YAMHILL REPORTER,

SNYDER & WARREN, - - PROPRIETORS.

McMINNVILLE, - OREGON

THE WAY OF LIFE.

The warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray;
"Enough," he cried, "away with love—away!"

A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled,
"Mother, I'll love thee ever!" spake the child.

A maiden gazed into the night sky wide—
"Oh, I will love him when he comes!" she sighed.

These three moved on along the way of life:
A fair face lured the soldier from his strife,
Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child's name,
The lover to the maiden never came.
—*March Century.*

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

The first notice that was taken of me when I "settled down," recently, was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the United States Internal revenue department. I said I had never heard of his branch of business before, but I was very glad to see him all the same—would he sit down? He sat down. I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighborhood.

He said he was.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness turned on, "full head," as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business, in spite of his obscure answers—and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I said:

"Now, you never would guess what I made lecturing this winter and last spring."

"No—don't believe I could to save me. Say seventeen hundred, maybe?"

"Ha, ha! I knew you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"Why, it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn't all?"

"All? Why, bless you, there was my income from the newspapers for four months—about—about—well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?"

"Say? Why, I should say I should like to see myself rolling in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note of it. Why, man—and on top of all this I am to understand that you had still more income?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, you're only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book—'The Innocents Abroad'—price $3 50 to $5, according to the binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that, but just simply during the four months and a half ending March 15, 1870, we've sold ninety-five thousand! Think of it. Average four dollars a copy, say. It's nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son. I get half!"

"The suffering Moses! I'll set that down. Fourteen-seven-fifty—eight—two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word, the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. Is that possible?"

"Possible! If there is any mistake it's the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, cash, is my income for this year if I know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. At the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement.

As soon as he had gone I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the batter-cakes."

By and by, when I came to, I sent down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger, and give me a lift occasionally in the day time, when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax return—a string of impertinent questions about my private affairs occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print—questions, I may remark, gotten up with such marvelous ingenuity that the oldest man in the world couldn't understand what the most of them were driving at—questions, too, that were calculated to make a man report about four times his actual income to keep from swearing to a lie. I looked for a loop-hole, but there did not appear to be any. Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generously and as amply as an umbrella could cover an ant hill.

"What were your profits in 1869, from any trade, business or vocation, wherever carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary or highway robbery, or by any arson or other secret source of emolument in my statement of income as set opposite to my inquiry No. 1.

It was strange that the stranger had enabled me to make an ass of myself. It was very, very plain, and I went out and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of $214,000. By law $1,000 of this was exempt from income tax—the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent. I must pay over to the government the appalling sum of ten thousand six hundred and fifty dollars income tax.

I am acquainted with a very opulent man whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed, by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto!—I was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by deftly manipulating the bill of "deductions." He set down my "State, national and municipal taxes" at so much; my "losses by shipwreck, fire, etc.," at so much; my "losses on sales of real estate"—on "live stock sold"—on "payments for rent of homestead"—on "repairs, improvements, interest"—on "previously taxed salary as an officer of the United States army, navy, revenue service," and other times. He got astonishing "deductions" out of each and every one of these matters—each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper, and I saw at a glance that during the year 1869 my income, in the way of profits, had been one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.

"Now," said he, "the thousand dollars is exempt by law. When you want to do it go and swear this document in, and pay tax on the two hundred and fifty dollars."

[While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two dollar greenback out of his vest pocket and vanished with it, and I would bet anything that if my stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow he would make a false return of his income.]

"Do you," said I, "do you always work up the 'deductions' after this fashion in your own case, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! If it wern't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'Deductions' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical government."

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of the city, the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness, and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eye of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie, fraud after fraud, villainy after villainy, till my immortal soul was coated inches and inches thick with perjury, and my self-respect was gone forever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest and richest and proudest and most respected, honored and courted men in America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, talk little and wear fire-proof gloves, lest I fall into certain habits irrevocably.—[Mark Twain.

A SOBER DIARY.

The following diary of a legislator was sent to this office in mistake for a ten dollar bill, which the honest member owes to this establishment: "Monday: Have just sobered up, and determined not to take another drink. This thing has gone far enough, and I plainly see that unless I check myself in this wild career of whoop and and repeat the dose, I am hopelessly gone and thoroughly in debt. A strange strength comes to my aid. In after years my grandchildren will read what I now write, and feel a swelling sense of pride. Tuesday: Made a temperance speech. Stood up and looked like a man who never touched a drop of whisky. Received congratulations and went to a restaurant to take oysters with friends. Finally took a glass of wine. Took another. Another bottle ordered. Drank freely. Stood up and repeated my temperance speech. Bootblack thrust his head through the doorway and leered at me. Threw the vinegar bottle at him. Police came in, and we had an interesting session. Fined ten dollars. Kept the affair out of the papers by giving the reporter a cigar. Wednesday: D——d reporter did not keep the affair out of the paper, but he got my name wrong. Blamedest world I ever saw. Rather clear up new ground and roll logs. Got drunk again and made another temperance speech in the house. Head aches like the deuce. Wish I was in the spring house at home. Owe a man ten dollars and he wants it. Town people are unaccomodating. Been down to the newspaper office to make arrangements for a complimentary notice. Editors have an easy time. Nothing to do but sit down at a desk and write. Not half as hard as driving hogs out of the field or turning the grindstone. Thursday: Drunk as a fool and getting drunker. Friday: Resolved, never to drink again. Fifteen minutes later: Drunk. Hotel clerk threw ink on my shirt front. He's a fool. So am I. Sobering up slowly. Evening: Drunk again. Saturday: This is my busy day. Considerable of a headache hanging around me. Preparing for hard work. Drunk. Soda water and lobelia. Sobering up. Evening: Drunk again. Sunday: Too full to write."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

A six-year-old boy at Belfast, Me., has very advanced ideas. He has a doll which he calls his wife. Recently he was telling his wife his future plans, and remarked, "By-and-by I shall become a Mason, and then you won't see me until 12 o'clock at night.

MEMORY.

Some Queer Freaks that Disease Plays with Man's Intelligence.

INFLUENCE OF OPIUM ON THE MEMORY.

Fatigue in any form, superinducing as it does an abnormal cerebral condition, is detrimental, and sometimes fatal, to memory. Explicit testimony on this point is supplied by the experience of Sir H. Holland, who descended, on the same day, two very deep mines in the Hartz mountains, remaining under ground some hours in each. He tells us that while in the second mine, and exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, he found it utterly impossible to talk longer with with the German inspector who accompanied him; every German word and phrase deserted his recollection, and it was not until he had taken food and wine and had been some time at rest that he regained them. The cases where that amnesia has been observed to follow cerebral shocks are also explained by most physiologists as resulting from defective nutrition. It has been noted by Mr. Spencer that highly nervous subjects, in whom the action of the heart is greatly lowered, habitually complain of loss of memory, a symptom which diminishes as fast as the natural rate of circulation is regained. Again, in fevers, where the rapidity of the circulation is excessive, the reproductive faculty is often raised to a high point of excitation, the most remote and trivial impressions being easily recalled. Exaltation of the memory ensues also when the circulation is increased by stimulants, such as opium. De Quincey tells us that under the influence of this drug he sometimes seemed to live for seventy or a hundred years in one night, the minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, being vividly reproduced. On the other hand, bromide potassium, which, taken in large doses, retards the circulation, produces amnesia; the case is cited of a clergyman who was obliged to discontinue the use of it, having very nearly lost his memory, which returned when he ceased to take the medicine.

There are cases of temporary amnesia of a destructive character which seem to be only explicable upon the theory that the group of cells in which particular impressions were recorded have been destroyed or totally transformed. In such instances it is not the reproductive faculty which is enfeebled, but there is an actual loss of conversation; something which once existed in the memory, and formed an important part of its capital, has disappeared. Among the cases of incurable partial amnesia where the loss was absolute, and complete re-education was necessary, is that of a young married woman, who was seized during confinement, with prolonged syncope, at the end of which she failed to recollect any of the events which had occurred since her marriage, inclusive of that ceremony. She never recovered recollection of this period of her life, and although she accepted, on the testimony of her friends, the fact that she was married and had a son, she was never able to realize how she gained a husband and gave birth to a child. Another interesting instance is reported by Prof. William Sharpey. The patient was a young married woman, who for about six weeks remained in a continuous state of somnolence. Upon her recovery from the torpor the record of her previous acquirements seems to have been completely expunged from the cerebral cells, and she had to be completely re-educated, it being requisite, for example, in teaching her to read, to begin with the alphabet. About this and some analogous cases, however, there is an element of obscurity, for the process of re-education commonly requires but a few months, a result which seems to justify the inference that the old cerebral records were rather faint than extinct. But the explanation of such temporary periods of oblivion remains one of the unsolved problems of cerebral pathology.

THE LOST BEAN-STEW.

Every Yankee is supposed to be fond of baked beans. During our Civil War, the New England regiments, when in camp, were loyal to the ancient custom which provided baked beans for the Saturday-night supper and Sunday-morning breakfast. On the march the boys had to be satisfied with stewed-beans, for the bivouac did not admit of building an oven, or digging of a pit wherein to bake them.

At the battle of Fisher's Hill an amusing illustration of a Yankee's devotion to his beans occurred. The color-sergeant of the Fourteenth New Hampshire was noted for his bravery and his fondness for stewed beans flavored with vinegar.

During the afternoon, while preparations were going on for the advance which won the field, the color-sergeant was stewing his beans. He had just taken the kettle off the fire and, spoon in hand, was about dining, when he heard the orders,—

"Fall in! Fall in! Forward, march!"

He would not desert the flag, he could not abandon his savory meal. Tying the steaming, sooty pail to his belt, he took his place in the center of the line, bore aloft the colors and advanced with his regiment to the charge.

He kept one eye on the enemy and the other on the dangling pail at his side. The battle was won, but the boys declared that the way of the Fourteenth was literally strewn with beans.—[Youth's Companion.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Mobile merchant objects to being called a millionaire because his name happens to be Damrich.

The way the servants at a summer-resort hotel would prefer to have the notice read: "Waiters will report any inattention on the part of the guests."

The carnival at Montreal offered a splendid opportunity for bank officers to get over into Canada without arousing suspicion.

Mr. Robert Browning's forthcoming volume is to be called "Jocoseria." Whether it is a patent medicine or a lung pad has not been made public.

An exchange discusses "the penalty we pay for having wealth." It is very discouraging, no doubt, but give us the wealth, and we'll willingly pay the penalty.

Why is it that one railroad accident is so apt to be followed by others? George—We suppose it is because the roadmen become so interested in reading accounts of the first accident that they forget to turn the switches.

Wanted—A substitute for the word "holocaust," to be employed in the description of fatal fires. "Holocaust" has become weary and frayed at the edges, and should be removed to a hospital for repairs.

A man in Springfield, Mo., being invited to drink, poured out a glass of whisky, looked at it a moment and then dropped dead. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Suicide by procrastination."

The reason that almanac-makers publish nothing but the stalest jokes is explained. People get disgusted after reading one or two of them and turn to the patent medicine advertisements for relief.

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made, but thought it was the choir rehearsing.

A Brooklyn church has offered a preacher a salary of $10,000 and two months' vacation every year. He regards it as a "call to preach the Gospel." Most any one else would accept such an offer, but would call it by its right name, "a soft snap."

"What did you have to eat?" asked Tom Murphy of a Washington politician who had just exclaimed, "It was the finest dinner I ever sat down to—the finest any man ever sat down to." "Why, nothing at all; we just drank and drank and drank," was the reply.

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

Mrs. Hannah Tyler, of Branford, Ct., who has been speechless for fifteen years, fell from her chair the other day, getting such a shock as to bring back the flood of speech, and now she talks as well as ever. Mr. Tyler now sees that too much furniture is worse than none.

The Rev. Joseph Cook fell between a train of cars and the station platform at Poultney, Vt., the other day, and was pulled out by a bystander just in time to escape a serious injury. It is supposed that Mr. Cook fell over some of the large words he is in the habit of carrying around with him.

Some philosopher and scientist, who has been plunging his aggressive nose into the hidden mysteries of the past, makes the startling announcement that Adam was seven feet high. Well, what of it? Adam never experienced the pleasure and $25 a week of traveling with a fat woman, some pink-eyed children and a hand-organ, the way the men of the present day do who have attained the height of seven feet.

Old epigrammatical conversation between a clergyman and traveler: C.—I've lost my portmanteau. T.—I pity your grief. C.—My sermons are in it. T.—I pity the thief. A more modern and altogether more Arkansaw way of holding a similar conversation would be: C.—I've lost my demijohn. T.—I pity your grief. C.—My whisky was in it. T.—Let's look for the thief.

"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse. "What am dat?" "It's an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue den de water am too cold, and ef hit turns red den I knows dat de water am too hot."

One of the two happy men who skated with Mrs. Langtry in Chicago says she has a Cockney accent, and he reports the following conversation to which she was a party: "Mrs. Langtry, are you not disappointed in Chicago?" "I am; it's a perfectly 'orrid town." "You can denounce it all you please without offending me—I don't live here. I know you like Boston and New York?" "Ah, yes; especially New York—it reminds me so much of Lunnon."

"I say, fellows," exclaimed Fogg, "have you heard the news? Brown and his wife have separated." "No!" "Is that so?" "How did it come about?" "I always thought it would come to that." "Guess it'll be better for both of 'em." These were a few of the expressions that fell from the lips of the boys as they eagerly crowded around Fogg. "Yes," said Fogg, "the Browns have separated. I saw Brown kiss Mrs. Brown good-by at the depot just now. He said he would be back to-morrow." The crowd retired in disgust. The boys were, of course, terribly disappointed.

PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

There is nothing in the world more appalling than the raging of "the plague." To see human bodies and infected clothes dragged out from the dwelling by long hooks, carried by men entirely enveloped in tarred garments, and then to see these bodies jumbled heedlessy together into an open cart and borne away to some common receptacle, to be added to the still more loathsome mass already congregated there, must fill one's mind with indescribable loathing. But to see one dear to us falling a victim to the disease—to see him die, and taken away from us in the rudest manner possible, and by strangers, and yet not be able to approach the once-loved form—in fact, from a sense of the utter uselessness of our efforts and the instinct of self-preservation, flying the very presence of such a one—must overwhelm the heart with inexpressible anguish and horror. Mr. G. L. Ditson, while in Odessa, was told the following thrilling story of the plague which some years ago, almost depopulated several of the cities of the Turkish Empire and eastern Russia. It illustrates the awful peril of infection from such an epidemic, and the frequent futility of all efforts to escape it:

A man had a wife and six lovely children, his great fondness for whom made him so extremely cautious during the raging of this scourge that he shut himself and family in the house and yard, and had no communication with any one.

His gates were never unbarred, and nothing was received on his premises except food, which he attended to himself—making sure that it was not handled till it had been thoroughly washed in vinegar and water, which sufficiently purified it. This he strictly adhered to till report said that the plague had ceased—till the commissary one day in going his rounds assured him through the small hole cut in the gate, for the purpose of conversation and passing the necessary viands, that he believed the epidemic had disappeared.

The inmate, happy at the intelligence, and that he and all his family had escaped, said to the commissary, "I will give you something to drink, for the good news you bear."

He accordingly brought a tumbler and spirits, and gave some to the man, then took the tumbler back, bade him good-day, and went in.

The commissary moved only a little further on his rounds when the plague seized him and he expired.

The gentleman within the house took the disease—and in less than thirty-six hours neither he nor any person of his whole famiy was alive.

"I have made one human being happy to day," said Fred Blanks to Bob Belt, an Austin lawyer.

"Did you send a barrel of flour to a poor widow?" asked Bob.

"No; my means do not allow me to be so extravagant, but I told an applicant for a position in the legislature, that I knew he was going to get it."

"Well, that was one of those little courtesies that casts a ray of sunshine into the troubled life of a fellow-traveler in this vale of tears, and which does not cost anything."

"The mischief it didn't cost anything! I borrowed two dollars from him on the strength of it."—[Texas Siftings.

Once in a while mention is made in the papers that Vanderbilt sent $25,000 to the sufferers in the Ohio floods. And ten chances to one a large number of the poor unfortunates who are relieved by this sum, and other donations from the wealthy men of the country, will be out in a socialist procession, inside of two months and yelling against such men as Vanderbilt and Gould. All the thanks such men get for giving to the needy under such circumstances, is that they did so merely for effect.

A LANDMARK IN FINANCE.

In this year of general prosperity, there is double pleasure in recording the prosperous condition of such an old landmark of finance and commerce as the Pacific Bank at the corner of Pine and Sansome streets. This sterling institution has weathered the storm of twenty years of ever-growing trade, not only in safety but with profit to itself and its patrons. It is now regarded as one of the staunchest and safest banks on the Pacific Coast, the management of which is acknowledged to be in competent hands. It has been uniformily prosperous and successful and the vicissitudes of commerce have found and left it unscathed. Such a bank is of real value to the people of the Coast, for it represents the stability of affairs without which there can be no real progress.—[S. F. Chronicle.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

*** "Help yourself and others will help you." But don't fail to use the Kidney-Wort for all liver, kidney, and bowel complaints, piles, costiveness, etc. The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form.

ASHLAND, Or., April 27th, 1882.—Ammen's Cough Syrup sells well and gives good satisfaction. INLOW & WIMER BROS.

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for all those weaknesses so common to our best female population.

Consumptives use Ammen's Cough Syrup.

When you have a cough or cold ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup. It will surely cure you.

Go to BIRD'S QUAKER RESTAURANT, Finest Breakfast and Lunch Rooms in San Francisco.

☞ No. 33 Post Street, Mechanics Institute Building, Bet. Montogomery and Kearny.

BUY 50-cent bottle—Ammen's Cough Syrup.

A RELIABLE MEDICINE—Our readers are aware that the Times very rarely editorially endorses or recommends what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently happen that we can have positive knowledge of their merits; but having individually used "Ammen's Cough Syrup," and heard so much in its praise, we think the manufacturer is doing good in placing so valuable a medicine on the market, and we are doing good in assisting to make it known. It also affords us pleasure to recommend Mr. Ammen to the craft everywhere. We have done business with him near two years and find him a gentleman honorable in his dealings, prompt and liberal.—[Democratic Times, Jacksonville, Or., April 28th, 1882.

PORT ORFORD, Or., Feb. 8th, 1882.—Ammen's Cough Syrup has a remarkable sale both here and at Ellensburg.
J. H. UPTON & SON,
Publishers Port Orford Post.

OREGON CITY, Or., April 25th, 1882.—We build up a large sale for Ammen's Cough Syrup as it sells well. CHARMAN BROS.

JEFFERSON, Or., Sept. 17th, 1882.—It affords us pleasure to introduce Ammen's Cough Syrup. It is a valuable remedy.
REDPATH & MONTAGUE.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its own burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated the matter, and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of female complaints of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases. Mrs. Pinkham's name of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, will be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, *are the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and has no equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. P.

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, Malaria and Bright's Disease. The Best Blood Purifier.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

H. H. WARNER & CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

This remedy is an absolute specific for the diseases of women, for the nervous troubles of youth, and for the decline which precedes old age. As statistics show that all diseases arise from the kidneys or liver, we can guarantee freedom from disease by reason of the power which our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure possesses over the organs. For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids recovering from loss of stamina, debility, etc., will find it a grateful and refreshing tonic. It restores their appetites, gives them flesh and strength, and is a tonic, of the most permanent character. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is also a most gentle stimulant, and a mild laxative. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and makes the blood pure, and the system regular and healthy. It is a specific for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, Nervousness, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia, and is a most reliable and pleasant medicine for Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumbness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Complaints, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, and Dyspeps