THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

A DREAM.

I.

Wish me joy," he said, and turned,
With the laughter in his eyes;
"Mary, I have won a wife,
And my choice you must approve."
All my cheek and forehead burned,
With a feeling, not surprise;
And I felt that Death is Life,
Was the ending of my love.
Slim she is, and like a fawn,
Wander'ng thro' the woodland ways;
And her voice is soft and low
As the murmur of a dove;
And the promise of the dawn
Blushes quickly in her face;
Mary, can you wonder so,
You, the sister of my love?"
So I tried to speak and smile,
Taking both his hands in mine;
Saying he was worthy her—
Words that seemed to burn and choke.
From my breaking heart the while
Tore the hopes that clasp and twine—
Then with all my pulse astir,
And my brain on fire—I woke!

II.

"Wish me well," he said, and gazed,
All his soul into my eyes;
"Mary, I would win a wife,
Do you care to listen who?"
As for me I stood amazed,
In a sort of glad surprise;
And the secret of my life
Blossomed into beauty new.
"Tall and stately doth she go
Like a queen through woodland ways;
And her voice is sweet and clear
As a muted nightingale's.
Tell me, Mary, do you know
Her, whom I would fitly praise;
But when I have called her dear,
Find no other word avails?"
All the autumn woodland seemed
To awake in summer glow;
As, with blush on cheek and brow,
I confessed him dear to me.
When I told him what I dreamed,
He made answer, laughing low:
"Did they never tell you how
Dreams always contrary go?"

—*G. B. Stuart, in Argosy.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SHADE-HAT.

"See, Nellie, here is just what you want; it will shade your eyes nicely, and be becoming, too."

A pleasant voice spoke close beside the counter, where I lay piled up with a multitude of the "latest out."

The next instant I was picked up by a firm hand, which belonged to an attractive-looking young woman, who gave my brim a dip one way and a bend the other, held me up in several attitudes, walked with me to the mirror, set me back on her head, pulled me down over her eyes, and then tried a medium course, moved away, took a view from over her shoulder, took me off again, and at last replied reflectively:

"Yes, I think I could make it do."

So she bought me, and at her order I was trimmed with some scarlet poppies, and lovely creamy muslin, and sent home.

I was very observant and attentive, and soon learned that Nellie had refused to go with some of her friends to a fashionable watering-place where, as she said, "you dress, and go to dinner; dress, and walk out; dress, and sit on the piazza; dress, and go to the hop." No, she preferred to go to the truly country, have no one to bother her, and stay out-of-doors from morning till night.

"You'll get tired of that, Miss Nell," said a young lady, who came to see her the day we left. "You'll get tired of that, and you'll wish you had gone with us."

"Well, I have your address, and I can find my way to the station," laughed Nellie. "Would you have me in case I repented, and wanted to come?"

"Yes, indeed, and if you promise to come as soon as you want to, it will not be very long before we see you."

"I'll give you time to unpack before you send the carriage for me."

Then she put me on, bade her friends good-by, and we were off.

I think the young lady must have got tired waiting for her, because we did not grow weary of it at all. Nellie's little brother was with us, but he soon found more boys, who took up his entire attention, and he seldom went with us in our walks among the hills and valleys.

We had a lovely time. Nellie told Mrs. Grant, in whose hall I hung when at leisure, when she wished there was more there to interest her, she would like to have the days forty-eight hours long, so that she might have more room to put the enjoyment she found in everything about her.

I can not tell how long we had been there, when, coming in from a walk one afternoon, we found a broad-brimmed, black-banded panama hat hanging on my own particular peg. I was so angry at the intrusion that I fell down three times while Nellie was trying to hang me and at last was put in another place by sheer force.

The interloper was afterward worn by a gentleman, who called Mrs. Grant auntie, and whom Nellie addressed as Dr. Wentworth.

I thought him a very fine young man, but Nellie did not appear particularly impressed, and several times I thought he would like to have joined us when we went out in the morning, but she gave him no encouragement to do so.

One day, however, we got into difficulty. We were sauntering along through some charming woodland; Nellie swung me from one hand, while the other held her sachel containing her novel, sketch-book and worsted work. We were enjoying ourselves very much, when wh-r-r! buzz! and the whole air seemed full of wings! Something flew against Nellie with sudden force, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground, and she was in full retreat in the opposite direction.

I do not know how she felt, but I was scared. Would she never come back? Was I to lie there always till sun, wind and rain had done their worst?

I had almost despaired of ever seeing any one again, when a big dog rushed up and seized me, and with a few bounds laid me—yes, would you believe it?—right at Nellie's feet. I was so glad. And there was Dr. Wentworth with game-bag and gun ready to pick me up.

I came up just in time to hear him tell how he was frightened the same way once when he was a small boy, before he knew the ways of partridges.

"They are shy enough, usually," he said, "but when there is a brood of little ones, like those you happened on just now, they are only too ready to fly in your face."

After that we used to encounter him often, and he and Nellie came to be very good friends, till one day I was electrified by hearing him say something which sounded exactly like the books I heard people reading and talking about.

I was so agitated that every poppy trembled.

"I can not read the stories myself," thought I, "but is it possible that I am to witness a genuine love affair?"

Such seemed to be the indications; but as time passed on I found I did not have all the opportunities for observation that I might have wished, for Dr. Wentworth very often declared that I was in the way, and would quietly remove, and set me quite aside, where I could not see what was going on, nor yet quite get the full import of their conversation. But once I heard a soft rustle I used to hear in the wheat field, long before I was a hat.

We were all very happy together for some time. I even grew to tolerate the broad-brimmed, black-banded Panama, we were thrown aside together so often.

But, after a time, there came a serious change. I never knew what it was about, or how it happened, and probably I never shall, so long as there is one straw of my anatomy left upon another.

My wearer and the doctor stopped going out together, met very seldom, and when they did see each other the coldness of the atmosphere about them made me feel out of season.

I staid in the hall more than usual. Mr. Wentworth came in the door one morning, just as Miss Nellie came down stairs with a shawl over her arm, and took me from my peg. They greeted each other very politely, and he, supposing she was going out, held the door open a moment, but she turned and went up stairs again, taking me with her. I suppose she was disappointed because she did not go out for she just threw herself down, and cried as if her poor heart would break.

We were going home in a few days, and she did not leave her room very often while we staid. Once, a note was brought up, but when she saw the writing on the outside she sent it away without looking at it.

The last day we were there I was in the hall once more, and when no one else was near Dr. Wentworth came in, and put a note between my lining and the straw, and he said softly all to himself.

"She certainly will see this. If she would only let me explain!"

Nellie's brother came flying through the hall a few minutes after, knocked me down, and, of course, the note fell out.

"What a queer place for Nell to keep her letters," he said. "Well, I'll fix it so it won't drop out again."

And he pushed it in out of sight, so securely, indeed, that nobody was likely to see it but the one whom it there.

Nellie did not wear me back to the city, but put me back in her trunk. I was taken no notice of for a long time, when I was found one day by a very kind young lady who surveyed me critically, and said:

"That has been a pretty hat."

"That old thing, yes, I wore it last summer. I think I will give it to our washwoman," replied Nellie.

I felt injured. Of course, I did not expect to stay with her always—hats never feel the same after one season any way—but I just did want to know how that story came out, and how could I know if I was given to the washwoman? I could not see what was the matter with me; I was a trifle faded to be sure, but Nellie herself was not nearly so bright and pretty as she used to be.

I was forthwith presented to Mrs. Muldooney, who, when asked if I would be of any use to her, answered promptly:

"Bless me, it will help to cheer up the dear child amazingly. She's been sick in her bed this two months so she can't move nor stir, and the doctor tending, her all the while, though he takes nothin' for his trouble, but just lets me do him a little washin' now and then."

She took me home, and, though I was not accustomed to such surroundings as I found myself among, I was appreciated once more. Nellie never enjoyed my half so much as did the pale little girl, who clapped her tiny, thin hands when she saw me.

"Are there really flowers like these in the country, mother?" she asked, touching the poppies lightly.

"Yes, indeed, dearie," answered the woman, in such a different voice from what she had used before, "yes, darlin', and you shall see for yourself when the summer comes again; we'll go where we can have plenty of them. Only hurry and get well."

The child lay perfectly quiet, and gazed wistfully at the bit of blue sky, visible from her window, and I was afraid she would never see the fresh country, she looked so like the lilies just before the petals fall off, and leave only the withered stem.

After a time there came a step upon the stairs, and the white little face brightened up wonderfully, then the door opened, and a cheery voice asked:

"And how is my little patient to-day? almost ready to send me out?"

"I guess I'm better, but I don't want you to go away; and only see what mother brought me from where she works. Isn't it lovely? Did you ever see any flowers quite so nice as these?"

With these words she held me up, and when I saw that doctor I was more surprised than I ever was before in all my experience. Why, it was Dr. Wentworth, Nellie's friend, who was not her friend any more. He was, like myself, looking much older than when I first saw him, and there were tired, troubled-looking lines about his mouth and eyes.

He seemed astonished, too, at seeing me, and, when he took me up, his hand trembled like the leaves. He looked at me thoughtfully, and passed his hand around the inside of my crown; something rustled as he did so, and in a few seconds his note was in his own hands again.

For a long time he did not speak, only sat quietly holding me firmly in his hand. Then he spoke in such a low, subdued tone.

"Little one, do you know where your mother got this?"

"No, but she does," answered the child, "and if you want to know I'll ask her when she comes home again, and tell you."

"I should like to know very much," he replied.

"Do you think it such a pretty hat?" she asked.

"Little girl," and the doctor took a small pale hand in his, "can you think of anything in the world you would rather have than this hat?"

"Why, doctor!"

"Think hard before you answer, and don't be afraid of saying anything too great."

"What could be nicer than these, except real flowers that grow in the ground? You know there isn't anything nicer than flowers except the hand-organ man; he only comes once in a while though."

"Did you ever see the bouquets in the florist's window, when you were well and could go out in the street?"

"Oh, yes. Don't you think the man in the flower shop ought to be very happy?"

"And did you ever hear of little boxes that had music inside of them, and you had only to wind them up as your mother does her clock, and they play the most beautiful music?"

"Oh, they don't have those here, do they? Did you really ever see one?"

"If the florist's boy brought you a splendid bouquet every day, and the expressman brought a music box, and Miss Bleacher, around the corner, sent in the prettiest little hat in her window for you, do you think you could give me this hat, and let me take it away with me?"

"Why, Dr. Wentworth, are you a fairy godmother? Are these my three wishes? And are you going to vanish?"

"Not till you say this hat is mine, then I will vanish to the florist's to the music store, and to Miss Bleacher's."

The child did not speak, but only held me out to him, and when he took me away I was sorry to leave her, she looked so happy.

The doctor and I got into the buggy and drove off. One does not get the nicest kind of a ride under the seat of a buggy. When we got to the doctor's office I felt confused and dizzy. He laid me down on the table, and went out.

When he came in again a boy was there, dusting and setting things in order.

"Shall I sling this old hat away?" said the boy, seizing me and going toward the window.

"Here, you young villain, bring that back."

And Dr. Wentworth scowled at the boy, and took me away. He carried me to another room, and put me away in a trunk with some books and queer-looking things, quite unlike anything I had ever seen in Nellie's trunks.

I spent the time thinking about what I had seen, and in speculating about the future; I was anxious to see the end of the story. I waited a long, long time for further developements, and at last grew tired of waiting. Still time went on, and nobody came to take me out. I grew stiff and yellow. I felt in every straw and thread that I was undeniably an old hat.

I must have passed into a dormant state in which I remained I know not how long.

But suddenly I found myself in broad daylight again, and when I had collected myself sufficiently to know what was about me, I was astonished to find myself being held off at arm's length by my own Nellie, in a pretty pink domestic apron, a prettier pink dusting cap, and the prettiest pink in her cheeks I ever saw.

"John Wentworth, what is this?" she asked.

"A shade hat, I think you used to call it, my dear."

"I should think so. It is the very hat I wore two years ago in the country," she said.

"As I distinctly remember, Mrs. Wentworth."

"Where did you get it, and what is it doing here?" Nellie asked.

"I got it from Mrs. Muldooney's little girl, and it is there because it is one of my treasures."

Then he told her all about his finding me, that day, with the little sick girl, and how when he saw the note there he knew she had never seen it, and how he had got her address and heard about her from Mrs. Muldooney.

"So you see, if it had not been for this hat I might never have found you again, and this day instead of having the best wife in the world I should have been a confirmed old bachelor."

I slipped down behind the table, and nobody paid any attention to me. They must have been nearer each other than I was to either of them, because I could hardly catch a word they said. But I heard again the same sweet sound that puzzled me once before, while we were spending the summer in the country.—*Susie B. Steadman, in Ballou's Magazine.*

The Otter.

The otter resembles the weasel in form and motion, but is very different from it in many other respects. The otter, unlike the weasel, lives almost exclusively in the water and never allows its curiosity to overcome its discretion. A full-grown otter is from three and one-half to four feet in length from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail, and weighs from twelve to twenty pounds; is of a dark brown color about the head and shoulders and nearly black further back, with occasionally an individual that is just black all over; but a perfectly black otter is very rare. I never have seen but three. The fur is short, thick and very fine, and will wear longer than any other fur. An otter can not run very rapidly (it never walks, it jumps like a weasel, except that in traveling on the snow where it is level or a little descending it drops its fore feet back by its side and slides along on its breast, propelling itself by its hind feet, and I have seen where it has slid ten rods at a time without moving its feet at all, and the trac looks as though you had drawn along a six inch log. They sometimes travel long distances overland and even over quite high mountains, but this is not common; their home is in the water, and there they are at home in earnest. They live exclusively on fish, which they can catch with perfect ease by outswimming them. If an otter takes after a fish there is no escape, unless it can get into so small a place that the otter can not follow. It can out swim even a trout. It does not use its fore feet in swimming, but drops them back the same as it does while sliding on the snow and propels itself with its hind feet, which are webbed. It prefers trout to any other fish, and will eat three or four pounds per day. It is a very strong, sharp bitten animal, and will whip two ordinary dogs. It is a very hardy, long-lived animal, often attaining the age of twenty years. It breeds once a year, dropping its young (three or four) about the first of May, and generally selects some small stream that is very secluded and well stocked with trout. Of all the wild animals of the Adirondacks the otter is the wildest. It is very hard to trap, not only on account of its natural shyness, but also from a penchant that it has for catching its own food, and consequently it can not be baited. In one respect the otter is very much like the average boy; it loves to slide down hill. It selects some steep bank that has water at the bottom, and then it goes up and slides down into the water, and so repeats the operation over and over again, apparently just for amusement; and trappers knowing of this fact take advantage of it and set their traps about a foot under water at the bottom of the slide, and thus frequently capture him, but it requires the smartest of traps to hold one. An otter can remain from ten to fifteen minutes under water and can swim a quarter of a mile without taking breath, and I have heard it stated that when the water is frozen over it would take in a breath, swim as far as it can, come up against the ice, let out the bubble until it becomes reoxygenated, take it in again and go on, and so repeat the operation as often as necessary, and cross any pond or small lake; but for the truth of this statement I do not vouch. It has a mortal fear of any human track, and I have known it to come to a man's track in the snow and cruise along in sight of it for a mile or more before it could muster up courage to cross, and the least disturbance about their slide will drive them away for a long time. Trappers generally set their traps from a boat, and do not make the least mark on land. It is not remarkably sharp sighted but its sense of smell is something wonderful. Upon the whole, the otter seems to understand the first law of nature—"self-preservation"—in a marked degree.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

Modern Foot-Gear.

What ever led to the contrivance of such a foot-gear as the modern is something that it exceeds the acuteness of the intellectual powers to discover—why it came to be considered that there was any especial beauty in two thin slips at the ends of our feet, instead of a presentation of the perfect outlines that are seen in the foot of the new-born child or the young barefooted savage, or why, in this age of reason and enlightenment, it is allowed to pass that a Paris boot-maker knows better about what is fitting to represent the shape of the human foot, or to support the human frame, than nature, which made something absolutely different from the desired effect of that Parisian boot, and the supposed shape inside it. And still more wonderful is it that we endure bondage if we really recognize the superiority of nature to the craftsman, while we also know that the uncompressed foot is more wholesome and more lovely than the result of bandages and bindings; that we ourselves confess to feeling exquisite sweetness and charm in a baby's dimpled, rosy, shell-like sockless feet and disgust at the grown up foot; that the artist who comes nearer to the knowledge of positive and incontrovertible beauty, by instinct, by natural bias, and by education, than any other, prefers the lines of the unconfined foot, and not only that, but prefers a foot of size equal to the proper carriage of the body, condemning too small a foot as unfit, unsymmetrical, and ungraceful; and that, lastly, the designer of the frame where all the rest is so adjusted and so adapted, and so fair in its original intent, designed the foot as it is, and as it is best it should be, and not in the outlines of the last of the best Parisian boot-maker that ever waxed an end.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Credulous Briton.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind on the part of an actress is reported from Chelseaville, in Texas. At a part of the piece where she was the only person on the stage she was informed from the wings that a fire had broken out behind the scenes. Instead of making a precipitate retreat, and thereby causing a disastrous panic—as nine persons out of ten in her position would have done—she quietly ordered the curtain to be lowered, and, stepping to the footlights, she said to the audience: "Ladies and gentleman—A drama in real life as terrible as unexpected has just been enacted behind the scenes. Our manager, in a fit of jealousy, has killed the leading lady and cut his own throat afterward. This double tragedy prevents, of course, the continuance of the performance. The bodies have been removed to a neighboring house, where they are to be seen." The public, whose curiosity was naturally very much excited, cleared the theatre with the utmost promptitude, but without accident, no one feeling the sense of danger which constitutes, in fact, the greatest peril on such occasions; but, instead of the two corpses which they expected to find, they only saw a thick column of smoke rising from the rear of the building they had just vacated.—*St. James' Gazette.*

General Ignatieff's Home.

The *Revue Diplomatique* describes General Ignatieff's home close to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg as a beautiful residence. It is fronted by four somber columns, which give it a mournful air, but when the portals are passed the interior is charming. The Minister himself occupies only two rooms, in one of which he receives his guests, while the other is a library or den, where his real work is done. The reception room is a veritable museum of eastern curiosities. Japanese stuffs and curtains, and hangings from China in all sorts of fantastic patterns are scattered about. There are Turkish sofas and Persian chairs, while articles of vertu lie about in picturesque confusion. One sees the tastes of a man who has passed his life in the East. The workshop contains a collection of historical arms, unique of their kind; each piece has a tradition, and each is marked by rich and curious workmanship; all have been given him at one time or another by their owners. One sees the pistols of the last sovereign Prince of Albania, a long poniard of Schamyl, and a gem richly chased presented by the Sultan Abdul Aziz.

—A tramp, passing a stationer's, read this sign: "Wanted a man to feed a ruling machine." Stepping inside he incidentally remarked to the proprietor that he didn't know that he could feed a ruling machine, but if he wanted a man to rule a feeding machine, or fool a reading machine, or a man to fool a reeling machine, or read a fooling machine, or reel a fooding machine, or a man to feel a rooding mac— Whir-r-r, biff! and the tramp lay in the street. In answer to the inquiry of "What was the matter?" of a passer-by, he sadly remarked: "Oh, nuthin'—only another Bliggins wizzard——."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Some of the newspapers seem to think it wonderful that so many of our millionaires were poor boys. Success in life does not depend upon the starting point. As in swimming a race it makes little difference at the end whether a man wades in or jumps in, whether he starts from a rock, a bank of sand, or a boat in the stream; so in the battle of life it is not the point of starting, but the direction of the start and the vigor and endurance and good judgment that are brought into play, that bring great results.—*Boston Traveler.*

—One of the most noted housekeepers in Talbotton, Ga., has not bought a pound of store lard in forty-five years. She also has never failed to plant her Irish potato crop during the dark nights of February in forty-five years, and this year is the first year in forty-five that she has failed to put hog hair on her potatoes. She maintains that nothing helps Irish potatoes like a small bunch of hog hair put on the top of each seed potatoe placed in the ground.

—The Chicago *Tribune* declares that no matter how much money is spent for protective works on the Mississippi, the floods will have their way, and the stream held back in one place will make itself a new channel about as it pleases, and concludes that the country will have to consider the much-neglected plan for the improvement of the Mississippi suggested by an old river captain—to make outlets and cut-offs, and help the floods to discharge themselves faster.

—A Boston paper talks fiercely about "The Tax on Brains." But what in the name of Cape Cod and Plymouth Rock does a Boston editor know about such a subject? Ministers and Salem witches defend us when the Hub forgets its "culchaw" and runs after such strange gods as "brains."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—According to a correspondent of the Providence *Journal* there is known and practiced in Fall River a method of manufacturing milk in which there is not a drop of the pure article, but which defies the test of the lactometer. It is even asserted that every milkman in the town has bought the right to manufacture the article.

Important Proclamation.

The Hon. Peter Bowe is Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Recently, in conversation with one of our reporters, Mr. Bowe proclaimed the following fact: "I consider St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. Mrs. Bowe always has a bottle of it there, and makes a family remedy of it."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

A CREWEL thing: The art of embroidery.

JOSH BILLINGS says that money can not buy the wag of a dog's tail. No, but it can stop it. Money buys knives, don't it?—*New Haven Register.*

'Tis the piano-mover who stoutly holds the forte.

A BOY is leading a goat around by a rope recently, when a pedestrian asked if he wanted to sell the animal. "Course not; we just got him," was the reply. "What did you want of a goat?" "Nothing much. We bought him to get ahead of the Browns, who have a fox, but they've gone, and got even again." "How?" "Why, three of the family have been mesmerized, and Johnny has had two teeth filled."—*Detroit Free Press.*

GOOD substitute for sea-bathing: Write *C*, and dash under it.

ALWAYS in a very critical condition: The book reviewer.

WASHINGTON was naturally a soldier. Born late in February, he was soon on the March.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ARITHMETICAL proposition: How many ounces are there in the village pound?

LOSSES by fire: Money spent for cigars.

HOOD's "Song of the Shirt" was originally played by the wrist-band.—*N. Y. News.* Mistake, it was a sew-low.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

DRAWING it very strong—Pulling on a Jersey Havana.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

TURNING-POINT in life: See gray hairs and then dye.

A MANIFEST O—A shout of surprise—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A BAD lot—The lot you have to pay taxes on and can't sell.

CHICKEN salad often re-wa's yesterdy's dinner.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

OUR infant industries—Cradle manufactories.

"HAVE you had a job to-day, Tim?" inquired a well-known legal gentleman of the equally well-known, jolly, florid faced old dray man, who, rain or shine, summer or winter, is rarely absent from his post in front of the Michigan Exchange. "Bedad, I did, sor." "How many?" "Only two, sor." "How much did you get for both?" "Twenty cints, sor." "Seventy cents! How do you expect to live and keep a horse on seventy cents a day?" "Some days I have half a dozen jobs, sor; but hirsiss has been dull to-day, sor. Only the handling of a thrunk for a gentleman for forty cints, an' a load av furniture for thirty cints; a big load, sor." "Do you carry big loads of household goods for thirty cents?" "She was a poor widdy, sor, an' had no more to give. I took all she had, sor; an' bedad, sor, a lyver could have done no better nor that, sor." And old Tim had won the first fall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. F. L. CAREY, of Madison, Ind., writes: "I was completely broken up with rheumatism, and was also suffering from indigestion and piles. My mother, Mrs. Whiten, living in Louisville, wrote, advising me to try Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I did so. I also bathed my joints with vinegar and salt. This treatment relieved me of all suffering."

SINCE the advent of the telephone it is more than ever true that walls have ears.—*Detroit Post.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following narrative is self-explanatory. The letter which precedes it is a true copy of the original, and was sent to us, together with the details, by an officer now in the United States Navy.

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NOMAD,
NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS.,
JANUARY 31, 188-.

My Dear Friend: Your kind letter containing congratulations on my restoration to health is before me. When we parted thirty months ago little did we imagine that either would be brought near death's door by a disease which selects for its victims those who present an internal field of constitutional weakness for its first attack, because you and I were in those days the personification of health; and you claim this to-day, thank God! Why I can date now with the 1st of November, when we meet at your dinner, as you only know that I have passed through a terrible illness; my delivery from death being due to the wonderful discovery in medical science, made by a man who to-day stands in the front rank of his profession, and who is loved by any in my own opinion. That I, who heretofore have ever been the most orthodox believer in the old school of medicine its application and results, should thus recant in favor of that which is scorned by all practitioners, is strange, but "seeing is believing," and when I tell you that the attack made on my old hulk, how near I came to lowering my colors, and the final volley, which, through the agency above-mentioned, gave me victory, you will at least credit me with just cause for sincerity in my thankfulness and belief. I will also spin my yarn anent my China cruise, and, altogether, expect to entertain as well as be entertained by you. With best wishes, Sincerely yours,

REAR ADMIRAL U. S. NAVY.

HON. GEORGE WENDELL,
Sinclair Place, Boston.

An autumnal afternoon in the year 188- found the taut flag ship *Nomad* rounding the treacherous and dangerous extremity of South America. And this day certainly intended to place itself on record with those of its predecessors marked stormy, its mastmen in wind and weather, giving all hands on board the flagship their fill in hard work and discomforts. The record of the *Nomad* on this cruise, which she was now completing on her homeward bound pass go to Boston, had been most disagreeable, when considered in the light of heavy weather work. From ours to Aden, then on to Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki and Yokohama, the balance sheet stood largely in favor of old Neptune's rough characterization, but with remarkable exceptions the health and original roster of the ship's company stood this day as it did nearly three years ago—with one exception. Throughout the diverse and varied exposures incidental to cruising over the Asiatic station, where cholera, fevers, liver complaints, malaria, and colds of all degrees reign in full force, none of the crew had suffered more than temporary inconvenience, and thus it seemed very hard that now, in the closing days of the cruise, there stood nine chances for, to one against, a victory being at last scored for the destroying angel. When the *Nomad* reached Shanghai in the early portion of her cruise her admiral was the healthiest man aboard. A grand specimen of manhood was he. Over six feet in height, weighing two hundred pounds, broad in chest and strong in limb, he rightly claimed for himself a full share of Nature's blessings. While returning late one night from a diplomatic reception at the Consulate at Shanghai, through overheating and insufficient protection from the dangerous effects of the peculiarly damp and searching night air, he caught cold. "Only a cold," remarked the admiral to the doctor of his ship, "and easy to cure." No thought the medical officers, but with a quiet though insidious progression, this cold clung to the admiral in spite of their best efforts to eradicate it, and when the time came for leaving Yokohama, homeward bound, the admiral realized that his lungs and throat were decidedly out of order. The doctors advised returning home by mail steamer to San Francisco, so that greater means for curing this persistent cough might be found in the Naval Hospital there; but the admiral preferred to stick to his ship, still disagreeing that his trouble would eventually be overcome by the doctors' treatment.

No one who looked at the admiral even in those days imagined that he would fall a victim to lung trouble. But it was the old story again typified in the case, only a cold at first; and in spite of orthodox treatment the peculiar climatic effects of China nursed it, and hastened the sure result of such a deep-seated trouble. Time passed after leaving Yokohama for Boston, bringing varying symptoms in the admiral's case, and the doctors imagined that they held the disease in check at least. But with the formation of tubercles, night-sweats, and the now rapid consumption of lung tissues, which had set in with alarming symptoms, the patient realized that his cold had laid the seeds of that fell agent of death, consumption. The hacking cough of the admiral had in itself been sufficient food for serious consideration, and now, as in the warm autumn days the flagship gallantly rode over the blue waters of the Pacific bound for Cape Horn, the doctors hoped much for success. But this boisterous afternoon found the good ship struggling with gigantic seas set off from the Cape by a fierce northerly wind. Leaden were the heavens and sad the hearts of all aboard, for the morning the usual bulletin of the medical officers had set forth this intelligence: "The admiral is in same condition as reported last night. A burning fever has been slightly reduced, while other symptoms are as heretofore announced." All understood these words without questioning. The beloved admiral had during the past two weeks sunk very low. The symptoms of blood-poisoning, a torpid liver, intense pains throughout the body, eyesight and mental faculties affected, appetite gone, through inaction of that great regulator—the liver. These were the foes which had reduced the admiral from the pinnacle of health to the valley and shadow of death. *Consumption* held full sway now, and the well-known skill of naval doctors was in this instance at least completely foiled.

The admiral had issued orders for the flagship to touch at Montevideo for coal, and it was the intention of the doctors to land the admiral there for treatment. But one man in the ship was wrapped in the gloom of despair, as standing by the weather rigging on the poop deck he gazed absently over the seething waste of waters. This was the admiral's son, a lieutenant, and attached to his father's staff. He feared that the wear and tear of ship-life would sap his father's strength beyond endurance, and before the ship could reach Montevideo. Among a group of sailors gathered around one of the great guns on the spar deck stood the captain of the fore-top, Brown, a slight but healthy looking man. His companions were listening to a recital of his sufferings from consumption, which had developed while he was attached to the sloop-of-war *Ranger*, lying in the harbor of Yokohama a year ago, the "yarn" having been started by a discussion about the admiral's condition. The men had just returned from some work around the deck, an order for which had interrupted Brown's story a few moments previously.

"A year ago this day I was hove to in the 'pill man's' sick bay in the *Ranger*, then off Yokohama, an' I tell you, pards, 'twas no use pipin' my number, 'cause I was nigh on passin' in my enlistment papers for a long cruise aloft," continued Brown. "Consumption had me flat aboard, and the doctor says it was no use to stow away his lush in my hold seein' that my bellows was condemned by a higher power than he could wrastle with."

"How did you pucker out of it?" asked a gunner's mate.

"Wa'all," replied Brown, "my Chinee washman come to me one mornin' an' he says to me, 'me hab got allee same Mellican man mellikin, do you heap good?' I says bring it off, Changy, I buy all the same. That afternoon Chang hove up with fourteen bottles of a lush, enough to kill or cure the whole ship's crew, an' that looked fresh in their nice wrappers. Says Chang, 'China man doctor hab got plentee more, he make heap good well with my sick, this number one medikin allee same through Yokohama.' Wa'all, I took the bottles an' told the doctor I was goin' to try one as by the mills' orders on the bottle, an' the doctor he laughed and says 'twas no good, but I d'dee as the regulations says from the first, an' here I am, ag'in the doctor's ideas to be sure!"

With this triumphant assertion Brown looked about the circle. Then, lowering his voice, said, "boys, I've four of those precious bottles left—ain't give 'em all away yet after I was cured—an' if you all think that it would not be too free with the 'old man,' suppose I go to his cabin on the quarter deck an' say what I have to you, an', askin' his pardon, say we want the admiral to try the stuff in my bottles, mets' that they cured my consumption."

This idea met with approval from all sides. Therefore Brown walked off for the interview with the admiral's son, with no other say city in his great heart as to the result of his mission. Approaching the lieutenant, Brown saluted, and asked for permission to state his reason for doing so. This was readily granted, and Brown spoke out.

"Seeing that I was cured of consumption, lieutenant, I make bold to ask if I can tell you how, an' why I've the reasons for wishing you to use on your father what was my salvation."

In a few moments the lieutenant had Brown's story out, and much to his father's gratification, granted a ready permission to him. It did not take Brown long to run to his duty box, get the bottles of medicine, and return to the lieutenant with them.

"I'm afraid that the doctors will kick at the use of this blessed stuff, an' what will you do, sir," said Brown, as he placed the medicine in the cabin orderly's hand to be taken into the admiral's room.

"I will attend to that Brown, and rest assured that your remedy will have a fair trial in spite of my opposition. It will not have my father jolting from your at moment and the opinion of the Medical officers of the *Nomad*."

"Thank you, sir, an' God help the admiral in weather his trouble, is the prayer of all the ship," said Brown, as the lieutenant turned to enter the cabin.

There was no cessation in the storm that evening. The gale howled through the rigging in wild, discordant tones, the great ship labored through the white-capped mountains of water that threatened to engulf her with each blow of the thunders which peal on peal. Within the admiral's cabin the Argand lights, the comfortable furniture, and the numerous evidences of the admiral's wanderings, near land and water, as slept and in choice bric-a-brac and trinkets, gave to the room a warm, snug appearance, most pleasing this wild night to those within. In his state room lay the admiral, made comfortable by all that loving hands and willing hearts could suggest. By his side sat his son, who in quiet voice was recounting to his father the interview with Brown, and the opposition met with from the doctors when the idea of giving this new medicine was broached.

"You were sleeping at the time, father, and therefore missed a laughable scene, to do so, in spite of your condition, by the intense dislike displayed by the doctors for this 'new-fangled stuff' this patent lush, which they declared should never with their consent be given to you. Well, I cut the matter short by saying that I would take all the responsibility and with your permission would administer it. That I obtained when I found you awake and saw you are under my care. The first bottle, as per directions. I am satisfied, dear father, that it will do you good, a presentition filling my heart that at last we have found the means of arresting the burning fever and hacking cough which have been troubling you so much."

The admiral's reply was a nod short by a severe spell of coughing, during which he spat blood, and when finished sank back exhausted. But the grateful look which he bestowed on his son was an additional assurance of belief in that which the admiral had at first dubbed as a possible but doubtful means of doing him any good. But laying aside his dislike for any but old-established remedies, the admiral acquiesced in his son's request, and now, after the lapse of a week, admitted that the effect of the dose had softened the dreadful severity of the racking cough.

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Three weeks latter found the *Nomad* making the harbor of Monte video. After severe and prolonged weather she had rounded the Cape and now was standing in the harbor for the purpose of recoaling and watering. To one given to the study of human lineaments the faces of those aboard the flagship this bright morning would have afforded infinite scope for such pursuit. But the source of joy which made a happiness flowed from the same fountain of grateful joy. The beloved admiral was the cause of this. And why? If you could have seen the admiral this bright morning, dear reader, your wonder would have been easily found in his face. A changed man was the admiral. Victory was perching on his standard; the dread enemy was slowly retreating! The fight was a severe one, but with no cessation in vigilant action and careful application of the contents of four bottles the admiral had turned the flank of consumption, and was slowly but surely driving him off the field with a power which astonished the doctors and filled all hearts with joy and thankfulness.

What was this then that had won the victory for the seaman Brown, and was now leading the admiral's shattered forces to the same grand result? When asked this question of the officer on duty, in Monte video, the admiral, slowly lifting his hand, replied, "I would that in letters of gold, and so placed that all the world could read them, the name of this great remedy could be shown, coupled with the genius who discovered it, Doctor George Medical Discovery! Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the man who has given to his fellow men the greatest relief from all his mortal flesh is heir to!"

"This is the name of the contents of that bottle on my table, and God bless the man who has found the secret of filling it with a medicine at once purifying and strengthening, wholesome and thorough in its results, and claiming, in my humble opinion, nothing for itself that it cannot reasonably perform. Nature's ally against the abuse of man!"

Well might the admiral sing the praises of that which had so unexpectedly rescued him from a fatal illness. When the ship anchored the first commission for the admiral's son to execute was a large purchase of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, as the admiral sadly admitted, he had seen in every port he visited around and had only admired as an evidence of the energy and enterprise of an American who could thus place his Golden Medical Discovery in every nook and corner of the globe. But now he was one more to testify to the wonderful power of this medicine, and certainly did so in Montevideo, by praising it up to all the high officials who visited him.

A week later and the *Nomad* sailed for Boston direct. What the condition of the admiral was when she arrived there is shown in his letter above. Let it be recorded to the credit of the doctors on the flagship that they were completely cured of all dislike for the Golden Medical Discovery, used it faithfully on the voyage to Boston, and landed, through its wonderful power, the admiral completely restored; and more than one poor fellow who started out in the sick bay of the *Nomad*. What staunch friends the Golden Medical Discovery made in that ship!

The above, reader, is an outline of the story spun by the admiral to his friend when they met at the dinner. We will not touch on other portions of his interesting recital of his cruise in China, only adding to record his testimony for the greatest wonder of medical science that this nineteenth century of surprising developments has produced.

From the wonderful power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery over that terrible fatal disease consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, when first offering this new world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that proves the wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by disease get in the blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and soundness of constitution are established.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden