well as any other person. He was young, strong and healthy, with a very high estimate of his ability. He tried the experiment. The first season he did not succeed to his expectations, although he had experienced farm helpers; the second season satisfied him, and he was heard to say, "Farming is a mean business," and was only too glad to part with the farm.

The observation of this man's experience has led me to reflect upon what qualifications are requisite in a practical farmer to insure success. Given, as above, a strong, healthy body with a good education and a good farm, with all the necessary appliances of conducting it successfully—this is not all in order to meet with success, or even to make a living and not to go into debt. Good farming involves as much thought as any other vocation. No doubt had this same man put as much thought into his farming as he afterward, as well as before, found essential in his profession, he would have met with success, with time and practice; but courage and perseverance failed him.

The conditions of success in farming are quite as complex as in any other calling. No lazy, listless man, who dreads the drudgery of thinking and working, can ever become a successful farmer. Neither will a mere acquaintance with the ideas and practices of our best progressive farmers warrant success. There must be practical experience on the farm, some degree of practical work, and constant oversight and attendance by the owner. Many failures result from the lack of this, especially with men who disdain to learn the ways of common every-day farmers, in the assurance that they can do as well or a great deal better. This is a great mistake. If anything needs improving, a first requisite is to understand thoroughly its methods and management. A man who wishes to become a superior farmer must first learn how to be a good common farmer; until this is learned, it is best at first to attempt no innovations on the established ways of the neighborhood. Undoubtedly improvements are possible, but it is better to let them be suggested by practical experience. This may possibly not accord with the ideas of "young American" progress, but it will be sure, and may save a mortifying failure. Having become a common farmer, there is more hope that one may become a superior farmer. Thought, economy and work will usually make success pretty certain. Work is only the fulfilling of the original decree passed upon man; trying to avoid it is one cause of hard times and failure: when we all work and economize to the best of our ability, we shall be a happier and more prosperous community.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

Weeds.

Weeds are generally looked upon as a curse and generally charged to Adam's account. They are, on the contrary, a blessing in disguise. With these in the soil the cultivator is from necessity obliged to work the soil to destroy the weeds, and he therefore loosens and mellows it, letting in light and air, preparing it to retain moisture for the benefit of the crop. Were it not for the presence of weeds the soil would many times be left without cultivation so long as to injure the growing crop. In killing weeds the truth of the old adage, "a stitch in time save nine," is plainly seen. When they first show above ground it seems a simple matter, but when they get up so as to cover the ground the work is formidable, besides they have nourished themselves at the expense of the crop, taking up fertility and moisture with remarkable facility and to no possible use. Keep the cultivator at work, keep the weeds down and the soil mellow.—*Exchange.*

—Some one has started the story that Beecher has made a fortune of $2,000,000 out of his literary work. His entire fortune does not exceed $50,000, and half of that has been saved from his salary as a preacher.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Railroader's Relief.

That most comfortable Ticket Office, 187 West street, New York, is presided over by Mr. C. V. V. Ward, who thus addressed one of our representatives recently: "Some months ago I had rheumatism in my right arm, and was unable to raise it. I was advised by a friend to use St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and before the second bottle had been exhausted my arm was perfectly well.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I AM ill-fated," sell the eel, as he passed into the whale's mouth. "How so-nah?"—*The Judge.*

THE success of St. Jacobs Oil throughout the civilized world is without a parallel.—*Richmond (Va.) Southern Planter and Farmer.*

WHAT kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pasturage.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

How a Blundering Judgment May be Responsible for the Most Serious Results.

—Mr. Edwin Booth said recently that he supposed his lungs were affected, having a persistent cough, until he saw Dr. Mackenzie, of London, who found that this symptom arose from a disturbance of the liver.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The above item, which has been going the rounds of the press, is of no special significance other than to the personal friends of Mr. Booth, except that it brings to light a truth of the greatest importance to the world. Few people pass through life without the affliction of a cough at some point in their career. In most cases this is considered the result of a cold or the beginning of consumption, and thousands have become terrified at this revelation and have sought by a change of air and the use of cough medicines to avert the impending disaster. It may safely be said that more than half the coughs which are afflicting the world to-day do not have their origin in the lungs but are the result of more serious troubles in other organs of the body. "Liver coughs" are exceedingly common and yet are almost wholly misunderstood. Arising from a disordered state of the liver they show their results by congesting the lungs. In fact, the efforts of the liver to throw off the disease, produce coughing even when the lungs themselves are in a healthy state.

But it is a mistake to suppose that such delicate tissues as the lungs can long remain in a healthy condition when they are being constantly agitated by coughing. Such a theory would be absurd. Consumption, which was feared at first, is certain to take place unless something is done to check the cause. This must be plain to every thoughtful mind. It stands to reason, therefore, that the only way in which "liver coughs" can be removed is by restoring the liver to health.

In this connection another fact of great importance becomes known, which can best be explained by the relation of an actual event. Mr. W——, a wealthy cattle dealer of Colorado, became greatly reduced in health and came east to Chicago for the purpose of being cured. He consulted Dr. J——, one of the leading physicians of the country on pulmonic subjects and began treatment for the cure of his lungs. But his cough increased while his strength decreased. Finally he determined to consult another physician and applied to Dr. B——. After a careful examination he was informed that his lungs were perfectly sound, while his kidneys were in a most terrible condition. He had all the apparent symptoms of consumption but he was suffering from the terrible Bright's disease. The symptoms of consumption are often the sure indications of Bright's disease.

The above truths regarding coughs have been known by the leading physicians for several years but the public have never been informed of them. They are serious facts, however, and should be understood by all, so that dangers which might otherwise prove fatal may be avoided. They clearly prove one great truth which is, that the kidneys and liver are such vital organs that their health should be constantly guarded. The distressing, hacking cough, which is often dreaded as the forerunner of consumption and the wasting strength which accompanies it, in all probability may arise from weakened or diseased kidneys or liver, to restore which would cause returning health. How this most desirable end may be attained has long been a problem, but few people of intelligence at the present day have longer any doubts that the popular remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has done more to correct, relieve and restore these organs than any other preparations ever before known. There are hundreds of instances which have occurred within the past three months where individuals have believed themselves the victims of consumption, when, in reality it was deranged kidneys and liver, which this remarkable medicine has completely cured, as witness the following statement:

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6, 1882. I believe it to be a fact that thousands of cases of so-called consumption can be successfully treated by simply using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as directed. I was one of the "given up to die" persons—had every symptom of the last stage of consumption—had cough of four years standing, night sweats, chills, etc., etc. A season South did no good, and the fact was the case looked discouraging. I took Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and in three months I regained over twenty pounds, and my health was fully restored. W. C. BEACH,
Foreman Buffalo Rubber Type Foundry.

There are thousands of people in America to-day who believe they are the victims of consumption and destined to an early grave and who are trying to save themselves by the use of consumption cures but are growing worse each hour. Let all such persons stop, and calmly consider whether they are not seeking to check a disease in the lungs when it is located in the kidneys and liver. Let them then treat the disease in its original stronghold and by the remedy which has been proven to be the most effective and then look for the return of health and happiness which such treatment is sure to bring.

A BRAVE RECRUIT.—Tom was a very good boy, sharp and intelligent, but had the reputation of being a coward. Almost anything would excite his nerves or timidity. But he got patriotic when the war began and entered in the three months' service. He was in the skirmishes on several occasions, but was in no regular battle. He behaved splendidly, and almost blotted out the reputation he had at home. The boys in his company had all confidence in him. When Tom returned home he knew more of the world than he did when he left. Some of his old chums who did not go

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the congratulations announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile or nets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

"SOMETHING left over from the fight of yesterday," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of hash.

***"Unbidden guests are often welcomed when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved! Week. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

TO CHANGE window glass to tin—take pains to leave the window open when it rains and it will heat in.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electric Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

THE Colorado beetle has traveled to Europe, but the mosquito stays to home.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

*We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THEY call them war-clouds because they are brought about by the reigning powers.

MRS. BROWN SAYS—Nervous or Dyspeptic Headaches cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment. Removes humors of all kinds. Perfectly safe.

A YOUNG lady of this city calls an admirer who weighs close on to two hundred and fifty pounds her Jum-bean.—*Albany Telegram.*

☞In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cts. than in any Dye Sixpent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

TEMPORARY insanity—time "out of mind."—*Montreal Witness.*

He buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps away from.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

THE thermometer, like a man, rises by degrees.—*Texas Siftings.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SOLD everywhere—is Frazer's Axle Grease. Superior to all others. Try it and be happy.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A. VOGELER & CO.
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It will strengthen the parts affected, stop the unnatural drain and check all decay.

STRANGE that a Graeco-Roman wrestling match should draw a house full of people. It is only a try-fling affair at best.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WRITER signing himself "A well man," writes: "I was ill for years with weakness. Milky urine, palpitation of the heart, bad dreams, etc., were some of the symptoms. I took two bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla and now can sign myself a well man."

GENTLEMAN on the car takes an excellent cigar from his pocket and just as he is about to light it recollects that his fellow-traveler may object to tobacco-smoke. Accordingly, the cigar between his finger and thumb, he turns to his vis-a vis and and says politely: "I beg pardon, sir, but perhaps——" "O, thank you; with pleasure!" And the other traveler takes the cigar and smokes it. (P. S.—Of course it was the polite man's last weed.)

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Exchange.*

If anything will give a good the laudanum and teach him the first principles of astronomy, it is a comfort with a cast-iron fog.

"BOCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

MAMMAS is not interested in raising cucumbers, notwithstanding the low price so much among out of his car.—*Boston Transcript.*

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and where families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN J. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.
The Greatest Bodily Discovery Since the Dawn of History.
It restores the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.
☞Physicians Use it and Prescribe it Freely.☜
It removes Faintness, Salivness, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of men women or child. In fact it is the best.
Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (7)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED
BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
☞For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent article of color for butter, which has proved that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
☞But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world.
It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It
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Strongest, Brightest and
Cheapest Color Made.
☞And, when prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
☞BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
☞If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL

A DOSE FOR MAN & BEAST.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard remedy of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium size, 50 cents; small size, 25 cents. Merchant's