

A Serious Hereditary Trouble Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Sufferers from ailments that have afflicted in regular succession one generation after another of their family are, as a rule, inclined to submit to them as inevitable. The case which follows proves that such hereditary difficulties are not beyond the reach of curative forces and should inspire hopefulness and a readiness to try remedies that have effected signal cures, such as that which is here given.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rannels, of No. 408 East Seventh street, Newton, Kansas, gives the following account of her ailment and her cure:

"For two years I suffered from a trying nervousness in my lower limbs from my knees down, as my mother and my grandmother had suffered before me. The situation was for many years accepted as unavoidable because hereditary. But about two years ago, when my son was realizing benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought there might possibly be some good in them for me. My trouble had then become so serious as to make it difficult for me to sleep. I often had to walk the floor in restlessness the whole night. After taking some six boxes the twitching disappeared and I ceased to use the remedy. I evidently stopped a little too soon for nervousness came back after a month or so and I used the pills again for a short time. Relief came at once and since I stopped using them the second time I have been free from any return of the twitchings or from any interference with my sleep."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of bloodlessness, indigestion, influenza, headaches, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, spinal weakness and the special ailments of girls and women. For further information, address the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Skewers should always be run through fat, never through lean; they let the juices out.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

In the German colonies white women are scarce, there being only 254 in East Africa and 239 in the German island in the Pacific ocean.

An ill-natured man is my horror. I am more afraid of him than I am of a bloodhound or a hyena.

A bag of sandalwood dust or lavender placed in the linen chest will give the contents a of the chest a delicious odor.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie" and half of it an "if."

Give growing children plenty of the most nutritious food at regular intervals and allow them plenty of time for eating, teaching them to chew each mouthful thoroughly before swallowing.

If a man is polite he is well bred. I don't care whether he had any ancestors or not.

Here is a lesson on the art of going upstairs from a teacher of physical culture: "In ascending the stairs keep the body upright and don't climb. You may walk up with very little more effort than is required, in passing along a corridor. Raise the chest and the whole body, then, incline it forward ever so little. Step on the ball of the foot springing right at each step. Do not puff and pant, even if you are scant of breath. Go slowly breathing easily, with lips closed. In going downstairs keep the body erect, step on the ball of the foot and make the knee yield easily at each step. And never turn in your toes, whether going up or down."

UNDER WHICH KING.

"The More Postum the More Food—the More Coffee the More Poison." The President of the W. C. T. U. in a young giant State in the Northwest says:

"I did not realize that I was a slave to coffee till I left off drinking it. For three or four years I was obliged to take a nerve tonic every day. Now I am free, thanks to Postum Food Coffee."

"After finding out what coffee will do to its victims, I could hardly stand to have my husband drink it; but he was not willing to quit. I studied for months to find a way to induce him to leave it off. Finally I told him I would make no more coffee."

"I got Postum Food Coffee, and made it strong—billed it the required time, and had him read the little book 'The Road to Wellville,' that comes in every pkg."

"To-day Postum has no stronger advocate than my husband! He tells our friends how to make it, and that he got through the winter without a spell of the grip and has not had a headache for months—he used to be subject to frequent nervous headaches."

"The stronger you drink Postum the more food you get; the stronger you drink coffee the more poison you get." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His Greatness Has Been Recognized and Lauded Everywhere.

The human trait of hero worship has this disadvantage, that it often exalts its heroes into the clouds and cuts them off from human sympathy by making demigods of them. No man of modern times has suffered from idealization so much as Washington. We all acknowledge that he was the greatest of Americans, that his patriotism was of the purest and his character of the noblest, and that we absolutely owe our national independence to his consummate generalship. Yet the homage paid to his greatness in these days is of the head rather than of the heart.

Excessive idealization has eliminated the warm human heart from our idea of him and has left in place of the real Washington a sort of alabaster image or only a steel engraving. This is a wrong both to him and to ourselves, but it seems to have been inevitable in view of the undeniable greatness and nobility of his character. His chief fault, so to speak, was in being too perfect. He was so high above the ordinary man that hero worship was bound to strip away all the natural human traits and leave nothing but a sort of demigod exalted on a pedestal to be worshipped from afar off. In recent years this unfortunate process has had its natural reaction, and the pious rhapsodies of Wooms have been partly replaced by biographies which allow the lonely hero at least a few human limitations and peccadilloes. It is even said that he hurled strong language at Lee in the battle of Monmouth, but men are still writing books to disprove this evidence that he could lapse into justifiable human passion. For the present, then, we must be content with a more or less defied Washington.

If any man was ever justly idealized that man was George Washington. But for him the country could not have won its independence, but for him it could not have formed its union, and but for him it could not have set its new government into motion. He alone could bind North and South together. He embodied the qualities and virtues which won the admiration of the austere New England colonists as well as of the aristocratic Virginians. He had the practical knowledge and the rare balance of judgment which could cope with every emergency and render justice in every dispute. He could be eloquent with the Virginians and devout with the Puritans, and could command the respect and devotion of all who came within reach of his unselfish and fascinating character. Modest, generous, just, forceful, fearless, of absolute integrity, declining all pay for his priceless patriotic services, what wonder that his soldiers offered to crown him king, or that, after his pained and angry refusal, the nation made him not only its President but its canonized hero forever?

Beyond doubt the greatest of Washington's many services was rendered as a soldier. John Adams and Congress said the colonists were free, and there left the matter. Washington and his soldiers made the Declaration of Independence a fact, instead of a mere assertion. It was

a comparatively small body of heroes that presented freedom and nationality to the thirteen colonies. The feats of generalship by which Washington achieved this end have never been surpassed in the history of war.

From the days of his youthful but dangerous mission to the French frontier on the Ohio, and from the time of his warnings to Braddock, he showed an unusual grasp of the art of war. He knew the value of striking quickly as well as Grant did. Napoleon never struck more swiftly or suddenly in his brilliant Italian campaign than Washington did on that Christmas night in 1776 at Trenton. Nor was Napoleon's following-up blow more emphatic than Washington's attack on Princeton a week later. It was not a mere complimentary platitude that Frederick the Great uttered when he sent his kindly message "from the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world." It was not a play of empty words in which the President of the Continental Congress said to Washington when he resigned his commission: "The glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages."

This was the man in honor of whose death Napoleon ordered all the standards and flags of the French republic to be bound with crape for ten days. This was the respected enemy for whom a great British fleet hung its flags at half mast when he passed away. The grief of the young nation over his death was heartfelt and human enough then. Since that time the tributes to his memory have been such as no other man of ancient or modern times has commanded. Washington's greatness, unlike that of Lincoln, has been recognized and lauded by all the European nations. His name is a household word in every land that has dreamed of liberty. To every school boy in the United States it is the synonym of the highest American manhood. If his use as a lay model has somewhat dehumanized Washington, it has ennobled the ideals and lives of the men of the nation. The nation's future is secure as long as the patriotism and high character of George Washington have any power to stir enthusiasm.—Chicago Tribune.

GEORGE WASHINGTON LETTER.

Said to Have Been Written by First President About an Artist.

George Fields of 494 Bergueine avenue, West New York, N. J., has a letter purporting to have been written by George Washington to Franz Hopkinson. Fields says he found it among the effects of Helen Mary Taylor Wessel, a grand aunt, who died many years ago at the age of 97. He doesn't know where she got it.

The letter is as follows: "Dear Sir—In for a penny, in for a pound, is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am not altogether at their beck and sit like patience on a monument while they are determining the lines of my face."

"It is proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was impatient at the request and restive

under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with legs flouncing I have yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the view of Mr. Pine.

Letters from England, recommendatory of this gentleman, came to my hand previous to his arrival in America, not only as an artist of acknowledged eminence, but as one who had discovered a friendly disposition toward this country, for which it seems he had been marked. "It gave me pleasure to hear from you. I shall always feel an interest in your happiness, and with Mrs. Washington's compliments and best wishes joined to my own for Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
"Mount Vernon, May 16, 1785."
—New York Sun.



That thou art dead the sons of men yet grieve;
A light wert thou upon a nation's path,
A rock unshaken 'mid the deep sea's
wrath,
'Neath which the young hope of the world
might live.

Oh, warrior seer! Our country's need is dire,
Though ne'er an alien foe besiege her gate!
Vain hope were armaments or navies great,
We bleed within and burn with our own fire.

All shadowy the evils that beset
The gift thou gavest us, so bravely won,
Thou shouldst live now; ah, with what
keen regret
Wouldst thou then view thy handiwork
In such abundant hope—nor nearer yet
Thy great ideal, noble Washington!

London is undoubtedly leading the world in the matter of women's clubs. Twenty-one years ago there was not a single institution of the kind; now there are thirty. There are also several mixed clubs, of which the women members number about a thousand.

Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, is one of the closest students of Shakespeare in the Senate and the only vegetarian in that body.

Aunt Belinda's Idea.

It was Aunt Belinda's first ride on a steam road and she was very much interested in the interior of the coach. "Hezekiah," she whispered, pointing above, "why do they carry that saw and ax in a glass case?"

"To be used in case of a wreck," replied the old man at her side, as he solemnly took a pinch of yellow snuff from a leather box. The old lady toyed with her corkscrew curls for a moment as if in deep thought and then said:

"Wa-all, I always heard that these new-time surgeons were brutal, but I never thought they would go so far as using a regular saw and ax on people."

Motoring on Rural Roads.

"Hi, there, boy! Where will this road take us?"

"Ter jail, mister, if the constable what's watching round the bend tetches ye."—Baltimore American.

Overheard in St. Joseph.

Rodrick—Do you see that tall gentleman in the black suit? He reduces people.

Van Albert—Ah, indeed! Then he manufactures anti-fat?

Rodrick—Oh, no. He is a minister and makes two one.

Behind Steel-Rimmed Cage.

Bookkeeper—That teller is a slick one. He says he knows how to make a fortune.

Cashier—H'm. He must be a fortune teller.

Her Figure Was Poor.

Eva—Polly's husband is an expert accountant. They say he is unusually good at figures.

Erma—Gracious! Then he certainly never married Polly for her looks.

Secret.

Eva—Why in the world did Mabel select such a narrow-minded man for a husband?

Erma—Sh! They are going to live in a flat and there wouldn't be room for a broad-minded man.

No Remedy.

"But, my dear," said the tall lady with the parrot on her hat, "if your husband is really so forgetful why don't you get him to tie knots in his handkerchief when you wish him to remember anything?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do any good," replied the lady in the rabbit muff. "He would forget to carry the handkerchief."

Big Inducement.

Dolly—Every time you call, you make love to me. I'm getting tired of it. How can I induce you to stop it?

Cholly—Marry me and I'll promise never to make love to you again.—Cleveland Leader.

"Lights On."



The Humane Dentist.—And will you have gas, madam?

The Cautious Patient.—Well, you don't suppose I'm going to let youinker about in the dark, do you?—The Sketch.

A Haunting Fear.

"Yes, there is one cloud on my future."

"What is that?"

"I do so fear that when I have worked so hard to make a name to go down to posterity they may go and put me in a hall of fame."—Baltimore American.

Proof Positive.

Hyker—My landlady is a cruel-hearted woman.

Pyker—Why do you think so?

Hyker—She says she enjoys seeing her boarders have good appetites.

Financial Stringency.

Her Admirer—Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?

Her Father—Not a cent, young man, not a cent.

It All Depends.

He—Do you believe that foreign travel enlarges the mind?

She—Yes, in some cases; in others it merely swells the head.