

His Own Executor.

A WELL-KNOWN GENTLEMAN'S PHILANTHROPY AND THE COMMOTION CAUSED BY ONE OF HIS LETTERS.

We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations;" therefore, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of the letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accommodates over 500 guests, and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor; and, therefore, turned over this magnificent property, worth \$300,000, as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Bishop A. C. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Mathew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care: 1st.—of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2nd.—of ministers, of any denomination, in good standing. 3rd.—of members of any church, who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipt from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertain pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifling ailments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning *Democrat and Chronicle* from his pocket, the reporter remarked, "Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor.

"Have you not seen the paper?"

"Yes, but I have not had time to read it yet."

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows:

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,
CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1883.

Dear Sir:—I am using Warner's Safe Cure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results.

I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy, and show you over our institution.

Yours truly,

HENRY FOSTER, M. D.

[Signed]

"I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the doctor.

"Isn't it usual for a physician of your standing and influence to commend a proprietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose is to cure the sick, and for that work we use anything we know to be valuable. Because I know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable preparation, I commend it. As its power is manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

"Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?"

"We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only gives the elements; it does not give the all-important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed." While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions they are worthless as kidney and liver preparations.

I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner personally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high character of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my impressions."

The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Ex-Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.

Get Out of the Rut.

Every man or woman who wields the pen will be willing to admit that he or she is liable to fall into a groove of expression, and will habitually use certain words and phrases, while ignoring and practically excluding certain others equally good or better from their vocabulary. This is often the case of the conscientious housewife. She is apt to get into a groove with the *menus*. Certain dishes become associated with her hospitality; certain others are never to be hoped for at her table. Occasionally she makes a fresh departure, sallies forth and captures a new recipe, conquers its difficulties, and accords it a place at the family table. But this does not occur sufficiently often. The best rifle in the world has a limit to its range. The best housewife in the world has a bounded horizon of *cuisine*.

So much for the defect; now for the remedy. It is sufficiently simple. It is but to add at least one dish to the family possibilities every week, and strictly to carry out the resolution. This must be a plate of utter newness, some secret lately learned. Were every housewife to carry out such a resolution, what a rich result of added charm would accrue to our national cookery! What worlds to conquer lie around us, undiscovered, unexplored! The immediate results may be slightly uncertain, as was the plunging of the flesh-forks of the priests of old into the flesh-pots; but we may feel assured that in both cases practice breeds dexterity, and, while the more inexperienced of the priests' servants may occasionally have fetched up a very insufficient meal, no such accident was likely to occur to the adroit experimentalist, whom former disappointments has rendered cautious. In the same way, the clever housewife soon learns to gauge the value of a recipe while it is yet but type, formless and void, and the results untested.—*Domestic Monthly*.