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MOTHER-LOVE IN HEAVEN.

Once I met a little child stray
In the wet and windy winter street,
He'd been wandering the long, cold day,
Oh, so weary were his little feet!

But a baby of four summers old,
In a small straw hat and cotton dress,
"What's the matter, little one?" "I'm cold."
"Where's mamma?" "She's gone away,
I guess."

"I've been looking for her all the day;
Oh, I'm afraid she'll never come again!"
Then the pent-up anguish had his way,
And the baby's tears fell down like rain.

Once he had been shielded safe and warm,
A pet nursing in a happy nest,
Dreaming not of cold or pain or harm,
In the shelter of a mother's breast.

Now, he had but cold and hating care;
No one missed him from his little place;
No one taught him childhood's holy prayer;
No one kissed his patient pleading face.

Oh, clasp tenderly the little hands,
That no mother's hand again shall hold,
Do not doubt his Angel pleading stands:
Mother-love in heaven will not grow cold.

Be afraid to wrong the motherless;
They have guards invisible but strong;
They have plunders in their sore distress,
That will fight, with mighty hand, their wrong.

—Harper's Weekly.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Many of the household recipes printed in the newspapers are glaring frauds, calculated to engender trouble and cause infelicity in the domestic circle.

The other morning Mr. Newbanks read in his favorite journal an article on "How to Amuse the Children at Home." The following formula was one of the plans suggested:

"Plaster of paris is cheap; let the children have some to mix with water, and pour into anything hollow, as, for instance, the halves of old tin animals which have been parted asunder, and the result will delight their young souls."

This scheme favorably impressed Mr. Newbanks. It possessed many advantages over such juvenile pastimes as constructing mud-pies, falling into ponds and stoning the neighbors' cats and dogs, and was designed to develop an artistic taste in the children.

In the afternoon, as Mr. Newbanks was deeply absorbed in the composition of an elaborate paper on the "Invisibility of the Unseenness" for a scientific monthly, his wife entered his library, and impulsively exclaimed, in a sentence wholly innocent of punctuation points:

"Now William I'm going out a couple of hours and do see if you can't keep the children out of mischief until I return and is my bonnet on straight?"

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about the children—don't worry about 'em," said Mr. Newbanks, confidently, without looking up from his writing. "Your bonnet's all right."

The plaster-of-paris project was still fresh in Mr. N.'s mind, and after the departure of his wife he summoned his children—two lively boys and a ditto girl—and read them the simple directions of the recipe. Then he procured a peck of the plaster and instructed them how to mix and use it, "delighting their young souls" by imprudently pouring a quantity of the stuff into a small bottle, which he afterward broke and showed them the "result." He knew from the engendered mischief by the little ones that it was going to be an overwhelming success; and providing them with a number of hollow things with which to experiment, he left them, with the injunction to "amuse themselves and keep out of mischief." Then he returned to his library and resumed work on his scientific essay.

The children remained very quiet, and Mr. Newbanks' favorable opinion of the recipe steadily increased as the hours went thundering down the ages.

"The women-folks," he soliloquized, fixing his eyes on a handsome monogram pen-wiper, and instinctively wiping his pen on his coat sleeve, "are forever prating and moaning about being 'worried nearly to death by the children,' and having the 'life worried out of them,' and all that sort of nonsense. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world to amuse the little ones and keep them out of mischief."

"Papa, I can't get this out," said little Tommy, breaking in upon his parent's reflections. "You fix it." And Tommy placed on the table his father's twenty-dollar meerschaum pipe—a highly-prized Christmas gift—the bowl of which he had filled with plaster, and then essayed to crack the "mould," as his father had treated the bottle.

Mr. Newbanks rapidly grasped the situation, and his opinion of the recipe fell to zero as if by magic. Seizing Tommy by the arm, he angrily exclaimed: "Why, you little rascal—"

"Papa! papa!" cried Rosie, rushing into the library, with her eyes full of delight and her dress full of the mixture, "come out and see what Charlie's done!"

"Why, Rosie," said the father, with considerable asperity, "just look at your dress! My! my! I'll have to—"

"Wow! Woo ooo-ow-ow-ow!" screamed Charlie, dashing into the room at this juncture, with blood oozing from a war map on his left cheek and his hair matted with plaster.

"Wow-ooo-wow!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Charlie?" anxiously questioned the father. "What has happened?"

And Charlie said, "It was—boo-hoo—the cat."

Mr. Newbanks soon discovered that the children had literally followed the newspaper directions, and poured the plaster "into anything hollow," and

if the author of the recipe had made his appearance at that moment he would have been assassinated on the spot. Charlie had discovered a cavity in the cat's ear, and, despite the animal's terrible spitting and swearing, insisted upon filling it with plaster, and only desisted when the feline further showed her disapprobation of the scheme by inserting a couple of claws in the little fellow's cheek.

Mr. Newbanks was constrained to admit that while this mode of amusing the children might delight their young souls, it had a decidedly antipodal effect on the more mature spirit. With gloomy forebodings he made a reconnaissance of the premises, and found the following among other "hollow things" which had been brought into requisition to amuse the children and keep them out of mischief:

Mamma's seventy-five dollar Japanese vase, badly battered in the effort to loosen the plaster; little Tommy's savings-bank, the contents of which, when removed, delighted their young souls by bearing a striking resemblance to a lump of cream candy interspersed with walnut kernels; the waste-pipe in the bath-tub (plumber's bill for repairs, \$11 45); papa's curious bronze inkstand, a relic of the Centennial—had never been soiled with ink—badly damaged; key-hole of the door (bill for removing the plaster, \$1 25); Rosie's pocket—rather brilliant idea, but a dismal failure in an artistic point of view.

When Mrs. Newbanks returned home she surprised her husband surveying the ruins—or "mess," as she termed it—and from the significant manner in which she elevated her hands and fixed her eyes upon him he correctly inferred that she was about to make some derogatory remarks, and not wishing to interrupt her oratory or dam her flow of eloquence, he rushed from the house with the explanation that he must be at the post-office before the mail closed, and he had only three minutes to spare. All he heard, as he shot out of the door, was:

"Just as I expected."—[Harper's.]

EX-GOVERNOR MORGAN'S START IN LIFE.

When Edwin D. Morgan was 17 years old he engaged himself to his uncle as a clerk, binding himself for three years, at a salary of \$60 for the first year, \$75 for the second and \$100 for the third. He worked hard and soon mastered the business, and at the beginning of his third year he was sent to this city to buy tea and sugar, and also corn, which was then an article of import instead of export, for his employer. Edwin returned to Hartford in due time, and his uncle asked him about the corn. The quality and price paid were satisfactory to the old gentleman, and he then asked his nephew how much he had purchased. It had been usual for dealers to buy 200 or 300 bushels at a time, and the uncle was somewhat startled when the young man replied that he had bought two cargoes and that the vessels were probably in the river. "Why, Edwin," exclaimed the old gentleman, "what are we to do with two cargoes of corn?"

"Oh," answered the young man, "I have disposed of all you don't want at an advance. I could have sold three cargoes if I had them. I stopped in the stores as I came from the stage office and made sales." It was a new idea to his employer, and quite out of the old routine of trade, but the gains and results were not to be questioned. The next morning Edwin was at the store bright and early as usual, and had taken the broom to sweep out the counting-room, when his employer entered. "I think," said the old man, "we can find some one else to do the sweeping here. A man who can go to New York and buy two cargoes on his own responsibility and sell them without consulting his principal, can be better employed than sweeping out a store." Although Edwin was then only 20 years old he was made a partner in the business, and his success in life began with his purchase of those two cargoes of corn.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

Two things indicate character—what we have done and what we have refrained from doing. The former shows force, the latter self-restraint, as the following anecdote illustrates: "Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have saved and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile, and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

Major Gale Faxon bought a horse from the pastor of an Austin church, and shortly afterward the following conversation was heard:

"You have swindled me with that horse you sold me last week."

"How so?" asked the clergyman, very much surprised.

"Well, I only had him for three days, when he died."

"That's very strange. I owned him twenty-three years, and worked him hard every day, and never knew him to do that while I owned him."

LABORERS.

A Woman's Description of English Farm-Life at the Present Day.

RELIEF FROM THE PARISH.

The foreman on the farm was described by his employer as a man of high principle, who had been with him twenty-eight years. Perhaps I would better say Mr. Thompson had been with the foreman twenty-eight, for when a farra changes hands the laborers by choice remain on the place. As Mr. Thompson said, "When a man has a nice, comfortable place, a cottage and other fixtures, he does not want to move." What a contrast to us restless Yankees! Four generations of the foreman's family have worked for Mr. Thompson, beginning with the grandfather, and it is his great-grandson who is driving the horses in the reaper.

"And the land I now hold on your honor's estate, is the same that my grandfather tilled."

It is quite probable that living thus on one spot limits the ideas. In a near hamlet I called on an old pair of a more well-to-do class, who spoke in the Sussex dialect, and still used the Old Style of reckoning for their rent days. As New Style was introduced into England in 1752, I may say that they were only one hundred and thirty years behind time.

As to the pay of the agricultural laborer, Mr. Thompson's foreman earns a pound, or about five dollars, weekly, and an extra pound every quarter, but is not boarded. Employment, however, is found for him in the winter as well as summer, the open winters of this region differing from those of Pennsylvania. At Mr. Ford's I am told that the ploughmen get about three dollars and seventy-five cents weekly, or fifteen shillings, and their rent, but they have to work every day in the week. When the land is heavy here they generally plough with from three to five horses in single line, and must, therefore, have two men, called the carter and his mate. To their animals they use old Sussex cries, such as "Mather woot," or "Come hither, wilt thou?" The hours of labor are moderate, men going out to work about seven, even in summer, and coming in about half-past five. But during harvest they work from five in the morning till as long as they can see, stopping only for breakfast, dinner and afternoon "bit," or lunch. During the harvest month, August, they receive double wages, or sometimes the farmer simply pays two pounds extra for the month.

Is the laborer intelligent? Twenty-eight years ago, when Mr. Thompson came to his farm in the Downs, he thinks that there was not a man on the place who could read fluently; now, every house takes a paper. Education in England is now compulsory, and when the laborer can read and vote we shall doubtless cease to hear of "Hodge and his master." Mr. Thompson's foreman "of high principle" has not a vote, because he does not occupy a house paying a rent of twelve pounds a year. (In boroughs all householders have votes.) Mr. Thompson says that as the foreman does not drink or use tobacco, he has no tax to pay for the support of the government, excepting that on tea. What is his pecuniary status? With this high character, with his having perhaps lived all his life on this one estate, what has he accumulated? Probably he has not laid by anything; he has not even joined one of the "benefit societies" common among laboring-men. In his old age he is entitled to relief from the parish; to accept it, says Mr. Thompson, is no disgrace. It is his share of the wealth of England.—[Harper's Magazine.]

ANECDOTES OF JURIES.

The humorous side of American juries has never been set forth as it deserves to be. The genius of Shakespeare, which excels in depicting the class that insist on putting the cart before the horse, would have found suggestive subjects among the juries of whom these anecdotes are told:

A jury in Alabama once tried a man on the charge of manslaughter for killing his wife. The evidence was so conclusive that neither court nor spectators doubted that he would be convicted. But much to their amazement, returned the verdict, "Guilty of horse-stealing!"

The astonished judge asked for an explanation, stating that the indictment was for manslaughter and not for horse stealing.

"But, judge," said the foreman, rising with an air of self-importance, and holding a huge law book, "it was not a case of man-slaughter, but of woman-slaughter, for which the law makes no provision." The jury, however, believed the man deserved hanging, so they had brought in a verdict of horse-stealing, which in that country would be sure to swing him.

At the trial of an important mercantile case, in New York City, the judge, having charged the jury, said to them, "Gentlemen, if any law term has been used which you do not understand, the court will explain it."

Whereupon one of the jurors arose and said: "I believe I understand all the terms which have been used except two words—plaintiff and defendant."

The court was disgusted.—[Youth's Companion.]

The difference between the gentleman circumstantial and the gentleman direct is great, though not always perceived.

"THE QUIET LEVEL"

"From the quiet level of the deep all heights and depths are measured," said Gen. Garfield in a public address. One year after the utterance of these words the lips that spoke them were silent in death. And there are those who remember that he originator of those words has said many things not only worthy of passing notice, but also which offer food for almost an illimitable amount of thought. From the years of life in that lowly log cabin in the Ohio forest, and no doubt from the influences fostered in the young mind by that noble mother, sprung a mind whose works shall go down in history as worthy of a place beside those of Washington and Lincoln; and how similar to the latter has been the life of James A. Garfield.

The Widow Garfield had prayed that bright things might come through her "Jimmie," and had often talked with him about the noble life she wished him to lead, but it seemed almost hopeless when the boy left the little home for a life on the canal; but still the mother hoped and prayed for her boy. James came near losing his life one night on the canal; he fell overboard, but, as luck, or may be it was Providence, would have it, the rope which he held in his hand kinked and caught on the gunwale of the boat, thus saving his life. While the boy was in the water he thought in a few seconds of a great deal of his past life and when he climbed, all dripping, to the deck something prompted him to try and make the rope kink over the gunwale again; but we let him tell what followed:

"I have thrown this rope 600 times; I might have thrown it ten times 600 without its catching; ten times 600 are 6000; so there were 6000 chances against my life. Against such odds Providence alone could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it is worth saving; and if that's so I won't throw it away on a canal boat. I'll go and get an education and become a man."

We all know that our country has been better off for the salvation of that life; if in nothing else, it shows the chances which lay before the poorest and most lowly.

A LEMON-AND-LILY BLONDE.

The prettiest widow in all this great metropolis, says a New York correspondent, is a lemon-and-lily blonde, ranging only from five to eight inches in thickness, and proportionately small in width, with no more than 18 years to her age, and enough of a fortune to allow of doing just as she pleases about marrying again. In her party at the Madison Square Theater the other night and we were weeping more or less over the sorrows of the play. Allowing for the hearty dinner which I knew the widow had eaten, there couldn't have been room in her thin figure for a great amount of emotion; and when I saw that tears were swelling up in one of her eyes and not in the other, I surmised that the dinner had got entirely on one side of her midrib and the sympathy all on the other. But I was wrong, and this is how I found it out. The widow's escort was a sappy young fellow, whose love was so profound as his shallowness permitted. After puzzling himself awhile over the dryness of one of her eyes, while his mate was brimming, he asked for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"And which eye do you admire most?" she said.

"H-h-hard to tell," he stammered.

"The one w-w-with the tears sort of melt a fellow, d-d-don't you know, and the one without the tears sets h-h-him ablaze with its f-f-flashes."

"On the whole now, which one do you prefer?"

"Wa-wa-well, I think the d-d-dry one."

"I'm so glad, Dolphy, to hear you say that," and the widow beamed rapturously into his face, "because that eye is a glass one and I'm sometimes afraid it disfigures me."

This revelation lost her a lover, and I don't suppose she will miss him from the gang, and she certainly had fun with him while he lasted.

A LOVING MOTHER MONKEY.—The servant of a medical gentleman who was some time in India, caught a monkey and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny that she never ceased uttering a piteous cry, night or day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the constant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal happily retired, and sped its way to the community to which it belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her progeny had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten back and rejected by the flock. A few days after, our medical friend was astonished to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with her. She entered the tent of her own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited her young one she then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid herself down and died. The body of the poor animal was found in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that she had been terribly maltreated by her comrades, and, finding no safety for herself or her offspring, returned the little one into the care of those who were the cause of her misfortunes.

It is the same with thought as with money—the less one has of either the more eager he is to make a display of it.

MILLIONAIRES.

Vanderbilt Said to be Unhappy Because Gould Has Made So Much Money.

RENEWED JEALOUSY BECAUSE OF GOULD'S BIG STEAM YACHT.

To be the richest man in America is, next to becoming President of the United States, probably the most universal ambition that fills the American breast. Before the present era of stock watering and stock-swindling set in, this proud place was universally conceded to Astor. Commodore Vanderbilt's high operations with the New York Central, in doubling the stocks as well as doubling the taxes imposed upon the shipping and traveling public, changed all that. The Astors took the second rank. The Vanderbilts became the richest people of the country. That was a position which the Commodore, and after him his son, the present outspoken danner of the public, hugely enjoyed. But the little sly fellow, and came there with a mousetrap, and from catching mice turned to gobbling up railroads and telegraphs—Jay Gould—changed all that. It soon became whispered about that he was the richest man of the country, particularly when he made that famous exhibition of \$50,000,000 worth of securities. Ever since a very keen rivalry and bitter jealousy has sprung up between the two moguls.

When Vanderbilt is asked if Gould is not a very rich man, he shakes his head in a very doleful fashion, as though he meant to say, "That man will come to grief yet." Somebody once told him about the report that Gould was worth \$75,000,000 and asked Vanderbilt whether he thought it was true. Vanderbilt shook his head as usual in an ominous manner and said: "Well, I tell you \$75,000,000 is a good deal of money." As he did so he stuck his legs on the table of his sitting room, in his most beautiful palace, and went on to tell about his own operations in stocks.

He does not relish being outdone by Gould. He wants to be the very first man—not the second; and the thought—in fact, the mere suggestion—that Gould is plucking the laurels as well as the dollars from him sets him wild. Whether it be this annoyance, or other disappointments in not having made another \$100,000,000 as he expected, it is quite certain that Vanderbilt's health has been very poor of late. His digestion is very bad; and his diet has to be of the most frugal sort. He dines at six, is hardly an hour at dinner, and at 9 he already goes to bed. But even this virtuous and humdrum life cannot keep the keen, gnawing pangs of jealousy away from him. The big steam yacht which Gould has been building himself has given him renewed twists, and still he is not happy.

WILKINS WAS FIGHTING.—Muscle don't make anybody belligerent. On the contrary, it is a law of nature that the most muscular men are the kindest in disposition. They hardly ever get mad. I've seen these hardy fellows who could hardly knock a fly off a wall, get furiously mad and buckle up to a man twice his size. One of them sort got mad with Judge Hammond while he was making a speech against him in a justice court, and danced up and down behind him and struck him in the back as hard as he could drive. The judge's back was two feet and a half wide, and he simply looked around with a smile of surprise and said:

"What are you doing Wilkins, what are you about?"

"I'm a fighter," said Wilkins with a hyena scream, and the judge just went on with his speech.

Those who command themselves command others.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

What a Lady of Great Prominence Has to Say About Her Sex.

(Boston Globe.)

On a recent trip by a representative of this paper to the city of Haverhill, Mass., a most important incident occurred, which cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to all, and especially to our lady readers. The newspaper man met a lady a trifle past middle age with luxuriant white hair that contrasted strikingly with piercing blue eyes. She possessed a straight, full habit, womanly, but commanding, and yet pronounced. Any acute judge of human nature could see at once that he was in the presence of an unusual personage—one destined to accomplish more than most of her sex, and to exert an influence far reaching in its power. This lady was Mrs. M. W. Wingate. Almost from childhood she has taken a special interest in the bodily troubles of her sex and has probably been more successful in relieving suffering and saving lives than any other woman in America. Indeed, she seems to have been to women what Florence Nightingale and Dorothy Dix were to the suffering soldiers. The instances of women who were in the greatest agony and apparently beyond the reach of human aid, that she has restored to health and happiness, are almost innumerable, and it was only natural that she should become specially interested and wish to converse with her more in detail.

"How long have you been engaged in the practice of medicine, Mrs. Wingate?"

"For more than 25 years."

"A long time certainly. How did you happen to enter the field at that early age when women in the professions were specially frowned upon?"

"I think I must have inherited a taste from my father, Professor J. C. Wood, of Harvard College. He was eminent in the profession, a hard worker and equally earnest in his recreations. He hunted considerably and I remember when only nine years old I used to dissect the birds and animals he had killed. I felt infatuated with medical science even then, and the infatuation has continued up to the present time."

"And did you begin your studies so early in life?"

"I can hardly say when I began, for I can not remember when I did not read medical literature. You would scarcely believe it, but I was a slender girl and did not weigh over 120 pounds but I used to sit up night after night until 2 o'clock in the morning poring over studies and never dreaming of the time. It seemed as though I had no other occupation than the study of medicine, and I certainly cannot fix the time when I first began practicing. Of course my patients were women, and I had sympathy I felt for my sex, and during all these years when I was so closely in contact with the sympathies of their sufferings, and the opening of the Boston Medical College appeared before the faculty, I was prepared to receive a diploma. I had for years previous to that time had it desirable to receive another diploma, did without any effort."

"Your experience with the serious diseases of women has been extensive must also be valuable. Give me some facts regarding them?"

"I find that woman seems to be afflicted with the various diseases of her sex, and I have seen many cases that seemed peculiar. I recall one in particular, I have hunted all the usual expedients, but the results were not satisfactory. I became tired of the case, and finally thought of something out of the usual line. I bought a certain remedy recommended by a certain analysis of it. I found it was perfect, and that it was a proprietary remedy, but I began giving it to my patient, changing it, however, into a bottle of cod liver oil. To my great joy it seemed to have an immediate effect and a complete cure. Since then I have used it in many female weakness, as well as displacements, tumors, cellu dropsy and other troubles. I have also used it with results in cases of pregnancy and indeed I have found it of untold value."

"Have you any objection to giving the name of this remedy of which you speak?"

"None whatever. It is Watson's Kidney and Liver Cure."

"Certainly, but what of that? I have one end in view in the treatment of patients namely—their restoration to health—the accomplishment of this end I think what I believe to be beneficial, no matter the profession, consequences may be made."

"I notice in the New York papers, Doctors Hammond, Agnew and other eminent physicians are taking a similar course."

"Mrs. Wingate."

"Yes, and all independent thinkers in my practice and have cured every female weakness, as well as displacements, tumors, cellu dropsy and other troubles. I have also used it with results in cases of pregnancy and indeed I have found it of untold value."

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