

Scrofula Sores

Afflicted My Wife for 15 Years

Her limbs in places were one solid scab. Her eyes were very bad and her eyes were affected. She decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now her skin is smooth; she is cured of scrofula.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digest-on. 25c.

Copied the Name from His Grip. Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as a servant in Austria every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book, which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.

A Ren's Remarkable Past.

The length of time a hen can survive without food or water is something remarkable. About the middle of September an Ohio farmer put a setting hen in an empty barrel, placing a lid on top. He forgot all about the hen until three months after, when he was surprised to find it alive. It had remained in the barrel during all that time without a drop of water or food. In a very short time it was restored to the flock as well as ever.

A LETTER TO WOMEN

From Mrs. James Corrigan.

For seventeen years I have suffered. Periods were so very painful that I would have to go to the doctor every month.

He said that I had an enlargement of the womb, and told my husband that I must undergo an operation, as I had tumors in the womb, and it was a case of life or death.



I was operated upon twice, but it did not seem to do me any good, it made me very weak. I was troubled with the leucorrhoea a great deal.

I also suffered from the sick headache, vomiting, spells, backache all the time, terrible pain in my left side, chills, loss of appetite, and could not sleep nights. After taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, some Liver Pills, and using your Sensitive Wash, I recovered.

I can eat well, and every one that sees me tells me I am a different person. I can do all my own work, sleep well and feel well. I am growing stronger every day, and am able to go out and enjoy a walk and not feel all tired out when I return, as I used to. I doctored for sixteen years, and in all those years I did not feel as well as I do at the present time. I wish that every woman that is troubled as I was, would try that medicine. Oh! it is so good to feel well, and it is all owing to Mrs. Pinkham's kind advice and medicine.

Mrs. JAMES CORRIGAN, 284 Center St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE. A Tint Card showing 15 desirable tints. Also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper.

ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ham's Horns sound a Warning Note to the Unrepentant.



IT takes religion with sunshine in it to attract a child. Some very large trees bear very little fruit. Winking at sin will soon ruin the eye-sight. A wolf in sheep's clothing is none the less a wolf. The rest of Christ is for all who will give up sin. Every temptation resisted is a trouble escaped. Nothing is gained by starving the soul to feed the body. No man who truly follows Christ ever has to stand alone. Every man helps the devil who talks one way and lives another. When you pray don't forget those who treat you despitely. The best news ever told in this world was that God is love. Too many start to follow Christ who stop at the first cross-roads. The man who lives a lie has a pack of bloodhounds on his track. The best place for a Christian is where God needs him most. Be careful where you step, and those who follow you will stumble less. God has called many men to preach the gospel, but none to defend it. Sooner or later every great thought will make its way around the world. Improve your time, and you can depend upon it that time will improve you. There is such a thing as having religion in the head and not in the heart.

How His Knowledge Served Him. In a recent conversation with a reporter of the New York Sun, the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War, remarked that he had learned telegraphy as a boy, and that it had often stood him in good stead. He then told the following story illustrating this usefulness: Several years ago, after my father's death, I wanted to bring my mother to Washington. I was in McGrawville, my home town in Cortland County, and it was necessary for us to take a number of railroads in order to reach the main line by which we were to go to Washington. It was also necessary to change cars a number of times on these local roads, and in one or two instances the trains were late, so that I began to fear we could not make the connection. At last it became positively known to me that unless we could make a certain connection, my mother would be compelled to remain over Sunday in a small and cheerless town. I knew the president of a railroad, who, if he were informed of my predicament, I believed would help me out. So I telegraphed him, telling him that my trains were late, and asked him if he would telegraph the superintendent to have the train on the main road held until my local train arrived. Before I got to the local station where the main line train was to be met, I had to change cars. It was a dreary little station, and I remember well my anxiety while sitting in the waiting-room with my mother, not knowing whether my dispatch had been received, till I heard clicking over the wire an inquiry from the superintendent of the road: "Is Colonel Lamont there?" The operator looked around the room to see only two persons, my mother and myself, and immediately replied: "No."

Just as he sent that word I stepped up and said: "My friend, I have unintentionally overheard the inquiry going over your line as to whether Colonel Lamont is here. That is my name."

The operator quickly corrected me "no," and informed the superintendent that I was there, and word came back that the main line train would be held for me.

This is only a little incident, but it demonstrates not only the value of telegraphy, but the possible usefulness of all practical knowledge that a boy can obtain. So I say that every boy who has the opportunity to learn telegraphy should do so. Once learned, you never forget it. It may be of service at any time, and it will always give a good livelihood.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Thrilling bugle, throbbing drum-beat, banners waving in the air, Pomp and pageant and rejoicing, joy of people everywhere,

In the waning of the winter, lift of chorus, flash of wings, And the keeping of a birthday, in the forecast of the spring,

All our heart new knit together as the cannon's thunders pour Jubilant salutes over river, fortress, hill, and shore,

While our thought goes back to kindly at the cradle where there lies Just a smiling new-born baby, dear to mother's loving eyes. —Harper's Bazar.

Washington as a Lover.



AMONG the autographic papers of George Washington, purchased by the Government of the United States, and preserved in the library of the Department of State, are four poems written in his youth; probably in his seventeenth year. Two of them are undoubtedly original. The other two are manifestly copied from some newspaper or magazine, perhaps from a book, without credit or reference to their authorship. But the boy who wrote the other two could not possibly have written these, as will be seen by the slightest comparison. One of the original poems has recently been discovered to be an acrostic, which was a fashionable trick of love-making in those days, and the initial letters of the lines form the name "Frances Alexa"—the last word evidently being intended for "Alexandra." But the poem is unfinished, the remainder of the page on which it is written being blank. The muse of the youthful poet and lover probably became weary. It reads as follows:

From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone; Rays, you have more transparent than the sun.

Amidst its glory in the rising Day, None can you equal in your bright array; Constant in your calm and unspotted mind; Equal to all, but will to none prove kind, So know'd, seldom One so Young, you'll find.

And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart. The traditions of the family indicate that the object of this effusion was Miss Fanny Alexander, a daughter of Captain Philip Alexander, a descendant of the Earl of Stirling, from whom the city of Alexandria, Va., was named. The Captain owned and lived upon the estate adjoining Mount Vernon on the north. The young lady was two years older than Washington, and was probably his first love. Nothing is known of their courtship further than the evidence furnished by this poem.

"A Journal of My Journey over the Mountains," which was kept by Washington between the 11th of March and the 13th of April, 1748, when he was a little more than sixteen years old, contains a copy, or, perhaps, the original draft of a friendly, and rather confidential letter to "Dear Friend Robin," who was undoubtedly a youthful schoolfellow, although he has never been identified. The original of this journal is in the library of the Department of State, having been discovered by Mr. Sparks, the historian, in 1827, when overhauling a chest of old letters and documents at Mount Vernon in search of historical material. In 1834, with a quantity of other papers, it was purchased by Congress, and in 1892 was printed literally with copies and valuable

explanatory notes by Dr. J. M. Toner, the accomplished oracle of Washingtonia. The letter reads as follows: My place of Residence is at present at His Excellency (Lord Fairfax) where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there a very agreeable Young Lady lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's Wife's Sister) but as that is only adding Fuel to fire it makes me more uneasy for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty, whereas was I to live more retired from young women I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or eternal forgetfulness for as I am very well assured that it is the only antidote or remedy that I ever shall be relieved by or help me as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt anything I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness.

The sister of Mrs. Fairfax, who received "a former passion" in this youth of sixteen, was Miss Mary Cary, the daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, for thirty-four years collector of customs at Hampton, Va., and for the lower James River. He was a man of large wealth and aristocratic connections, his eldest daughter having married the cousin of Lord Fairfax and the manager of his American estates, which

amounted to more than 3,000,000 acres. Bishop Meade, in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," says that Washington was an ardent admirer of Miss Mary Cary and at one time asked Colonel Cary's permission to pay his addresses to her, but was refused. The young lady afterward married Mr. Edward Ambler, who was a great swell among the colonial aristocracy, being a graduate of Cambridge and the owner of a large estate near Jamestown. He died in 1768, at the age of thirty-five, and his widow, who survived until 1781, was a frequent guest at Mount Vernon after Washington's marriage, as his diary shows. About this time Washington wrote another tender letter in which he alludes again to Miss Cary. This was addressed to "Dear Sally," whose other name is unknown, and it reads: This comes to Frederickburg fair in hopes of meeting with a speedy Passage to you if you not there which hope you'll get shortly also I am almost discouraged from writing to you as this is my fourth to you since I received any from yourself I hope you'll not make the Old Proverb good out of sight out of Mind as its one of the greatest Pleasures I can yet foresee of having in Fairfax in often hearing from you hope you'll not deny it to me.

I Pass the time of much more agreeable than what I imagined I should as there's a very agreeable Young Lady lives in the same house where I reside (Col. George Fairfax's Wife's Sister) that in a great Measure cheats my sorrow and dejection the not so as to draw my thoughts altogether from your Parts I could wish to be with you down there with all my heart but as it is a thing almost impracticable shall rest myself where I am with hopes of shortly having some Minutes of your transactions in your parts which will be very welcome received by Your

The "Lowland Beauty," to whom Washington so tenderly refers in his letter to "My Dear Robin," is supposed to have been Miss Lucy Grymes of Westmoreland County, who in 1753 married Henry Lee, Esq., of Stratford Hall, and became the mother of the famous "Light Horse Harry"—the Custer of the Revolution. Very little is known of Miss Grymes or of Washington's attention to her. Other writers assume that the Lowland Beauty was Miss Betsy, daughter of William Fauquier of Fredericksburg, who also refused Washington's attentions. The Fauquier family had a fine plantation at Naylor's Field, on the Rappahannock, about fifteen miles from Wakefield, the birthplace of Washington. In 1752, when he was twenty years old, the letter addressed a letter to Mr. Fauquier, which has been preserved, asking permission to make proposal of marriage to his daughter, "in the hope," he says, "of a revocation of a former cruel sentence, and see if I cannot find an alteration in my favor."

This letter was written immediately after the return from the voyage he made to Barbadoes with his brother Lawrence, who was in feeble health at the time, and died soon after. So the "cruel sentence" must have been pronounced before they sailed in September, 1751. The father's reply has not been preserved, but evidently was unfavorable.

This was the most serious love affair Washington ever had, except the later one which ended in his marriage. The young woman who jilted him, afterward became the wife of Thomas Adams of Williamsburg. It is a tradition of the town that she married for money instead of love, and rejected Washington because he had less wealth than her other suitor. It is said, too, that after he had become famous and visited the town of Williamsburg as the guest of the people, she watched from a window the triumphal progress as he passed on horseback through the streets and smiled.

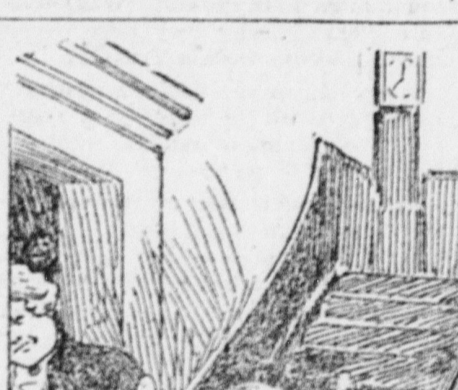
The home of the Fauquier family was a magnificent mansion, which stood within a beautiful park overlooking the river, and remained until a few years since, when it was pulled down. To Betsy Fauquier was addressed the other original poem, which reads: Oh ye Gods why should my Poor Restless Heart Stand to oppose thy might and Power At last succumb to Cupid's feathered Dart And now lies bleeding every Hour For her that's my Queen of my grief and woes

And will not on me try take The sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes And with your loss never wish to wake In smiling sleepers let my eyelids close That in an amorous dream I may In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose Possess those joys I daily miss by day.

With the volume in which this poem appears was another, found at the same time and also purchased by the Government. It bears the title, "Forms of Writing," and contains models of deeds, bonds, contracts, receipts, bills of sale, manifestoes, and other commercial and legal papers, together with two poems. "On Christmas Day," and "True Happiness." These follow a form of a "Subpoena for Evidences to Prove a Will," and immediately after them appears a recipe "To Keep Ink from Freezing or Moulding."

The latter part of the volume contains the famous "Rules of Civility," by which Washington governed his conduct. Four years after his affair with Betsy Fauquier, Washington became enamored of Miss Mary Phillippe, the daughter of a prominent and wealthy Englishman, Frederick P. Phillippe, who lived in a superb mansion on the bank of the Hudson, near West Point. While on a journey to Boston in 1756 he met this young lady at the house of her brother-in-law, Colonel Beverly Robinson, who lived in the same locality. After a few weeks' acquaintance he proposed to her, and was frankly informed that she was engaged to marry another. The successful suitor was Captain Roger Morris, a companion in arms,

day after she accepted Washington she planted a yew tree in the garden behind "the six chimney house," a symbol of devotion and consistency.



A MEETING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND MARTHA CURTIS.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE. His Steadfastness in the Face of Intrigue and Privation.

Washington and his army were starving the while at Valley Forge, in desperate straits to get something to eat or anything to cover them in that bitter season—not because there were no supplies, but because Congress had disorganized the commissary department and the supplies seldom reached the camp. The country had not been too heavily struck by the war. Abundant crops were everywhere sown and peacefully reaped, and there were men enough to do the work of seed time and harvest. It was only the army that was suffering for lack of food and lack of men. The naked fact was that the confederacy was falling apart for lack of government. Local selfishness had overmastered National feeling, and only a few men like Washington held the breaking structure together. Washington's steadfastness was never shaken; and Mrs. Washington, staunch lady that she was, joined him even at Valley Forge. The intrigue against him he watched in stern silence till it was ripe and evident, when he crushed it with sudden exposure, and turned away in contempt,

hardly so much as mentioning it in his letters to his friends. "Their own artless zeal to advance their views has destroyed them," he said. His soldiers he secured and supplied as he could, himself sharing their privations, and earning their love as he served them. "Naked and starving as they are," he wrote, "we cannot sufficiently praise the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers."—Harper's Magazine.

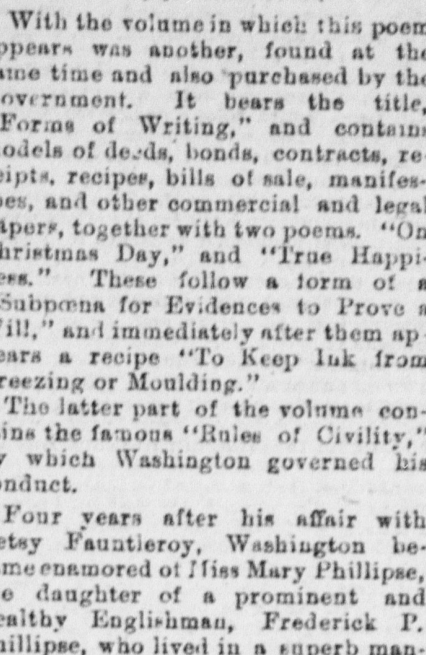
Washington Settling a Post. In the village of Southport, Conn., is preserved a piece of cedar post which Washington helped to set in the ground at Farrington. The story associated with the post is told by the Rev. A. N. Lewis in a published address.

He was out walking with his best when he came to a man who was planting a hitching post in the ground by the roadside. The General stopped and said: "My friend, I can show you how to set your post so that it will never rot."

Taking it in his hands—those great hands of his—he placed it upside down and held it while the man filled up the hole and stamped the earth around it. It is a well-known fact that a post set bottom side up in the ground will not absorb water. The sap tubes will not "draw" when the post is reversed.

Wanted to Be Like George. Willie Littleboy—"I wish I had been George Washington." Papa—"Why so, my son?" Willie—"Why, papa, he couldn't tell a lie, and so when he was visiting and was asked if he would like another piece of pie, instead of saying no just for the sake of being polite, he told the truth and said yes."

Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge.



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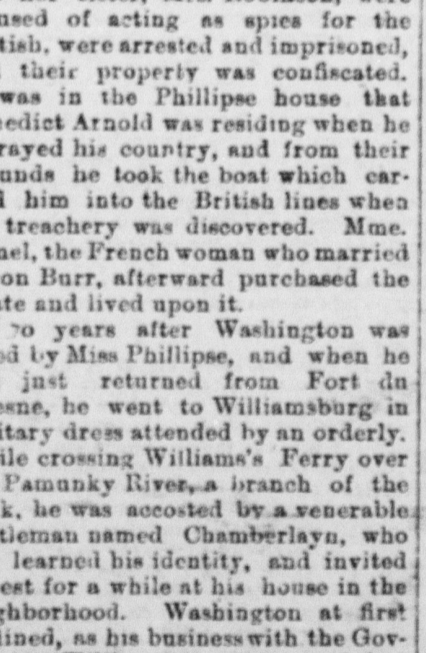
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