

IL 11, 1894-EIGHT



MRS WILSON AND CHILD



MISS MURPHY



MRS. CUMMINGS



And con  
the nat

**Dr.**

is the o  
money

In T  
hausted  
Spasms  
of mon  
Backach

For  
perils o  
secretio

**Wha**

**IRR**

Miss I  
Dakota,  
Pierce's  
fered fro  
now I fe  
to you fo  
performo

Mrs.  
Bath Co  
to head,  
and oth  
"change  
say that  
vorite P  
ery," as  
God, my

"WA



PHILADELPHIA RE

## A GRAND DISCOVERY

Late News From Europe Upon a Subject of Widespread Interest.

## LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS

**A Declaration Made by the Great Doctor Fothergill for the Benefit of the People of the World Has Aroused Much Attention.**

London, Eng., March 27.—The following statement made by the late Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, the eminent scientist, who was physician for the London Hospital for diseases of the chest, has made quite a sensation. After denouncing oils and similar substances when used as food, he said: "Fatty, oily foods cannot be taken by those whose stomachs are weak or whose digestive organs are out of order. What food should such people have? I say they need food which will act as a strengthener and sustainer, as fuel to feed the lamp of life, and that is starch food. A soluble starch food which will be readily assimilated



DR. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

lated by the digestive organs is the food for people whose digestive organs are weak."

It was only natural that such a statement, coming from so high an authority, should have made a profound impression among the leading physicians and scientists of Europe, and it brings into special prominence the recent discovery of predigested starch food, known to doctors, to scientists and the w



# Washington's Grave

Disturb not his slumber, let Washington Sleep.  
Heath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;  
His arm is unruined, but his deeds remain bright,  
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.  
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,  
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair Shore;  
On the river's green border with rich flowers dressed,  
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around;  
'Tis the grave of a freeman, — 'his Liberty's mound;  
His name is immortal, — our freedom it won, —  
Beneath the shade of Columbia, our own Washington.  
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,  
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native Shore;  
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave  
On the land that can boast of a Washington's Grave.



