

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till cars are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-fisted, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilacs in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such life-meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our "alabaster-box
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for love,
And hungering for a word of praise!
—A. T. Herbert, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Story of a Forest Fire.

By Raymond S. Spears.

For more than six weeks no rain had fallen along the southwest side of the Adirondacks. The ground was parched. In every direction from Seabury Settlement fires had been burning through the forest, but as yet the valley of the West Canada had escaped. But one night a careless man threw a burning match into a brush heap. When morning came the west wind, blowing up the valley, was ash laden and warm with the fire that was coming eastward toward the settlement in a line a mile wide.

Soon after daybreak Lem Lawson met the fire on his way to Noblesborough and warned the settlement of its danger. One man hastened to Noblesborough for the fire warden, two went up the West Canada to the lumber camps. The rest of the male population, including boys, hastened down the main road to an old log trail. It was hoped the fire might be stopped at the open road afforded.

With hoes and shovels the men dug a trench through the loam to the sand, scattering the dirt over the leaves toward the fire. When the first flames came along, they redoubled their efforts amid the flying sparks and suffering amid the flying sparks and suffocating smoke, but without avail. The sparks and great pieces of flaming birch carried the flames over the road into the woods beyond the men, fairly surrounding them with fire.

Beyond the road the fire had a freer sweep. Only the year before that woodlot had been cut over for the spruce pulp. Hundreds of the tree-tops, brown and dry, needed only a spark to set them off, and it was a wave of flame that ran into each one, instead of mere sparks. In the more open places little tongues of fire darted in a narrow line for yards ahead of the main wave, skipping among the dusty leaves. The fire ran up the curly birches in spirals and darted high above the treetops.

The men could only go before it, pausing now and then to throw dirt on a spark. Those who lived in the settlement glanced from side to side, wondering if the fire would cross the brook where they now determined to make another and the last possible stand.

The settlement was built along the brink of a steep side-hill. The bed of the stream was only a few feet wide—chiefly sand-bar and dry boulders, at this time—and beyond it, toward the fire, was a flat, or bottom, sixty rods wide, averaging not two feet above the bed of the brook.

The bottom was covered with standing balsams and heads of dead spruce tops, like those on the ridge, only larger and more numerous. It was a swampy lowland in all but the driest seasons; now it was like a great bed of match sticks, and quite as inflammable. Even the mold would burn there.

Should the fire cross the brook, it would climb the hill and burn the buildings. Then it would sweep across the narrow fields of grass, or go round the ends of the settlement clearing, into the "big woods." Lumbering was the main business of the settlement. Should these woods go, the men would be without homes and without occupation.

One of the fire fighters was Will Borson, son of the man who had thrown the match, and as he fought with his hoe along the road he heard the men on each side of him cursing his father by name for his carelessness. More than once these men turned on Will and told him he ought to put that fire out since his father was to blame for it. The words stung bitterly, but he made no reply to them.

Will did his best. Sparks burned holes in his shirt; a flare of sheet fire from a brush heap singed his eyelashes and the hair over his forehead. When old Ike Frazier cried out, "It's no use here any more, boys!" Will was the last one to duck his head and run for the road up the creek to the settlement.

Half a dozen men were detailed to go to the houses and help the women carry the furniture and other household goods out in the fields to the watering-troughs; the rest hastened to the brook and scattered along it and threw water on the brush at the edge, hoping the flames would be deadened when they came.

Among them worked Will Borson, thinking with all his might and looking up and down the creek as if the dry gray boulders, with the scant thread of water oozing down among them, would give him some inspiration. The width of the stream was only a few

feet on an average, and twenty feet at the widest pools, over which the flame and sparks would quickly jump.

There were many trout in the stream, and Will knew the pools by heart. When Sol Cardin was planning to make a fish-pond above the settlement the summer before it was Will who had advised him to dam the gorge. The result had been that instead of the ten-acre pond on which the landowner had calculated, he formed a lake two miles long and half a mile wide. The gorge was where the brook, in the course of ages, had worn down through forty feet of rock; here the dam of log cribbing was laid to the height of thirty feet, with a ballast of broken stone. Will was one of those who helped to build it, and up to the night before he had helped to get out stone for the foundation of a house Cardin was to build beside the lake.

The fire reached the flat at the foot of the ridge and came toward the brook in jumps. The men worked faster than ever with their ten-quart pails. Old Ike Frazier glanced up the stream and saw Will leaning on his hoe-handle doing nothing.

"Hi there!" yelled the man. "Get to work."

"You tell the men they want to be looking out!" Will called back. "Something'll happen pretty quick!" With that he dropped his hoe and went climbing up the side-hill toward his home at the top. Mrs. Borson was just piling the lot of her bedding on the wagon when she saw Will coming toward her. He unhitched the horse from the wagon, and had the harness scattered on the ground before his mother could control herself enough to cry:

"What are you taking the horse for—we—"

Then she sank to the ground and cried, while Will's younger brothers and sisters joined in.

Will did not stop to say anything, but leaped to the back of the horse, and away he went up the road, to the amazement of those who were taking their goods from the houses. But he was soon in the woods above the settlement and out of sight of every one.

He was headed for the dam. He had thought to open the little sluice at the bottom of it, which would add to the volume of the water in the stream—raise it a foot, perhaps.

He reached the dam, and prying at the gate, opened the way. A stream of water two feet square shot from the bottom of the dam and went sloshing down among the rocks.

"That water'll help a lot," he thought. Then he heard the roar of the fire down the brook and saw a huge, dull, brick-colored flash as a big hemlock went up in flame. The amount of water gushing from the gate of the dam seemed suddenly small and useless. It would not fill the brook bed.

Will sprang to his feet.

In a little shanty a hundred yards away were the quarrying tools used in getting out the stone for the Cardin house. To this Will ran with all his speed.

With an old ax that was behind the shanty he broke down the door. Inside he picked up a full twelve-pound box of dynamite, and bored a hole the size of his finger into one side. Then to the dam.

He climbed down the ladder to the bottom of the dam, and fixing the fuse to the cap, ran it into the hole he had bored till it was well among the sawdust and sticks of dynamite. He cut the fuse to two minutes' length, and carried the box back among the big logs that held the dam. He was soon ready. A match started the fuse going, and then Will climbed the ladder and ran for safety.

In a few moments the explosion came. Will heard the beams in the gorge tumbling as the dam gave way, and the water behind was freed. Away it went, washing and pounding down the narrow ravine, toward the low bottom on which the fire was burning.

The fire-fighters heard the explosion, and paused, wondering, to listen. The next instant the roar of the water came to their ears, and the tremble caused by logs and boulders rolling with the flood was felt. Then every man understood what was done, for they had been log-drivers all their lives, and knew the signs of a loosed sluice-gate or of a broken jam.

They climbed the steep bank toward the buildings, to be above the flood-line, yelling warnings that were half cheers. In a few moments the water was below the mouth of the gorge, and then it rushed over the low west bank of the brook and spread out on the wide flat where the fire was raging. For a minute clouds of steam and loud hissing marked the progress of the wave, and then the brush-beats from edge to edge of the valley bottom were covered and the fire drowned.

The fire left in the trees above the high water mark and the flames back on the ridge still thrived and flared, but were unable to cross the wide, wet flood-belt. The settlement and the "big woods" beyond were saved.

Sol Cardin reached the settlement on the following day, and heard the story of the fire. In response to an offer from Will, he replied:

"No, my boy, you needn't pay for the dam by working or anything else. I'm in debt to you for saving my timber above the settlement, instead."

Then he added, in a quiet way characteristic of him. "It seems a pity if wit like yours doesn't get its full growth."

—Youth's Companion.

Killing Time.

She—I heard you singing in your room this morning.
He—Oh, I sing a little to kill time.
She—You have a good weapon.—Boston Transcript.

BLUE MONDAY.

Look a-here, Mary Ann,
You stop your complainin',
I know it's a-rainin',
As hard as it can,
But what are you gainin'?

Is it the Lord you are complainin'?
Well—he ain't explainin'
His reasons to Man!

Look a-here, Emmy Lou,
I know it's a Monday,
But in six days comes Sunday,
So quit bein' blue!
You'd think by the whinin'
There wasn't no bright linin',
Wasn't yesterday shinin',
Ain't Zeb courtin' you?

Life's chock full o' Sundays
To make up for Mondays!
Emmy Lou—Mary Ann,
Jes you smile while you can't!
—Jean Dwight Franklin, in Harper's.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

Office Boy—Dat caller's got a funny name. Editor—Oh, he left his name, did he? O. B.—Yessir. He said it wuz immaterial.—Cleveland Leader.

First Reformed Smoker—So you've cut out the weed at last? Shake! Have a magazine on me—what kind do you prefer—light, heavy, or medium?—Judge.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kind Lady—Ah, my poor man, why don't you straighten up and take your place in society? Dusty Dan—What would be the use, mum? I am too restless to play bridge.—Chicago Daily News.

"De wisdom of Solomon wuz great in his day and time," said Brother Dickey, "but it's de wisdom of yo'self an' yo'self alone, dat'll take you thoo' dis bright, shiny worl'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"My! What a disposition that black-haired Miss Tartan has!" "No wonder. You've got a disposition just like hers in you." "Dusty Dan—What would be the use, mum? I am too restless to play bridge."—Chicago Daily News.

Mose Johnson—I feels terrible sick, 'Liza Jane. 'Liza Jane Johnson—Huh! nuffin' dat mattah viv yo' dat physician says, 'septin' chronic indolence and congested circulation. Mose Johnson—Ump! ain't dat enuff?—Judge.

"Ma, I didn't know the Browns kept horses." "They don't, my dear. What made you think so?" "I heard Pa telling a man on the street yesterday that Mrs. Brown has the finest carriage of any woman he knows."—Detroit Free Press.

Near-Sighted Guest (at banquet)—I presume the next thing will be a long and tiresome speech from some talkative guy. Man Sitting Next—Oh, I suppose so. I'm the talkative guy that has to make the speech.—Chicago Tribune.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the first dear girl, who was examining the city directory in a drug store. "I can't find the name at all. What shall we do?" "Oh, I know," cried dear girl No. 2. "Let's go to some other drug store and examine their directory."—Chicago Daily News.

"I am a Socialist," said the young man who strives to be interesting. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "one who has no money and wants some, one who has too much and desires to get rid of some, or merely one who enjoys making speeches and writing for the magazines?"—Washington Star.

"It's dish-u-way, sah," explained old Brother Swank, to a befuddled friend: "Orthodoxy do do doxy dat I makes muhse!—dat I's de orthor of, yo' understand. Uh-well, and dis yah hectorodoxy am de udder man's doxy dat he's alus uh-hertorin' me wid. Do dat make it clear to yo' apprehension, Brudder Tarr?"—Puck.

Betting Not Gaming.

The Supreme court of Kentucky in an opinion written by Justice Lessing holds that betting or wagering on a horse race, the outcome of any other fixed event, the exercise of judgment or test of skill is not gaming and is not punishable under the felony laws of the state.

In the same opinion, too, it is held that all betting or wagering contracts no matter of what nature are void. It is borrowed or advanced, the contract cannot and will not be enforced with the aid of the law. Wagers, however, are regarded as honor debts by the court. The construction of this law, which is section 1955, came up in the case of W. T. McDevitt, a pool-room man of Covington, endeavoring to collect money advanced to make wagers for the noted turfman, R. L. Thomas of Washington, D. C.

Nervousness and Heart Failure.

Nervousness is often due to some poison formed in the blood by the decomposition of undigested food—in other words, often arises primarily from indigestion.

Nervousness when due to this cause may sometimes continue through many years without causing dangerous conditions. On the other hand, nervous disturbances due to this auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning, may be immediately fatal.

Many people, however, suffer from "nervous indigestion," as they call it, for twenty years or more without fatal termination. In these cases there is, of course, a gradual weakening of the general system which predisposes to many diseases, and death is always premature, usually being traceable to what is called "heart failure."—Health Culture.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

LOCAL OPTION BILL OPPOSED

Mill Long Petition With 178,000 Names Reaches Harrisburg.

Harrisburg.—Representative John M. Reynolds of Philadelphia, presented to the legislature a petition signed by 170,000 voters of the State protesting against the passage of a local option bill. The petition was brought here by Chester P. Ray of Philadelphia.

The petition was made up of four petitions, measuring two feet in diameter, when rolled. Placed end to end the petition would stretch a mile and a quarter. The signatures were collected by the Allied Manufacturers and Dealers' association, of which Ray is a leading officer. This association is not directly interested in the liquor traffic.

BIG BATTLESHIP BEGUN

Keel of Huge Sea Fighter Laid in Camden.

Philadelphia.—The keel of the battleship Utah, a sister ship of the Florida, now being constructed at the Brooklyn navy yard, was laid in the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Camden. The new battleship is to have a displacement of 21,387 tons and will have a speed of 21 knots an hour. Her contract price without armor or armament is \$2,946,000.

Her tonnage is 1,000 tons greater than the North Dakota and Delaware, the most modern Dreadnoughts.

MIFFLIN COUNTY TO BE DRY

Judges Refuse All Applicants for Liquor License.

Lewistown.—President Judge W. M. Woods and Associates Bell and Swyer refused the 16 liquor licenses applied for in this county. After the old licenses expire Mifflin county will be "dry."

Last fall three-fourths of the voters declared for no license in the election of an associate judge, and there were nearly 5,000 signatures to the remonstrances presented.

Aping the Lords of Creation.

Altoona, Pa.—While Mrs. Bessie Yingling and her husband Blair Yingling, were taking dinner at the home of the former's mother at McGary's station, three miles west of this city, a quarrel arose and Bessie shot her husband, the ball entering his mouth and lodging in his head. The wife fled to the mountain with a posse of officers after her. The Yinglings have been married only a few months. The man is aged 23 and his wife 20.

Jail Board Fixed.

Greensburg.—In a decree handed down Judges Lucien W. Doty and Alexander D. McConnell fixed the fee of Sheriff John E. Shields for boarding prisoners in the county jail at 12½ cents a day. Former sheriffs received 25 cents a day for each prisoner, but the new board of County Commissioners refused to settle on that basis for January and Sheriff Shields petitioned the court to fix the fee.

Traction Man Quits.

Washington.—Robert R. Reed, until recently general manager of the Washington & Canonsburg Railways Company, has severed his connections with the Pittsburgh Railways Company. With the recent absorption of the local line by the Pittsburgh company, the office of general manager was done away with in Washington and the local lines became division No. 13. It is reported James Kent will succeed him.

Boys Escape from Morganza.

Canonsburg.—Jumping through a window when no one was looking, Garvey Schok, Floyd Johnson and Fred Lloyd, 16-year-old inmates of the Pennsylvania Reform school at Morganza, escaped. The boys, all from Pittsburg, have served two years at the institution and were working in the kitchen when they escaped.

Grade Crossing Fatality.

Scranton.—John Cawley, 25 years of age, was instantly killed and three horses which he was driving on a Martin Maloney Oil Company oil tank were cut to pieces by the Lackawanna express, due in this city at 6:40 p. m. The crossing is situated in one of the suburbs of this city, called Little England.

Prison Instead of Suicide.

Pottsville.—G. E. Loupp of Maryland, surrendered to the police saying he was wanted for forgery and was tired of dodging officers. He purchased a pistol, intending to commit suicide, but he says his nerve failed him and he decided to take the law's punishment for his offenses.

Thief Improves Opportunity.

Butler.—W. R. Brown, editor of the Millstown Herald, was offered \$1 a piece Saturday for a score of fine Rhode Island chickens. Sunday night, while he was listening to a sermon on "Opportunity," someone stole the birds.

Big Gathering of W. C. T. U.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union all over the State gathered here on Wednesday for the legislative hearing on the Fair local option bill in the interest of which they have been working. Mrs. M. George of Beaver Falls, is State president, and Mrs. Emily Clark Scott, State corresponding secretary. A large local option mass meeting was held in the Grace Methodist Episcopal church Wednesday afternoon, at which Mrs. Florence D. Richards, of national fame, delivered an address.

LAKE PUBLIC HIGHWAY

Henry E. Rhodes Wins His Case and Ice Company Is Denied Ownership.

Meadville.—In a decision handed down by Judge Criswell of Venango county the Conneaut Lake Ice Company's claim to ownership of Conneaut lake is denied. The case was commenced by the Ice company to restrain Henry E. Rhodes of Pittsburg, and Amos Quigley, former owner of the Hotel Midway, at the lake, from using the little steamer Anita on the lake.

Judge Criswell refuses nearly every important point claimed by the plaintiff company and declares the lake a public highway. The claim of the Ice company to ownership by purchase of the strip of land between the old canal high water mark and the present, or original water mark, is sustained. Conneaut is the largest lake in Pennsylvania, and has been claimed and controlled by the Ice company for more than twenty years. The company will appeal from Judge Criswell's decision.

W. C. GRETZINGER DEAD

Registrar of Bucknell University Dies After Short Illness.

Lewisburg.—William C. Gretzinger, aged 43, for 12 years registrar of Bucknell university, died here February 13. In 1899, a few months before graduation from Bucknell, he was elected business agent of the university and the next year registrar. His energy and executive ability had much to do with the institution's growth in the last decade. He had served as captain and quartermaster of the Twelfth regiment, N. G. P., and was commissioner to the Trans-Mississippi exposition from Pennsylvania. All classes were discontinued upon announcement of Mr. Gretzinger's death.

DIED AT 105 YEARS

Remarkable Age Attained by Butler County Woman.

Butler.—Mrs. Margaret Record, aged 105 years, died at Middle Lancaster, near Harmony, February 19. She was a native of Germany and came to Butler county 75 years ago. Her husband died a half century ago and she has for 20 years resided at the home of Adam Bame, in Middle Lancaster. For nearly 85 years she had been a member of the German Lutheran church.

Of about 20 descendants, one, John Strutt, of Zellenople, is living. Mrs. Record had always had good health and her death came suddenly.

Waynesburg Hunters Chase Fox.

Waynesburg.—Fifty fox hunters enjoyed one of the liveliest chases ever pulled off in Greene county. The fox known as "Old Missouri" because it was brought from Missouri by F. M. Shriver two years ago, was released at 10 o'clock and the 100 dogs put in pursuit, did not corner the quarry until the chase had continued over 12 hours. Reynard led the dogs over 100 miles during the day and passed through seven different townships.

Supposed to Have Drowned.

Washington.—William Swihart, a blacksmith of Zollarsville, left the polling place at that town last Tuesday midnight and has not been seen since. To reach his home he had to row across Ten-Mile creek, which was running almost bank full. His cap was found at the edge of the stream and he is believed to have been drowned.

Greensburg.—Leaping from a third-story window at the county home, Peter Johnson, aged 70, committed suicide. He was admitted to the home last October and has been in communication with his native land, Finland, relatives to securing funds with which to return, but it is said aid was refused.

Scarcity of Teachers in Washington.

Washington.—The scarcity of teachers in Washington is shown by the fact that the principalship of the Ellis-town public schools paying \$75 a month goes begging. L. R. Crumrine, county superintendent, is co-operating with the board in its efforts to fill the position.

Washington.—In the annual declamation contest between representatives of the freshmen and sophomore classes of Washington of Washington and Jefferson college, John D. Judson of Washington, a sophomore, took the first prize, \$25, and E. C. Gray of Mountville, W. Va., a freshman, won the second, \$10.

Butler.—The Butler Bar association endorsed Presiding Judge James M. Galbreath for the Republican nomination for the Supreme Court bench to succeed Judge Mitchell.

Harrisburg.—The house committee on Law and Order by a vote of 20 to 3 decided to report as committed the Fair local option bill.

Children Cremated.

Scranton.—The home of Joseph Herzog, at Lakeville, Pa., was destroyed by fire at night, and two of his children, aged 13 and 15 years, were burned to death. Mrs. Herzog was badly burned before she could escape with an infant. The fire started from an overheated stove.

Franklin.—An ice famine is threatened in Western Pennsylvania. None has been cut at either Conneaut Lake or Sandy Lake. The late ice harvest always has been between February 4 and 14.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Escaped Terrors of Many Winters by Using Pe-ru-na.



Mr. Isaac Brock, 120 Years of Age.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms: "Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH and diarrhoea."

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements."

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Notthin' to Kick About.

Beauty, sighed the gazelle, is, after all, only skin deep!

Well, we ain't kicking, replied the hippopotamus.—Puck.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used The World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Puzzle for Congress.

Congress cannot understand why President Roosevelt should have made that 90-mile ride. Unlike the congressman, the President does not get 20 cents a mile going and coming.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Grown in America.

Most of the tobacco used in so-called Russian cigarettes—the far-famed brands of Turkey and Cairo, too—is grown less than 100 miles from Louisville, Ky., or within a like radius of Raleigh, N. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation.

An Anti-Lynching Governor.

Progress of civilization is shown in Mississippi by the presence of a governor who declares not only that lynching must stop, but that if it is necessary he will stop it by ordering troops to shoot to kill. On the probability that this test of strength may come Governor Noel says frankly that "the time has come when there will have to be an armed clash between the military and the citizens."

The governor gives the reason for this declaration. In two cases he was deceived by the assurance of citizens and local peace officers and took slight precautions which were over-riden and the lynchings took place. That trick, he serves notice on mobs with a taste for the pleasant pastime, is of no more use. The troops will shoot to kill if it is necessary. If the sheriff will not give the order the officers in command must do so. Final

ly Governor Noel states the principle that persons attacking jails and overthrowing the law are worse than the criminal negroes, and in addition are arrant cowards.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Melts Guns.

The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda has melted down and converted into bullion the celebrated gold and silver cannon of Baroda. Of these costly but useless toys, the silver guns were the inspiration of former gaekwar, in order to "go one better" than his predecessor, the late gaekwar had the gold guns cast, and mounted at a cost, it is said, of \$100,000. They reposed in the state armory and were the wonder and admiration of all visitors to the capital.

NEW IDEA Helped Wis. Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak, and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer" (delusion). "Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum."

"When we made it right we liked it and were relieved of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc."

"These changes were not sudden, but relief increased as we continued to drink the drink for coffee, and we lost the desire for coffee."

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they boiled Postum according to directions on pkg., until it was dark and rich they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

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