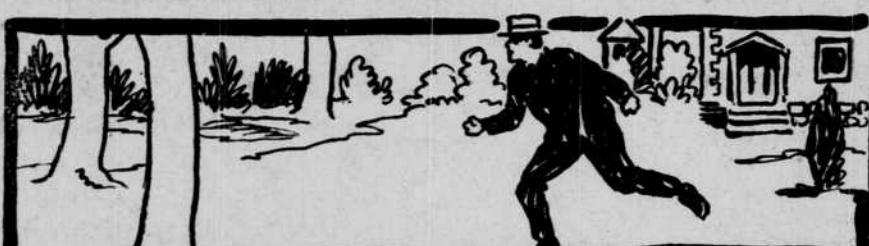


# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY  
**MEREDITH  
NICHOLSON**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**RAY WALTERS**  
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### SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she loved her brother Henry, who ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suit. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Ewald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Gillespie lay on his back, wrapped in my dressing-gown, his knees raised, his bandaged arms folded across his chest. Since bringing him into the house I had studied him carefully and, I must confess, with increasing mystification. He was splendidly put up, the best-muscled man I had ever seen who was not a professional athlete. His forearms and clean-shaven face were brown from prolonged tanning by the sun, but otherwise his skin was the pink and white of a healthy baby. His short light hair was combed smoothly away from a broad forehead; his blue eyes were perfectly steady—they even invited and held scrutiny; when he was not speaking he closed his lips tightly.

I half believed the fellow to be amusing himself at my expense; but he met my eyes calmly. If I had not caught a fanatic I had certainly captured an odd specimen of humanity. He was the picture of wholesome living and sound health; but he talked like a fool. The idea of a young woman like Helen Holbrook giving two thoughts to a silly youngster like this was preposterous, and my heart hardened against him.

"You are flippant, Mr. Gillespie, and my errand with you is serious. There are places in this house where I could lock you up and you would never see your button factory again. You seem to have had some education—"

"The word does me great honor, Donovan. They chuckled me from Yale in my junior year. Why, you may ask? Well, it happened this way: You know Rooney, the Bellefontaine Cyclone? He struck New Haven with a vaudeville outfit, giving exhibitions, poking the bag, and that sort of fake. At every town they invited the local sports to dig up their brightest amateur middle-weight and put him against the Cyclone for five rounds. I brushed my hair the wrong way for a disguise and went against him."

"And got smashed for your trouble, I hope," I interrupted.

"No. The boys in the gallery cheered so that they fussed him, and he thought I was fruit. We shook hands, and he turned his head to snarl at the applause, and seeing an opening, I smashed him a hot clip in the chin, and he tumbled backward and broke the ring rope. I vaulted the orchestra and bolted, and when the boys finally found me I was over near Waterbury under a barn. Eli wouldn't stand for it, and back I went to the button factory; and here I am, sir, by the grace of God, an ignorant man."

"How did you find your way here, Gillespie?" I demanded.

"I suppose I ought to explain that," he replied. I waited while he reflected for a moment. He seemed to be quite serious, and his brows wrinkled as he pondered.

"I guessed it about half and for the rest, I followed the heaven-kissing stack of trunks."

"He glanced at me quickly, a thoughtful look on his face, and he said, 'Have you seen anything of Henry Holbrook in your travels? Be careful now; I want the truth.'"

"I certainly have not. I hope you don't think—" Gillespie hesitated.

"On my honor I have not seen him, and I have no idea where he is."

I had thrown myself into a chair beside the couch and lighted my pipe. My captive troubled me. It seemed odd that he had found the abiding place of the two women; and if he had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck?

"You probably know this troublesome brother well," I ventured.

"Yes; as well as a man of my age can know an older man. My father's place at Stamford adjoined the Holbrook estate. Henry and Arthur Holbrook married sisters; both women died long ago, I believe; but the brothers had a business row and went to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged, and so on, and took to the altitudinous timber, and Henry has been busy ever since trying to pluck his sister. He's wild on the subject of his wrongs—ruined by his own brother, deprived of his inheritance by his sister and abandoned by his only child. There wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook; Henry was the genius, but after the bank went to the bad he sought the consolations of rum. He and Henry married the Hartidge twins who were the reigning Baltimore belles in the early '80s—"

"But I gossiped, my dear, sir! I gossiped, which is against my principles. Even the humble button king of Strawberry Hill must draw the line."

When Iljma brought in a plate of sandwiches he took one gingerly in his swathed hand, regarded it with cool inquiry, and as he munched it, remarked upon sandwiches in general as though they were botanical specimens that were usually discussed and analyzed in a scientific spirit.

"The sandwich," he began, "not unhappily expresses one of the saddest traits of our American life. I need hardly refer to our deplorable national habit of hiding our shame under a blithe and misleading exterior. Chickens and sandwiches in some parts of the world are rather coarsely marked, for purposes of identification, with pinfeathers. You may covet no nobler"



"I suppose I ought to explain that."

fame than that of creator of the Flying Sandwich of Annandale. Yet the feathered sandwich, though more picturesque, points rather too directly to the strutting lords of the barnyard. A sandwich that is decorated like a fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, the milliner's window—or the plumed knights of sounding war—"

With a little sigh, a slow relaxation of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. I locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the chapel clock chimed two.

In the disturbed affairs of the night the blinds had not been drawn, and I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillespie had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony to the terrace beneath. I rang for Iljma and sent him to the pier; and before I had finished shaving the boy was back, and reported Gillespie's boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie had preferred paddling to rowing. Beneath my watch on the writing table I found a sheet of note-paper on which was scrawled:

Dear Old Man: I am having one of those nightmares I mentioned in our delightful conversation. I feel that I am about to walk in my sleep. As my flannels are a trifle bluggy, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yours, R. G. E. S.—I am willing to pay for the glass and medical attention; but I want a rebate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnambulism.

When I had dressed and had my coffee I locked my old portfolio and tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, at least, I should have other occupation than contributing to the literature of Russian geography.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### I Explore Tippecanoe Creek.

My first care was to find the garden of St. Agatha's and renew his pledge of silence of the night before; and then I sought the ladies, to make sure that they had not been disturbed by my collision with Gillespie. Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister Theresa's pretty sitting room, through whose windows the morning wind blew fresh and cool.

"This is a day for the open! You must certainly venture forth!" I began, cheerily. "You see, Father Stoddard chose well; this is the most peaceful place on the map. Let us begin with a drive at six, when the sun is low; or, maybe, you would prefer a little run in the launch."

They exchanged glances.

"I think it would be all right, Aunt Pat," said Helen.

"Perhaps we should wait another day. We must take no chances; the relief of being free is too blessed to throw away. I really slept through the night—I can't tell you what a boon that is!"

"Why, Sister Margaret had to call us both at eight!" exclaimed Helen. "That is almost too wonderful for belief!"

"Oh, the nights here are tranquility itself! Now, as to the drive—"

"Let us wait another day, Mr. Donovan. I feel that we must make assurance doubly sure," said Miss Pat; and this, of course, was final.

It was clear that the capture of Gillespie had not disturbed the slumber of St. Agatha's. My conscience pricked me a trifle at leaving them so ignorantly contented; but Gillespie's appearance was hardly a menace, and though I had pledged myself to warn Helen Holbrook at the first sign of trouble, I determined to deal with him on my own account. He was only an infatuated fool, and I was capable, I hoped, of disposing of his case without taking any one into my confidence. But first it was my urgent business to find him.

I got out the launch and crossed the lake to the summer colony and began my search by asking for Gillespie at the casino, but found that his name was unknown. I lounged about until lunch time, visited the golf course

that lay on a bit of upland beyond the cottages and watched the players until satisfied that Gillespie was not among them, then I went home for luncheon.

A man with bandaged arms, and clad in a dressing gown, cannot go far without attracting attention; and I was not in the least discouraged by my fruitless search. I have spent considerable part of my life in the engaging occupation of looking for men who were hard to find, and as I smoked my cigar on the shady terrace and waited for Iljma to replenish the launch's tank, I felt confident that before night I should have an understanding with Gillespie if he were still in the neighborhood of Annandale.

The midday was warm, but I cooled my eyes on the deep shadows of the wood, through which at intervals I saw white sails flash on the lake. All bird-song was hushed, but a woodpecker on a dead sycamore hammered away for dear life. The bobbing of his red head must have exercised some hypnotic spell, for I slept a few minutes, and dreamed that the wood pecker had bored a hole in my forehead. When I roused it was with a start that sent my pipe clattering to the stone terrace floor. A man who has ever camped or hunted or been hunted—and I have known all three experiences—always scrutinizes the horizons when he wakes, and I found myself staring into the wood. As my eyes sought remembered landmarks here and there, I saw a man dressed as a common sailor skulking toward the boathouse several hundred yards away. He was evidently following the school wall to escape observation, and I rose and stepped closer to the balustrade to watch his movements. At a moment he came out into a little open space where he stood a stone tower where water was stored for the house, and he paused here and gazed about him curiously. I picked up a field-glass from a little table near by and caught sight of a swarthy foreign face under a soft felt hat. He passed the tower and walked toward the lake, and I dropped over the balustrade and followed him.

The Japanese boy was still at work on the launch, and, hearing a step on the pier planking, he glanced up, then rose and asked the stranger his business.

The man shook his head.

"If you have business it must be at the house; the road is in the other direction," and Iljma pointed to the wood, but the stranger remained stubbornly on the edge of the pier. I now stepped out of the wood and walked down to the pier.

"What do you want here?" I demanded, sharply.

The man touched his hat, smiled, and shook his head. The broad hand he lifted in salute was that of a laborer, and his brown back was tattooed. He belonged, I judged, to one of the dark Mediterranean races, and I tried him in Italian.

"These are private grounds; you will do well to leave here very quickly," I said.

I saw his eyes light as I spoke the words slowly and distinctly, but he waited until I had finished, then shook his head.

I was sure he had understood, but as I addressed him again, ordering him from the premises, he continued to shake his head and grin foolishly. Then I pointed toward the road.

"Go; and it will be best for you not to come here again!" I said, and, after saluting, he walked slowly away into the wood, with a sort of dogged insolence in his slightly swaying gait. At a nod from me Iljma stole after him while I waited, and in a few minutes the boy came back and reported that the man had passed the house and left the grounds by the carriage entrance, turning toward Annandale.

With my mind on Gillespie I put off in the launch, determined to study the lake geography. I have, I hope, a soul for landscape, and the soft bubble of water, the lush reeds in the shallows, the rapidly moving panorama of field and forest, the glimpses of wild flowers, and the arched blue above, were restful to mind and heart. It seemed shameful that the whole world was not afloat; then, as I reflected that another boat in these tranquil waters would be an impertinence, I should resent, I was aware that I had been thinking of Helen Holbrook all the while; and the thought of this irritated me so that I criticized Iljma most unjustly for running the launch close to a bowlder that rose like a miniature Gibraltar near the shadowy shore we were skirting.

We gained the ultimate line of the lower lake, and followed the shore in search of its outlet, pleasantly set down on the map as Tippecanoe creek, which ran off and joined somewhere a river of like name. The lake's waters ran away, like a truant child, through a woody cleft, and in a moment we were as clean quiet of the lake as though it did not exist. After a few rods the creek began to twist and turn as though with the intention of making the voyager earn his way. In the narrow channel the beat of our engine rang from the shores rebukingly, and soon, as a punishment for disturbing the peace of the little stream, we grounded on a sand-bar.

"This seems to be the head of navigation, Iljma. I believe this creek was made for canoes, not battle-ships."

Between us we got the launch off, and I landed on a convenient log and rawled up the bank to observe the country. I followed a stake-and-rider fence, half hidden in vines of various sorts, and tramped along the bank, with my hand on the side of the launch, as he creek still singing its tortuous way below at my right hand. Soon the rail fence gave way to barbed wire; the path broadened and the underbrush was neatly cut away. Within lay a small vegetable garden, carefully tilled; and farther on I saw a lark green cottage almost shut in by beeches. The path dipped sharply down and away from the cottage, and a moment later I had lost sight of it; but below, at the edge of the creek, stood a long houseboat with an extended platform or deck on the water-side.

I can still feel, as I recall the day and hour, the utter peace of the scene when first I came upon that secluded spot: The melodious flow of the creek beneath; the flutter of homing wings; even the hum of insects in the sweet, thymy air. Then a step farther and I came to a gate which opened on a flight of steps that led to the house beneath; and through the intervening tangle I saw a man sprawled at ease in a steamer chair on the deck, his arms under his head. As I watched him he sighed and turned restlessly, and I caught a glimpse of close-trimmed beard and short, thin, slightly gray hair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mistakes of Mental Workers

### Few Endeavor to Keep Themselves in Proper Physical Trim.

Neglect of physical development is responsible for many of the ills to which the vast army of men workers is heir. Men and women who labor in offices are even forgetting how to use their legs, so convenient is it to resort to street cars, though the distance to be covered may be but a few blocks.

The best mental work is performed by those who keep in good physical trim. Generally, the incentive for this is lacking. It is perfectly possible for every mental worker to take daily, systematic exercise, though it may be only a brisk walk in the open air or a few free-hand movements on rising in the morning or retiring at night. Few, however, gain sufficient exhilaration in these diversions. Most people are more strongly attracted by games, competitions or the forms of exercise entered into by a considerable body of persons in unison. More than that, most people would prefer to watch others in

these pastimes than to enter into them in person.

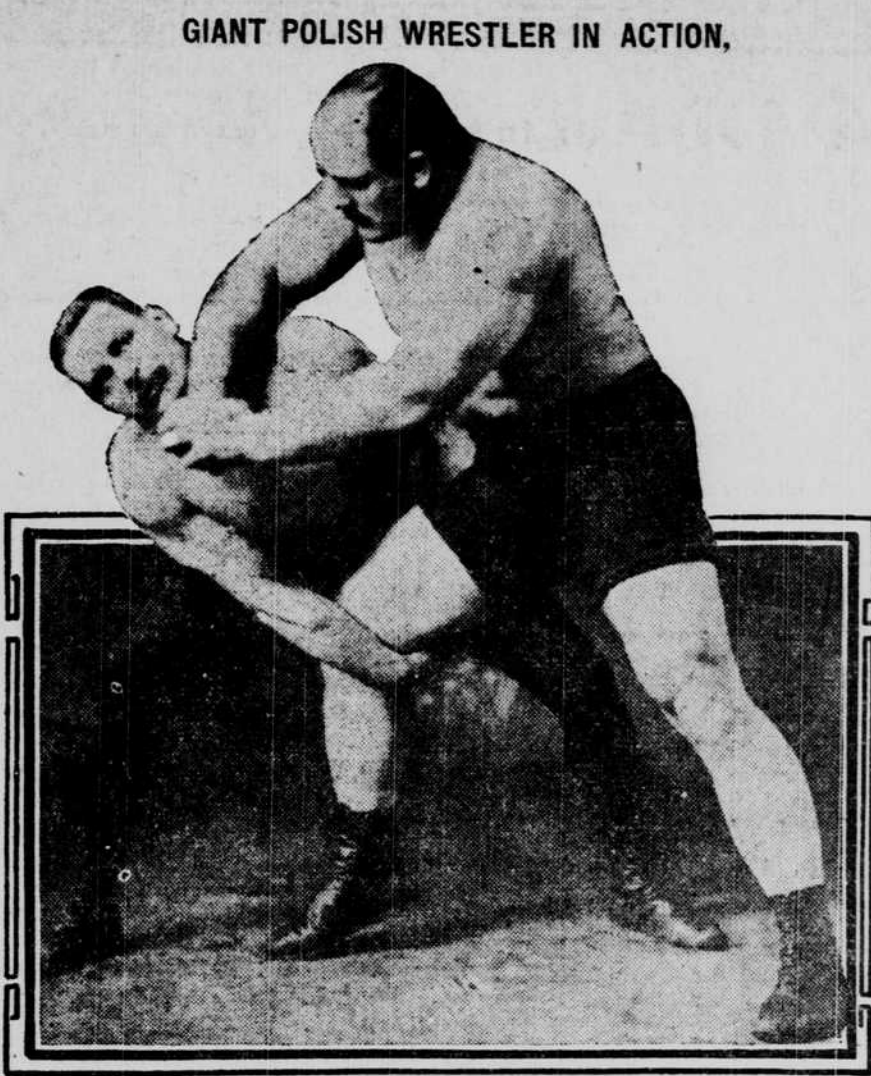
### What Counts in a Story.

As I heard a famous raconteur telling a story I had heard in one form or another for many years I could not but recall the statement of some one to the effect that there are but five stories extant and that all we have are merely variations from the original five.

As Gen. Taylor, who is something of a story-teller himself, puts it: "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."

### Supposed Relic of St. Peter.

It is announced that a remarkably interesting discovery has been made in the catacombs of Priscilla at Rome in the form of the following inscription: "In isto loco Petrus fuit." Signor Marucci, the eminent archæologist, is convinced, after careful study of circumstances, that the Petrus is none other than the Apostle St. Peter.



Zbyszko has come all the way from Poland to dethrone Frank Gotch, the Iowa farmer, as king of mat artists. Dr. Message, who is managing the Pole, believes his man has a great chance of becoming the champion wrestler of the world, and before the winter is over Zbyszko and Gotch probably will meet for the title. The picture shows the big Pole in action with one of his trainers and gives a view of his great muscular development.

## KLING AND REULBACK TO NEW YORK GIANTS?

Gotham Scribes Have It Fixed Up for McGraw to Get a Championship Team.

Here is a story telegraphed from New York to a Chicago paper recently. We don't vouch for it but print it and leave the reader to judge it for what it is worth:

"Further developments in the three big trades which Manager McGraw is engineering to strengthen the Giants for the National league campaign came to light when it was learned that Edward F. Reulbach, pitching marvel of the Chicago Cubs, is included in the Wiltse-Kling deal and will pitch for the polo grounders next season.

"Baseball sharps were inclined to the belief that McGraw will weaken his pitching department if he lets Wiltse go, but it develops that the commander of the Giants has asked C. Webb Murphy, owner of the Cubs, to allow Reulbach to figure in the trade.

"In return for the services of Kling and Reulbach, McGraw will give Wiltse and a big bundle of money, how much could not be learned, but it is understood to be a sum represented by five figures.

"McGraw will thus strengthen his pitching department, for Reulbach is accounted a better man than Wiltse, and can stand a great deal more work.

"Reulbach is dissatisfied with his berth in Chicago, and will gladly come to New York. Last season he had disputes with both Murphy and Chance, the Cubs losing ground in the race because he was late getting into the ball fence gave way to barbed wire; the path broadened and the underbrush was neatly cut away. Within lay a small vegetable garden, carefully tilled; and farther on I saw a lark green cottage almost shut in by beeches. The path dipped sharply down and away from the cottage, and a moment later I had lost sight of it; but below, at the edge of the creek, stood a long houseboat with an extended platform or deck on the water-side.

"The story goes that Mike Donlin is to be traded for Sherwood Magee. This deal is to all intents and purposes already closed. Herzog and Merkle are to be traded to St. Louis for Konetchy, one of the greatest first basemen in the National league. Wiltse and a big bundle will go for Johnny Kling."

## DONOVAN TO LEAD RED SOX

Signs a Contract to Succeed Fred Lake as Leader of the Boston Club.

Following Fred Lake's resignation as manager of the Boston American league baseball team, Patrick J. Donovan signed a contract to manage the team next year.

Donovan's professional career started in 1886, when he played the outfield for the Lawrence (Mass.) club of the New England league. He continued with Lawrence until 1887, later going to Salem. In 1888 and 1889 Donovan played center field for the London (Ont.) club and distinguished himself by his hard hitting and fast fielding, leading the International association in the former season.

At the start of the race in 1890 Donovan went to the Boston Nationals, but after a short engagement went to Brooklyn to fill the vacancy created in center field by the breakdown of Corkhill. In 1893 he went to Pittsburg and subsequently played with Louisville and Washington, only to rejoin the Pirates in 1898.

Donovan went to St. Louis, and after moving from one club to another was signed in the fall of 1906 to manage the Brooklyn club. For the last several months he has been scouting for Boston.

with accents." "Printers as a class are perhaps the most highly educated workmen," said an official of the London Typographical society, "but it is doubtful if there are more than a dozen in the whole United Kingdom able to construe Latin and read Greek, in the old days. Arabic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Yiddish are among the types, to set which special compositors are required, but of the present-day printers few are capable of dealing with any save the types of their mother tongue."

Under the will of William Boyer, master printer, and member of the London Stationers' Company, Andrew Davidson, a compositor, has been awarded a pension of \$155 a year. Davidson was one of eight compositors who competed for the prize. Among the conditions was that the recipient "shall be able to read and construe Latin and to read Greek fluently

## "I'LL LIFT THAT CUP YET," SAYS SIR THOMAS

Irish Baronet Declares He'll Win Trophy If New York Yacht Club Changes Rules.

Sir Thomas Lipton, noted Irish yachtsman, who has tried to capture the America's cup from the New York Yacht club in three races, says he will win the cup yet.

Sir Thomas, while optimistic of success in finally winning the "blue ribbon prize of the sea," as he calls the America's cup, feels that the rules governing the race must be changed before he even stands a "sporting chance."

He declared that under the peculiar conditions now governing such contests it was impossible for him or any other outsider to win the America's cup.

Asked concerning the report that the Royal Ulster club, of which King Edward is a member, had withdrawn its support from him because of the incident and would notify the New York club that he no longer had the club's patronage, Sir Thomas said he had heard nothing of it.

"I have raced 75 times within the last two years on the coast of England, Scotland and Ireland, and won 52 races," he said, "but I would give them all to win that America's cup, even if I could keep it only five minutes. This cup is no historical relic; it is an international trophy and there is no reason why I should not have at least a sporting chance to win it."

The Irish baronet hopes to convince the New York Yacht club that a race for the America's cup can never again be held under the old conditions, and that if the club maintains the attitude it took two years ago it is equivalent to locking up the classic "mug" in the club's trophy room. It was learned, however, that unless the present feeling among the more influential club members undergoes a change, Sir Thomas' visit is likely to fail.

ONE OF WISCONSIN'S STARS

Frank E. Boyle, a Badger tackle, has been a mountain of strength to his team this season. In the game with Northwestern he did a greater part of the plugging. He made the first down for his team and he easily stamped himself as one of the stars of the "iron in the wear."

## MIND OVER MATTER.

"Much may be done," said the Acute Observer, "by an authoritative voice. Now, if a man says to a dog: 'Come here!' with a note of absolute authority in his voice, the dog comes immediately."

"Yes," said the Traveler. "I've noticed it. And it is especially marked in oriental peoples. Why, when I was in Khalsandjharo, I heard a man say with that authoritative note in his tone: 'Oh, king, live forever,' and immediately the king lived forever."—Carolyn Wells, in Success Magazine.

## CAREFUL DOCTOR Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who has a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and as a last hope, sent for him. After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronged to eat more.

"I kept at it, and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

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

# OWES HER LIFE TO

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## JUST A SUGGESTION.



The Rejected One—And is this great love of mine to be cast aside? She (wearily)—You might have it stuffed!

## New England Pie.

Some poor dweller in the benighted beyond of Chicago asks what a real New England pie is like. It probably will not help him to be told, but if he means apple, it is like an essay by Emerson liquefied with the music of Massenet and spiced with the cynicism of Shaw; if he means pumpkin, it is like some of Gounod's music heard in a landscape all sun and flowers. It is too early yet to describe the mince pies of 1909, but last year's—and last year was not an extraordinary good year—were like an increase in salary, and a present from home arriving on the day when one's conscience was behaving itself.—Boston Globe.

## A Hero.

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction.

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—Exchange.

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