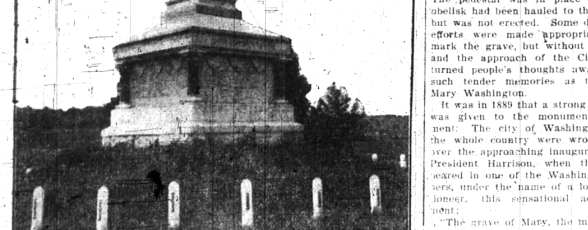
Historic Memories Cluster Thick Around Old Town of Fredericksburg

There are many intimate ties between the national capital and the quaint city of Fredericksburg; between the majestic city of the Potomac and the ancient and distinguished city of the Rappahannock. In the haste of the period and the carelessness of most persons toward things historic the ties between Washington and Fredericksburg are often overlooked. It was the master spirit of the revolution who gave his name to the capital of the republic he helped to create. The debt of the city of Washington to George Washington is manifold, says the Washington Star.

Close by Washington are a score of places also identified with the father of his country. There is Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington and a place rich of memories of many other members of the Washington family. There is Wakefield, on the lower Potomac, where Washington was born, where many of his ancestors are buried, and not far from it is Epping Forest, the girlhood home of Mary Ball, his mother. There is Winchester, where he passed much time during the French and Indian war from where he was elected to the house of burgesses, and near where lived his great and influential friend, Lord Fairfax. There is Alexandria, where he long voted and worshiped. Then there is Fredericksburg, which was the real home of his boyhood, where he attended school, where he performed some of those apocryphal feats attributed to him, such as throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock river, where he was initiated into Masonry, where he took final leave of his mother before assuming the office of president at New York, and where Mrs. Washington successively known in that city and the country round about as "the Rose of Epping Forest," "Belle of Lancaster" "the Roman Matron" and "Old Madame," died August 25, 1789.



Confederate Monument at Fredericksburg.

It was four months before the death of Mary Washington that George Washington made her fireweek. The little frame house in which this partling took place still stands at the corner of Charles and Lewis streets. The house is now owned by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and it is furnished much as it was when Mrs. Washington lived there. The room in which she died and her bed are preserved intact. Washington, after his final meeting with his mother, proceeded to New York for his inauguration. He never saw her again.

Three days after her death Mrs. Washington was buried. The grave was dug in the grounds of her daughter, Betty Washington Lewis, who lived on the southwest edge of Fredericksburg and about the distance of five or six squares from Mrs. Washington's house. The site of the grave was near a group of rocks jutting out of a hillside and overlooking a tranquil little valley that lies between Fredericksburg and Mary's Heights, one of the bloodiest ridges of the Civil War. This little group of gray rocks was a favorite spot with Mrs. Washington. She retired there in fair weather to knit, read her bible and pray. At those rocks some of the most fervent prayers for the safety and success of Washington in war were sent to heaven. Because of the association these rocks are now, and for more than a century have been, called Oratory rocks. They age shaded by heavy oak trees. It was a shady place in the days of Mrs. Washington, and the trees that shielded her from the sun survived till 1862, when they were torn to death by the storm of shot that rolled over the grave of the mother of the country's father.

Susan Riviere Hetzel, in her "History of the Mary Washington Association," following very closely Marion Harland's "Story of Mary Washington," writes of the funeral as follows:

"Business was suspended in the city of Fredericksburg, crepe hung from the houses. The church was thronged with her friends and neighbors. Her body was followed by her loving daughter and grandchildren to the place chosen by herself for her last resting place near the granite bowlder now called Oratory rock, where she loved to retire and pray for her beloved son during the troublous days of the revolution.

"The mourning was general all over the country, press and pulpit made note of the event. Members of Congress were crepe for thirty days as a distinguished official. Congress passed a resolution to erect a monument to the mother of Washington, and to that resolution Gen. Washington responded in a note of thanks, saying:

"I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education which I received from my mother.

"How the government fulfilled this resolution may be seen when one recalls that a hundred years intervened between the passage of the resolution and the building of the monument by private subscription. In truth, the work of forming a new republic was no small task. Washington's administrations were hampered by the Indian wars, the whisky insurrection and Shay's rebellion; Adams' term was taken up with the French troubles and the threatened war with the directory, Jefferson's administration was filled with the wars with the pirates of Tripoli, Lewis and Clark's marvelous march to the Pacific, the Louisiana purchase and Aaron Burr's conspiracy. During Madison's administrations Congress could, of course, think of nothing but the second war with England. It took a long time for the country to recover from that war, and so it happened that nothing but a little headstone marked the grave of Mary Washington when Lafayette visited this country in 1825."

Agitation in behalf of a monument to Mary Washington crystallized in 1830, when the people of Fredericksburg raised $2,000 by subscription, and were proceeding with the collection of the necessary sum, when Silas E. Burroughs, a New York banker, wrote to Thomas Goodwin, mayor of Fredericksburg, and asked the honor of being allowed to build the monument, saying in part:

"I feel a great interest that the ashes of this good American mother should remain where they are, and I wish to be allowed the honor of individually erecting the monument which, I assure you, sir, shall be in the style and execution to please the family of Washington and the citizens of the United States. Let her sleep upon the bosom of her mother earth where she selected her pillow, and let the willow of Mount Vernon from the tomb of her son be transplanted to wave through time over the mother's grave."

The design adopted for this monument was a square pedestal inscribed "Mary, the Mother of Washington." There were two Grecian columns on each side, each surmounted by an eagle, and between the columns rose an obelisk, topped with a bust of Washington, and perched on top of the bust was an eagle with outstretched wings.

The corner stone of this monument was set May 1, 1833, by President Andrew Jackson, who delivered one of the most elaborate and impressive discourses of his career.

Soon after this ceremony Mr. Burroughs sustained financial misfortunes and the work was suspended. The pedestal was in place and the obelisk had been hauled to the grounds but was not erected. Some desultory efforts were made appropriately to mark the grave, but without success, and the approach of the Civil War turned people's thoughts away from such tender memories as those of Mary Washington.

It was in 1889 that a strong impetus was given to the monument movement. The city of Washington and the whole country were wrought up over the approaching inauguration of President Harrison, when there appeared in one of the Washington papers, under the name of a local ancloncer, this sensational advertisement:

"The grave of Mary, the mother of Gen. George Washington, to be sold at public auction, to the ladies attending the inauguration of President Harrison, on Tuesday, March 5, 1889. At 12 o'clock m. we will offer at public outcry, at the capital of the United States of America, twelve acres of land, embracing the grave and material of the unfinished monument of Mary, the mother of Gen. George Washington."

"This advertisement created the excitement it was designed to produce. Mrs. Frances R. Goolrich, of Fredericksburg, a descendant of George Mason, of Gunston Hall, issued an appeal through the press in October, 1889, reviewing the history of the grave of Mrs. Washington and proposing that an organization be formed having for its object the erection of a monument over the grave of George Washington's mother and concluding with these lines: "Will the women of this republic respond to this appeal? Are they not willing to undertake the patriotic work?"

Of course, they were, and the National Mary Washington Memorial association was started in each state and the money flowed in. The monument that towers over the grave today was dedicated May 10, 1894. President Cleveland delivered an address, Senator Daniel spoke, and among others taking part in the ceremonies were Vice President and Mrs. Stevenson, Gov. and Mrs. O'Ferrall, Secretary Gresham, Secretary Carlisle, Secretary Lamont, Secretary Morton, Chief Justice Fuller and Mr. Justice Harlan.

Old Lacy Mansion.

STORY OF AN INDEPENDENCE BELLE

By CAROLYN WELLS

She lived a lot of years ago,
She was my grandmother.
My great-great-really, I don't know
How many greats there are.

So mischievous her eyes of brown
They're called her Naughty Nell;
Of all the girls in County Down
She was acknowledged belle.

With roguish manner she made sport
Of loud adoring swains;
And when they shyly paid their court
She'd flout them for their pains.

But one she loved, a gallant youth,
Stalwart, brave, and big,
Whose honest eyes beamed love and truth
From 'neath his powdered wig.

"Ah, Neil," he said, "my bonny mate,
I love thee, thou art mine."
"I love thee, yes," she said, "but wait,
Not now will I be thine."

"I love thee, but I more desire
Our Independence, dear.
Be off and face the British foe,
Why stand'st thou dawdling here?

"Be off, if thou would'st please me, sir,
And win a noble fight."
He gave a parting glance at her,
Then said: "Dear Neil, goodnight."

He fought for honor, country, fame,
He fought for love and Neil;
Victorious returned to claim
His Independence Belle.

SPOILED LAWYER'S FINE PLEA.

Col. Benton Overreached in Eagerness to Make Point.

During the first hearing of the famous Hocker will case in the supreme court, before Judge Lathrop and a jury, there were many interesting and amusing tilts between the eminent counsel engaged in the case—Robert M. Morse for the contestants of the will, and Col. Joseph H. Benton, Jr., for the executors.

Perhaps at no time during the hearing, however, was there any better exhibition of wit than in the summing up of counsel before the jury. At one point Col. Benton was trying to impress upon the jury that the expression "old fool," alleged to have been used by one of the interested parties, might reasonably be construed as a term of endearment.

"For example," explained Col. Benton, "King Lear called his fond daughter, 'my dear pretty fool.'"

Here he waited a moment to let the point sink into the minds of the jury.

Judge Lathrop, however, who had been listening with intense interest, leaned forward in his chair and dryly remarked:

"But, Mr. Benton, King Lear was crazy, wasn't he?"

"Well, your honor, that's a mooted question," was all that the confused attorney could reply, and even this was almost smothered by the mirth ful outburst in the court room, in which the opposing counsel, Mr. Morse, joined most heartily.

SENSE OF HEARING IN WHALES.

Principal Guide for These Monsters of the Sea.

It seems perfectly evident that whales must hear when in the water. This inference is confirmed by the comparatively small development of the other sense organs. The eye, for instance, is very small, and can be of little use even at the comparatively small depths to which whales are now believed to descend.

Again, the sense of smell, judging from the rudimentary conditions of the olfactory organs, must be in abeyance; and the whales have no sense organs comparable to the lateral line system of fishes. Consequently, it would seem that when below the surface of the water they must depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing. Probably this sense is so highly developed as to enable the animals, in the midst of the vibrations made by the screw-like movements of the tail or flukes, to distinguish the sound (or the vibrations) made by the impact of water against rocks, even in a dead calm, and, in the case of piscivorous species, to recognize by the pulse in the water the presence of a shoal of fish.

Failing this explanation, it is difficult to imagine how whales can find their way about in the semi-darkness and avoid collisions with rocks and rock-bound coasts.—London Field.

Force of Habit.

George W. Wallace, president of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone company, and one of the best known residents of Salt Lake, tells this as his latest telephone story:

In a certain Western central office one hello girl was always late in arriving in the morning. Time and time again the manager pleaded with her to be more prompt. Her tardiness continued until he was moved to desperate methods.

"Now, Miss B——," he said one morning as he came to her exchange with a package in his hands, "I have a little scheme which I hope will enable you to arrive at the office on time. Here is a fine alarm clock for you. Promise me that you will use it."

The young woman promised and accordingly set the alarm clock for the proper hour when she retired that night. At 7 o'clock the next morning there was a tremendous whirring from the alarm clock. The sleepy hello girl rolled over in bed and said sweetly:

"Line busy, call again."

Willie Wanted His "Dad."

When Willie Simmonds of Melrose, Vt., was about 18, his folks moved to Boston, leaving Willie in Methodee. After a while Willie decided to join them, so started out alone for the big city.

He had never been in the city before, and thought every one should know every one else, as in the town where he came from. Arriving in Boston, he was rather surprised at the great bustle and hustling and at the number of people on the streets.

After looking around for a while, and not seeing any one that he knew, he finally saw a man in uniform whom he thought must be a very important person, and would certainly know his father. So he walked up to the surprised officer and asked: "Say, mister, have you see anything of dad around here?"—Boston Herald.

When Snow on the Sun-Dial Falls.

When snow on the sun-dial falls,
And the clinging leaves are numb,
And bitter the cold wind calls
To river and songbird dumb;
When the sheep draw close in the fold,
And the biting mistrals blow,
Then the heart is a cozy fold,
Finds its love of the long ago.

I make no count of the hour
While the sun-dial stands in the snow;
But the mind holds its hardy flower
Where the arbor-vitaes grow.
The years are no more return,
Where the icebound currents flow;
Still afresh does the hearth-brand burn
With the wood of some long ago.

As a carrier-dove through the skies
Seeks the path which her message knew,
So my heart, beloved, tries
Its homing flight ward you!
When snow on the sun-dial lies,
And the heart and the year seem cold,
As the carrier-pigeon flies
I return to the love of old!

Minne Caroline Clark, in Munsey's Magazine.

Birthday in Doubt.

Tom Pezzi, the genial old fish market man of Green Harbor, and his famous sign on the roof of his market, "Tom Pezzi Forever," are well known to the thousands of visitors to that summer resort, and also to many of the Brant Rock people, as are also his funny sayings.

One day one of his customers asked him how old he was. Removing the clay pipe he habitually uses from his mouth, he thought for a moment, and then said: "Well, I was born in 1792 or 1802, and I'll be d—d if I know which."—Boston Herald.

FARM MISCELLANY

Keep Young Stock Growing.

In what has recently been said on this subject in our columns the intention has not been to advise just having cattle hold their own through winter, so that they would be tided over as cheaply as possible from fall to spring. That seems to have been the idea one reader got from an article advising economy in winter feeding, and common sense in the saying to use feed to keep out the bitterest cold of that season of the year. We do not believe in trying to fatten cattle in the dead of winter, if they have to feed in yards and sheds. It may be well enough for those who have covered yards or courts and every comfort for feeding cattle to try to put on fat during the height of the winter season, from Christmas until the end of February, but the other fellow, and he is the average farmer, cannot possibly afford to feed forty-cent corn as fuel to keep cattle warm and add enough of it to make the said animal fat. We believe that he will do far better to merely keep his young cattle growing steadily throughout winter, and this can be done from the feeding of comparatively cheap foods, so that the best advantage may be taken of a full bite of grass as soon as it comes in spring. Semi-starvation of young cattle or any kind of farm animal through winter is every bit as poor economy as trying to fatten cattle on dear corn against every inclemency of cold weather. The spring-poor calf or colt cannot make up for lost time in less than two or three months when turned out to pasture, and, indeed, he never completely recovers from the ill effects of struggling through the winter or several winters on a bare maintenance ration of the cheapest kind of roughage. It pays and pays well to keep all young animals growing, and this requires not only an adequate supply of roughage but roughage that contains abundant nutriment, and along with it will be necessary and beneficial some grain, such as oats and corn, and some bran, which helps to supply bone-making material. We tend to do feeding in a "lump" and that is wrong. The best profit comes from gains gradually but surely made from the time the animal comes into the world. Periodic feast and famine won't do. Fit the animal to feed, then fatten and finish it at the best time of the year as regards weather and market.—A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

Rotation of Crops.

The tendency of many a farmer is to grow the same crop upon the same ground for an indefinite series of years. One field is known as the potato field, another as the corn field, another as the wheat field, and another as the meadow. This retention in one place of one kind of crop is a mistake. Any kind of rotation is better than no rotation. The meadow kept as a meadow for a long series of years grows a thin sod and coarse grass, while the ground retained as a corn field for twenty or thirty years gives an exhaustion of humus. Moreover, certain kinds of insects multiply in the old sod lands, and they, too, affect the grass crop. Bill bugs multiply in the corn lands and become destructive to the corn crop. By a rotation the insects are largely destroyed as their food is taken away from them. A continual rotation, bringing in clover every few years, will keep the land in a very workable condition and will keep the insects from establishing themselves. Different kinds of plants have different kinds of roots. Some of the roots are surface feeders and some penetrate deeply. As an illustration of these two we have the corn plant, which is a surface feeder, and the clover plant, which reaches deep into the earth. The deep rooting plants furnish much roots to the soil and in their decay these leave minute channels for the passage of water and the upward movement of fertilizing material. A rotation that includes the legumes is a good one, but even without the legumes a rotation of any kind is generally beneficial.

Care of Colts in Winter.

Colts should be taken to their winter quarters before the weather becomes very severe as it is nature's law for animals to adapt themselves to their environment. Cold, sleeping quarters induce a heavy growth of hair, which is undesirable in any horse. Turn the colts out every day for exercise if the weather is dry; cold will not hurt for a few hours a day. Feed a liberal nitrogenous ration to build up good solid bone and muscle. A good ration is three parts oats, three parts wheat bran, one part oilmeal, together with good clover hay for roughage and carrots now and then. Pick up their feet often and see that they are free with a rasp. Do not put them loose in a box stall where you never have a chance to handle them, but tie them and handle them frequently. Always be kind to them but let them know that they are in your power and must obey your commands. A colt's training should begin when it is weaned, and winter is the best time for training.—Reinhold Clusen, Manitowoc Co., Wis., in Farmers' Review.

When Dairying Pays.

It is true that it costs a little more to feed cows that give milk during the winter than in summer, but the difference in the price of the latter is more than enough to pay the difference in the price of feed. To have cows come fresh in spring will give plenty of milk for three months from April until June. In summer the flies and the hot sun, with dried-up pastures, prevent the cows from giving much milk. Then you have your cow to board all winter. If you have your cows come fresh in fall, by feeding corn fodder and a little clover hay and some grain each day there will be plenty of milk all winter, and when put in the pasture in spring they will almost be the same as fresh ones.

Adams Co., Ind. A. M. P.

FIRST STORY OF IMAGINATION

Written by Ennana of Thebes for Egypt's Crown Prince in 1300 B. C.

The Tale of Two Brothers," written 3,200 years ago by the Theban scribe, Ennana, librarian of the palace to King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, is the oldest work of fiction extant.

The tale was written apparently for the entertainment of the crown prince, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. His name appears in two places on the manuscript—probably the only surviving autograph signatures of an Egyptian king.

This piece of antique fiction, written on nineteen sheets of papyrus in a bold hieratic hand, was purchased in Italy by Mme. d'Orbiney, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British museum, where it is now known as the d'Orbiney papyrus.

Other specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have since come to light, which appear to prove that the Nile valley was not only the birthplace of the arts and sciences, but was also the cradle of romance.—Stray Stories.

The Saver and the Miser.

The miser is the poorest of men, for, while he lives solely for self, he gets less out of life than any other man. He has money, but defies himself the things that money can buy. In making money the end, instead of the means of life he narrows his purposes and achievements down to nothingness. But the despicable example of one miser nor a thousand can ever shake the firm foundation upon which rest wholesome saving and thrift. The soul of thrift is saving. Most men who have learned the trick of making millions at a single deal first learned how to double their pennies. To the man who would become rich the habit of saving once firmly fixed is his most important capital.—St. Louis Star Chronicle.

WILD WITH ITCHING HUMOR.

Eruption Broke Out in Spots All Over Body—Cured at Expense of Only $1.25—Thanks Cuticura.

The Cuticura Remedies cured me of my skin disease, and I am very thankful to you. My trouble was eruption of the skin, which broke out in spots all over my body, and caused a continual itching which nearly drove me wild at times. I got medicine of a doctor, but it did not cure me, and when I saw in a paper your ad, I sent to you for the Cuticura book and I studied my case in it. I then went to the drug store and bought one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment, and one bottle of Cuticura Pills. From the first application I received relief. I used the first set and two extra cakes of Cuticura Soap, and was completely cured. I had suffered for two years, and I again thank Cuticura for my cure.—Claude N. Johnson, Maple Grove Farm, R. F. D. 2, Walnut, Kan., June 15, 1905."

Egotism a Great Power.

Egotism is the natural temptation of all those whose individuality is strong; the man of large business, of acute perception, of vigorous preferences, of eager temperament, is in danger of trying to construct his life too sedulously on his own lines; and yet these are the very people who help other people most, and in whom the hope of the race lies. Meek, humble, timid persons, who accept things as they are, who tread in beaten paths, who are easily persuaded, who are cautious, prudent and submissive, leave tidings very much as they find them.

You Are No Exception.

Rest is absolutely necessary to everyone. There must be periods of relaxation—moments when the mind and soul and body gather force for continued activity. The thing one should guard against is taking rest at the wrong moment. Herein lies most of the success of life—resting at the right time.

Great accomplishments have been given up because one wanted to take rest at the wrong minute. After a large deal is done large relaxation should follow.

Find Cat in Well.

After being missing for two weeks a cat belonging to a family in Wiltshire, England, was found clinging to the side of a well thirty-five feet from the surface and just above the water. She was apparently none the worse for her experience after being brought to the top.

Transvaal Swindle.

A new swindle is afoot. People in the Transvaal and elsewhere are receiving letters offering to reveal to them for a certain consideration, including, of course, a pledge of secrecy where Kruger hid the gold he carried with him when he fled to Europe.

Boston's Fondness for Beans.

More money is spent each year in Boston in buying baked beans than would buy the largest battleship in the United States navy.

A BOY'S BREAKFAST

There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 11-year-old boy is large, well developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal.

"Better than all he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

DEATH SEEMED NEAR.

How a Chicago Woman Found Help When Hope Was Fast Fading Away.

Mrs. E. T. Gould, 914 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all that saved me from death of Bright's Disease, that I know. I had kidney trouble, backache, catches when lying abed or when bending over, was languid and often dizzy and had sick headaches and bearing down pains. The kidney secretions were to eruptous and frequent, and very bad in appearance. It was in 1903 that Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so quickly and cured me of those troubles and I've been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unprecedented Action.

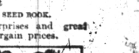
"Young Boomwaller is a rank failure as a legislator!" indignantly said the Hon. Thomas Rott. "Why, when in the course of debate I denominated him a falsifier he struck me on the nose, when, if he had been at all acquainted with parliamentary usage he would have known that it was permissable only to hurl the calumny back in my teeth! There is a yellow streak in that fellow, as sure as you are born!"—Puck.

Rich, Juicy Radishes Free.

Everybody loves juicy, tender radishes. Rather know this, hence he offers to send you absolutely free sufficient radish seed to keep you in tender radishes all summer long and his great

BARGAIN SEED BOOK,

with its wondesful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices.



The enormous crops on our seed farms the past season compel us to issue this special catalogue.

SEND THIS NOTICE-TO-DAY.

and receive the radishes and the wonderful Bargain Book free.

Remit 4c and we add a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer W., La Crosse, Wis.

A State Occasion.

"John, I simply must have another gown." "For what occasion?" "The new cook is coming tomorrow, and I have nothing decent to receive her in."—Cleveland Leader.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Women Conductors.

The street cars in Valparaiso are all double-deckers, and the conductors are women. The latter are dressed in a neat uniform and make a good appearance.

DON'T FORGET

A large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Bogus Dollar.

Deacon Butterworth worked off a dollar on us last week with a hole in it. The Deacon called and left a dollar for subscription and we were surprised at him doing this that we forgot to look at the dollar until after he had went. We know sure that we got it from the Deacon however for it's the only dollar we have had for quite a spell. We have been trying to spend it recklessly here and there ever since, but so far without success. Unless we can work it off on somebody we desire to state that we will stop the Deacon's paper. Doggone anybody who would try to pass a bad dollar on a person!—"Bingville Bugle" items in Boston Post.

ANÆMIA CAN BE CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood and Strike Straight at the Root of Disease.

Anæmia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They cure anæmia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thos. J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., and they can do as much for any other pale, weak, ailing, bloodless person.

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning," says Mrs. McGann, "and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anæmia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months. For a long time every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything.

"At one time I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a child and headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst.

"One day, while I was wondering how long I could live, I read a booklet telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it and told my husband to get me some of the pills. From the first box I was gone I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as I could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headache, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel in every way grand. I feel that I have been cured very promptly and I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to lots of my friends."

For further information address the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES CONSTIPATION

It is just about impossible to be sick when the bowels are right and not possible to be well when they are wrong. Through its action on the bowels,

Lane's Family Medicine

cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging place for disease. If for once you wish to know how it feels to be thoroughly well, give this famous laxative tea a trial.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.