

# THE BATTLE-CRY

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbot, into the heart of the Cumberland mountains, is attracted to the mountain chief, Anse, at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. While resting there she overhears a talk between Anse and Fletch McNash, which reveals to her the truth about her guide, and one of his henchmen that acquiesces her with the Havely-McBriar feud. Juanita has an unforgettable talk with Anse and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Havely clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McBriar. In the night Juanita hears feudists ride past the McNash cabin. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Noah Wyatt attempts to kill him but is himself killed by the Widow Everson, whose boys are outside the feud. Milt McBriar, head of his clan, meets Anse there and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbot. Juanita thinks she finds that Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school. Milt McBriar breaks the truce by having Fletch McNash murdered. Fletch McNash bequeaths his land to Juanita and Dawn. Juanita and Dawn are further misunderstood each other. Bad Anse is bitter, and Juanita does not fight women and will give her land if necessary. Juanita gets her land and cabin. Old Bob McGeevee tells Juanita that McNash to murder Young Milt McBriar, but she refrains as he is not sure Young Milt is the murderer.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Dawn turned away and went stalking along the woodland path with a backward glance, and Milt followed at her heels, with Juanita, much amused, bringing up the rear. The easterner thought that these two young folks made a splendid pair, specimens of the best of the mountains, as yet unbroken by heavy hands. Then, as the younger girl passed under a swinging rope of wild grapevine, stooping low, a tendril caught in her hair.

Without a word Young Milt bent forward and was freeing it, tingling through his pulses as his fingers touched the heavy black mass, but as soon as she was loose the girl sprang away and wheeled, her eyes blazing.

"How dast ye tech me?" she demanded, panting with wrath. "How dast ye?"

The boy laughed easily. "I dast do anything I wants," he told her.

For a moment they stood looking at each other, then the girl dropped her eyes, but the anger had died out of them, and Juanita saw that, despite her condescending air, she was not displeased.

Juanita, of course, knew nothing of Jeb's suspicions that had led him into the laurel, but even without that information, when Young Milt met them more often than could be attributed to chance on their walks and fell into the habit of strolling back with them, strong forebodings began to trouble her.

And one morning these forebodings were verified in crisis for, while the youthful McBriar lounged near the porch of Juanita's cabin talking with Dawn, another shadow fell across the sunlight: the shadow of Jeb McNash. He had come silently, and it was only as Young Milt, whose back had been turned, shifted his position, that the two boys recognized each other.

Juanita saw the start with which Jeb's figure stiffened and grew taut. She saw his hands clench themselves and his face turn white as chalk; saw his chest rise and fall under heavy breathing that hissed through clenched teeth, and her own heart pounded with wild anxiety.

But Milt McBriar's face showed nothing. His father's masklike calmness of feature had come down to him, and as he read the meaning of the other boy's attitude he merely nodded and said casually: "Howdy, Jeb."

Jeb did not answer. He could not answer. He was training and punishing every fiber cruelly simply in standing where he was and keeping his hands at his sides. For a time he remained stiff and white, breathing spasmodically; then, without a word, he turned and stalked away.

That noon a horseman brought a note across the ridge, and as Juanita Holland read it she felt that all her dreams were crumbling—that the soul of them was paralyzed.

It was a brief note, written in a cobby hand, and it ran:

"I'll have to ask you to send the McNash children over to my house. Jeb doesn't want them to be consorting with the McBriars, and I can't blame him. He is the head of his family."

Respectfully,  
ANSE HAVELY.

A stronger thing to Juanita Holland than the personal disappointment which had driven her to this work was now her eager, fiery interest in the undertaking itself. In these months she had disabused herself of many prejudices. There remained that lingering one against the man with whom she had not made friends.

The thing she had set out to do was a hundredfold more vital now than it had been when it stood for carrying out a dead grandfather's wish. She had been with these people in childbirth and death, in sickness and want; she had seen summer go with its tender beginning to a vagabond end with its tattered banners of ripened corn, autumn had blazed and flared into high carnival.

As young Jeb had turned on his heel



"Will You Go With Me?" She Asked a Little Weakly.

"nothing." "Ye've got ter go over thar an' speak with Anse."

Juanita drew back with a start of distaste and repulsion. Yet she had known this all along.

"Ye see, she heard the missionary saying, 'thar's jest one way Anse kin handle Jeb, an' nobody else kaint handle him at all. He thinks he's right. I reckon of ye kin persuade Anse ter reason with him ye'll hev ter promise that Young Milt hain't a-goin' ter hang round hyar."

"I'd promise almost anything. I can't give them up—I can't—I can't!"

"Ef Anse didn't perct little Dawn from the McBriars, Jeb would, ter a God's certainty, kill Young Milt," went on the preacher, and the girl nodded miserably.

"I don't low ter blame ye none," he said slowly, almost apologetically, "but I've got ter say hit. Hit's a pity ye've seen fit ter hit so many bitter things ter Anse. Mountain folks air mighty easy hurt in their pride, an' no one

hain't nuyver dared ter cross him afore."

"No," she cried bitterly, "he will welcome the chance to humiliate and to refuse my plea. He has been waiting for this; to see me come to him a suppliant on bended knee, and then to laugh at me and turn me away." She paused and added brokenly: "And yet I've got to go to him in surrender—to be refused—but I'll go."

"Listen," said the preacher, and his words carried that soft quality of pacification which she had once or twice heard before. "Thar's a heap worse fellers than Bad Anse Havely. Ef ye could jest hev send yore way ter treat him a leetle different—"

"How could I?" demanded Juanita hotly. "How could I be friends with a murderer and keep my self-respect?"

The brown-faced man looked up at her and spoke simply.

"I've done kept mine," he said.

"Will you go with me?" she asked a little weakly. "I don't feel quite strong enough to go over there alone. While they are humbling me I would like to have a friend at hand. I think it would help a little."

"I'm ready now," and so, with the man who had guided her on other missions, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy she had so stubbornly defied.

It seemed an interminable journey, though they took the short cut of the foot-trail over the hills.

The house that had come down to Anse Havely had been built almost a century before. It was originally placed in a section so large that elsewhere it would have been a domain—a tract held under the original Virginia grant. Since those days much of it had been parceled out as marriage portions to younger generations.

Cabins that had once housed slaves, barns, a smoke-house, an icehouse, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than to give space for gardening. The Havely of two generations ago had been something of a hermit scholar, and in his son had lurked a diminishing craze for books and an increasing passion for leadership.

The feud had blazed to its fiercest heat in his day, and the father of Bad Anse Havely had been the first Bad Anse. His son had succeeded to the title as a right of heritage, and had been trained to wear it like a fighting man. Though he might be a whelp of the wolf breed, the boy was a strong whelp and one in whom slept latent possibilities and anomalous qualities, for in him broke out afresh the love of books.

It might have surprised his newspaper biographers to know how deeply he had combed the few volumes on the rotting shelves of the brick house, or how deeply he had thought along some lines. It might have amazed them had they heard the fire and romance with which he quoted the wise counsel of the foolish Polonius: "Beware of entering a quarrel, but being in, so bear thee that the opposer may beware of thee."

As to entering a quarrel, it sufficed his logic that he had been born into it; that he had "heired" his hatreds.

And because in these parts his father had held almost dictatorial powers, it had pleased him to send his son, just come to his majority, down to the state capital as a member of the legislature, and the son had gone to sit for a while among lawmakers.

### CHAPTER XIII.

In other years Bad Anse Havely remembered the days in that house when the voices of women and children had been raised in song and laughter. Then the family had gathered in the long winter evenings before the roaring backlogs, and spinning wheel and quilting frame had not yet gone to the cobwebs of the cockloft. But that was long ago.

The quarter-century over which his memory traveled had brought changes even to the hills. The impalpable ghost of decay moves slowly, with no sound save the occasional click of a sagging door here and the snap of a cord there, but in twenty-five years it moves—and an inbred generation comes to impaired manhood. Since Bad Anse himself had returned from Frankfort his house had been tenanted only by men, and an atmosphere of grimness hung in its shadows. A half-dozen unkempt and loutish kinsmen dwelt there with him, tilling the ground and ready to bear arms. More than once they had been needed.

It was to this place that Juanita Holland and the preacher were making their way on that October afternoon.

At the gate they encountered a solitary figure gazing stolidly out to the front, and when their coming roused it out of its gloomy reverie it turned and presented the scowling face of Jeb McNash.

"Where air they?" he demanded wrathfully, wheeling upon the two arrivals, and then he repeated violently: "By heaven, where air they? Why hain't ye done foted Dawn and Jesse?"

"Jeb," said the missionary quietly, "we done come over hyar fust ter hev speech with Anse Havely. Whar's he at?"

"I reckon he's in his house, but ye hain't answered my question. I'm thar one for ye ter talk ter fust. Hit's my sister yere done been sufferin' ter consort with murderers, an' hit's me ye've got ter reckon with."

Brother Talbot only nodded. "Son," he gently assured him, "we aims ter talk with you, too, but I reckon ye hain't got no call ter hinder us from havin' speech with Anse first."

For a moment Jeb stood dubious, then he jerked his head toward the house.

"There is not a man in this room or within the reach of my voice tonight who will not realize the responsibility which rests upon him as a patriot, a gentleman, a scholar and a philanthropist and go to the polls on election morning with courage in his heart and cast his free and untrammelled ballot for our magnificent citizen—"

"There are some here who remember the history-making days of the battle of Bunker Hill—I mean Gettysburg—when this nation's life was in the balance, and, with this in mind, I say to you, can you satisfy your conscience if you vote for any one but our eminent, forceful, talented, versatile, diplomatic, philosophical, courageous candidate—"

For a time Bad Anse stood there regarding her with a steady and piercing gaze.

He paused, and Juanita Holland repeated helplessly, "I've been a fool!"

"I reckon ye don't know that young Jeb McNash thinks little Milt kill Fletch, an' that one day he said out in the lair to kill little Milt," Bad Anse pursued. "Ye don't know that the only reason he stayed his hand was that I'd got his promise ter bide his time. But I reckon ye do know that if Milt was killed by a Havely all that's transpired in ten years wouldn't make a patch on the hell-rain's that'd go on hereabouts in a week. Do ye think it strange that Jeb don't want his sister consortin' with the boy that he thinks murdered his father?"

Juanita rose from her chair, feeling like a pert and cocksure interloper who had been disdainfully looking down on one with a vision immeasurably wider and surer than her own. At last she found herself asking: "But surely Young Milt didn't kill Fletch. Surely you don't believe that?"

"No, I know he didn't; but there's just one way I can persuade young Jeb to believe it—an' that's to tell him who did."

His eyes met hers and for a moment lighted with irony. "If I did that, I reckon Jeb would be willin' to let ye keep Dawn an' Jesse—an', of course, he'd kill the other man. Do ye want me to do it?"

He moved to the closed door and paused with his hand on the knob.

"No, stop!" she almost screamed. "It would mean murder. Merciful God, it's so hard to decide some things!"

Anse Havely turned back to the room.

"I just thought I'd let ye see that for yourself," he said quietly. "Ye ain't hardly been able ter see why it's hard for us people to decide 'em."

Suddenly a new thought struck her, and it brought from her a sudden question. "But you know who the murderer is, and you have spared him?"

The man laughed.

"Don't fret yourself, ma'am. The man that killed Fletch has left the mountains, an' right now he's out of reach. But he'll be back some day, an' when he comes I reckon the first news ye'll hear of him will be that he's dead." Once more it was the implacable avenger that spoke.

The girl could only murmur in perplexity: "Yet you have kept Jeb in ignorance. I don't understand."

"I've got other plans for Jeb," said Bad Anse Havely. "I don't low to let him be a feud killer. There's others that can be fatted for that."

He flung the door open and called Juanita, and a moment later the boy, black of countenance, came in and stood glaring about with the sullen defiance of a young bull just turned into the ring to face the matador.

"Jeb," suggested the chief gravely, "I reckon if Dawn don't see Young Milt again ye ain't goin' to object to her havin' an education, ar ye?"

The boy stiffened, and his reply was surly.

"I don't low ter hev my folks a consortin' with no McBriars."

Anse Havely spoke again, very quietly: "Milt didn't know no more about that killin' than I did, Jeb."

"How does ye know that?" The question burst out fiercely and swiftly. The boy bent forward, his eyes eagerly burning above his high cheek-bones and his mouth stiff in a snarl of suspense. "How does ye know?"

"Because I know who did."

"Tell me his name!" The shrill demand was almost a shriek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Go on in thar, ef ye sees fit. I hain't got no license ter stop ye," he said curtly; "but don't aim ter leave 'thout seein' me, too."

Several shaggy retainers were lounging on the front porch, but as Good Anse Talbot and Juanita turned in at the gate these henchmen disappeared inside. They would all be there to witness the humbling, thought the girl. It would please him to receive her with his jackal pack yelping derisively about him.

Then she saw another figure emerge from the dark door to stand at the threshold, and the flush in her cheeks grew deeper. Bad Anse Havely stood and waited, and when they reached the steps of the porch he came slowly forward and said gravely, "Come inside." He led the way, and they followed in silence.

Juanita found herself in the largest room she had yet seen in the mountains—a room dark at its corners dented through a window and fell on a heavy table in a single band of light. On the table lay a litter of pipes, loose tobacco, cartridges and several books. Down the stripe of sunlight the dust-motes floated in pulverized gold, and the radiance fell upon a book which lay open, throwing it into relief, so that as the girl stood uncertainly near the table she read at the top of a page the caption, "Plutarch's Lives."

But she caught her breath in relief, for the retainers had disappeared.

Bad Anse stood just at the edge of the sun-shaft, with one side of his face lighted and the other dark.

But if to the girl the little picture was one of somber composition and color, it presented a different aspect to Bad Anse himself as the young mountaineer stood facing the door.

"We've done come ter hev speech with ye, Anse," Talbot began. "I reckon ye know what hit's rebout."

The Havely leader only nodded, and his steady eyes and straight mouth-line did not alter their sternness of expression.

He saw the stiff little gasp with which the girl read the ultimatum of his set face and the sudden mist of tears which, in spite of herself, blurred her eyes. He pushed forward a chair and gravely inquired: "Hain't ye better set down, ma'am?"

She snook her head and raised one hand, which trembled a little, to brush the hair out of her eyes.

Palpably she was trying to speak, and could not for the moment command her voice. But at last she got herself under control, and her words came slowly and carefully.

"Mr. Havely, I have very little reason to expect consideration from you. Even now, if it were a question of pleading for myself, I would die first, but it isn't that." She paused and shook her head. "You told me that I must fail unless I came to you. Well, I've come—I've come to humiliate myself. I guess I've come to surrender."

His face did not change and he did not answer. Evidently, thought the girl bitterly, she had not sufficiently abased herself. After a moment she went on in a very tired, yet a very eager voice.

"You are a man of action, Mr. Havely. I make my appeal to your manhood. I suppose you've never had a dream that has come to mean everything to you—but that's the sort of dream I've had. That little girl, Dawn, wants a chance. Her little brother wants a chance. I've humbled myself to come and plead for them. If you take them away from me you will smash my school. I don't underestimate your power now. Children are just beginning to come to me, and if you order these to leave, the others will leave, too, and they won't come back. It will kill my school. If that's your purpose, I guess it's no use even to plead. I know you can do it—and yet you told me you weren't making war on me."

"I reckon," interrupted Brother Talbot slowly, "ye needn't have no fear of the rest, ma'am. Anse wouldn't do that."

"But if you aren't doing that," went on Juanita, "I want to make my plea just for the sake of these children of your own people. I'm ready to accept your terms. I'm ready to abase and humble my own pride, only, for God's sake, give them a chance to grow clean and straight and break the shackles of illiteracy."

She waited for the man to reply, but he neither spoke nor changed expression, so with an effort she went on, unconsciously bending a little forward in her eagerness.

"If you could see the way Dawn has unfolded like a flower, the thirsty intelligence with which she has drunk up what I have taught her; the way it has opened new worlds to her; I don't think you could be willing to plunge her back into drudgery and ignorance. She is a woman, or soon will be, Mr. Havely. You don't need women in your feuds."

Again came the cautioning voice of the preacher in his effort to keep her away from antagonizing lines.

"They hain't been called away fer no reason like that, ma'am," but Juanita continued, ignoring the warning: "The other boy is too young for you to use yet. Let him at least choose for himself. Let him reach the age when he shall have enough knowledge of both sides to make his own choice fairly. I'm not asking odds. You have Jeb, and he wears your trademark in his face. The bitterness that lurks there shows that he is wholly your vassal; yours and the feud's. Doesn't that satisfy you? Won't you let the others stay with me?"

She broke off with a gasp. Anse Havely's face stiffened.

Even now he did not speak to her, but turned toward the missionary.

"Brother Talbot," he said slowly, "would ye mind waitin' out there on

the porch a little spell? I'd like to talk with this lady by herself."

When he had gone there was a short silence, which Havely finally broke with a question:

"Why didn't ye say all these things to Jeb? I sent the letter on his say-so."

"But you sent it—and all the Havely power is in your hands. Jeb wouldn't understand such a plea. I came to the fountainhead. My school is not a Havely school nor a McBriar school. It is meant to open its doors to both sides of the ridge, regardless of factions."

"Did young Milt come there ter get education? I thought he went to college down below." The question carried an undertone of irony.

Juanita shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He came there as any other passer-by might have come, and he hain't come often. Let me keep the children and he sha'n't come again."

For a time Bad Anse stood there regarding her with a steady and piercing

ing gaze, while his brows drew together in a frown rather of deep thoughtfulness than of displeasure.

"I asked Brother Talbot to go out," he finally said, "because I didn't hardly want to hurt your feelings by telling you before him that your school can't last. You're goin' about it all the wrong way, an' it's worse to go about a good thing the wrong way than to go 'bout a bad thing the right way. I told ye once that ye couldn't change the hills, an' that ye'd change first yourself. I say that again. Ye can't take fire out of blood with books. But if ye've done persuaded Brother Anse that you're doin' good, I didn't want him to hear me belittle ye."

Anse Havely went to the window, where he drank deeply of the spiced air. Then he began to speak again, and this time it was in a voice the girl had never heard—a voice that held the fire of the natural orator and that was colorful with emotion.

"The first time ye saw me ye made up your mind what character of man I was. Ye made it up from hearsay evidence, and ye ain't never give me a chance to show ye whether ye was right or wrong. Ye say I've never dreamed a dream. Good God! ma'am, I've never had no true companionship except my dreams. When I was a little barefoot shaver I used ter sit there by that chimney an' dream dreams, an' one of 'em's the biggest thing in my life today. There were men around Frankfort, when I was in the legislature, that 'lowed I might go to congress if I wanted to. I didn't try. My dream was more to me than congress—an' my dream was my own people: to stay here and help 'em."

He stepped over to the table and, with a swift and passionate gesture, caught up two books.

"These are my best friends," he said, and she read on the covers, "Plutarch's Lives" and "Tragedies of William Shakespeare."

The girl looked up in amazement, and she met in his gaze a fire and eagerness which silenced her.

She felt a wild thrill of admiration, not such as any other man had ever caused, but such as she had felt when she watched the elemental play of lightning and thunder and wind along the mountain tops.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"It's only lonesome people," Anse Havely went on, "that knows how to love an' dream. I've stood up there on the ridge with Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great, an' it seemed to me that I could see 'em as plain as I see you now. I could see the sun shinin' on the eagles of the legion an' the shields of the phalanx. I'm rich enough, I reckon, to live amongst other men that read books, but a dream keeps me here. The dream is that some day these here mountains shall come into their own. These people have got it in 'em ter be a great people, an' I've stayed here because I aimed to try an' help 'em."

"But," she faintly expostulated, "you seem to stand for the very things that hold them back. You speak almost reverently of their killing instinct and you oppose schools?"

The man shook his head gravely and continued:

"I'm a feudist because my people are feudists an' because I can lead 'em only so long as I'm a fighter. Havely. God knows, if I could wipe out this

small snake. She dispatched all the small snakes immediately, but soon found an adder five feet long, which she also killed. On beginning anew her piling she came to another bunch of eggs, eight in number. As she was finishing them off she heard a hissing noise and on looking around saw another adder with its mouth open coming at her. It took her a long time to kill this one, as she was in fear of it, but she finally succeeded. The last snake proved to be eight feet long.

Lewiston Journal

Maine Woman in a Snake Nest.

Mrs. Jane Poore of Buxton tells a snake story which is some yarn. She says that while piling over some boards back of her house she discovered a bunch of 38 white eggs, about as large as pigeons' eggs. On breaking one she found that it contained a

### Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts rain. It also foretells inward trouble. It may mean that the kidneys are not filtering the blood and are allowing poisonous acid to clog the blood and cause trouble.

Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore aching joints, headaches, dizziness, nervous troubles, heart flutterings, and urinary disorders are some of the effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done there's danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most widely used, the best recommended kidney remedy in the world.

Doan's Kidney Pills  
50¢ at all stores  
Foster-Milburn Co., Prop., Buffalo, N.Y.

### Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 47-1915.

### BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

By Carter's Bleeding Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. In bottles, 10-cents, 50-cents, 1.00. 10-day pack, Bleeding Pills \$1.00. One-day pack, Bleeding Pills 40c.

The superiority of Carter's products is due to over 15 years of speciality in business building. Do not insist on Carter's. If unsatisfactory, order direct. The Carter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

### WANTED

By large corporation a man of sales ability to have exclusive contract in this territory to handle our fully tried and proven business building plan for retail merchants. The greatest traffic getter ever devised. Over two thousand five hundred merchants in Illinois alone have subscribed. Sell to all classes of retailers. Must be able to give unquestionable references. Big money to right man. NATIONAL MILEAGE COMPANY, 23 S. LaSalle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

### TIRED OF WINDOW ENTRANCE

Jeweler Finally Forced to Post a Notice to His "Customers" Traveling on Bicycles.

Jim Simpkins was fond of cycling, and was more or less of a scorcher. He revelled in pace-making and he boasted that no hill was too steep for him to take full tilt.

One day, however, he altered his opinion about rushing down hills, for instead of going around the corner at the bottom of a very steep descent, he went straight on and smashed through the window of a jeweler's shop. In due course, he crawled out of the hospital and paid the jeweler a good round sum for damages.

But history has a way of repeating itself. It did in this case, anyway, and another cyclist entered the jeweler's shop by the window. Then it became apparent to the shopkeeper that it was time to take action. When a third window had been put in, an amused crowd stood outside and read this notice:

### The Limit.

"For a camel to go through the eye of a needle is considered about the limit of impossibility, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's no more impossible than for a collar button to slip out of one's fingers and roll toward the middle of the floor."

### CHANGE

Quit Coffee and Get Well.

A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, and could hardly eat and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I had been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been helped by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum.

"I made the change from coffee to Postum and there is such a difference in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderful good.

"As soon as I made the shift to Postum I got better and now my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in my chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and used Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

### TAKES SHOT AT EARLY RISERS

New York Newspaper Refuses to See Any Virtue in Leaving Comfortable Bed, Say at Daylight.

In the whoop string of the virtues, major or minor, cardinal or otherwise, there is not one about which the possessors are so concerted as the early-rising habit. Persons who have this habit are, no doubt, entitled to some little credit, but no degree of self-motification could justify the airs of vir-

tus which people who turn out of bed earlier than their fellows give themselves.

Nobody was ever ten minutes in the society of a confirmed early riser without being made aware of the fact and, directly or indirectly, snubbed for not being one himself.

Now, is early rising such a virtue? Certainly early risers get the worm. They are welcome to it; who wants worms?

Then they gain so many hours over us who stay in bed; in proof of which

they perhaps point out that Scott's novels were written before breakfast.

Very good; let them produce their Waverley novels; meanwhile we remain skeptical as to the reality of this gain of time.—New York Telegram.

Dust These Off, Statesmen.

"I refer to your peerless leader, that magnificent statesman and diplomatist—"

"We, the residents of the brightest star in the firmament of nations, are proud to honor—"

say to you, can you satisfy your conscience if you vote for any one but our eminent, forceful, talented, versatile, diplomatic, philosophical, courageous candidate—"