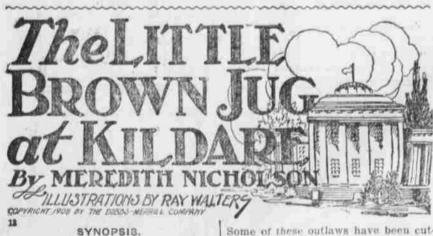


Ardmore Was Scrutinizing the Jug Critically.



ting off our wood."

tate."

while he's away?"

terror of Appleweight."

of his own business.

ing out of the caboose.

"It seems to me I remember the

"It runs right through the house!

And some one, years ago, blazed the

trees along there, so it is very easy

to tell when you step from one state

to another. My man left there re-

cently, refusing to stay any longer.

These Appleweight people thought he

was a spy, and posted a notice on his

door warning him to leave, so I shift-

ed him to the other end of the es-

"Did you see the sheriff at Kil-

"I haven't seen him. When I arked

"There are no prisoners in the Kill

"Appleweight is a powerful charac-

and handing a tin cupful to Ardmore.

"He's tolerable well off, and could

make money honestly if he didn't op-

up in politics, and steal horses when

"I guess he has never molested us

"A few of our cows stray away

sometimes and never come back. And

for two years we have lost the corn

"We don't want to lose our right to

so far as he knew them, and indicat-

daries extended. Then Ardmore took a blue pencil and drew a straight

"When we get Appleweight, we

county town there, and put him in

"We will catch the man," said Paul

Paul left the enboose as the train

started, and rode away on horseback

to visit his pickets. The train crept

warily over the apur into the old

from the main line by hills and wood-

out of the crib away over here near

any, has he, Paul?" asked Ardmore,

not a little ashamed of his ignorance

he and his friends need them."

for him yesterday I found he had left

that the state line was so close."

SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble apon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore esponses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two young ladles are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Appleweight, Valuable papers in the Appleweight case are missing from the office of Gov, Osborne and Griswold places the theft at the door of the scheming attorney general. Ardmore charters a caboose and starts for the border to plan the arrest of Appleweight. Jerry meanwhile, is a guest at Ardsley. Thomas Ardmore and Henry Main

CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

When they sought a lonely siding to allow a belated passenger train to town and gone to Greensboro to see pass, the conductor brewed coffee and his sick uncle. cooked supper, and Ardmore called in Ardmore laughed and slapped his the detectives and trainmen. The knee, sense of knowing real people, whose daily occupations were so novel and interesting, touched him afresh with delight. These men said much in few words. One of the detectives chaffed any; and he's like the rest of the Cooke covertly about some adventure in which they had been jointly asso-

"I never thought they'd get the lead out of you after that business in Missouri. You were a regular mine," said the detective to Cooke, and Cooke glanced deprecatingly at Ardmore.

"He's the little joker, all right." "You can't kill him." remarked the detective. "I've seen it tried."

Before the train started the detectives crawled back into their car, and Cooke drew out some blankets. tossed them on a bench for Ardmore, and threw himself down without ado. Ardmore held to his post in the tower, as lone as the lookout in a crow'shest. The night air swept more cool- I the deer park.' ly in as they neared the hills, and the train's single brakeman came down as though descending from the sky, rubbed the cinders from his eyes, and returned to his vigil armed with a handful of Ardmore's cigars.

For the greater part of the night they enjoyed a free track, and thumped the rails at a lively clip. after midnight Ardmore below and went to sleep. At ing clearly where the Ardsley bounnve o'clock Cooke called him.

"We're on the switch at Kildare. One of your men is here waiting for

you. Big Paul, the German forester, was called in, and Ardmore made his toilet ty, North Carolina, into Mingo county, in a pail o' rater while listening to v's report. Cooke discussing the local geography. The of South Carolina that the joke is on row. forester described in clear, straight, him. forward English just what he had done. He had distributed his men well through the hills, and they were him. now posted as pickets on points favorable for observation. They had caught," said Ardmore, found along the streams four widely scattered stills, and these were being watched. Paul drew a small map, showing the homes of the most active members of the Appleweight

own land runs right through there | quarters there. We have the tools for affair like this, and of being able to just about here, isn't it Paul? I al. cutting in on the telegraph, and we tell my friend Tommy Ardmore about ways remember the creek, because I can be as independent as we please. It afterward would be sufficient. Ardlike the name so much."

"You are right, Mr. Ardmore. The best timber you have lies along there. and your land crosses the North Carolina boundary into South Carolina about here. There's Mingo county, South Carolina, you see."

"Well, that dashes me!" exclaimed Ardmore, striking the table with his wood-cutters' camp, where, as Cooke flat. "I never linew one state from had forecast, they were quite shut in beranother, but you must be right."

"I'm positive of it, Mr. Ardmore, land. One of my men has been living there on the creek to protect your timber. I would like to see fire water spring out came back home!"

, an apring water, of the carth asome with me for a little siroll. The thirsty of Dilwol' county know the way to those places as city topers know the vay to a bur. We are now In the land of the title brown Jun and while these boys are breakfast I'll see if the populo in this region have Shanged their habits."

Howar put not seven on they struct off into the formal buside, the cheerfu title brook that minim slows single from the bills. Are more first rarely before in his Jim bean around to carry, and he bland day from from the games in the cheurfullest spirit

Cooke had not be a in this region for yaven appreciated, set to make heritated but welland street Bross, to leading the Mille Leading Presently he heat over the back and gettered we brow-leb whill may that floated or no war or throng in thicke of it in his "In and and fed it.

"That" said Cente, holding it to rdnore's nose, "is cola much. That' that they make their liquor of. The till in trobably away up youder of

test hillshife " He crossed the stream on a los elimbed the bank on the opposit from, and scanned the near land cape for a few minutes. Then he soluted to an old stilling over which has had grown in wild projusion. "If you will walk to that dump, Mr. Ardmore, and feel under the vines of the right-hand side, your Dogars will very likely touch something smooth

and cool." Ardmore obeyed instructions. He thrust his hand into the stump as Cooke directed, thrust again a little deeper, and laughed aloud as he drew out a little brown jug

Cooke nodded approvingly.

"We're all right. The revenue men come in here occasionally and smash the stills and arrest a few men, but the little brown juz continues to do business at the same old stand. If you have a dollar handy, slip it under the stump, so they'll know we're not stingy."

Ardmore was scrutinizing the jug ritically.

"They're all alike," said Cooke, "but that piece of calleo is a new oneust a funcy touch for an extra fine article of liquor."

"I'll be shot if I haven't seen that calleo before," said Ardmore; and he sat down on a boulder and drew out the stopper, while Cooke watched him

The bit of twine was indubitably the same that he had unwound before in his room at the Guilford house, and the cob parted in his fingers exactly place. There's a log house hanging as before. On a piece of brown paper on the creek. You took me by it that had been part of a tobacco wraponce, but it never entered my head per was scrawled:

This ain't yore fight, Mr. Ardmore, Wher's the guyner of North Carolina? "That's a new one on me," laughed Cooke, "You see, they know everything. Mind-reading isn't in it with them. They know who we are and

what we have come for. What's the

point about the governor?" "Oh, the governor's all right," rewouldn't bother his head about a little matter like this. The powers reserved to the states by the constitution give a governor plenty of work without acting as policeman of the jungle. That's the reason I said to Gov. Dangerfield, 'Governor,' I said, don't worry about this Appleweight business. Time is heavy on my hands," I said 'You stay in Raleigh and up-"Who takes care of the dun; on hold the dignity of your office, and I will take care of the trouble in Dilwell. And you can't understand, dare jail. The sheriff's afraid to beep Cooke, how his face brightened at my words. Being the brave man he people around here. They all live in is, you would naturally expect him to come down here in person and seize these scoundrels with his own hands. ter in these parts," said Cooke, pour-I had the hardest time of my life to ing the coffee he had been making, get him to stay at home. It almost

broke his heart not to come." And as they retraced their steps to he caboose, it was Ardmore who led, erate stills, rob country stores, mix stepping briskly along, and blithely swinging the jug.

CHAPTER X.

Prof. Griswold Takes the Field. Barbara and Griswold stopped at the telegraph office on their way back to the executive mansion, and were met with news that the sheriff of Mingo had refused to receive Griswold's message.

the track, and we must get out of this "His private lines of communication before the whole community comes to with the capital are doubtless well estake a look at us," said Cooke, swingtablished," said Griswold, "and Bosworth probably warned him, but it Ardmore talked frankly to the forisn't of great importance. It's just as ester, having constant recourse to the well for Appleweight and his friends, map; and Paul sketched roughly a high and low, to show their hands." new chart, making roads and paths

When they were again on the veranda, Griswold lingered for a moment with no valid excuse for delay beyond the loveliness of the night and his keen delight in Barbara's voice and her occasional low laughter, which want to hurry him from Dilwell counwas so pleasant to hear that he held their talk to a light key, that he might evoke it the more. South Carolina. We will go to the

"You have done all that could be joined in the conversation, and Ard- jail. If the shariff of Mingo is weak- asked of you, Mr. Griswold, and I canmore was gratified to see that the kneed, we will lock Appleweight up not permit you to remain longer. Patwo men met on common ground in anyhow, and telegraph the governor ther will certainly be here to-mor-

"Oh, but your father isn't absent! He is officially preent and in the sadgravely, "but we may have to kill dle," laughed Griswold. "You must not admit, even to me, that he is not "Dead or alive, he's got to be here in full charge of his office. And as for my leaving the field, I have not Cooke came out of the station and the slightest intention of going back signaled the engineer to go ahead. | to Virginia until the Appleweight "We'll pull down here about five ghost is laid, the governor of North miles to an old spur where the com- Carolina brought to confusion, and pany used to load wood. There's a the governor of South Carolina visgang, and Ardmore indicated all these little valley there where we can be by present and thundering his edicts points as nearly as possible on the hidden all we please, so far as the again, so to speak, ex cathedra. My county map he had brought with him. main line is concerned, and it might own affairs can wait. Miss Osborne "Here's Raccoon creek, and my not be a bad idea to establish head. The joy of having a hand in a little * speak to me again for told the agent we were carrying more will n company powder for a blasting job not inviting his? to a share in the down the line, and he suspects noth- game."

(TO I PRONTINUED) the Limit. "My only do shter cloped. And I'll never forgive per!" "Now, look here, old man, remem-

Remember? Yes, I'd be decent about it, if she'd let well enough "And now, Mr. Ardmere, if you alone, But she not only sloped-she

One From the Cashler, The harmless customer leaned

across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of was bousterously applauded. aimless converse, for he was of that

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to self-made negro."

spend money. "Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "If money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with

Lo, the Rich Indian. The per capita wealth of the Indian Is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United

States is owned by Indians. The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,-000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian ands.-Red Man.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes-I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.-Holmes.

Add to Cost of Living. The American Magazine reprints a etter which was sent to the Massachusetts cost of living commission. It

goes as follows: "It seems to me that the elimination of waste is nearly impossible in households where there are numerous servants; at least, I have found it so with only one, and the waste rises in geometrical progression with the number employed. I have now been doing my own cooking for nearly a year and I feed my family twice as well on about two-thirds the cost. A large part of the saving comes in the economical use of meat. I make a delicious dinner with a few scraps of meat that a cook would give to the

"Then I depend a good deal on soups, which I invent to suit my larder. A few cold baked beans, with a little tomato and a bit of meat on a bone, or a little left over gravy, make a soup that all eat with much pleasure and it is so nourishing that it goes far to make the dinner. Most people do not understand how different a soup is when it has simmered a good many hours. The soup that has been boiled fast a couple of hours will taste flat and uninteresting, whereas the same soup five hours later will have such a delicious blend of flavors that all you know is that it is nice without being able to distinguish the ingredients. Again it is time that counts. Cooks waste the coffee and tea horribly. Mix the coffee with cold water the night before with an eggshell and bring it to a boil in the morning and you do not need a great deal for a good cup of coffee. The tea in the kitchen is piled into the teapot and thrown out with but little of the goodness extracted. Another frightful waste is the coal. I use less than half as much as any girl I ever had and my stove bakes better. I never complain of the draught, as she does or did after burning all the goodness out of her coal in the first hour after lighting."

Thanks to burnt Cork,

"Gosh! But the colored race is acomin' to the front fast!" whispered ville show, as the black-face comedian

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a

A Medical Compromise. "You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes." "What did they say?" "Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended some-

thing else." "A deadlock, eh?" "No, they finally told me to mix em!

The "Country Churchyard." These who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles', Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be Contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forgot,

churchyard.

You'll be surprised to find. I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams When you are growing old.

Home Thought. "It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

'How noble!" "Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once." Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.-Mack's National Monthly.

No Slang for Her. "Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the lunchroom.

"A what "" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before "Adam and Eve flat on their backs!

A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone. "You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. 'E-g-g-s,' the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which." | aren't quite as bad as the nurse sug-"Why didn't you say so in the first | gested. place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things-" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now In restaurants."

All Need the Earth. "There is an Antaeus in every one of us and in the whole of us which needs the earth," says Henry Demarest Lloyd in his posthumous book. "A grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of the beauties of heaven with its gates of pearl and its pavements of gold. 'What,' said the scornful boy, unpactivated, 'no mud?' There spoke the real philosopher. We are earthanimals, and we need contact with aside, all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the until I know the origin of those lumps tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, art for the art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while, the woman you heard say that she thought it was her duty to as- \$11,000 in all, with which he was gosociate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are Oregon. losing touch with the source of all personal and social power."

traditions. Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others, In that innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaude- month the Koran-according to Moslem tradition-was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So | the south for his quaint humor. run the traditions.-The Christian Herald.

The League of Politeness. The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating befter manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the cigars this year \$208. But where is initiative of Fraulein Cecelle Meyer, 11? who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little At first those inside paid little heed; Gazette there appears an order in medal worn where Germans are ac. but the third time demanded to know council providing that ordinary intercustomed to wear the insignia of or- why they should be disturbed in this ments are henceforth forbidden in the ders. The idea is that a glaance at fashion. the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or | doan't spake so loud; she'll overhear discourteous language, "Any polite us." person" is eligible for membership.

> Why He Laughed. Miss Mattie belonged to the old

south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction On the morning following his arrival sperrits."-Success Magazine. she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattle sent him her compliments. fine discrimination in the choice of

and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service. When Tillie returned she said:

"I tol' him, Miss Mattle, en' he laughed fit to bus' hisself." Why did he laugh, Tillie?"

'I dunno." "What did you tell him?"

"Jus' what you tol' me to." "Tillie, tell me exactly what you

eald. "I banged do doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattle sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!"-LAppincott's Mag- | whitewasher?"

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God-and then, you know, lost and refound, jealously guarded I work all the time. But I am a and maliciously stolen so many times great-grandmother," she continued, in the history of civilization that if thoughtfully, "so how can these many seems almost impossible to say any compliments be true? I am afraid my thing new on glass staining. Yet a friends are exaggerating."

ous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of which is a departure from anything No. no!"

scious exaggeration, like the French of it we cannot tell. nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than mineral colors and the whole is then your streets, you know, and, although fired in a heat so intense that the colwe have numerous accidents, things oring matter and the glass are indis-

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want | fully soft and mellow. to see the man who was run over." 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered, shades each panel is separately mould-There will be plenty more to see ed and bent and the sections are as further on."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, eral Sessions has just held a recepand hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kalserin Auguste Vicsmaller lumps along his spine, much courtroom at night. In response to like a mountain range, as it is present- its summons came 117 men and womed on a bas-rellef map.

The lumps were about the size of of whom was a victor over some form good Oregon apples, and as Rosen, of temptation; an example of what berg passed before the immigration human faith can do to help human foctor for observation, the doctor said weakness to redeem itself and be softly to himself, "See that lump." strong. Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking of his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had ing to purchase an apple orchard in

He was admitted to the country.-New York Tribune.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirlus Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary

disturbance of the atmosphere.

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous' in "Governor Candler," said a Gaines-

ville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"'By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear ovened and slammed,

"Whist," cautioned the driver.

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, Of'm desavin th' crayture. Everry toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her

Where He Was Queer. The negro, on occasions, displays a

"Who's the best white-washer is town?" inquired the new resident. "Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the

colored patriarch eloquently. "Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow." Uncle Jacob shook his head dublously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good

"Yes, sah, a powe'ful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!" +

-Mack's National Monthly. New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been process has been discovered for ma-Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontane- king the stained glass used in windows known at the present time. What the "Yes," said the actress, "uncon- Venetians and the Phoenicians knew

> The glass first receives its design in solubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is the sur face acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delight

in making a large window in many sembled in a metal frame.

Fidelity to Parole.

Judge Crain of the Court of Gention more worthy of note than any ball, banquet or other high function toria. In fact, there was a series of of the season. It was held in his en, some old, some young every one

Each of the company had been convicted of some first offense against the law, and each had been permitted to go out on parole of future good behavior. Each had kept the faith. The word was as good as a bond. Those who might have gone down in the struggle had found a way to rise and fight again. They were all able to report good work done and bright prospects ahead.

Time was when no one was trusted on his word save men of high degree. Fidelity to parole was deemed a princely virtue. Perhaps it is. There was nothing in Judge Crain's reception to disprove it.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Wackly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various news papers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely. The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phesphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts. This is over one-half. Beaunis, another authority, shows 'Phos-

phoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07. Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash. Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium

phate of Potash), is considerable more than one half of all the mineral salts in the food. Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the con-stituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Polash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other saits and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potasstum Phosphate is the chief factor, and has

the power within itself to attract, by its own

and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phos-

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies-this is the only law of

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fag because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of re-

search in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food. But we must be patient with those who sheer at facts they know nothing about. Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is neces sary to good digestion. Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, &c., &c., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Ptyalin, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas. Therefore, the mental state of the individual

has much to do (more than suspected) with

This trial has demonstrated:

men and water,

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albu-

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would 'do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day. Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food

"There's a Reason"

which supplies the things required.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.