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IMPORTANT NEWS NOTES OF A WEEK

LATEST HAPPENINGS THE WORLD OVER TOLD IN ITEMIZED FORM.

EVENTS HERE AND THERE

Condensed Into a Few Lines for the Perusal of the Busy Man—Latest Personal Information.

PERSONAL.

Frank Jay Gould, sixth child of Jay Gould, announced to his intimate friends his intention of renouncing America as a place of residence and making Paris his permanent home.

Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago was elected president of the American Medical association at St. Louis. Dr. George H. Simmons of Chicago was re-elected as secretary.

Richard C. Kerens, Jr., son of the United States ambassador to Austria, is recovering at his home in St. Louis from an over-dose of paraldehyde.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena have returned to Rome from the scene of the earthquake in Avellino province.

A second son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at Pocantico Hills. Mother and child are doing well.

Miss Mildred Carter, daughter of John Ridgely Carter, American minister to the Balkan states, and Viscount Acheson, son of the countess of Gosford, were married in London.

The Canadian educator, Prof. Goldwin Smith, who for many weeks had been ill as the result of a fall, died at Toronto, aged eighty-seven.

President Taft nominated William D. Crum of South Carolina to be minister resident at Monrovia, Liberia. Crum is the negro whose appointment by Mr. Roosevelt as collector of the port at Charleston, S. C., raised such a storm of protest in the south.

Rev. C. A. Hallberg, pastor of a Swedish Lutheran church at Sheffield, Pa., was found dead in a seat on a Lake Shore train near Toledo, O.

Gen. Sir William Francis Butler is dead in London, aged seventy-two years. He served in Egypt and South Africa and on special missions to Canada. He commanded at Aldershot in 1900-1901.

GENERAL NEWS.

The skat experts of the country met in Detroit for the annual congress and tourney of the North American Skat league.

Forty-two counts charging the Western Union Telegraph company with an equal number of violations of the bucket shop law of March 1, 1909, were contained in an indictment returned at Washington, D. C., by the federal grand jury.

Consolidation of the Commercial National and the Continental National banks of Chicago virtually was accomplished at a conference of committees appointed by the board of directors of the two institutions to work out the terms.

Charles R. Heike, secretary of the sugar trust, and Ernest W. Gerbracht, secretary of the Williamsburg refinery, were found guilty in the federal court of conspiring to defraud the government out of millions in sugar duties.

Breaking his left arm in the fourth round, Ad Wolgast, lightweight champion had a narrow escape from a defeat at the hands of an old enemy, Jack Redmond, at Milwaukee, with whom he has fought two drawn battles.

The Arkansas State Republican convention here unanimously nominated for governor, Andrew I. Roland, son of a confederate soldier and three times elected judge of that county by Democrats.

The Ohio river and Cairo, Ill., were swept by a severe gale, uprooting trees and setting boats adrift.

Robert E. Peary, the explorer, has left Berlin for London, despite a suit for $10,000 filed against him at the German capital by Rudolph Francke, an aid of Dr. F. A. Cook, who makes a claim for furs said to have been taken from him in the far north.

Wall street heard of a $100,000,000 combination which is being formed and which, if perfected, will doubtless be called the "Bathtub Trust." Sixteen companies are involved in the proposed combination. They manufacture not only tubs but almost every other kind of sanitary enameling devices.

No Ohio city or village can contract with a labor union to employ none except union labor in municipal enterprises, according to an opinion of Attorney General Denman.

Overlook Military academy at Norwalk, Conn., was destroyed by fire. The 60 pupils escaped.

Two firemen were killed and many others were overcome when a warehouse in Washington street, New York, was damaged.

That the translators of the Bible wrote into it the threat of eternal punishment was asserted by Rev. B. H. Barton of Brooklyn at St. Louis.

Theodore Roosevelt is homeward bound. Accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit, Ethel and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, he sailed from Southampton on the Hamburg-American line steamer Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. The steamer is due at quarantine on the night of June 17, but the former president will not land in New York until the following morning.

The mutilated body of Mrs. Porter Carlton, wife of Porter Carlton, son of a judge of Washington, was found in a trunk by fishermen in a lake near the village of Moltrasio, Italy. After the discovery of the body search was made for Carlton, but he was found to have disappeared. An ex-Russian postal official named Constantin Ispolatoff was arrested, however, on suspicion of having been an accomplice in the murder.

In order to obtain possession of dutiable property a party of Chicago and Kenosha women, headed by Mrs. C. W. Allen, will have to pay $10,000, according to statements of New York customs officers.

An electric storm swept over the southern states, one man losing his life in the flood at Fort Smith, Ark.

Permission has been refused to Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario of New York, to visit Russia. It was Mr. Hammerstein's intention to go to St. Petersburg to engage Russian dancers.

The Chinese government has decreed that English shall be the official language for scientific and technical education in that country, according to reports which reached New York.

Plunging in his automobile through the open draw of the Superior viaduct at Cleveland, O., into the bank of the Cuyahoga river, 90 feet below, Fred R. Bliee, an automobile dealer, was instantly killed.

For what he believes to have been a reflection on his personal integrity made by Congressman F. Burton Harrison of New York in a newspaper interview growing out of the debate on the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, the president bluntly refused to see Harrison in the executive offices. Harrison called with a delegation of prominent men of New York who desired to shake hands with the president.

A message of felicitation to President Taft, the adoption of a platform strongly indorsing the national administration, the selection of William D. Connor of Marshfield as state chairman, the choosing of a campaign committee of 22 members, or two from each district was the extent of the business transacted at the closing day's session of the conservative Republican state convention of Wisconsin.

The conference report on the river and harbor bill, containing the provision for the lakes-to-gulf deep waterway survey, was adopted in the senate by a vote of 45 to 12, and also was adopted in the house.

Indictments against Mrs. Jeanette Stewart Ford, a leading figure in the trial of Charles L. Warriner, now serving a term in the Ohio penitentiary for confessed embezzlement, have been dismissed at Cincinnati.

Official dispatches from Managua, Nicaragua, state that the war is fast reducing western Nicaragua to a state of panic. The exportation of fruit products has been prohibited and money exchange is rapidly increasing.

The postal savings bank bill passed the house by a vote of 192 to 113, receiving 24 Democratic votes, although it was a Republican caucus measure. This is the last of the president's legislative measures to have to pass the house at this session—the last, at least, that the president will insist on.

In deporting William Peterson, who reached New York, the authorities held that as he had only his pen to depend upon for a living, he was undesirable. Peterson lived in New York for 12 years, but did not take out naturalization papers. He was returning from a visit to Denmark.

A course of lectures on agriculture is being delivered in the New York Tombs in order to induce prisoners to lead a better life.

The British steamer Metis reached port having on board Miss Elizabeth Eriksson, her father, Capt. P. A. Eriksson, and nine men of the crew of the barkentine Good News of Philadelphia, who were picked up 450 miles out on the Atlantic after a three-days' fight for life in two small boats.

"At the first shot fired against the American flag on an American vessel I will level the bluff." This was the reply made by Commander Hines, commanding the American gunboat Dubuque, to a threat made by General Rivas of the Madriz force holding Bluefields bluff, to stop by force any vessel of whatever nationality entering the harbor.

Miss Margaretta Drexel, only daughter of Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia, was married to Viscount Maidstone, eldest son of the earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, in London.

According to information given from the rooms of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the suffragist leader, who recently went under an operation, she has passed the crisis of her illness.

Hiram Goddard, a wealthy lumberman of La Crosse, Wis., died after an illness of three months. He was seventy-four years old.

Damage of thousands of dollars by frost is reported from Worcester, Mass.

President Taft sent a special message to congress in which he recommended that the clause of the new railroad bill which gives the interstate Commerce commission power to investigate and suspend increased rates filed by the railroad be modified so as to take effect immediately upon the signing of the act.

Domestic Life.

It was the poet Cowper who sang of domestic happiness as the only bliss that has survived the fall. One of the burning and unsolved questions of today is: Will it survive the twentieth century? Will it survive rapid transit and bridge and woman's rights, the modern novel and modern drama, automobiles, flying machines and intelligence offices? Hotel, apartment and suburban life, or four homes or none at all? Is it a weed that will grow anywhere in a crevice between two stones in the city? Or is it a plant that requires tender care and the water of self-sacrifice? Above all, is it desirable?—From Churchill's "A Modern Chronicle."

The Average Man.

"Pa, what is an average man?"

"An average man, my son, is a man who worries more about the money other people owe him than he does about the money he owes other people."

EUROPE DID HONOR TO FAMOUS AMERICAN

Rulers and People of Many Lands Greeted Him as Most Distinguished Citizen of United States—His Lectures in Three Cities.

All Europe, kings and commoners alike, received Theodore as the most distinguished of living Americans. He was entertained by royalty and nobility everywhere he went, and always the people greeted him with vociferous applause. What possibly pleased the former president more than all this was the fact that literary and scientific circles received him as a man of letters and science and several learned societies elected him to membership.

In Paris, Christiania, Berlin and Oxford Mr. Roosevelt delivered scholarly public addresses and the literary and scientific circles opened to let him in and marveled at the wide scope of his knowledge.

The event connected with Mr. Roosevelt's European tour that aroused the most interest and excitement occurred immediately after his arrival in Italy early in April. Before he left Africa his desire to pay his respects to the pope had been conveyed to the Vatican and the holy

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COL. ROOSEVELT IN VENICE

father had intimated that he would be glad to see the distinguished American. About the same time former Vice-President Fairbanks was in Rome and had arranged for an audience at the Vatican which was cancelled by the pope because Mr. Fairbanks first addressed the Methodist mission in Rome. When Colonel Roosevelt reached the Eternal City he received, through the American minister,

Taking the Air in Austria.

a message from Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, to the effect that the pope would grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt if he did not repeat the mistake made by Mr. Fairbanks. The colonel promptly called it all off, stating that as an independent American citizen he could not submit to such restrictions. The head of the Methodist mission tried to make religious capital out of this, and Mr. Roosevelt thereupon canceled the plans for a general reception to which the Methodists had been invited. Thus, with his usual luck and facility for "coming out on top," he had the best of the matter all around and his conduct was generally commended all over the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Kermit were received by the king and queen of Italy and spent some days in that country. The colonel and his wife visited Venice and traveled once again the Riviera route that they passed over on their honeymoon, and next Mr. Roosevelt visited Vienna and Budapest, where he was given a royal welcome.

Paris was next on his itinerary, and there on April 23 he lectured in the Sorbonne before a great audience of savants and students. The municipality, and its officials, the president of France and various learned societies vied with each other in doing honor to the visitor, and for amusement he was taken to the field of aviation, where he saw some thrilling aeroplane flights.

Traveling northward somewhat leisurely, by way of Brussels, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, Mr. Roosevelt arrived at Christiania and delivered an address on international peace before the Nobel prize commission, which had awarded to him the Nobel peace prize for his successful efforts to end the Russian-Japanese war.

Emperor William had made great plans for the entertainment of the ex-president in Berlin, but the death of King Edward caused the curtailment of this program to a considerable extent. Instead of being the kaiser's guest in the palace, Mr. Roosevelt stopped at the American embassy, and though William received him and dined him and showed him the German army in maneuvers, the more spectacular and public features were omitted. On May 12 Mr. Roosevelt delivered at the University of Berlin an address on modern civilization which was highly praised for its scholarly qualities.

Having been appointed special ambassador of the United States to attend the funeral of King Edward, Colonel Roosevelt next crossed the channel to England and when the body of the dead monarch was carried to the tomb he was one of the remarkable crowd of royal personages and distinguished men that followed the gun carriage on which Edward's coffin was borne. After the funeral he was received by King George and Queen Mary and by the widowed queen mother, and in the quiet way made necessary by the mourning of the nation much attention was shown him. This culminated in London, by a reception in the Guild hall, at which the freedom of the city in a gold casket was presented to him.

He was the guest, thereafter, of several prominent Englishmen, and on June 7 he delivered the Romanes lecture at Oxford, which had been postponed by the demise of the king. This was the most pretentious of all his European addresses and the best. His subject was "Biological Analogies in History."

The University of Cambridge honored Mr. Roosevelt by conferring upon him the degree of doctor of laws, and the occasion served to demonstrate his popularity with all classes.

On June 10 the traveler, together with Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit and Miss Ethel, sailed on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria on their way to New York and the rousing welcome that he knew was awaiting him from his fellow countrymen.

HENRY FORDYCE.

Crowd's Cheering Heard Two Miles.

At what distance is a crowd's cheering audible? As this writer stood in the King's road opposite the Chelsea town hall yesterday afternoon, he heard the roaring gush of applause of the Boxing Day spectators at the football match at Stamford bridge. The distance must be two miles or thereabouts, and the intervening ground thickly covered with houses. Even though the air was still, the clearness with which a sudden shout of thousands of blended voices was heard had a touch not only of the unexpected, but of the uncanny, in it.—London Chronicle.

She Knew What He Would Do to It.

"Why did she discontinue her action for divorce?"

"She got a tip that the judge was going to award her husband the custody of the poodle."

There Was a Reason.

"Here is a little anecdote that has never been in print."

"I believe you, and in so far as this paper is concerned it never will be in print."

Curious Customs of India.

Interesting stories of the tribes in the wild northwest frontier of India were told by Dr. Theodore L. Pennell, a medical missionary at a meeting of the National Indian association, recently. Robbery and brigandage, he said, were the profession of some of the tribes, especially the Waziris. "When a child was born his mother usually placed him in a hole in the wall of the farmhouse and said to him, Learn to be a thief." It was no unusual thing for the hospital to be called upon to provide artificial noses for the victims of men who in a fit of jealousy had cut off the ends of the noses of their women folk. One man who had cut his wife's nose off altogether was told that the cost would be 20 rupees and he hesitated. Asked the reason of his hesitation, the man said, "Well, it is this way, sahib, I can get a new wife for 50."

A Gastronomic Favorite.

"She is quite a popular, entertaining hostess isn't she?"

"Yes, what you might call a regular dinner belle."

SEAL OF STATE SECRETLY TAKEN

EXCITEMENT FOLLOWS NEWS THAT OKLAHOMA CITY WINS IN STATE CAPITAL FIGHT.

GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER STONED

Forced to Flee with Her Escort from the Streets of Guthrie When She Cheered for Oklahoma City—Took Refuge in Governor's Room.

Oklahoma, City, Okla.—In a wild automobile drive in the midnight hours the seal of the state of Oklahoma was brought from Guthrie to Oklahoma City, following the announcement that Oklahoma City had won in the state capital fight by a majority of more than 50,000 votes over Guthrie and Shawnee.

The seal was removed surreptitiously from the secretary of state's office, and now is declared to be in the rooms of Gov. Haskell, at the Lee Huckins hotel.

Jane Haskell, the 17-year-old daughter of Gov. Haskell, was hooted and stoned from the streets of Guthrie when she cheered for Oklahoma City, and was forced to flee to the governor's room in the Royal hotel with her escort. She came to Oklahoma City on the first train.

TO ADJOURN AT EARLY DATE

Members of Congress Expect Session to Close Not Later Than June 30.

Washington.—Conferees on the administration railroad bill were in session more than six hours and made such progress as led them to predict that they will be able to report to congress early this week, probably not later than Wednesday.

In the tentative draft that has been made up from the bills as they were passed by the house and senate, the only two questions that remain in serious dispute are those relating to the long and short haul and the period that increases in rates should be suspended to give the interstate commerce commission time to pass upon their reasonableness.

With an agreement on the railroad bill in sight, the members of congress are beginning to figure on adjournment. Few members of either branch now expect the session to last longer than Thursday, June 30, and not a few have put their guesses as early as June 25, which is Saturday.

A GIGANTIC COTTON STEAL.

Memphis, Tenn.—Sensations continue as a result of indictments returned against prominent clubmen in Memphis charged with association with a gigantic cotton steal in the past several years, involving the literal lifting of thousands of dollars' worth of cotton bales, in some instances the bales weighing 500 pounds. Capt. C. M. Cole, president of the Cole Cotton Co. and well known in club circles, is under arrest. Hugh Nott, member of a prominent family, has been indicted, and detectives are looking for others alleged to have been associated with a successful scheme in the past five years, whereby systematic robbery has been made of cotton from the railroad depots of the Illinois Central, the Frisco and the Rock Island systems, with the aid of clerks.

ELEVEN FLYERS WILL START.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Eleven aviators will start in the national aviation meet at the Indianapolis Speedway, to continue throughout the week. The entrants will try for world's records in the chronicled achievements of men flying in heavier-than-air machines. The two-and-a-half-mile motor track will provide a perfect course for the man-birds in their races and speed trials. Prizes are offered for match races for machines making the shortest surface start, for machines landing closest to the starting point, for remaining in flight the longest period, altitude, carrying more than one passenger, cross-country flights returning to the aviation field, speed from one mile to ten and gliding to earth with the motor shut off.

Missouri's Tobacco Crop.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Early estimation and advance figures intended for the 1910 Red book of the bureau of labor statistics indicate that in all the farmers of Missouri in 1909 devoted 5,010 acres of land to tobacco and at an average production of 885 pounds to the acre the entire crop for that year amounted to about 4,433,850 pounds of leaf.

Builder of Ferris Wheel Is Dead.

Chicago.—Charles E. Atkinson, famous as an engineer-contractor, died here. He built the first bascule bridge in Chicago and constructed the famous Ferris Wheel of the World's Fair.

Appendicitis Is Contagious.

London.—Many British physicians approve Dr. Donald W. C. Hood's assertion that appendicitis is contagious. This contention has caused disquietude in the minds of the people generally.

Wants to Die Poor.

St. Louis, Mo.—To die poor, David Ranken, Jr., has given up his fortune of more than $3,000,000 to the support of his favorite school. Also $3,000 a year, reserved for his own support, at his death.

Big Endowment Fund.

Boston, Mass.—When President Guy P. Benton assumes his duties as president of Boston university he will have a fund of $400,000 awaiting him. This amount was raised as an endowment fund during the past 11 days.

OUTLOOK IS BETTER

Business Shows Improvement and Increased Confidence Compared with Previous Week.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

With a compromise effected on the question of railroad rates, which though depending in part on action by congress on the railroad bill is regarded as satisfactory; and with crop prospects for both wheat and cotton decidedly good, the business outlook shows much improvement over last week. The improvement is largely sentimental, but increased confidence almost invariably leads to increased trade.

Formal notice from the largest producers of cotton and wool goods of an intention to curtail production very materially bespeaks the difficulties besetting textile lines as a consequence of the subnormal demand and the pressure upon costs induced by the high and uncertain values on raw materials. Manufacturers are purchasing in a limited way and there is some increase in the call for staple domestics, while the miscellaneous export trade continues quiet but fairly steady, the best markets being the Philippines and some of the South American countries. The best feature is the frequency of small orders and the insistent requests for prompt shipments, which are regarded as proofs that stocks are relatively low and must soon need replacing. Values are generally steadier.

Trade in footwear continues quiet and manufacturers throughout New England are running under materially reduced headway, but slight improvement is noticeable, as New England manufacturers are getting in more fall orders. Current orders are still backward. Leather is decidedly dull. Dullness and weakness characterize the hide market and prices are lower on about all varieties.

Bank exchanges continue in fairly satisfactory volume, the total this week at all leading cities of the United States aggregating $3,173,765,561, an increase of 1.1 per cent compared with the corresponding week last year, and of 20.4 per cent with the same week in 1906. New York city and several other centers report small losses in comparison with a year ago, but the large gains at other cities result in a total net increase for all cities reporting. It may also be noted that the average daily bank exchanges for the month to date, which more clearly reflect conditions are much larger than in either year with which comparison is made.

At Cincinnati the movement of dry goods is less active, and retail trade continues dull, but the situation is expected to impove when temperatures become more normal. Some betterment is noted in the market for pig iron. Continued cold and wet weather retards retail sales in most lines at Cleveland, but wholesale dealers in dry goods and footwear report business active.

Failures and Exports.

New York.—Bradstreet's says:

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with June 9 were 189, against 160 last week, 197 in the like week of 1909, 253 in 1908, 161 in 1907 and 170 in 1906. Business failures in Canada for the week number 36, which compares with 18 for last week and 29 in the like week of 1909.

Wheat, including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending June 9, aggregated 1,700,000 bushels, against 2,970,963 last week and 1,857,848 this week last year. For the 49 weeks ending June 9 exports are 136,202,072 bushels, against 162,770,195 in the corresponding period last year. Corn exports for the week are 239,689 bushels, against 238,740 last week and 14,214 in 1909. For the 49 weeks ending June 9 corn exports are 27,497,472 bushels, against 28,970,665 last year.

THE MARKETS.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Cincinnati, June 13.

Potatoes—Homegrown 30a35c bu. sweets, Jersey $4 brl. Kentucky $2a2.25. Cabbage—Kentucky $1a1.25 brl. Parsley—20c doz. beets 20c doz. Apples—Baldwins $6a7 brl. Oranges—Valencia $2a3.50 box. Lemons—California $3.50a4 box. Pineapples—$2a2.50 box.

Live Stock.

Cattle—Shippers $6.40a7.50, butcher steers, extra $7.10a7.25, common to fair $4.25a6; heifers, extra $7.10a7.25, common to fair $3.25a5.75; cows, extra $5.35a5.65, good to choice $4.60a5.25, canners $2.25a3.25. Bulls—Bologna $4.65a5.50, extra $5.60a5.65, fat bulls $5.75a6. Calves—Extra $9.75, fair to good $8.25a9.50. Hogs—Selected heavy shippers $9.50a9.55, good to choice packers and butchers $9.45a9.50, mixed packers $9.40a9.50, common to choice heavy fat sows 7.75a8.75, light shippers $9.45a9.55; pigs (110 lbs and less) $8.75a9.55. Sheep—Extra $5, good to choice $4.25a4.90. Spring Lambs—Extra $9.25, good to choice $8.50a9.15, clipped lambs $4a6.

Grain Market.

Wheat—No. 2 red $1.10a1.13, No. 3 red 95ca$1.06. Corn—No. 2 white 67a67½c, No. 3 white 66a66½c, No. 4 white 61a64c, No. 2 yellow 62a62½c, No. 3 yellow 61a61½c, No. 2 mixed 62a62½c, No. 3 mixed 61½a62c, No. 4 mixed 58a61c, white ear 63a65c, yellow ear 63a65c, mixed ear 63a65c. Oats—No. 2 white 40½a41c, No. 3 white 39½a40c, standard white 40a40½c, No. 4 white 37a39c, No. 2 mixed 39a39½c, No. 3 mixed 38½a39c, No. 4 mixed 36½a38½c. Barley—No. 2 spring 72a74c, No. 3 65a70c, No. 4 64a65c, No. 3 spring 70a72c. Rye—No. 2 81a83c, No. 3 72a79c, No. 4 67a72c.

To Order General Strike.

New York.—The International Ladies' Garment Makers' union made arrangements for a meeting to decide on a date for a general strike, which has been ordered, affecting 75,000 cloakmakers.

Record for Imports.

Washington.—Importation of manufacturers' materials in the year which ends with this month will exceed that of any preceding year in the history of our commerce, says the Bureau of Statistics.

AT A CRITICAL PERIOD

Of Peculiar Interest to Women.

Mrs. Mary I. Remington, Elgleberry St., Gilroy, Cal., says: "I suffered so severely from pain and soreness over the kidneys that it was a task for me to turn over in bed. My kidneys acted very frequently, but the secretions were retarded and the passages scalded. I was weak and run down. After taking other remedies without benefit, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I was going through the critical period of a woman's life at that time and after using Doan's Kidney Pills there was a miraculous change for the better in my health."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Practical Discourse.

One stormy day the children were amusing themselves indoors, playing church. "Now, Florence," said Theodore, "I'll be the minister and tell you what you must do, and you'll be the people, and you must listen and do what I tell you." Climbing up on a chair, he began his sermon "Florence, you must be a very good girl and do whatever your brother wants you to. If he wants your playthings, you must let him have them, and if you want any of his, you just let 'em alone."—Christian Herald.

SAVED OLD LADY'S HAIR

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scaling of her head was over and her hair began growing. Today she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four.

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 20, 1909."

Casey at the Jet.

"What's this I hear about Casey?" asked McGinnis.

"He's been trying to asphyxiate himself," said O'Reilly.

"G'wan! What did he do?"

"He lit every gas jet in the house and sat down and waited."—Everybody's.

Hermann the Great.

Hermann the Great, the famous magician, could take a rabbit out of a silk hat and a bunch of roses out of an empty paper cone. Easy Task laundry soap takes the dirt out of clothes like magic. You don't have to boil the clothes; Easy Task gets after the dirt and sends it flying while the clothes soak. Our best housewives say it is the finest soap sold in Springfield.

Up in the Air.

"I have been at the top of Pike's Peak, which is more than 14,000 feet above sea level. What was the greatest height you ever reached?"

"I don't know just what the altitude was, but it must have been much greater than that which you mention. I made the ascent shortly after I had stepped with my bare feet on a bumble bees' nest."

How About "Lift Thine Eyes?"

The English Tourist—Excuse me, my friend and I cannot agree as to the name of that range of hills. Can you tell—

The Scot (severely)—Mon, the Sawbath is na the day for speiring hills whatever!—Sketch.

The Vocabulary.

Webster was compiling the dictionary.

"Getting together a few words to use in a 50-word telegram," he explained.

Herewith the public called him blessed.

Apology.

"You have broken your word to me!" said the heiress, bitterly.

"Yes," replied Baron Fucash; "being a foreigner I can't help using a certain amount of broken English."

Results All That Count.

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or by valor?—Virgil.

Don't pose as an earthly angel unless you want to attract suspicion your way.

A Happy Day

Follows a breakfast that is pleasing and healthful.

Post Toasties

Are pleasing and healthful, and bring smiles of satisfaction to the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular Pkg. 10c.
Family Size 15c.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

And he, too, longed for some hour to come when he might with right and decency and dignity speak the words which some day he must speak or die. He was not versed in the ways of women. He had no store of knowledge, no lesson of experience to fall back upon. He knew but one woman. He could not predicate from any petty maxim, or from any ancient aphorism, or from any worn out philosophy, what she would or would not do under certain conditions. Indeed, he only thought that he loved her and he must tell her or die in the concealment.

And so matters ran on and on. It needed but a spark to ignite the powder, it would have seemed, and yet a vast cataclysm of nature only brought about the explosion. He had never touched her except to take her hand. Her person had been as inviolate to him as if she had been a star above his head. And she had been careful under no circumstances to allow more than that. Their hands had clasped often. Indeed, with every "Good night" and "Good morning" the circuit of touch was made and broken, but that was all. They usually parted at night on the sands where she had first been thrown ashore. He would stand and watch her as she glided away from him in the darkness toward the cave that was her home. She had impressed upon him how she trusted him, the absolute assurance, the entire confidence that she had that he would respect the agreement between them and he would have died rather than have transgressed the law, stepped over that imaginary barrier, as potent as the circle of Richelieu, which kept them apart.

And yet she would never know what horrible constraint he put upon himself. How he stood with clenched hands and quivering body and stared after her, long after she had gone. She would never know how that intensity of longing grew and grew until sometimes he felt that he could not overmaster it. She would never know how he plunged away staggering through the woods and threw himself down upon the sands on his side of the island, disdaining even the rude shelter of the cave which was his home, and fought it out. Sometimes she saw evidences of internal conflict in his soul the next morning. The calm serenity, the indifference, the animal-like satisfaction with which he had faced life when she first knew him had long since disappeared. There were deepening lines upon his face which told of thought, of struggle, and of character thus developed by these two potent factors in shaping human destiny.

And he could never know what was in her mind, either. He never dreamed that she could love him. She was so far above him, so supreme in his eyes that the possibility never occurred to him. If he had known for a moment how she thought of him, the great passion in both hearts would have overleaped every obstacle and in a moment he would have had her in his arms. Well, indeed, it is that the power to read human hearts is reserved for the Mind which towers above human passions because it is divine.

And so these two while drawing together as inevitably and as irresistibly as the tide comes in were still kept apart. Their feelings were in solution as it were. A precipitant must be thrown into the atmosphere in which they moved and lived and had their being to disclose them to each other.

On one certain balmy night, they parted as usual. Was the hand clasp longer, was the glance with which he peered at her under the moonlight more self revealing than usual? Did something in his own breast call to the surface that which beat around her heart? At any rate, it was with a great effort that she tore herself away at last and for the first time in his life, although she knew it not, he followed after her with a few noiseless steps only to stop, his face white in the moonlight, drops of sweat beading his brow in the violence of his effort. Having transgressed even to that degree the law, he turned instantly, without waiting to watch her disappear around the jutting crag that cloaked the little amphitheater where she slept, and went to his own side of the island resolutely without a moment's hesitation or delay.

CHAPTER X.

Hearts Awakened.

For the moment she forgot where she was and fancied herself back on the ship or more naturally tossing about in that small boat after that long, eventful voyage. Yet no motion to which she had ever been subjected not even the wildest pitch of the storm which had finally cast her away, produced in her such strange emotions as she experienced then. For the earth itself was trembling, quivering, rocking. The cave wall above her, seen dimly by the filtering light of very early dawn which came through the opening, partook of the mad, fantastic motion. In another second she realized that it was an earthquake. The air seemed filled with a peculiar ringing sound of storm.

Her bed, of course, was the soft sand over which grass had been strewn. She lay, therefore, on the floor and could not be thrown down, but she was rolled from side to side in a way which paralyzed her senses. Never in all her experience had she known such a sick feeling of terror. When the foundations of things are shaken, when not merely the great deep but the solid earth is broken up, humanity stands as if in the presence of the power of God. She lay resistless, staring, praying, wondering whether the shaking rock over her head would fall and crush her.

In a moment the instinct of life quickened her to action. She rose to her knees, staggered to her feet and tried to make her way to the entrance. Walking was terrible. The earth seemed to have shaken for hours, and yet the duration of the shock was really less than a minute. Its violence was terrific. Just before she reached the opening, it stopped with one tremendous shock as suddenly as it had begun. The next second, with a roar that sounded like a thousand pieces of artillery, the gray hazy light in front of her was blotted out by a falling mass of rock which just escaped her. The face of the cliff had given away. In deeper, intenser terror than before she threw herself against the barrier. It was as hard and as unyielding as the other walls. No light came to her even. She was imprisoned alive in this rocky sepulcher. She sank down on her knees and buried her face in her hands. She murmured words of prayer.

Her mind flew to the other side of the island, to the man. Was he, too, entombed? Was this the end of her labors? Outside she could hear the wind roar and the waves thundering with awful violence on the shore. Before the earthquake had come the storm. There was still some connection between the cave and the outer air, it seemed, for she was now conscious of lightning flashes. After the storm, came the fire. Her mind went back to what she had read from the Bible a few days before of Elijah's despair. Therefore in like case she listened with all her heart for the still voice of comfort to her awestruck soul. It did not seem to come. She was doomed; she would never see him again, if indeed he were yet alive. She knew her feeling for him now. She slipped forward and fell fainting on the sandy floor of the cave. And still the voice was there. Presently it came to her, as the voice of God usually comes to humanity, through the lips of man.

After a space, how long after she could not tell, she was conscious of a human cry through the wild clamor of the storm. A voice that she knew and loved was calling her by name. Was it some wraithlike fancy of the storm? She rose to her knees, sick and faint, and listened. No, it was a human voice, his voice, her name. The cry was fraught with frantic appeal. It thrilled and vibrated with passion. It told her in that awful moment a story which she had not read. It revealed to her imaginations of which she had not dreamed. She was fascinated with what she heard. She forgot for the moment to answer. All the woman in her, the eternal feminine in her, listened. Her bosom rose and fell, her heart throbbed, her pulses beat. Alone with that wild, passionate, appealing, frantic cry, she forgot the earthquake, she forgot the prison, she forgot the storm, she forgot the world. She only realized that there out in the dawn, a man, the man of all the world, who loved her was calling her name. The old call of manhood to womanhood, of mate to mate.

She rose instantly to her feet. This time it was the beating of her heart that pitched and tossed her body. She leaned against the rock wall and then she called his name.

"Man," she cried, "are you safe?"

"Yes," was the answer. "And you?"

"Entirely so, save for this prison."

"Thank God!" came faintly to her from beyond the wall. "Thank God, I hear your voice. I shall have you out, never fear."

She pressed her ear close to the heap of huge loose stones which filled the opening. She could hear him working outside.

"Don't be afraid," he said at last.

"I fear nothing," she answered, "if you are there."

In one instant the situations of life had been reversed. He was the master now and she hung upon his words and actions even as he had done in days gone by.

She had no knowledge of what task was before him, but she could hear the progress that he was making. It was evident that he was working furiously, and yet he stopped once in every little while to reassure himself as to her presence.

"Woman," he cried, "are you still there?"

"Here and waiting," was the answer.

He needed that assurance of her safety to enable him to achieve his prodigious task. How terrible were the efforts he put forth, she did not know until afterward, but his was the work of a Titan. He was moving mountains with his bare hands. Inspired by love, mightiest of passions, he was tearing asunder, like the earthquake, the rocky foundations of the world. Well for him that he was so thewed and sinwed. Well for her that God had added strength and power and energy to all his other splendid qualities. He had never done any work in his life harder than the climbing of a tree, but no toiler with a heritage of earth's whole experience

With a Great Burst of Strength He Rolled the Great Rock Aside.

of labor could have struggled as did he.

He had been awakened at the self same instant as she. [illegible] fallen from the face of the cliff, which lay over the entrance to the cave. For one moment he had stood appalled and then he had got to work. How much time had elapsed before he arrived at her door, how much time it took him to clear it way, he had no idea. He had no thought but that he must open a passage and get to her dead or alive.

It was not wise for him to expend breath in cries, but until he had some reply he could not keep silent. After that, when her answer came to him, he worked more quietly save for those periods when he felt that he must hear her voice to enable him to go on. Such was the furious energy of his toil that by and by the great mass of rock was cleared away save one huge boulder which fairly blocked the entrance. It was light outside now. A gray dawn and full of storm. Through the wider interstices she could see him plainly. She knew now that her rescue was only a matter of time. A branch of a tree for a lever and his strength would roll the rock away. She started to tell him but he caught a glimpse of her white face pressed against a crevice and the sight inspired him. With a great burst of strength, the like of which possibly had never been compassed by mortal man since Samson pulled apart the pillars of the temple, he rolled the great rock aside and stood in the entrance, gasping, panting, with outstretched arms.

But a step divided them. That step she took. With a sob of relief she fell upon his breast, naturally, inevitably. His splendid arms swept her close to him. Her own hands met about his neck. With upturned face she looked upon him in all the abandonment of perfect passionate surrender. He bent his head and kissed her, the first time in all his years that his lips had been pressed upon another mouth. He clung to her there in that kiss as if to make up in one moment for all the neglected possibilities of the past, as if never in all the bringings forth of the future should such another opportunity be afforded him. He felt for the first time in his life the beat of another human heart against his own, the rise and fall of another human breast, the throbbing of another human soul. Tighter and tighter his arms strained her to him. She gave herself up in that mad, delirious, awful moment to the full flow of long checked passion, and kiss for kiss, pressure for pressure, and heart beat for heart beat, she made response.

It was too much. It was the man who broke away. There was nothing, no experience, no remembrance to teach him. It was all surprise. He thrust her from him slowly. Her hands lingered about his neck, but his backward pressure would not be denied. He held her at arms' length, her hands outstretched to him, her bosom panting, her eyes shining, her cheeks aflame in the gray dawn. Yielding, giving up to him absolutely, yet something, the magnificent metal of the man, the restraints through which he had gone, the long battles with his own passion, rose to his soul and gave him mastery once more.

"Woman! woman!" he whispered—no mere local name would represent her now. She was humanity to him—"Woman," he whispered, "my God! my God!"

He turned away, sank down on one [illegible] shoulders that he had buried his face in [illegible] shaking with emotion [illegible] woman threw herself [illegible] before him and [illegible] in her arms. "I love you!"

[illegible] hands away from his [illegible] her own face in his [illegible] kissed it.

[illegible] her lips wet with [illegible] a sort of wild, barbaric [illegible] "man, I love you!"

[illegible] as one distraught. [illegible] of this, he had imagined [illegible] prayed for it, he had [illegible] no revelation that [illegible] in the years of their [illegible] in its blinding brilliancy, in its intense illumination, the revelation in that woman's voice, in that woman's eyes, in that woman's touch.

"Man," she said again, "I love you. Do you understand! Do you know what it means?"

Then he found his voice. He took her hand and pressed it against his heart.

"I know," he whispered. "I understand here."

He rose to his feet, stooped, caught her by the shoulders and lifted her to his level. A piece of rock ill balanced on the edge of the cliff fell crashing. The place was dangerous. Without a word he slipped his arm beneath her, lifted her up as he might have done a child and carried her out upon the sand away from the beetling crags of the rocky wall. She nestled in his arms with a sense of joy and satisfaction and helplessness cared for so exquisite that it was almost pain. He sat her down presently on the sand and knelt before her. The sunlight sprang through the gray haze on the horizon's edge and lighted her face as he peered into it. Suddenly he threw himself prostrate before her and his lips upon her feet.

"Not there," she whispered, laying her hand upon his bent head, "but here, here in my arms, upon my heart, for Man, Man, I love you!"

Then kneeling by her side he took her once more within his arms.

"But you have not said!" she began at last, "that you loved me."

"There is no word," he said, softly, "in that speech that you have taught me which is equal to what I feel. You don't know how I have looked upon you and longed for you ever since you made me know and feel that I was a man with a man's soul. Night after night I have watched you as you went to your nook in the rocks. But that you have taught me honor and consideration, what it is to be a gentleman, I had followed you and caught you in the dark within my arms."

She laid her hand upon his breast and looked at him feelingly, entreatingly, with touching consciousness of his strength and her weakness.

"What I have taught you," she asked, "you will not forget?"

"Never! Never!"

He released her waist and took her hand and kissed it. There was as much passion in the pressure of his lips upon her hand as there was in the beat of his heart against her own, she felt.

"You," he continued, "will say what is to be done."

"Not I," she answered, piteously, "but you. I have no strength when you are by. Since that moment when you kissed me, you are the master and the man, but you will respect me in my helplessness?"

"As if you were God in heaven," cried the man, raising his hand as one who makes a vow. "You are to me everything that is pure, that is holy, that is lovely."

"No! No!" she whispered, a look of terror coming into her face.

"Yes," he said. "Through you I know God, through you I know woman. You are sacred to me. Never again, unless you give me leave, will I press my lips to yours; never again, unless you say I may, will I take you in my arms; never again will I even touch your hand. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do these things. And yet I will love you in ways of which you cannot dream so long as I can draw the breath of life."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and turned away from her and stood with clasped hands and bowed shoulders. In one moment the whole course of their lives had changed. It had taken an earthquake shock to do it, but so terrific had been the submerged fires of mutual passions that a whisper opportunely uttered would have effected the same revolution. She sat and watched him wondering what would be the end of it. She knew at last what love was, not the pale philosophical emotion she had experienced in the cabin of that yacht. God, how she hated that recollection. How she wished that it had never been. If untouched by man she could have been cast upon that island to be given to this man who looked upon her as a goddess. She had told him some of her history, but not the part which was vital. It had been easy not to enlighten him wholly as to that. He knew nothing about conditions. He had never seen a ship or a boat within his recollection, and the story she had settled upon and told him was one that received instant acceptance from him. Indeed there was nothing that she had told him, or could have told him, that he would not implicitly have accepted and believed. The king could do no wrong. She was incarnate truth. And she would have to tell him all now. She would have to put into that pure soul, alive with passionate devotion, admiration, respect, every feeling that can make up the sum of mighty love, this story of evil and shame. There was no help for it. She would have to tell him.

But she could not tell him now, not on this day. She would have a few perfect hours. She would stand for a little while within the vale of Eden. She would look for a little time through the gates of heaven. To-morrow! To-day she would have and she would enjoy to the full. She rose softly to her feet as well and stepped closer to him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. She could see the muscles in his arm tighten as he clenched his hands the harder. She turned him gently about and lifted her perfect lips to his. She kissed him again. Her hand sought him; her fingers parted his iron grasp. She drew his arm about her and nestled against him.

"I trust you," she said, "as I love you. I shall be safe with you. You shall not draw away from me in such isolation. You have waited long for kisses like this."

And then the man spoke, the man in him.

"Woman," he said, "yours are the only lips that have been pressed upon mine, save perhaps my mother's as a child. Has any other man ever kissed you?"

She could not lie to him.

"Don't ask me," she said, the futile request.

The man had turned away with a groan. No happiness is unalloyed; no joy comes into our lives that some pain does not dog its footsteps. With love came jealousy before the flood.

"At least," she said pressing closer to him and he did not repulse her, "I have loved no man but you."

"Oh!" he said, taking her once more within his arms, "that I might know for one moment what is out there, how you lived, who saw you, who followed you, who loved you!"

"I shall tell you," said the woman.

"But you have told me."

"Not all."

"When the rest then?"

"To-morrow. Meanwhile let us enjoy the day"—the old, old human prayer, let us enjoy the day despite the morrow—"let it suffice that I love you; that I never loved anyone else; that no kisses like to yours have ever been pressed upon my lips, nor I believe not upon the lips of mortal woman. Let us pass the day in happiness together. Come, we must breakfast. We must see what the earthquake has done to our island. We have things to think about, things to do."

"I have nothing to think about but you; nothing to do but to love you."

Hand in hand, they stepped across the sand to the shade of the trees, a

royal and a noble couple, the splendid woman nobly planned, fit mate for the godlike man, children of God and Nature, both of them in loose tunics which she had woven from the long soft grass, which left neck and arms bare and fell to knee and were belted in at the waist. Unhampered by any of the debasing or degrading garments of civilization, they were a pair to excite the admiration and envy of the gods.

CHAPTER XI.

The Conscience Quickened.

They had spent the morning together, but not as usual. Things were different, conditions had changed. For the first time in years the daily lesson which she had given him was intermitted. To-day they were both at school with Love for preceptor and such willingness in their hearts as made them ideal pupils. The storm had died away as suddenly as it had arisen. No visible evidence of it was left save the tremendous thunder of the long undulating seas upon the outward barrier. The earthquake had not greatly damaged the island, the fallen cliff, a few prostrate palms here and there, that was all. But there was visible evidence in them of the storm through which they had passed and which still held them in its throes, in the tumult of their souls.

To the man the experience of the morning was absolutely new and to the woman it was so different from what had hitherto transpired that it was practically so. They luxuriated in their emotions. They sat side by side, hand in hand; they walked together, hand in hand. Yet it was the woman who was the bolder, the woman who made the advances. The man was not passive. Kiss for kiss, look for look, word for word, touch for touch, he gave, but the initiative was hers not his. He was putting a constraint of steel upon himself. She saw that and was glad. It made her bold. Womanlike she tried and tested the blade that she had forged again and again, growing daring in her immunity, braver in her trust.

They stood in one part of their wanderings before the door of what had been her cave. Hand in hand they looked down upon the heap of rocks that he had torn away. It was nothing to him; to her it was incredible. She could better estimate what human strength was capable of than he. She had standards of comparison which he lacked.

"It cannot be possible that you lifted that boulder and that one, alone?" she said, gazing at him wonderingly.

"At that moment, to release you, I could have torn the rock asunder," he cried, throwing out his arms in a magnificent gesture of strength and force.

She caught his hand with her own and once more pressed her lips within his palm.

"I don't know how to say how much I love you," she cried.

"Say that you will try to care as much for me as I for you and I will be content," he answered.

And so there was a pretty rivalry between them as to which loved the more. In the midst of the strife of tongues the woman spoke. She could not keep away from the subject.

"You love me," she said at last, "because you think me more than I am, because," she ran on in spite of his protesting gesture, checking his denying word, "because you have seen no other woman, because—"

"I will not hear another word," he cried, finding voice at last and stopping her. "I know not woman or man save as I know you and myself, save as you have taught me by the women of whom you have read me in that single book we have, the women of whom you have told me who have played their parts in the world. All of them together are not like you."

"That is because I am alive and here and they are dead and away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lesson From the Jap Bear

Many Others Might Take to Heart What One Man Declares He Has Learned.

"I never go to the Zoological park," said a frequenter of that resort, "that I do not get some valuable lesson from the animals. Last week I became fascinated with the little black Japanese bear. He is truly Japanese in size, reminding one of the dwarfed trees of that people, and the day I saw him he was doing a whirling dervish act around his cage—chasing himself in a continuous performance that made me dizzy, and disdaining all attempts of visitors to entice him from it. I noticed above his cage a placard stating his genus, species, etc. It also bore the information that in disposition this species was exceedingly irritable and unfriendly, that no specimen had been known to make friends with even a keeper, and that cowardice was a leading characteristic.

"'How strange,' I said to my companion. 'I should think that if these bears are cowardly they would try to make friends in order to be safe from harm.'

"'Perhaps,' said my companion, who is a shrewd observer, 'but I have noticed that people who have ugly tempers are nearly always cowardly.'

"That gave me a hunch. Whenever, since then, I have been on the point of losing my temper the word 'coward' has come up before me in large black letters and it is not a nice word. We are not always so much ashamed as we should be of having hasty tempers and we often indulge them with very little compunction; but no man will calmly brand himself a coward; so the little Jap bear has been useful to me.—New York Press.

Frightfully Close to Death.

A thrilling incident in connection with a recent ascent of the Parseval airship in Berlin is reported in the German press. A boy who had come too near the ropes, got his right leg entangled, and when the balloon rose he was lifted up in the air, head downwards. While hanging in that position he succeded, as a good gymnast, in catching the rope with his hands, thus getting in a safer and more comfortable position. The crowd below watched with bated breath the movements of the boy, hanging between heaven and earth at a height of 600 feet. It was then that the people in the balloon noticed the signals from below, and brought down the airship, whereupon the boy was rescued half dead from his perilous position.

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FOXY RIP.

"Why did Rip Van Winkle sleep 20 years?"

"I don't know, unless he wanted to dodge his taxes."

Why Jones Was Sad.

Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose," said Jenkins, carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament."

"Ah," chimed in Brown, "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned."

"Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—"

They hung expectant, while more sobs choked back his words.

"I," he declared at last, "am to have the Testament!"—Scraps.

The Kid and the Goat.

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges and I'm goin' down an' let him drink!"

A pessimist believes it a waste of time to argue with the iceman, as he's bound to have his own weigh.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Medicine Not Needed In This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous trouble.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee.

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said: 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family, and it was all it claimed to be.

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum, and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found 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.