

# DAVIE RHYS, COWARD

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE and WILLIAM HENRY EADER.

His great frame filling the doorway, "Dynamite" John glanced up at the snow-comb hanging over the mountain edge far above. "She'll rip loose some day and smother us for sure," he said.

"That's what," agreed Brawn, with a sly glance at Davie Rhys, the butt of the mine. "Bet you she comes down this very night."

"Hello, Davie, bye! Be thee going to get out of the track of us?" jeered a third.

"I am," said Davie. "There be no place for me in a snowslide. I'm no top man."

"That ye're not," scoffed Brawn; "an' no first-class headman would own you for his trammer, either."

A slow flush crept into Davie's homely honest face. He knew himself for a born coward, and he knew that these rough, reckless miners also knew him for one. The risks they took without a thought in the dark depths of the mine made him shudder. Yet he was a man grown, as big and strong a Cornishman as they.

"Aw, leave the bye alone," spoke up Jemie Lord, the cook. "It be's no fault of his that un's a six-foot bobby. I mind of a story I heard when I was a little un."

"Ye an' yer stories!" growled Dynamite. "What matters it to thee if we have a bit fun with the bye?" and the man slouched out into the starlit night.

"Better get outside, Davie," said Brawn, leering at Jemie.

"I will, mon. If there be snowslides comin', I want to be where I can run," said Davie, contemptuous of his own weakness.

He strode out of the cabin in a rage with himself, a volley of guffaws following him.

He stood on the ledge in front of the cabin, looking down into the canon below. From the edge there was a sheer drop of fifty feet, and below that a descent for nearly a mile to the river, on the edge of which he could see the shining lights of the Blue Bell stamp-mill. Half a mile to his right ran the ore tramway of the Blue Bell, connecting the mine far up on the shoulder of the mountain with the mill in the canon. Except for that aerial route, there was no means of communication between the miners above and the mill below.

Davie glanced up at the great snow-comb above, and shuddered. If it should break, and if the slide should catch their bunk-house in its descent! A moment, and he was frantically tearing open the cabin door. The miners looked round, to see framed in the opening the face of Davie, wild and haggard.

"There do be a snowslide a-comin'!" he yelled. "I hear the comb breakin' awa from the ridge now. Git ye out quick, 'cause Dynamite's gone an' left thee, an' I'm a-goin'!"

"Ha! ha!" yelled the chorus of miners.

Brawn shouted, "Ho, ho, Davie, bye! Think thee is goin' to work our own game on us? Go awa! Go awa!"

But Davie had already gone, dashing to pass no longer before the downward sweep of the swirling, crackling, roaring white terror. He clambered madly up the side of the gulch in a desperate, heart-pounding scramble for life. Behind him he heard the thunderstorm rush of the slide scoring its way down the mountain ravine. Safe on the rim he paused at last, his ears deafened with the roar, his eyes dilating fearfully, his head reeling.

Gradually the terrific noise subsided, the white swirling part settled, Davie, trembling on the rock ledge, peered fearfully down into the path of the slide. The cabin he had left not five minutes before was nowhere to be seen. The avalanche had wiped the bluff clean.

He knew his comrades must be buried, alive or dead, under forty feet of snow at the foot of the ledge on which the cabin had stood. He knew, too, that even if they were alive help must reach them soon or they would smother.

Turning, he sped swiftly along the trail in the direction of the compressor-house. From out of the darkness his voice rose in a shriek: "Dynamite! Dynamite!" But no answering voice mingled with the echoes of the shrill cry.

"Dynamite, the men be covered in the snowslide!"

Yet although the hills cried his terror back and forth, no other answer came. Davie, before the black depths of the unlighted compressor-house, stopped to wring his hands despairingly. "I cannot dig un out alone! Where be Dynamite?"

He would have given anything for a glimpse of Dynamite John, the camp bully and hero, that he might thrust the responsibility upon his broad shoulders. But that doughty champion, well aware that where one slide had come others were likely soon to follow was running swiftly for safety across the hills.

Into Davie's tottering mind leaped a picture of the one chance for his buried mates. Half a mile away the tiny treads of the Blue Bell tramway spun its course down at a dizzy height over the cliffs and gorges. If he could fling himself into one of the descending ore-buckets he might perhaps carry the news of the accident to the men at the mill, and they might be able to rescue his comrades from their snowy grave.

Snow-filled gulches lay between him and the aerial tramway, and above them huge white razor-edged snow-combs hung suspended from the rocky ridges, threatening to crash down without warning upon him. He knows that a pistol-shot, a sharp call, even the bark of a dog, is often sufficient to precipitate the menacing masses of snow which hang on the giant crests of the Rocky Mountains.

But he plunged headlong into the first drift. He could not quell, but he would not yield to the deadly death clutching at his heart. Intermittent seemed his slow advance through the great snow billows, around boulders and over fallen trees. At times he was buried in the depths, wallowing he knew not where, oppressed by dread lest at any moment he might fling himself over a precipice. Yet he worked steadily forward till he came to the base of the forty-foot height of timbered tramway station.

At intervals of about two hundred yards these stations were built to support the tramway. On the platform of each station was a shaft bearing two heavy iron wheels grooved to receive the cable, on which were suspended every hundred feet the iron ore-buckets running from the mine to the mill and back to the mine in an endless chain.

These buckets were so nicely adjusted, to facilitate dumping, that any unevenness in loading would cause them to empty themselves. It was into one of these swaying buckets that Davie meant to make his flying leap. To miss the cable-clutch, to strike the side of the bucket in such a way as to cause it in its wild rebound to fling him out, would be sure death.

Somewhere above Davie a neglected wheel shrieked an uncanny wail of complaint. Occasionally the click of a bucket-grip rang out in the darkness. The trammer shuddered as he began to climb up the ice-coated ladder.

When the trammer reached the slippery landing his nerves were quivering and his head swam. The swaying buckets seemed to click a warning to him as they passed. He had once seen a man, under the spur of whisky and a foolish boast, attempt the leap into one of these buckets. He had later helped carry his crushed, lifeless body from the sharp rocks below. That had been in the daytime and this was black night. He shrank back.

"I don't know," he murmured, "whether it can be did in the dark or no. I saw Black Tom miss, an' heard an shriek as an cracked un bloody skull on the rocks."

Bucket after bucket passed, and the man still fought with his fears. He cursed himself for a coward, he crouched for the leap-once and again, but he hung back, trembling. He promised himself it should be next time, but as the buckets came down out of the darkness he wavered. His lips were parched and shivered, his blazing eyes strained in their sockets.

In an instant it was done. As the black bucket slipped down at him he leaped far out into dizzy space and caught the clutch. The bucket swayed from the impact, tossed like a boat in a heavy sea, and seemed to hurl him from it. His mind was a tortured chaos as he found himself riding in a wild flight downward. The terrific roar in his ears churned all sounds to a scream of malignant triumph.

Round the new stove in the temporary and hastily constructed cabin, Brawn, Dynamite, Jemie Lord, and the other survivors of the snowslide, sat in the glow of the firelight.

"Quite a boost for Davie," said the cook. "I hear the super is going to make un timekeeper on the Mary H."

"He earned it," said Brawn. "He did more'n Dynamite here thought o' doin', an' more than any o' the rest of us would have done. I say he earned it."

"That's what he did," said Jemie. "It was him told un to bring along the pipes to poke in the snow for us, too. They never would have got us out if they hadn't brought those pipes along."

"That's right," agreed Brawn. "They might have dug for a month without finding any of us. 'Twas Davie bye saved us."

The other men nodded silently. "All right to talk about it now," continued Brawn, "but if it hadn't been for Davie's nerve, we would be down in the gulch here, frozen stiff in square sets by this time. If anybody asks me who's the bravest man I ever knew, I'll say Davie, an' lick un if he disputes it."

"Brave!" sneered Dynamite. "I saw un hangin' round the dump today, skeered to go in under that tale drift for the last car-load."

"You may drop that, Dynamite! We'll not stand for it any more!" growled one of the men.

"All the more reason," said Jemie, "that he should get to be timekeeper. He won't have to go into anything he's skeered on then, unless he gets sore on somebody, an' that ain't Davie's way."

"Well," said Brawn, "we's a-goin to give him that 'ere gold watch for what he done, no matter what he's skeered on, an' we's goin' to say special tin' for bravery."

"O' course," assented Jemie, and the other men nodded vigorous approval.—Youth's Companion.

The thin paper on which the Oxford Bible is printed is made after a secret process by the Oxford University Press. The secret is valued at \$1,250,000.

# POPULAR SCIENCE

## Their Money Value

The federal agricultural department is preparing to issue a bulletin which illustrates, in startling fashion, the actual money value of good roads to the farmer and the people generally, as well as the financial losses they are now indirectly sustaining from poorly maintained thoroughfares.

The bulletin gets to the very meat of the proposition by showing, as the result of careful investigation, the average cost of transporting agricultural products from the farms to shipping points—an expense that inevitably falls upon the farmer and lessens his profits.

It is estimated that the average load of cotton is 1702 pounds, the distance of the haul 11.8 miles and the cost of hauling sixteen cents per hundred pounds. The bulletin then sums up the cost of transporting the leading American farm products in actual money and the no less tangible investment of time, as follows:

"The total tonnage of farm products hauled on country roads in the United States is not known, but of twelve leading products it is estimated that nearly 50,000,000 tons were hauled from farms during the crop year 1905-6, at a cost of about \$85,000,000, or more than five per cent. of their value at local markets. Of this traffic, 40,000,000 tons represent the weight of corn, wheat and cotton, and the cost of hauling these three products was \$70,000,000."

"The number of working days taken to haul twelve leading crops from farms to shipping points during the crop year 1905-6 is estimated at 21,417,500, and the number of loads taken as 30,319,000."

The department makes very sensible suggestions in the following terms:

"The distance limit of profitable farming for a given crop may often be extended by improving methods and means of hauling. Better wagons and horses may be used, roads may be improved and better facilities may be had for receiving the products at local markets and shipping points. Improvements of this kind tend to lessen the expense of hauling a load, and thus make it profitable for farmers to haul from greater distances."

While these estimates are based on general averages, it is fair to assume that they furnish reasonably accurate material for calculations looking to the introduction of more economical methods.

There can, therefore, be little doubt that if the roads of the South and other portions of the country were improved to a degree of even ten per cent., the cost of hauling products to shipping points would be perceptibly reduced. Less time, moreover, would be required to make the designated haul—another factor which can by no means be ignored in the final summing up. Fewer men and fewer horses or mules would be called into requisition, or taken away from other tasks. The farmer would find his profits sensibly increased, and the opportunities for the extension of his work greatly multiplied.

These are only a few of the arguments in favor of a systematic campaign. There are the equally undeniable ones of the enhancement in property values, and the furtherance of the social and educational facilities of the respective communities.

Evidences are not lacking that the sentiment in every Southern State is rousing to an appreciation of the fact that money spent in this direction is productive of sure and substantial dividends.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Treasury Surplus For Roads.

A unique good roads bill has been introduced in Congress by Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Its object is to distribute the surplus in the Treasury of the United States to the several States and Territories for the sole purpose of improving the roads therein.

The bill provides in effect that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury at the end of each fiscal year to take an account of all the funds in the Treasury and after deducting from said sums the amounts required by law to be kept in the Treasury, the remainder, if any, shall be declared a surplus. The Secretary of the Treasury must then immediately provide for the distribution of this surplus, not exceeding \$25,000,000 annually during the continuance of the proposed law, on a per capita basis to the States and Territories, to be computed from the last general census, and shall prorate the same accordingly, for the sole purpose of improving the postal roads in said States and Territories, under such rules and regulations as the States and Territories may provide.—The Automobile.

## Tit For Tat.

Mr. Wood, a Cheryvale man, fond of playing jokes, met his friend Stone and said: "Hello, Stone! How is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?" Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles? "Fine, thank you." Then he added: "And how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

## On the Woozy Mississipp.

A humorist has said that "the Mississippi River is so crooked in places that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, giving passing signals, and narrowly escape a collision with itself."—Detroit Free Press.

## A DEADLY PARALLEL.

Pays to Considerate in the Restaurant and Elsewhere, After All. The considerate man walked into a restaurant.

One choice seat had a hat on it. Another was occupied by a newspaper.

A feeder had his feet upon the rungs of a third.

The considerate man, wishing to bother no one, walked past these choice seats and found a chair which was sheltered from every cooling breeze and which also permitted an unrivalled view of a piece of wall and a coat hook.

And in this spot the considerate man waited for a waitress.

Once he coughed in a gentle sort of way.

Other times he twisted his head around and tried to catch a waitress' eye.

Or picked up the bill of fare and put it down with an air of finality as though wishing to be observed as saying to himself, "There. That is what I want. Now I am ready to place my order."

He began to feel as though he was being slighted. He flushed, and as he sat there with his wrists resting upon the edge of the table (his finger tips together) viewing the wall and the coat hook, he began to feel a warmth at the back of his neck, and became suffused with all the helplessness of a man who knows that his ears are turning red.

At last a waitress (possibly inexperienced) ran up to him, leaned over him, swished the table with her napkin and gave him a look that said, "Now, then, slowpoke! You needn't think you're waiting at the church."

"Do you mind bringing me, please," said the considerate man, "a small steak, well done, and a cup of tea?"

In half an hour she slapped a portion of liver and bacon down in front of him.

"Cawfee?" she demanded.

"Please," said he.

Now as he sat there viewing the wall and the coat hook while he chewed his leather and bacon, not wishing to hurt anybody's feelings by calling attention to mistakes (always fearful of causing a good girl's discharge from honest employment) another man came into that restaurant.

He was a man without modesty or breeding. He selected a cool spot where he could see everything in the place, tipped a hat and a parcel out of a chair, sat down, glanced at the bill of fare, and snapped his fingers for a waitress. He waited one second and banged his knife against the vingar culet. He waited another second, half arose from his chair and exclaimed, "Here! I want some one to wait on me!"

Hearing that voice three waitresses made a leap for him.

"Bring me eggs and bacon," he commanded, "eggs fried on both sides and the bacon crisp. Mind it's crisp! Graham bread. Cup of coffee. And hurry up! I can't wait all day!"

He got them so quick there seemed to be magic in it.

And while the considerate man was still struggling with his rubber heels and bacon, the bold, forward man supped his last drop of coffee, uttered "Ah!" with a great sound, scowled at the bill, paid it, left the waitress nothing, listened to the manager's opinion of the weather, barked "Yes! Yes!" and ran out to elbow an old lady off the sidewalk.

The bold forward man went to his office. The starter, hearing him elbow, held the elevator for him and then shut the gate neatly in the face of the considerate man, who followed. In a few minutes the forward man, wishing to descend to the street, reached the elevator shaft just as the car dropped past his floor. "Down!" he howled and the car came back for him as meek as a lamb; but later, when the considerate man said "Down, please," three cars went down past him with an unhesitating emphasis that was insulting.

Coming now to the deadly parallel we will give the first column to the considerate man. The bold forward party gets the second column.

The Considerate Man.	The Bold, Forward Man.
He had no seat in the subway.	He had the best seat in the car.
He was the last man off the train.	He was the first.
He was nearly run over at a corner crossing.	He held up traffic while he went over.
His dinner was half an hour late.	His was right on the minute.
His steak was tough and stringy.	His was fine and tender.
He never complained.	He growled at everything on the table.
He drank his bottle of beer with a noise like the intake of a suction pump.	He choked on a large piece of meat, turned purple, kicked the bucket with a terrible jolt and was hustled down to —

He had no beer.	He drank his glass of water and smiled back to the angels at some sweet, tender thought.
He drank his glass of water and smiled back to the angels at some sweet, tender thought.	He choked on a large piece of meat, turned purple, kicked the bucket with a terrible jolt and was hustled down to —

Which proves that it pays to be considerate.—New York Sun.

## The Bark of the Sequoias.

California's giant trees, the sequoias, thousands of years old, have been preserved to this day because of their enormously thick bark. From time to time in the course of ages forest fires have swept through the big tree lands, destroying everything, yet only scorching for a couple of inches' depth or so the almost fireproof bark. The flames, having carbonized that much of the bark, could not penetrate farther, for the carbonized portion formed an absolutely fireproof covering for the remainder of the interior bark.

# POPULAR SCIENCE

A Paris scientist says that gold boils at a temperature of 2400 degrees centigrade.

Salt extracted from sea water is recommended for laying dust on the streets by Dr. Carl, an eminent chemist of Bordeaux.

Cancer, the scourge to which expert investigators are now giving special attention everywhere, takes seventh place on the list of most fatal diseases.

Lieutenant James Carroll, curator of the Army Medical Museum, is to be given the remarkable promotion of major on the active list of the army. He helped investigate the yellow fever situation in Cuba in 1900, offered himself as a sacrifice to the mosquito transmission theory, and was the first volunteer to take the fever.

For comfort perhaps the pneumatic tire can never be excelled, but its tendency to puncture has induced many attempts to find a satisfactory solid substitute. Hard rubber is not sufficiently resilient, but a new compound, called elastes, has recently been tried in England, and the results are reported to be good. It consists of a mixture of glue, glycerin and chromic salts, dissolved together at a high temperature, and forced, while still liquid, into the inner tube of the tire. It is said to give about the same ease of motion as an air inflated tire.—The use of this substance increases the weight of a wheel from twenty to forty pounds, according to the size, but an offset for this is claimed in the fact that extra tires need not be carried.

Considerable interest has been awakened in the trial of a new electric brake on a New York City street car. The power is furnished by the trolley current. The motor man applies the brake with a handle, similar to that of the ordinary air brake, and releases by pressing a foot pedal. It is said that with the electric brake the labor of the motor man is greatly reduced, while the stops are effected more smoothly and easily. There is no surging of the car, the reason offered being that the electric brake can be released instantly, whereas the air must escape from the cylinder of the air brake before the pressure on the wheels can be relieved. To provide against failure of the trolley current, a device is furnished whereby the motor can be short circuited, and the car thus quickly stopped.—Youth's Companion.

## A MYTH OF THE ARCTIC.

### Peary Proved That There Was No Paleocrycstic Sea Off Greenland.

It was proved by Peary in his long journey westward along the coast of Greenland last spring, that the Paleocrycstic Sea does not exist. It was thirty years ago that the world first heard of it. When Nares sailed up through the Smith Sound channels to the Arctic Ocean he saw, instead of the open sea that Kane had reported, an ocean blanketed with floe ice deeply covered with snow. Rising here and there above the general level were huge masses of ice, not at all like the Greenland icebergs, with sharp points and irregular domes, but presenting vertical walls and flat upper surfaces like the enormous cubic blocks of ice that are seen in Antarctic waters.

Nares therefore changed the name of this part of the Arctic Ocean from the Open Sea to the Paleocrycstic Sea, or in other words, the sea of ancient ice. Greely found later that while the pack ice rarely exceeds seven or eight feet in thickness many of these erratic blocks were from ninety to 900 feet thick.

Greely also discovered that these masses were not composed of frozen sea water, but that they originated on the land. The theory was advanced that they were formed on comparatively level plains and were pushed forward into the sea and set adrift as ice rafts. For many years there was much speculation as to their place of origin and their distribution over this part of the Arctic Ocean.

Peary has now shown that the place of origin of these prodigious, flat topped masses of ice is not far to seek. As he went westward on his journey to complete the survey of the Grant Land coast he discovered that to the west of Cape Hecla all the shores are covered with a continuous glacial mass having a width of from one to fifteen miles. This extensive ice formation has no enormous elevation, but every headland is buried under it, and all the bays are filled with it; and from its outer edge in summer huge fields of the ice break off, forming the so-called paleocrycstic floes. As the current is to the east they are floated away to the Lincoln Sea, where Nares and Greely saw such numbers of them.

Peary's discovery increases the probability that, as has been conjectured, the higher masses of this glacial ice are formed by enormous ice pressure which crushes some of the blocks together and forces others under the mass. At any rate they are not of ancient origin, and the name Paleocrycstic Sea is a misnomer.—New York Sun.

# Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on" and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the standard and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$300,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business; furthermore, that no alcohol or other poisonous, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever; and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription" from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs. These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief and their base slanderers were refuted.

The will of Mrs. Phoebe Bloomfield, Toledo, gives her sister, Mrs. Fryberger, \$5,000 on condition that she does not return to Fryberger.

Garfield Tea—the indispensable laxative! Take it in the Spring; it purifies the blood, cleanses the system, eradicates disease. It is made wholly of simple herbs. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Law.

## Japanese Fond of Billiards.

So enamored are the Japanese becoming of the great game of billiards that the Mikado has had a fine in-laid table erected, and it is stated that H. W. Stevenson is to give lessons at the Imperial court.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Japan Not Able to Fight.

Financiers of world-wide reputation have all along laughed at the idea that Japan, in her present state of financial instability, would wage war against any country, least of all the United States. From what the world at large is coming to know of the internal affairs of the island empire (a recent dispatch from Tokio guardedly refers to the growing sentiment against the mania for speculation), the pacific predictions of the experts may well be credited. A country with a falling stock market and an impending financial panic does not enter upon the extravagance of war, unless its statesmen have taken leave of their senses, and it is generally admitted that the men who are directing the foreign policy of Japan are exceptionally level-headed. Japan is in no condition to seek enemies or to challenge its friends.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Benefit of Yawning.

Systematic yawning seems to have proved highly successful in Austria, as a method of vocal and health culture. Dr. Naegli advises deep yawning with arms outstretched, thus insuring complete change of air in the lungs, and at each treatment he has his patients make six to eight yawns, each being followed by swallowing. He regards the exercise, with deep breathing, as the best means of strengthening the respiratory organs and muscles, while it gives astonishing relief in catarrh of the throat. For singers a like practice causes the tonsils and uvula to retract and harden, and the clear passage gives the voice greater volume and improved quality.

## FIND OUT

### The Kind of Food That Will Keep You Well.

The true way is to find out what is best to eat and drink, and then cultivate a taste for those things, instead of poisoning ourselves with improper, indigestible food, etc.

A conservative Mass. woman writes: "I have used Grape-Nuts 5 years for the young and for the aged; in sickness and in health; at first following directions carefully, later in a variety of ways as my taste and judgment suggested.

"But its most special, personal benefit has been a substitute for meat, and served dry with cream when rheumatic troubles made it important for me to give up the 'coffee habit.'"

"Served in this way with the addition of a cup of hot water and a little fruit it has been used at my morning meal for six months, during which time my health has much improved, nerves have grown steadier, and a gradual decrease in my excessive weight adds greatly to my comfort." Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."