

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."

Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

SENT HAIL TO THE MOON

Embryo Man-of-War's Man at Least Convinced Officer He was Attending to His Duty.

This is the story of one of the members of the Massachusetts Naval Reserves. On the second night of the cruise of the San Francisco one of the amateur tars was on watch. The night was clear, and myriads of stars twinkled in the sky, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out, "Light ahoy!" "Where away?" asked the officer of the deck. "Far, far away," replied the would-be man-of-war's man. When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseamanlike answer he looked over the rail in the direction indicated by the reserve's finger, and then he had another fit. "What's the matter with you?" growled the officer. "Can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?" "Moon! moon!" stammered the embryo sea dog. "I beg your pardon, sir!" Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error, "Moon ahoy!"

Feminine.

A local ironworker who has been married a couple of years always declared that his first son should be named Mat, after one of his best friends.

Learning that the ironworker and his wife had recently been blessed with a charming baby, the friend smiled all over his face when he greeted the father on the street.

"Well," he beamed, "how is little Mat?" "Mat, nothing," answered the father; "it's Mattress."—Youngstown Telegram.

Raising the Temperature.

Frank had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," answered Frank, "gimme the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."—Success Magazine.

The Selfish View.

"Do you want cheaper postage?" "I don't know," replied the man who considers only his own interests. "I don't write many letters myself, and I don't see why I should be eager to make it easier for the men who send me bills."

If You Knew How Good

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you would, at least, try 'em.

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It is served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

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First President's First Political Tour



O. 13," a long-lost diary in Washington's own hand, has at last come to light.

This unique journal, which runs from October 1, 1789, to March 10, 1790, is occupied with the first political tour made by the first president. In a coach drawn by two horses Washington, accompanied by three friends and attended by six servants, went through Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine and parts of New Hampshire. He thus sets the example of "swinging around the circle," a practice now common in the United States.

"Exercised in my carriage in the forenoon," begins the diary. Then follows a list of the company "that dined with us today."

Here is a peep at his home life: "Am giving sitting to John Ramage, who is drawing a miniature of me for Mrs. Washington." Ramage had a great vogue in the revolutionary era. He was fashion's petted and pampered artist. Born in Ireland, he early drift-



WASHINGTON AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE

ed into the British army, saw service in Canada. Coming to New York city, he painted the belles and beaux, was lionized in select circles. Ramage's scarlet coat must have caught Washington's eye. The artist wore a white silk waistcoat, black satin breeches, knee buckles, white silk stockings, silver shoe buckles, cocked hat, well-powdered curls and on the street carried a gold-headed cane. As a fop of the day, when he talked he offered a gold snuff box; you took a pinch and vowed Ramage was a deuced good fellow.

Sunday, 4th—Went to St. Paul's in the forenoon.

Monday, 5th—Exercised on horseback between the hours of eight and eleven, and between five and six in the afternoon on foot.

"Had a conversation with Colonel Hamilton on the propriety of my making a tour through the eastern states during the recess of congress, to acquire knowledge of the face of the country, the growth of agriculture thereof."

"And the temper and disposition of the people," adds Washington in his diary, "toward the new government who thought it a very desirable plan," he goes on, stringing out his sentence, "and he advised it, accordingly."

"Upon consulting Mr. Jay on my intended tour into the eastern states, he highly approved it, but observed that a similar visit would be expected by those of the southern," writes the distinguished diarist.

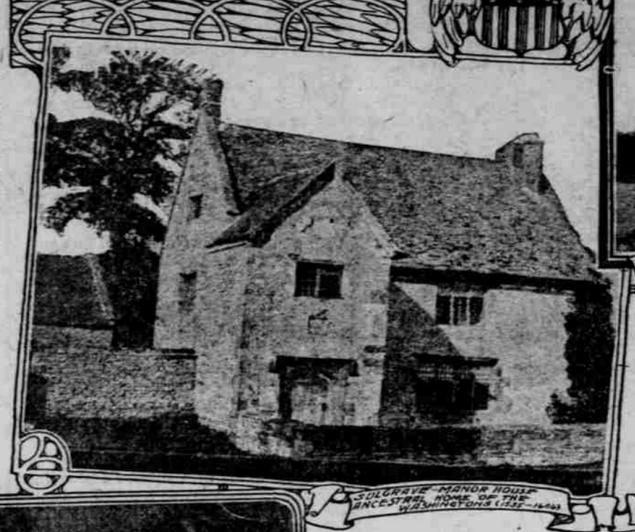
It may be added that Washington later made this trip "to the southern." He started in 1791, went 1,900 miles, was gone three months, and used the same span of horses throughout the journey.

Thursday, 15th—Commenced my journey about nine o'clock for Boston, and a tour through the eastern states. The chief justice, Mr. Jay, and the secretaries of the treasury and war departments, accompanied me some distance out of the city. About ten it began to rain and continued to do so until about eleven, when we arrived at the house of Mr. Hoyatt, who keeps a tavern at Kingsbridge, where we, that is, Major Jackson, Mr. Lear and myself, with six servants, which composed my retinue, dined. After dinner, through frequent light showers, we proceeded to the tavern of a Mrs. Haviland at Rye—who keeps a very neat and decent inn.

These words show Washington's formal style admirably. He continues:

"The road, for the greater part of the way, was very rough and stoney, but the land, strong and well covered with grass and a luxuriant crop of Indian corn intermixed with pumpkins which were yet ungathered in the fields. We met four droves of beef cattle for the New York market, about 30 in a drove, some of which were very fine, also a large flock of sheep for the same place. We scarcely passed a farmhouse that did not abound ("abd" Washington writes it) in geese. Their cattle seemed to be of a good quality, their hogs large but rather long-legged. No dwelling house is seen without a stone or brick chimney and rarely any without a shingled roof—generally the sides are of shingles also.

"The distance of this day's travel was 31



MONUMENT ERECTED AT BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON

Tuesday, 20th—The president visited the woolen mills at Weathersfield. He explains: "(It) seems to be going on, with spirit. Their broadcloths are not of the first quality, as yet, but they are good, as are their coatings, cassimeres, serges and everlastings. Of the first, that is, broadcloth, I ordered a suit, to be sent to me at New York—and of the latter, a whole piece, to make breeches for my servants. All parts of this business are performed at the manufactory, except the spinning—this is done by the country

people, who are paid by the cut. "Hartford is more compactly built than Middletown and contains more souls, the computed number of which amount to about double. The number of houses in Middletown are said to be 50 or 60. These, reckoning eight to the house, would make 2,000 at least. The depth of water, which vessels can make to the last place, is about ten feet, and is as much as there is over Saybrook bar.

"At Middletown there is one Episcopal church and two Congregational churches. In Hartford there is none of the first and two of the latter. Dined and drank tea at Colonel Wadsworth's, and about 7 o'clock received from and answered address of the town of Hartford.

"There is a great equality in the people of this state. Few or no opulent men and no poor, and great similitude in their buildings—the general fashion of which is a chimney always of brick or stone and a door in the middle, with a staircase running up by the side of the latter, two flush stories, with a very good show of sash and glass windows—the size generally is from 30 to 50 feet in length and from 20 to 30 in width—exclusive of a back shed, which seems to be added as the family increases. The farms, by the contiguity of the houses, are small, not averaging more than 100 acres. They are worked chiefly by oxen, which have no other feed than hay, with a horse and sometimes two before them, both in plow and cart. In their light lands, and in their sleighs they work horses, but find them much more expensive than oxen. Springfield is on the east side of Connecticut river; before you come to which a large branch, called Agawam, is crossed by a bridge. It stands under the hill on the interval land, and has only one meeting house, 28 miles from Hart-

ford. "Set out at 7 and for the first eight miles, ride over an almost uninhabitable plain, much mixed with sand." Saturday, 24th—Dressed by 7 and set out by 8— at 10 arrived at Cambridge, according to appointment. But most of the militia, living a little out of town, were not in line till after 11. Washington's modest description of the civic honors follows: "We passed through the citizens classed in their different professions and under their own banners till we came to the state house from which across the street an arch was thrown, in front of which was this description:

"To the Man Who Unites All Hearts," and on the other, "To Columbia's Favorite Son," and on the other side thereof, next the state house, in a panel decorated with a trophy composed of the arms of the United States of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and our French allies, crowned with a wreath of laurel, was this inscription: "Boston Relieved, March 17th, 1776." This arch was handsomely decorated and over the center of it a canopy was erected 20 feet high with the American eagle perched on the top. After passing through the arch and entering the state house at the south end, and ascending to the upper floor and returning to a balcony at the north end, three cheers were given by a vast concourse of people who by this time had assembled at the arch—then followed by an ode composed in honor of the president and well sung by a band of selected singers—after this three cheers—followed by the different professions and mechanics, in the order they were drawn up, with their colors, through a lane of the people, which had thronged about the arch, under which they passed. The procession being over I was conducted to my lodgings at a Widow Ingersoll's (which is a very decent and good house) by the lieutenant governor, council, accompanied by the vice president, where they took leave of me."

Next day, being Sunday, Washington went to the Episcopal church in the morning and listened to Dr. Parker, and in the afternoon he visited the Congregational church.

The diarist also indulges that dignity with which the name of Washington is ever surrounded. The day before he expected the governor to welcome him at the public reception; had engaged to take dinner with him, but as Governor Hancock did not appear at the arch Washington did not care to dine with him.

On Sunday the disconcerted magistrate came to Washington's lodgings and pleaded indisposition as an excuse for absence at the arch. Washington adds, "But as it was expected that he, the governor, expected to receive a visit from the president"—and Washington in fine sarcasm underscores the word "receive"—"he was resolved, at all hazards, to pay his compliments today," adds the president. The perplexed governor next sent a committee to Washington. "I informed them, in explicit terms," records the president, "that I would not see the governor unless it was at my own lodgings."

Governor Hancock's conduct was severely censured by public opinion. It was generally held that inordinate dignity, as chief magistrate of Massachusetts, and not bodily illness, was the secret cause of his failure to call on the president. The rebuke of official pride administered by Washington, who refused to see Governor Hancock except at the president's lodgings, decided the question of superior dignity.

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