CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1904



#### THE WHISTLER.

Throughout the sunny day he whistled or his way, On high and low, and gay and sweet,

- The melody rang down the street-I all the weary, worn and gray, Smiled at their work, or stopped to Till say: "Now God be thanked that youth is fair, And light of heart and free from
- What time the wind blew high, he whis
- What time the wind blew high, he whis-tled and went by. Then clarion clear on every side The song was scattered far and wide; Like birds above a storm that fly, The silver notes soared to the sky: "Oh! soal whose courage does not fall But with a song can meet the gale."
- And when the rain fell fast, he whistled as he passed; A little tune the whole world knew, A song of love, of love most true; On through the mist it came at last To one by sorrow overcast: "Dear Christ," she said, "by night and day

- They serve who praise-as well as pray."
- And when the fog hung gray, he whistled
- when the rog hang gray, he winstea on his way. The little children in his train, With rosy lips caught up the strain. en I, to hear what he might say, Followed with them, that somber day; "Is it for joy of life," quoth I, "Good sir, you go a-whistling by?" He smiled and sighed and shook his head:

GAMBLING

WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

uthor of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story of the Cyanide Tanks," "Wilby's Dan,"

"His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

DARREL ACCUSED AS MCCLOUD.

lieved to find that the officer was one

of the first to be drawn to the scene

'I am glad you have come.

result seriously.

wildered marshal.

ton, "and held the inquest."

room, followed by his companion.

"Where is Murgatroyd now?"

'What's been going on here?'

"Ah, the marshal," said Darrel, re-

The marshal pushed farther into the

'Murgatroyd and I were settling an

"I cheer my own sad heart," he said -Virna Sheard, in Canadian Magazine.

"Murgatroyd would have no motive," added the doctor. "Murgatroyd and Darrel were not

"That's no news," came from the marshal. "It don't bear on Murga-troyd and Sturgis, anyhow."

"Yes, it does," persisted Darrel; 'Murgatroyd killed Sturgis in such a way that they would hang Darrel for

it. "Preposterous!" declared Dr. Pay-

ton.

"You're a fool," averred the marshal, ankly. "Do you think Murgatroyd frankly. "Do you think Murgatroyd would shoot a friend down in cold blood just for the sake of having Darrel hung?"

'Did you ever know Murgatroyd to make a play that wasn't cruel, crafty and safe?" asked Darrel. "He's a snake and would trail his slimy length over any friendship for the sake of getting his fangs into an enemy's

throat. "Be reasonable, young man," said the doctor, impatiently, "be reasonable.

"Talk's cheap," supplemented the marshal. "It would take strong proofs to make me believe anything like that.

"Gentlemen," resumed Darrel, "I happen to know that Nate Darrel came to this town on the day the murder was committed. He came to Sandy was committed. Bar to settle his differences with Murgatroyd and, directly after he reached the camp, made straight for this office. 'Murgatroyd was out in the hills and

Darrel went into that private office and wrote a line for him. Murgatroyd had forgotten his revolver and left it behind-it was lying on the desk in front of Darrel as he wrote his note.

"Before leaving the room Darrel marked every cartridge in that gun—" It was then the doctor's turn to leap

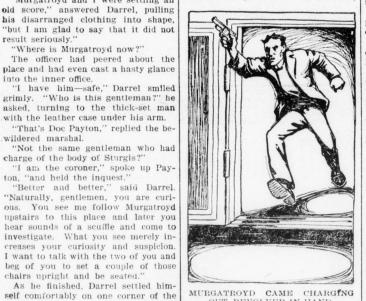
from his chair. "You know Darrel did that?" he interrupted.

"I do." "Why did he do it?"

"Because he feared Murgatroyd would shoot him down from behind." "Still," returned the doctor, sinking

back into his chair, "I can't see-"In his pocket-book Darrel placed a slip of paper stating that, if he met with foul play, the coroner would please recall that Lester Murgatroyd had sworn to shoot him on sight; and that, if the bullet that took Darrel's life bore the letter 'M,' it would be found to correspond with other cartridges in Murgatroyd's revolver.

Dr. Payton drew a deep breath and Merrick straightened out in his chair



MURGATROYD CAME CHARGING OUT. REVOLVER IN HAND

thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and peered at Darrel through half-closed eyes.

The bullet that killed Sturgis bore such a mark," said Payton, slowly, probed for it myself and it hasn't been out of my possession since."

'Why in the fiend's name didn't you

had to look after. There was a fight foot from the door leading into that of some kind, as you can see,"-Mer-rick nodded toward the overturned cabinet—"and Doc and I breezed in. But that don't make no difference. Here we are and if you've got a card up your sleeve now's your chance to

play it." "Then," cried Lenyard, whirling on Darrel and leveling a forefinger in his direction, "that man is Junius McCloud and I demand that you put him under arrest. It was he, and not Nate Darrel, that killed the man you know as Jack Sturgis!

"Holy Smoke!" roared the marshal, on his feet in a second. "Why, he's all but proved that Murgatroyd did it. First thing I know you fellows 'll have it on to me-or Doc, there.'

### CHAPTER XVII.

DARREL UNMASKED.

Darrel's amazement equaled the marshal's and the doctor's. So firm was his belief in Murgatroyd's guilt that he had heretofore left McCloud entirely ut of his calculations.

Before Lenyard could follow up his startling announcement with an explanation, the sallow-faced clerk pushed into the room, paused, and looked around him, aghast at the disand order

"Where's-where's Murgatroyd?" he asked.

"We don't want Murgatroyd now said Lenvard and drew close to the clerk and whispered to him.

The clerk whispered a reply, five ords of which Darrel happened to overhear-"down the hall-tuckered out." Who was down the hall and tuckered out? Darrel roused himself with freshened interest.

"This is most astounding, voung man," said he to Lenyard, with jeering incredulity.

"The truth comes that way, some times," returned Lenyard.

"But your accusation is arrant non-sense," persisted Darrel, feigning an-"These gentlemen"gry impatience. he waved his hand toward Payton and Merrick-"will not believe you. I have already proved my case against Murgatrovd.

"Not exactly proved it," qualified the doctor. "The revolver has yet to be found and examined. In this country five loads don't often remain in a gun for a month. I'm not very hopeful about your end of it, although Darrel's ruse was a clever one. "What was the ruse?" asked Len-

yard.

The doctor told him, with now and then a word from Merrick. When the recital was finished, ex-

ressive looks flashed between the clerk and Lenyard.

"The marking of those bullets," de clared Lenyard, "proves that McCloud killed Sturgis." "Why in the fiend's name should Mc-

Cloud kill Sturgis?" asked Merrick. "It wasn't McCloud that quarreled with Sturgis in Hawkbill's." There couldn't have been any motive," spoke up the doctor, who seemed to be a stickler on that phase of the

question. 'You'll not find Murgatroyd's revolver in Murgatroyd's possession," insisted Lenyard doggedly. "If you find it anywhere you'll find it in Mc-

Cloud's pocket. Look and see.' "Come on, Merrick," said Darrel, get-

ing up and raising his hands above his head.

"You'll not find it," remarked Lenyard while the marshal was making his search; "he wouldn't be so willing to let you look, if he had it. He's got rid of it somewhere.

another like it in the hull of Montana.'

"I've seen it a dozen times," said the marshal as he returned to his chair without finding the weapon. 'You've to you to make good.

"Yes." said the doctor, "and be very careful, Roy. It's a very serious matter."

"It was serious for Darrel," an-

other room. Isn't that so, Glenn?' Lenvard appealed to the sallow-faced lerk who was leaning against the wall picking nervously at the sleeve of his

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"That's so," said Jim Glenn, "but it will cost me my job, and maybe whole lot of trouble besides, when the old man hears what I've told." Merrick hitched his chair alongside

of Darrel's and the doctor turned a piercing look on the clerk. "Why did you keep this information to yourself, Glenn?" he demanded.

'Don't you know that it caused us to fix the crime on an innocent man? drove him to his death, that is just what it did. Why didn't you come to me, or to Mr. Merrick, and tell of this?" "The old man gave me \$100 to keep my mouth shut.'

"Ah!" cried the doctor; "and why did he do that?"

"Because he wanted Darrel hung." "Accessory after the fact!" ex.

claimed Payton triumphantly. "It means the penitentiary, anyhow. "That's what," assented the marshal. Blamed tough on Darrel, though. I recken I'd better put these on you, Mc Cloud.

Merrick drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and leaned toward Darrel. At that juncture a faint rattling was heard from the vault.

"What's that?" came in startled tones from Payton as every eye was turned on the vault door. "It's Murgatroyd," said Darrel. "It's

getting close in there and he must want to get out." "How long has he been in there?"

queried Glenn. "Ever since the doctor and the mar-

hal came." "It's a wonder he ain't smothered to

death!" exclaimed the marshal.

"He plays in too much luck for that." returned Darrel'grimly. "In our strug-gle here in the room we knocked over that cabinet of minerals and that piece of galena fell on Murgatroyd's head. The safe happened to be open and I hauled him into it, closed the doors and turned off the combination. I heard you gentlemen coming, you know, and thought it might be some of Murgatroyd's friends. I didn't want the fellow to get away until the marshal had a chance at him. I may have been wrong in some of my surmises but Mr. Lenyard has made it plain that Murgatroyd will have to share in the punishment even as he has shared in to work the taking off of poor Sturgis. Don't put those on me just yet, Merrick. I'm unarmed and you can sit close. I can't escape. Open the vault, Jim Glenn, you know the combination, don't you?"

"Dr. Payton," pursued Darrel as

Glenn moved to the vault door and began rattling the knob, "you and Lenyard stand ready to catch Murga-troyd as he comes out. Have a care, for he is armed. He has probably heard nothing of our conversation out bere. Brick and mortar and two thickesses of steel would prevent that." The marshal put his arm through and Payton and Lenyard Darrel's ranged themselves close to the vault door when Glenn swung it open. As the knob of the inner doors were turned, Murgatroyd came charging out, revolver in hand.

[To Be Continued.]

The First Hunting Dog.

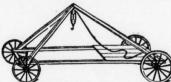
It is, by the way, a curious thing that the setter should not have been used with the gun until long after the pointer's utility in this way was rec ognized. The sportsman of Edward "Any one would know the old man's lll.'s time who caught pheasants and observed the clerk; "there ain't partridges in nets depended for assist ance in finding his game on a dog of some sort which was taught to or "sei " but not until the middle of the eighteenth century or thereabouts was the setter much used with the gun. opened this up, Lenyard, and it's up The pointer, on the other hand, was imported from Spain somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, at the time when progressive gunners were beginning to realize that they could shoot birds flying; and the



A STONE-HANDLING DEVICE. It Will Save in Every Day's Use a

Week's Time and Labor and Is Easily Built.

on Them. "Yes, sir. For instance," said a painter, relates the San Francisco Post, "there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonan-za king. It's called 'A Hailstorm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than 15 minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touches with my ulster and arctic overshoes on." "Don't say?" "Fact, sir; and then there's a little nimal gem I did for Gov. Gierkins the other day-portrait of his Scotch ter-rier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw the picture it went through the window like a 10-inch shell." "Did, eh?" "Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the can-vas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back, like a porcupine. Now how do yon account for that?" "Dunno." Having so many large stones and heavy stumps to handle, I contrived a device as shown in the illustration. The frame is made of heavy pieces, and set on wagon in the ordinary way. frame is floored over at the rear to hold



STONE DERRICK AND WAGON. stones or stumps to be swung onto it by the block and tackle. The upright pieces holding the tackle should be made of 2x6-inch hardwood pieces, all being securely screwed and bolted to-gether. Such a frame can be built of rough material in an hour or two, and will save in every day's use fully a week's time and labor.-P. U. Simpson, in Farm and Home.

MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED.

Cultivation of Drilled Corn Is Not Effective Unless the Work Is Done Right.

Elegant Train Service of the Nickel Plate Road. The thorough development and main-tenance of the up-to-date passenger serv-ice of the Nickel Plate Road leaves noth-ing to be desired by people who travel. Ladies traveling alone or accompanied by children will appreciate the clean and well-lighted coaches, made so by the corps of colored porters in uniform who attend the wants of both first and second-class passengers without extra charge. The din-ing car service of the Nickel Plate Road has become very popular with the patrons on the line and one of pride to the man-agement. This service is conducted un-der the system of individual club meals. Carefully prepared menus are compiled into booklets, containing suggestions for breakfast, luncheon or supper that will not cost you more than thirty-five cents and on up to one dollar, which is the limit, hence the disbursement may wait for the appetite. Meals are also served "a la Carte." As no excess fare is charged on any train, it will be to your advantage to purchase your tickets via the Nickel Plate Route, where rates are lower than via any other line. It is generally conceded that more corn can be grown on an acre in drills than in hills, but in weedy land the great trouble is to keep drilled corn clean and free from weeds. The great mistake in cultivating drilled corn usually is made at the first working, when shovels of medium size are used and small furrows left close to the rows. We find it no harder to keep drilled corn free from weeds than it is to keep hill corn clean, by using the smoothing harrow across the rows just as soon as the corn is up. In four or five days a second harrowing may be given and then the cultivators be set

"Whenever an unknown person of dis-tinguished appearance enters my office, **I** am reminded of the experience of Frank' Vanderlip," said a senator's secretary, according to the Washington Star. "When Vanderlip was Secretary Gage's private secretary, before he got wel accquainted, he paid little attention to the people he did not know. One day a member of the cabinet called on Secretary Gage and was ignored for some time by Vanderlip, nually going into the private room un-Avoid leaving any furrow close to the rows, and also be sure not to throw a ridge of earth up to the plants. Keep the land just as level as possible the first two or three workings and then and not know. One day a member of the cabinet called on Secretary Gage and was ignored for some time by Vanderlip, hnally going into the private room un-announced. The cabinet officer complained to President McKinley, and the president mentioned it to Secretary Gage, who thereupon reprimanded Vanderlip. "The next day, Vanderlip turning over a new leaf, one of the first persons to enter was a distinguished looking old fel-low with a partriarchal beard. Vanderlip received him with great consideration, handed out a chair, which the old fellow took with gravity and some wonderment. Seating himself opposite, Vanderlip asked, with a most engaging smile, 'What can I do for you, sir'' "Oh, nothing,' replied the visitor. 'I just came to wind the clocks.'' as the plants begin to shade the ground they will do much to smother out weeds. The later cultivation of any corn is best given by a one-horse five shovel cultivator, instead of the two-horse riding implement, as with the former one can go very shallow and keep at any desired distance from the growing corn. We believe there are too many high-priced riding cultivators and not enough small one-horse implements used. The latter, diligently ised, insure clean crops .-- Farmers'

# PLEASANT WORK FOR GIRLS.

Voice

Government Will Give Help Free to Those Who Want to Try Silk-Worm Culture.

The department of agriculture is in-

vestigating the possibilities of silk-worm culture in the United States. To persons wishing to experiment, and who can furnish proper food for the worms, the department is distributing free of charge a small quantity of silkworm eggs, and also a manual of in-structions. The proper food for silkworms consists of leaves from the different varieties of white mulberry tree and the Osage orange. The paper mulberry (with the fuzzy leaves) is not suitable, nor is the common red mulberry. As the season is now open applications for the eggs should be made at once, and must be accompanied by a statement as to the number and kind of mulberry trees or the amount of Desage orange which the applicant posa statement as to the number and kind Osage orange which the applicant possesses, otherwise the eggs will not be sent. If the variety of the mulberry is not known to the applicant a sample of large leaves should be sent to the department. The department of agricuiture buys the cocoons which the worms spin, paying for them (after they have been dried) 75 cents to one dollar a pound, according to their quality. The work will prove an interesting pastime for women and children who can devote to it odd minutes during the day. Farmers as Business Men. Successful farmers must be business men. There is no more reason why they should succeed with careless methods than should the manufacturer. It is just as important that the farmer know how much it costs him to raise a hog and to care for a horse or produce a bushel of corn or oats as it is for the wagon maker to know what it costs to manufacture a wagon. When this part of the business is looked after more carefully, there will be less foundation for complaints of unprofitable seasons, mortgaged farms and the unprofitableness of agriculture in general.-Ameriman Agriculturist.

## CALIFORNIA DOG PAINTER. Painted the Animals So Well That

They Had to Have Chains

on Them.

along his back, like a porcupine. Now how do you account for that?" "Dunno." "It just beats me. When the governor examined the work he insisted in my painting in a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

Elegant Train Service of the Nickel

Plate Road.

MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Government Official Was Bound to

Get Right, But Again

Got Wrong.

No Use Trying.

He—Suppose I should ask your father f I could marry you? Do you think I vould stand any chance? She—No; your case would be hopeless. "Do. you think he would really say no?"?

Not that; but he would leave it to

A Skeptic.

"He's too honest to use money on an election." "Well," said 'Senator Sorghum, "I don't know. Maybe he's too honest and then again, maybe he's too economical."—Wash-ington Star.

Rice to Go Up.

Patience-Now, I see there is a rice

trust. Patrice-Just as if there were not al-ready enough obstacles in the way of mar-riage!-Yonkers Statesman.

Give a man a seed catalogue and a woman a fashion chart, and they will solve the problem of what to do with their surplus cash.—Chicago Tribune.

"He's too honest to use money on an

'no

me.

"He's right about that. Merrick. said the doctor, righting one of the overturned chairs and seating himself in it. "Let's hear him."

desk. The marshal was inclined to

'I want to understand this thing.'

'Precisely! The quickest way to un

If anything has gone

derstand it is by listening to what I

wrong, I am here to be held to ac-

he began, aggressively, and Darrel in-

parley on Murgatroyd's account.

terrupted him with:

wish to say.

count.'

Merrick had an uncomfortable feeling that matters were strangely wrong, somehow, and he picked up the lamp and stepped apart to survey the He came back directly other room. and again set the lamp on the desk.

'I don't like the looks of things,' he grumbled as he sat down, "and we seem to be leaving the whole matter to you entire. But I reckon you can away.'

Darrel, fearing interruption from the vault, plunged into the subject at once.

What was the verdict of the coroner's jury in the Sturgis case, doc-tor?" he asked.

"It was found that Sturgis met his death by a bullet, 45-caliber, fired by one Nathan Darrel, of San Francisco,' returned the doctor.

"Were the proofs of Darrel's guilt quite conclusive?"

"The jury found them so."

"But you, in your own mind; were you quite convinced?"

"I don't recognize your right to ask such a question. I am the coroner and I have repeated to you the jury's verdict.

In spite of this Darrel could see plainly that Dr. Payton had an honest doubt

"What's the use of splittin' hairs?" said the marshal. "And what has the murder of Sturgis got to do with your row with Murgatroyd?"

"Just this, Mr. Merrick," returned Darrel, steadily; "Murgatroyd killed Sturgis

"What!" exploded Merrick, starting up.

The doctor was less amazed, although not a little startled

Darrel repeated his words. "Why," exclaimed the "Why," exclaimed the marshal, "Things happened up here, Len- room, I'm telling you, and failed to see "Sturgis and Murgatroyd was friends!" yard," returned the marshal, "that we Jim Glenn who was standing here, a

tell me something about that?" asked Merrick, his indignant eyes on the doctor. him.

"The jury knew of it," answered Payton. "We all kept quiet about it, hoping that something like this might develop.

'But what do we know about this fellow?" queried Merrick, jerking his head toward Darrel; "he's a stranger in camp and his story may be cut out of whole cloth."

"A month has elapsed since the shooting," went on Payton, addressing Darrel. "Why have you kept silent so long?

' The delay was unavoidable," replied Darrel.

"Possibly, but the chances are it has defeated the ends of justice providing what you say is true. If we car find Murgatroyd's revolver in his posses-sion, Merrick," the doctor added, turning to the marshal, "and if the revolver, after these four weeks, is found to contain the marked cartridges, this man proves his case. Darrel's heart leaped in his breast

He was sure of Murgatroyd's gulit and the fact that the revolver would now be found upon him-barring the technical point that it had been out of his possession for the four weeks-would prove his guilt.

The technical point, which Murgatroyd could not prove without Darrel's help, was the only thing that could throw a cloud over Darrel's theory. Darrel was just asking himself how he should proceed in dealing with that

phase of the question when another diversion occurred. Roy Lenyard stepped into the room

and moved resolutely toward the group sitting around the lamp on the desk. "Mr. Merrick," said he, sharply, requested you to wait below until I rejoined you and the doctor."

swered the young man warmly, "to Spanish pointer, or double-nosed point have his good name taken away from

"Good name!" echoed Darrel derisively. "A gambler, gentlemen." he went on, turning to the doctor and the marshal, "a man who follows the cards for a living. This boy has a peculiar way of looking at things."

Lenyard grew angry. "McCloud," said he, "I told you in Hawkbill's that I wasn't done with

"Give us your proofs," said Darrel, shortly.

"Dr. Payton," continued the young man, "you know how hard I have worked to clear Darrel's name during the last month because I felt sure of his innocence. I did not go to you with what I had discovered because I was waiting to find this man McCloud. "On the night Sturgis was murdered, McCloud was in that private room, there, with Murgatroyd. Murgatroyd had been very late in getting back from the hills and he had found a letter from Darrel that made him savage and desperate. He looked out of the street window and saw Darrel returning to Hawkbill's after having gone with me to the hotel. "Telling McCloud to remain where

he was, Murgatroyd rushed out of the room, but did not take his revolver with him. Don't forget that point. gentlemen. Strange as it may seem to you, Murgatroyd was so excited he did not take his revolver.

"McCloud picked up the weapon and stepped to the open window. He leaned out, and down the street, in the glare of light from the dance-hall opposite, he saw Darrel confronted by Sturgis. He raised the revolver, sighted carefully, and fired. Then he rushed away, pushing the weapon into his pocket; rushed out through this very

er, as he is called by old writers, be came the gun dog at once. Col. Thomas Thornton, of Thornton Royal,

who devoted his life to field sports, was the man who remodeled the ancestor of the modern pointer. He con idered the dog of his day too slow, and by crossing the Spanish pointer with the foxhound obtained greater speed and stamina, but at some loss of nose and docility .- E. D. Cumming, in Outing.

### Lean as Phuraoh's Kine.

A good story of an old crofter who appeared before the commission to apply for a reduction of rent has just been told at a meeting in Glasgow. The number of cattle on the farm led Sheriff Brand to observe that surely the croft could not be in such a bad way as its owner would seek to show. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasties." "What like are they?" queried the sheriff. "They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's "How lean was that?" pawkily kine." asked the sheriff, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. But had he? Not a bit. Like a flash came back the answer: "So lean, sir that they could only be seen in a

Ambassador Choate, at a dinner given by an American resident of London, illustrated the intricacies of court etiquette with a little story about King Edward.

"On the day of the birth of the pres ent king," he said, "a certain marquis approached a lady-in-waiting anxious-

"'Is it a boy or a girl?' he whispered.

"The lady-in-waiting, with a 13 proachful look, whispered back: "'It's a prince.' "-N. Y. Tribune

#### The Gopher as a Plowman.

Darwin concluded that the earth worm in five years brings up soil enough to cover the ground one inch thick, and that, therefore, the result of its labor is of vast importance. I reckon that the pocket-gopher does this in five months. It does not do it in the same way or so effectively, because the earthworm actually digests the substance of its castings; but it is evident that the pocket-gopher's method answers the purpose of fully disintegrating and mixing the dead vegetation with the soil to produce a rich and fertile black loam.--Ernest Thompson, in Century.

### TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest and eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants. these together with the sedentary habits were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape with complete satisfaction and Nuts much improvement in health and brain

power. "American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated in nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

vision."-Yorkshire Post. Court Etiquette Illustrated.