Woman's Realm

Try to Be Sweet.

Do try to be as sweet and charming at home as you strive to be elsewhere, says the New York Herald, speaking to girls. Get up and go to bed good natured. Speak to the members of your family as courteously as you would to Mrs. Modish. It will charm the ear of your mother and gratify her. And keep a careful watch of your voice as well as your words at home, for one of the greatest attractions one can have is a speaking voice of sweet, modulated tones.

Take Warning, Girls.

Cupid is always painted with wings, perhaps to show how easily he can fly away. Many women forget this once they are married, and the man who fell in love with his wife, because, before marriage, she always looked so dainty and well groomed, is sometimes woefully disappointed to find how little care she takes over her appearance for ordinary, everyday occasions afterward.

It isn't fair to any husband to let oneself go in this way. If you do, and find that very soon Cupid flies out at the window, you will have only yourself to blame.—Home Chat.

Goes Into Detail.

It is cause for a man to go along the streets calling to people to look out for their horses: A Woman Who Goes Into Details is visiting in town. She recently bought a spool of thread at a store, and told a busy clerk why she preferred forty to fifty, what she was making, how fast she was sewing and in just what corner of the room she kept her sewing machine. A man who was walking to work overtook her the other morning and was compelled to walk with her. He said it was a fine morning, and in reply she told him her grandmother's last words, and why her great-grandfather always wore something with a touch of blue in it. Five minutes after the man had left her he was found in an alley having a fit. It would be proper and show consideration for the people if a warning were passed from door to door upon the approach of A Woman Who Goes Into Details in order that storekeepers might lock their doors and hide.—Atchison Globe.

Love's Labor Lost Indeed.

It was misdirected zeal and patience that moved Mrs. Lena Wilson, of Brazil, Ind., to write a sentence of eight words 1716 times on one side of an ordinary postal card. In all Mrs. Wilson wrote 13,728 words, or 68,640 letters, an average of five letters to a word. The writing was done with a blue steel pen, and every word shows clearly under a magnifying glass. It has been estimated the woman spent eight full weeks, or 1344 hours, or 80,640 minutes on the work. The result certainly does not justify the outlay. Two solid months mean six months, working eight hours a day, and for that Mrs. Wilson has a single postal card, which is merely a curiosity and of no artistic value. With an equal amount of patient labor, Mrs. Wilson might have produced enough fancy work to decorate her home, or gained a working knowledge of a language, or perhaps written a play.—New York Press.

When Kissing Girls is Not Improper.

The matter of when it is proper for a man to kiss a girl is undoubtedly an important one. And while on certain occasions it would be manifestly indecorous, at others it is quite to be expected and there are even times when a man must brace himself for the inevitable, and give, or accept, a caress when he fain would not.

Promiscuous kissing is, however, not to be indulged in; not even at weddings, where the bridegroom expects to be martyred by girl friends and relatives, or the bride finds herself being embraced by casual acquaintances. This custom is not good form. Only the close friends of the bridal couple should congratulate them in such manner, and the man who takes advantage of the bride's good nature at the moment and kisses her, though he knows her but formally, can only be called impertinent. If he has been on informal terms with her for a long time, and really likes her, it may then be permissible, although the act may be questioned. It is better always to err on the side of being over reserved rather than too familiar.

It is not good form for a girl to be kissed by the men she knows, not even though she regards them as brothers. They may call themselves that, if they like, and she may treat them informally, but it is always well to draw a line and kissing should be the deciding point. No girl ever kept her men friends by allowing them to take liberties, and to kiss her may certainly be classed under that head. Parenthetically it may be remarked that real brothers are not given to embracing their sisters, not even when they are marrying and leaving the home.

Punch's advice of "don't" might well be given to girls who ask if it is all right to let their men friends kiss them when they have known the men for years. A man kisses the girl to whom he is engaged, and his own sister at times, but not some other man's sister—not if she has real sense. She merely cheapens herself should she permit it, and the man who wishes to is not apt to be of a kind worth her knowing. There are, of course, moments—at a dance, for instance—when the glamor of the conservatory overcomes good sense, or in wondrous moonlight, wherein responsibility ceases. This being the case the situations are among those to be avoided, for not even the most lenient chaperone may approve, and not even then is it proper for a man to kiss a girl.—New York Telegram.

Aired Her Knowledge.

She was a Vassar graduate and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life.

Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said, with a business air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm." He set down "pulverized sug," "condensed milk."

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt—be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

"Yes'm." He wrote gilbly "dessicated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? Here's some nice horseradish just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wabble to her flexible voice, "it would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down on a kit of mackerel and faned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake.—Indiana Farmer.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book

Bacon and Eggs.—With a broad-bladed knife slice bacon as thinly as possible. Cook in a hot frying pan until bacon is crisp and brown, turning frequently, and occasionally pouring off fat from pan. Drain on brown paper. Return fat to pan, and when hot carefully slip in an egg which has been broken into a cup; then slip in one or two more eggs. Cook until the whites are firm, taking the fat by spoonfuls and pouring it over the eggs during the cooking. Remove eggs with a small skimmer to a hot platter, and surround with bacon.

Sleeve puffs have entirely disappeared.

The new handbag is almost a carpetbag.

Gold is a conspicuous note in present fashions.

The newest muff is of the bolster variety, long and big.

Many of the best coats have detachable fur linings.

Brides are selecting wedding gowns in Empire styles.

Filagree silver butterflies are quite in style for coiffure adornment.

The bride's veil is no longer considered necessary, but is optional.

The popularity of satin has brought in its train many new and exquisite weaves.

Smartest colored handkerchiefs for women are of a solid color with a white border.

Long-trailing and tight-fitting gowns are prominent for elaborate evening functions.

A long coat is always more becoming to a stout woman than a short one, and her skirt must be long, too.

While black is highly fashionable for grown-ups, children are dressed in delicate shades, and white is popular.

Deep shades are modish, the favorites being old rose, mole, mushroom and a curious cinder tone that rivals smoke.

It is a fad to tie around the centre and even around the ends of the muff the same color ribbon velvet that is used on the hat.

White cotton French crepe waists are in growing favor. They are trimmed with Irish crochet, torchon and Valenciennes laces.

There is something not only smart in the appearance of the very long Directoire handle of the up-to-date umbrella, but it is exceedingly convenient to carry.

Black for general wear is evidently destined to have as great a vogue as last season, and black cloth gowns designed for wear with black fur or velvet jackets are among the smartest of all the new models.

To speak or write nature did not peremptorily order thee, but to work, she did.—Thomas Carlyle.

THE PULPIT.

BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY GIPSY SMITH.

Theme: Prevailing Prayer.

New York City.—Gipsy Smith is conducting a mission in this city, and Sunday he preached in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Gipsy Smith said: You will find the text in Mark 9, beginning at the twenty-eighth verse, "And when Jesus was come into the house His disciples asked Him privately, why could not we cast the devil out? Jesus said unto them, this kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer"—prayer! This is only one picture out of the life of Jesus, just a little view of what was going on all the time with Him. You who are students of this book, remember that He had just been upon the Mount of Transfiguration; that He had taken with Him Peter, James and John; that He was transfigured before them. We are told that while He prayed up there on the mountain the fashion of His countenance was changed, and all countenances change as men pray. While He prayed His face was changed. The glory from within and the glory from without met. That happened always, I believe, when Jesus prayed, but this was the first time that the disciples had been allowed to see Him communing with His Father. They were allowed, for certain reasons, to see what happened when He talked to His Father. While He prayed there appeared Moses and Elijah. Moses representing the law and Elijah the prophets, and Jesus, the fulfillment of both, in the midst. And the apostles had a wonderful experience to equip them forever to go forth and evangelize the world. The scene was soon over, and Jesus and the disciples came down from the mountain. Down in the valley was another group, the other disciples, who had been left down there to go on with the work while Jesus was absent. When the people see Jesus and the three disciples coming, they run to meet them, and one of them, a father, outstrips the rest and runs to Jesus with his child, who is possessed with a devil, an unclean spirit, and says: "Master, I have brought to Thee my son. He has a dumb spirit. I brought him to Thy disciples down here that they might cast the devil out of him, and they could not." Please remember that; they could not. Jesus made no excuse for His disciples' failure. He never does when they ought to succeed. He did not excuse them.

He said: "O, faithless generation; how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? How long shall I suffer because of you?" I want to say this: If Jesus said that of a few fishermen, who had only been with Him for two and a half years, because they failed once to bring a poor lad out of darkness into light, out of the thralldom of the devil into the liberty of the people of God, what do you think he would say to some of you here who have been professing Christ for ten, fifteen, twenty and even forty years, and you do not know a soul in this city whom you have brought to Jesus Christ? Hear me! Your religion stands or falls by what it does for the next man. Your religion is tested by what it does for humanity. Does it get into your life? Does it make you pity with a divine pity, love with a divine love, spend yourself with a divine prodigality? It made Jesus empty Himself. He took upon Himself the form of a servant and humbled Himself, even to the death of the cross—"even Christ pleased not Himself." Listen: The unanswerable argument for your religion is the healed man. What the world is waiting for is a bit of humanity out of whom the church has cast a devil. It waits for that. God help us to be able to product it! No, Jesus did not excuse these men, and He does not excuse us, either. You know what happened. Jesus said to the man: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And the man cried out, with tears, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief;" and Jesus said, "Bring him (the child) to Me," and then Jesus spake the word that did the work. The disciples did not forget the rebuke, and they went to Jesus—and I want you Christian people to remember this — and said, "Master, why could not we cast him out?" and Jesus said, "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer." They were not praying; they were discussing with the scribes and Pharisees, doing anything else but praying. And that is the weak part of the church to-day—the prayer meeting.

Have you tried to do anything in the way of helping anybody up who is down? Have you spoken to anybody lately about Jesus and His love? Your boy, for whom you have to sit up late sometimes? You do not tell anybody, but your tears can tell volumes you never put into words. You know what it is to sit up for an unsteady step, and you are bearing that tragedy alone. Have you prayed with that boy? If I came to your house, could you show me the place where you kneel to pray? Has your boy ever seen you pray? Have you ever put your arms around him and said, "My boy, Jesus can break the power of the sin that is binding you?" Have you ever prayed him into living contact with Christ? That is what Jesus means. All about us are men and women, paralyzed by sin, half damned by sin, and we are doing nothing to deliver them—and we profess to be Christians! And Jesus is looking at us, and, from a broken, disappointed heart, He is saying: "How long am I to suffer because of you?"

How often do you ladies get into your carriage or automobile and set out for an afternoon's calling to pray with people? I know that would mean a good deal, but that is what Jesus wants you to do, and that is what you will have to do if you are to carry out the mission Jesus wants you to carry out. How often do you business men go home earlier to spend an hour with somebody that the devil has got hold of and try to liberate that soul from the thralldom of sin and Satan? Why, if all the people in this house who take communion and call themselves by His name were at the work God wants them to do, we could set this city in a blaze in less than a week. "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer." Do not think you are going to have it done because you have sent for a stranger. The stranger cannot do it. He is no magician, he is no conjurer, no trickster, no quack. He is only a man; an old-fashioned preacher of Christ's gospel. I do not believe in getting up a revival. I believe in praying one down. If it comes down it will be right. These things come to pass as we pray, and what is needed in our work for Christ is more prayer.

Will you begin to pray? We "have not because we ask not, or because we ask amiss." I wonder how many of you knelt down to-day just to talk to God. One of my friends in the old country, a woman, the mother of six boys, with her husband, came to one of my services in the city of Lincoln. It was the first service of the mission, and as they left she said to her husband: "Holt, what do you think of that man?" He said, "I don't know what I think of him, but I will tell you what I think of myself. He made me see myself; I am all wrong." When they got home and sat at the English tea table she looked at him and said, "Are you going to hear him to-night?" "No," he said (he was a signalman on the Great Northern Railway), "I could not go unless I went in my uniform, for I have to go on duty. You can go and take one of the boys." They came, the mother and her boy, and before the meeting was over both of them entered the inquiry room and gave themselves to Jesus. When you looked at the woman her face showed that a change had taken place. The light of the morning was there, a little bit of the light that breaks over the tops of the cliffs of eternity, and made it beautiful. She had been praying, and the fashion of her countenance was changed. On the Saturday night following, at the prayer meeting, this woman got up and said: "God has done great things for me this week. Last Sunday He saved me, and since five of my boys have been converted. And now I am praying for my husband. He is a wicked man and drinks and swears. But he is the father of my boys and I am praying for him and my first born. I have been praying for them all this week, night and day.

"They will both be converted to-morrow. If God does not save them, that book (holding the Bible up in her hand) is not true." I cannot tell you the thrill that swept through the room as that woman made that statement. Sunday morning broke crisp and clear, for it was a January morning, and that man left his signal box and started for his little cottage. When he reached it his wife was still up stairs. It was her custom to be up and waiting for him, but she was so exercised about her husband and had worn herself out praying for him, that she had fallen asleep and overslept. "Not down yet?" he shouted up to her. "I am sorry," she replied. "I will be down directly." When she got down he said: "Let me have my breakfast. I will get what sleep I can this morning. I am going to hear that man this afternoon and to-night." "That's right," she said, "we have been praying for you." "Praying for me? You prayed?" he asked. "Yes," said the wife, "I have not had a chance to tell you, but God saved me last Sunday, and five of our children are converted, and we have been praying for you, all of us." "For me?" "Yes, and Gipsy Smith prayed for you last night." "For me?" "Yes, and everybody in the church said 'Amen.'" "What time was it?" the husband asked. "As near as I can tell, it was half-past eight." The tears ran down the man's cheeks like bubbles on a mountain stream, and for a few minutes he could not find words, but when he did he said: "At half-past eight the line was clear, and I had nothing to do but think. I was left alone with my conscience, and I thought of you and the boys and what a wicked life I have lived, a Christless life, and I threw myself on the cabin floor and cried 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' He heard me, and at half-past eight, while you were praying for me, He answered your prayer and saved my soul." That woman gripped God and her husband with mighty, prevailing prayer, and you and I may do the same thing if we only have faith in God. The Lord teach us how to pray!

Don't you think there is great need for something to be done in this great city? Something needs to come to pass to make the people of New York City stop in their mad rush for money and pleasure and their selfishness and think about God and better things. Listen! That will come to pass if you and I will pray. The Lord help us to pray! Jesus prayed, and He asked His disciples to pray. And Jesus prayed "the Lord of the harvest" to "send forth laborers into His harvest." Will you, for His dear sake, get beneath the weight of this city and lift it a little nearer to God? Lift it in your arms of faith, in your heart of pity, in your believing and prevailing prayer, nearer to God. We must all pray, you, me, and pray all the time.

The Light of Faith.

Faith is truly a light in the soul, but it is a light which only shines upon duties, and not upon results or events. It tells us what is now to be done, but it does not tell us what is to follow, and accordingly it guides us but a single step at a time, and when we take that step under the guidance of faith, we advance directly into a land of surrounding shadows and darkness. Like the patriarch Abraham, we go, not knowing wither we go, but only that God is with us. In man's darkness we nevertheless walk and live in God's light. A way of living blessed and glorious, however mysterious it may be to human vision. For "the Lord God will enlighten our darkness."

Missing Life's Melody.

There's no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Confidence.

Live for the great convictions. Carry with you an atmosphere of confidence and victory.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 24.

Subject: The Lame Man Healed, Acts 3:1-26—Golden Text, Acts 3:16—Commit Verses 9, 10—Exposition of the Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 30. **PLACE.**—Jerusalem. The Temple, Door Beautiful.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Lame Beggar, 1-8. Peter and John were men of prayer, and at the regular Jewish hour of prayer we see them wending their way to the temple (cf. Ps. 5: 5, 17; Dan. 6:10; 9:21). The ninth hour was the hour of prayer because it was the hour of sacrifice (Ex. 29: 39; 1 K. 18:36), and all approach to God in prayer must be on the ground of shed blood. It was the very hour at which Jesus died and opened up for us a way into the holiest of all (cf. Luke 23:44, 46; Heb. 10:19, 29). The man had been there often before and was expecting nothing unusual that day. But something very unusual was to occur simply because two men who really knew God were to pass that way. All he expected from Peter and John was some small coin, but he was to get vastly more than he expected.

II. The Man of God, 4-7a. Peter first took a good look at the man and then demanded his attention. Here are two good points for any one who would bring Christ's power into the life of another. Peter did not give the man what he asked for, he did not have it to give. His pockets were empty, but he was full of power. Peter had had an excellent opportunity to get silver and gold (ch. 2:45; 4:37). As a rule it has been the men without silver or gold who have done the most for the world's highest good (1 Cor. 4:11). It is an utterance full of meaning that fell from Peter's lips, "What I have, that give I." Every Christian ought to be able to say that (1 Pet. 4:10, 11). Peter bade the man do the very thing he couldn't do. But that which is naturally impossible is possible "in the name of Jesus Christ." The power that there was in that mighty name came into that man's impotent feet the moment he believed and sought to obey (v. 7; cf. v. 16).

III. The Man Made Whole, 7a-10. Luke's training as a physician comes out in his details about feet and ankle bones. It was the gladdest moment of the man's life; he leaped up, stood a moment in wonder, began to walk and then began to leap and praise God. No wonder. He walked to a good place with his new strength—God's own house. He couldn't do much but praise God. There was no guesswork about this miracle. The man was well known to all the observers, and the reality of the cure was evident and unmistakable. It was utterly different from the cases of many to-day who proclaim that they have been healed, when to all appearances they are as sick as ever. The people who witnessed the change were filled with wonder and amazement, and many were converted.

IV. Jesus, the Holy and Righteous One, the Prince of Life, 11-16. The healed man held fast on to Peter and John. He was afraid they might get away from him. He had not yet learned to lean directly on Jesus and not on the instrument He uses. The miracle drew a great crowd (cf. ch. 2:6). Peter immediately turned attention away from himself to his Lord. How unlike many modern claimants to healing power. Peter was not at all puffed up by the wonder that had been wrought through his instrumentality, nor did he fancy for a moment that it was due to any peculiar power or godliness of his own (cf. ch. 14:11-15; Gen. 40:8; 2 Cor. 3:5; contrast Num. 20:10). He wished them to get their eyes on the Lord, not upon him. With an almost distressed earnestness he cries, "Why look ye so earnestly on us?" In the original there is strong emphasis on "us." He used that name of God which would show the Jews that it was not some new God that he preached, but the God of their fathers. The one doctrine that he emphasized was that of the resurrection of Jesus (cf. 1:22; 2:24, 32; 3:15, 26; 4:33; 10:40, 41; 13:30, 34; 17: 31). The sin he especially pointed out was the sin of rejecting and denying the One whom God had so exalted (cf. 2:22, 23, 36; 4:10; 5:30; 7:52). There are four counts in Peter's terrible indictment of his hearers: (1) Ye delivered up God's servant Jesus. (2) Ye denied the Holy One and the Just. (3) Ye desired a murderer instead of Him. (4) Ye killed the Prince of Life. He used four very significant titles for Jesus: God's Servant (R. V.), the Holy One, the Righteous One, the Prince of Life. And this was the one they had delivered up, denied and killed. And this is the one men reject, deny and trample under foot to-day. But while the Jews had thus misused Jesus, God had glorified Him. He had raised Him from the dead and exalted Him to His own right hand (cf. Jno. 17:5; Matt. 28:18; Jno. 13:3; Eph. 1:20-23; Phil 2:9-11).

The Worth of a Single Life.

Dr. Torrey tells of a well which was being dug in an American township by two men, one working at the bottom filling a bucket, and the other at the top drawing it up by a windlass. Presently quicksand was struck, which began to pour in upon the bottom man; but, sheltering his head under a plank which was there, he was able to breathe. News of his danger spread in the township, and the whole township turned out to dig that man out, and worked for many hours till he was saved.

Was it worth it for the whole township to go to work to save one man? Was it right?

There is one man going down a victim of the liquor traffic in your township. Will it be worth it for the whole township to vote the liquor traffic out to save that man? Will it be right?—Temperance Advocate.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine,

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

Operating on a Lioness.

One of the rarest surgical operations ever attempted upon an animal was recently performed at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden in the removal of a 25-pound tumor from a lioness. Three surgeons, assisted by a half-dozen of the attendants, performed the operation. Popular Mechanics describes the means by which the wild beast was kept in subjection during the operation. A pound can of ether was used.

Rheumatism Prescription.

Considerable discussion is being caused among the medical fraternity by the increased use of whiskey for rheumatism. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following is the formula:

"One ounce of Toris compound and one ounce of syrup Sarsaparilla compound. Add one-half pint of good whiskey. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

This is said to produce almost immediate results.

Seward's Prophetic Words.

"The Pacific ocean, its shores and its islands and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's hereafter." This prediction by Seward, more than half a century ago, is on the way toward realization. The understanding which has been given formal expression by the statement drawn up by Secretary Root and Ambassador Takahira will do much toward hastening that day. China has 400,000,000 of people, who wants, in the way of commodities which we have to sell, will increase many fold as these people rise in the scale of civilization, as we understand that term. Thus its trade a few decades hence will probably reach proportion of Americans. When we consider that Asia holds half of the 1,600,000,000 people of the entire globe, this Root-Takahira declaration assumes especial importance. With England in alliance with Japan, and with both Japan and England on terms of the greatest cordiality with the United States, peace in the Pacific and the orient is assured.—Leslie's Weekly

Difficult Fact.

The fact that the impact of a bullet from a pistol shot in fun is similar to that of a bullet loosed in a spirit of hostility is uncertainly grasped by a certain order of intelligence—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Overlooking an Opportunity.

France, with savings of $1,000,000,000 in a year, makes the question pertinent whether the Paris stock exchange is alive to its opportunities.—New York World.

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW
Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia. found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"It is two years since we began using Postum in our house. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache.

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum.

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully.

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea, but that was just as bad.

"She finally was induced to try Postum, which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.