

Rural Water Supply. When great sums of money are being expended by city governments that the inhabitants of towns may have a sanitary water supply it seems strange that the supply in rural towns should receive little or no attention. This latter population may seem relatively insignificant, but according to the last census it comprises about 40,000,000 souls. This means that the 40,000,000 people are drinking the water most available without a thought of its sanitary condition. These various sources of supply, whether wells, springs, or small streams, are similarly unreliable for furnishing drinking water. The statistics of mortality in the country are very indefinite, but even these show that the rural population is not as free from illness as it should be. And though everywhere the rural death rate is lower than the urban death rate, yet the lowering in the country has not been as great as in the city. An examination of typhoid statistics shows that the death rate of other diseases is generally lower in the country than in the city, but the prevalence of typhoid is almost equal if not greater in the rural districts than in the cities. Several instances have been reported which show the rural typhoid rate to be ten times greater than the urban rate for the same district. To particularize a certain district in central Pennsylvania proves this fact. It is made up of a rural population with one hundred inhabitants to the square mile. It is a region of fine farms, wild mountains and woods, country residences and picnic groves. And in this valley there has been as much typhoid fever as in the city of Philadelphia. Sad as this condition is, there seems to be no remedy for it. The sources of a city water supply are few and the city government easily controls the conditions affecting it. But what can be done when the sources of supply are numbered by the thousands? A mint of money and an army of chemists would not be sufficient to give the same care to the country supply that is given to that of the city.

Continuous Business. The fact that the first "night and day bank" in the world opened in New York a few days ago, and was an assured success from the start, is probably of more significance than the average reader of the news imagines. According to some preternaturally farsighted observers, the bank that never closes is the first step toward the time when the machinery of metropolitan commercial life, instead of stopping at sunset, will roll on ceaselessly day and night, when three relays of clerks and artisans and laborers and employers will succeed each other, and the metropolis will become, in every sense of the world, an all-day and all-night city. Such a state of affairs, say the observers, is being forced forward by the fact that New York's population grows more and more congested and, more than any other thing, room is demanded. If we have our population working in three relays, three men can work in the space now occupied by one, and the growing congestion will be relieved. If such a day ever arrives, says a local correspondent, the city will really have three separate populations, one of which will be wholly nocturnal. The three will have their separate newspapers, different amusements, different interests, different outlooks upon life. While one shift is breakfasting another will be dining; while one is sleeping, another will be at the height of its daily activity. But the imagination fails at the state of mind of the housewife whose husband and sons would be scattered through the three relays and whose whole life would be a jumble of conflicting breakfasts and dinners and sleeping hours.

The World's Athletes. "Olympic games" in which the winners are youths from America, Australia and Canada look like a very new thing, but there is really nothing new about the success of the outlying districts in these classic contests. It was quite a common thing in the ancient day for athletes from the outlying Hellenic states and the colonies to take the prizes, and the conditions that made victories for greater Greece in those days are precisely the same as those which win the laurels for Sheridan, Sherring and Asty today. That is to say, it is the pioneer who has in him the spirit of the champion and the tradition of overcoming. It is the "new country" that gives the hope, the eagerness, the elasticity that makes great athletes.

Officials of the New York city administration have at their disposal two dozen automobiles, which cost the city originally over \$55,000, nearly half as much being required annually for their maintenance. It is believed that by the end of this year the number of city owned autos will be increased to 50 and inquisitive aldermen are hinting that this is an altogether unnecessary expense, especially as some of the officials use the machines in going to the races and in attending to other private affairs.

A COSTLY REVENGE

DUKE OF SUTHERLAND UNLOADS RICH ESTATE.

Compels County Council of Staffordshire, Eng., to Cleanse River Trent, Which They Had Refused to Do for Him.

It takes a wealthy man to get sweet revenge and at the same time heap coals of fire upon the heads of those who have disappointed him, if they have not absolutely abused him. The duke of Sutherland has turned the tables upon the county council of Staffordshire by donating his princely estate on the River Trent to the county for use as an institution for higher education.

Some months ago, it may be remembered, the duke publicly announced that owing to the polluted condition of the River Trent, which flows past Trentham hall, his magnificent Staffordshire seat, physicians had pronounced it an unsafe and insanitary abode for himself and his family and, therefore, he had decided to close it up.



TRENTHAM HALL. (Palace Which Duke of Sutherland Has Given for Educational Purposes.)

The condition of the river is due to the use made of it by the potteries which are centered at Stoke-on-Trent. The duke had appealed in vain to the Staffordshire county council to adopt measures that would abate the nuisance.

That democratic body would do nothing. It did not propose to interfere with an industry which provided many poor people with a living just to make things more comfortable for a duke and his family.

If he could not put up with the stench and run the risk of typhoid, as humble folk had to, why he could go and live somewhere else. So the duke turned out, the county council triumphed and the Trent continued to flow its polluted course.

But the duke had a card up his sleeve and he has just played it. He has presented Trentham hall to the county council for the purpose of establishing there a college for higher education.

The gift is a princely one. It cost \$750,000 to build it many years ago and at present prices it would cost considerable over \$1,000,000 to duplicate it. Standing in the midst of a spacious park, and surrounded by beautiful gardens and conservatories it is one of the finest show places in the kingdom.

Of course the county council cannot reject such a magnificent donation. If it did it would cause no end of a howl. Metaphorically speaking, it will have to go on its knees and humbly thank the duke for it. And after doing that it will have to take proper steps to secure the purification of the Trent before the college can be set a-going, for obviously, in these days at least, the most humble of students could not be expected to pursue their studies in a place that had been pronounced unsafe for a duke to live in. And that is where the duke's triumph will come in.

It is uncharitable to estimate the value of a gift by what it costs the giver to part with it. But it is a fact that the duke makes no great sacrifice in parting with Trentham hall. He has several other residences, three of which, at least—Stafford house in London, Dunrobin in Scotland and Lilleshall in Shropshire—might count themselves fortunate in owning it.

The duke has more land than any other of the king's subjects. His estates exceed in area that of any county in England, except Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Devonshire. He owns about one-sixteenth of Scotland—1,176,343 acres to be exact as Domesday book permits—besides 30,000 or 40,000 acres in Staffordshire and Shropshire.

From Dunrobin castle, his seat in Sutherland, he can walk 50 miles in a straight line without stepping off his own property. But he generally prefers using his own private railways and enjoys acting as his own engine driver.

Some ducal families owe their rise to one cause, some to another. A royal descent, albeit without a wedding ring, has been in several cases the source of great possessions and honors; in others a career of successful statesmanship, in others again, achievements on the battlefield; and in one at least the old romance of a city apprentice in love with his master's daughter.

But the swift and brilliant advance of the Leveson-Gowers from the position of simple Yorkshire squires a century and a half ago to their present proud eminence may be attributed practically to one cause alone, and that is the untiring fortune which has followed them in the choice of wives.

Like the Trentham family in Disraeli's "Lothair," they have had for generations an unrivalled aptitude for "assimilating heiresses," and to-day a dukedom, five baronies, four viscounties, five earldoms, a marquise, land almost beyond enumeration, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice and palaces stored with priceless treasures are the agreeable results.

NO WASTE AS SCRAPS ARE ALWAYS MADE USE OF.

Seasoned Confections Considered the Best—Maker of the Sweets Must Be an Artist.

There is this similarity between the candy business and the iron business—the scrap is not allowed to go to waste. An observer who had an idea that candy manufacturers must have to stand a lot of loss because candies get stale, took the trouble to investigate and learned that his idea was wrong, says the New York Sun.

The big candy makers ship to their agents throughout the country at stated intervals, usually of a week, their standard confections, and all not sold at the expiration of the interval are returned to the factory as scrap. As the candy is mostly sugar, and sugar is as indestructible as iron, it is only a question for the candy maker of getting the sugar value out of the scrap.

It is impossible to work over the candy in its original form, but it can be used in many ways. For example, the chief use to which stale chocolates are put is in making caramels and other chewy confections.

It's a mistaken idea that candy must be fresh to be good. One manufacturer who makes only for the trade and confines himself chiefly to high-class chocolates and bonbons said that candy wasn't fit to eat until it had been seasoned for at least ten days. For his own use—and he is a great lover of candy, despite the general belief that no cook cares for his own messes—he keeps chocolates about a month before eating them.

This man has no patience with those who assert that colored candy is poisonous. His argument is simple. As he puts it:

"What's the use of putting poison in candy when natural and harmless coloring matter costs less? Who'd put opium in cigarettes when tobacco is cheaper than opium?"

"It's the same way in my business. I can turn out bonbons in any shade you want—from the greenest of God's green grass to the pinkiest pink of a hunting coat, and do it all without the aid of any ingredients but pure vegetable colorings."

"I have no patience with those pure food advocates when they come nosing around the candy business. Few of them know what they are talking about and the others have taken a few sporadic cases of children poisoned or merely made ill by overindulgence in cheap candies and condemn the lot of us."

"The candy business demands an artist. These days, when you have to make displays of form and coloring to keep in the forefront of the business."

FAMOUS TUSCAN RESORT.

Baths of Lucca Where in Former Times Tourists of All Lands Rested.

A day of nearly a thousand years had this Tuscan watering place, now in the twilight of its fame—a twilight pleasant to the contemplative visitor than its gambling and scandalous noon could have been. For its beauty lies not in the modern places of pleasure in the dusty valley, but in the surrounding hills, with their uncounted gray little towns and flowery gorges; and it is this beauty, rather than the gayety the place once had, or even the virtue of its waters, that has been the attraction, to poets and philosophers, of the baths of Lucca, writes Neith Boyce, in Scribner's.

The three little villages, Ponte Serallo, Villa and Bagni Caldi, straggling up the hillside along the valley of the emerald green Lima, their outlying villas embedded in "vines, myrtle-bushes, laurels, oleanders," as Heine describes them, and sentinelled by the illustrious visitors. The charm of these chestnut-wooded slopes of the lower Apennines is celebrated in some pages of Montaigne's "Journal de Voyage," in some of the best letters of Shelley and Mrs. Browning; and it is in Shelley's amorous episode of Heine's "Reisebilder." Fewer philosophers and poets visit the place today, few gouty English, even. The sunset of its prosperity came when, after the cessation of the duchy of Lucca to Tuscany, the archducal court made a summer residence at the Baths; built barracks, villas and roads, and drew crowds.

But now the grand duke's villa on the hillside is a hotel with few guests; the barracks round the little piazza whence a fine long flight of stone steps leads up to the terrace, have been turned into pens, filled with frugal Italians who come for the baths; the casinos in the valley below, once gay with gaming and dancing, are deserted; and the landlords' noses grow redder with despair every year.

Reform in College Athletics. The aim of the reformers in school and college athletics should be clearly and directly the betterment of conditions, not the extirpation of the love of combat which is inherent in the nature of mankind. The notion that hard general work, resulting in full muscular development, saps vitality, weakens the organs and is a wearing incubus to the individual is so illogical as hardly to deserve an answer, remarks the Boston Post. But some persons believe this. Such should pity the wild animals that, guided only by an instinctive physiological need, run, jump, pursue and wrestle with one another, thereby using and developing fully their whole bodies.

Diplomatic Subject. Italy's king recently paid a visit to Vesuvius. On the occasion of a previous visit an Italian newspaper announced that "the eruption had the honor of being witnessed by his majesty." It was a German paper that once stated that a certain royal prince "was graciously pleased to be born yesterday." Equally courtierlike was an army officer in attendance on the king of Spain not long ago. The king asked him what was the time. The courtier fumbled for his watch, but could not find it, then respectfully replied: "Whatever time your majesty pleases."

Always Pleasant. Vera—I don't fancy you care much about the smell of powder, colonel. The Old Boy—Well, I do bar some; but I don't mind yours particularly. Scraps.

FIND HEART OF RAMESES.

Vital Organ of Great Egyptian King Preserved in Vase for 3,164 Years.

A recent issue of the Comptes Rendus of the Paris academy contains an account of the successful identification of the heart of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, after having been preserved since 1258 B. C. in soda and resinoid antiseptics.

Some months ago, says the New York Times, the council of the National Museum of the Louvre acquired possession of the four vases in blue enamel which contain the viscera and heart of Rameses II., and bear large medallions representing the names and attributes of the king.

The directors of the Egyptian museum desired absolute confirmation as to the contents of the vases and intrusted to the care of their contents to M. Lortet, who, with his colleagues, Professors Higoumeq, Renault and Rigan, made a careful physiological examination. Three of the vases contained bandages of linen tightly compacted and hardened by the carbonate of soda and aromatic resinous substances of reddish color, which had probably contained the stomach, intestines and liver of the great king. These viscera, however, were only found to be represented by a quantity of granular matter, mixed with a large proportion of powdered carbonate of soda and so could not be identified.

The fourth vase, which was fitted with a lid or cover adorned with the head of a jackal, proved to contain the heart. This organ was found transformed into a kind of oval plate, eight centimeters long and four centimeters wide. The substance of the heart was hornlike and the saw had to be used in obtaining sections of it for examination and finally the razor, so as to reduce these sections to the attenuation necessary for microscopic examination.

Under the microscope these sections gave unmistakable evidence of the muscular fibers peculiar to the heart, especially characterized by being arranged in bundles of such fibers, crossing each other. Since this special muscular arrangement is not found in any other part of the body except the tongue and as the mummy of Rameses II., which is preserved at Cairo, contains the tongue intact, the experts have no doubt whatever that the vase actually contained the heart of Rameses II., flattened and transformed into a hornlike substance by its long sojourn in the soda preservatives.

King Rameses II. died 1,258 years before the Christian era and hence some 3,164 years have elapsed since his heart was first embalmed.

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was fitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shankalla king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude tripods and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

COLD WATER ON TROUBLED OILS

Great Critic—Oh, no, it's not bad. Our Artist—From you that is indeed praise, sir. "Yes, I was saying it's not bad, it's simply awful."



Post-Cards for Princess Ena. A scheme is on foot to make a present of a very unique kind to Princess Ena. This will be a collection of post-cards from the whole of Spain, with "piropos" dedicated to her royal highness. A "piropo" is a short phrase eulogizing the beauty of women. The cards will be arranged in special albums, with artistic bindings, one for every province in Spain.

Sage Counsel. "What would you think of a girl that treated you as she's treated me?" "I wouldn't think of her—I'd quit it."—Cleveland Leader.

Reforming of Jed Quimby

BY KENNETH HARRIS.

"He'd kick it if he was hung," said the storekeeper, with bitter jocularity. "Not if they tied his legs," grinned Sol Baker.

"He must ha' been hittin' the shafts," continued the storekeeper, regarding the broken buggy whip, mournfully. "I don't know why I changed it for him. Because I'm too good-natured an easy-go'in' for my own good."

"That ain't the reason," corrected Washington Hancock. "It's because you kaint afford to lose his trade in the first place, an' in the second you won't lose nothin' by it. You'll make a roar to the hotel that sold you them whips an' make 'em take it off the bill, an' then you'll sell it to somebody for a quarter, bein' that the tip's broke off. You ain't got no kick, Rufe."

Baker and Parsons sniggered. "An' yet," continued Hancock, "there ain't no denyin' 'at the ol' man's sortin' hard to please. He allus was more or less that a-way. But he haint as bad as Jed Quimby afore he reformed. Jed would kick whether his legs was tied or not. An' he had more luck than any man in the county—good farm, brick house, money in the bank an' a right nice family. That was over in Saline—afore my folks moved here."

"He got a pension of \$15 a month from the government on account of 'gittin' shot in the arm by a pistol he was cleanin' the same week he was mustered in. That let him right out 'gin an' he didn't have to hire no substitute, but he couldn't never hit the backs of his hands together behind him, after that wound, an' he uster cry whenever he thought of it."

"Fifteen dollars a month was pretty good, though," commented the storekeeper. "Jed didn't think so," said Hancock. "He uster say, 'Look at Gin'ral Grant an' what they give him.' He uster worry about Grant every time he drawed that \$15. I worked for him a week once an' blame if he was satisfied with me."

"Shoot!" ejaculated Parsons. "You're a foolin'!"

"He was a master hand to eat," said Hancock, "only there wasn't nothin' that ever jist suited him. I've seen him set down to fried chicken an' mashed 'taters an' fixin's an' lemon pie, an' then make a row because there wasn't no salt pork on the table. For some reason he allus got the biggest crows of anybody around him, but it was 'cause he'd pity himself because it wasn't what he'd raised an' then if it was an extry good year the prices wouldn't be as big as if it had been a bad year an' he'd say that was jist like his ornery luck."

"I remember one year it was dry an' everything was a-burnin' up. They'd be a-puttin' up p'titions for rain for three Sundays hand runnin'. Jed had in mighty nigh 200 acres of corn, besides all the garden truck. Well, jist when it looked like there'd be a teatotal failure, there come a rain—a soaker. It opened up good an' strong an' kep' rainin'. Now an' then it 'ud quit long enough to let the sun come out an' warm things up an' after that it 'ud start ag'in. You could see the corn grow and everything else 'hot right up. I seen Jed a day or two after an' he was goin' around with his face drawn down like he'd bit inter a green persimmon."

"That was a right good rain," I says. "I didn't know it was a-comin' an' I left the buggy cushions out leanin' against the barn an' the dad burned things ain't dry yet—spilled 'em, I wouldn't wonder!"

"Another time the insurance run out on his barn an' he was two days without any insurance because he figgered the company was a-chargin' him too high a rate. The third day he went downtown an' took out a policy in another company an' while he was downtown the barn ketched fire an' burned down to the ground. He jest done it in time. He took out the policy at two o'clock an' the barn burned about a quarter to three. He collected all right, but he was mad because the barn didn't burn a week sooner so he could have collected from the ol' company afore his policy expired."

"Folks used to say there ought to be a judgment on Jed, an' sure enough it comes at last. It begun with the hog cholera. Inside of a week he didn't have a shote to his name. Then his cows got some sort of epizootic that cleaned out the best part of 'em an' the branch flooded an' drowned out his chickens an' the 17-year locusses took the crops an' he got into a lawsuit ever some foot thing or er other an' there was 42 of his peach trees an' the yellors an' he broke his leg. That wasn't the half of what happened, either. In two years he had the farm mortgaged an' was scramblin' to get a bare livin' an' the intrust out of it. That's what cured Jed Quimby of his sinful kickin' an' unthankfulness for his mercies."

"Cured him, did it?" asked the storekeeper. "Well, yes," replied Hancock. "One day his boy Ellery found coal croppin' along the barren ridge by the branch an' he went an' got some fellers to come an' look at it an' the upshot was Jed sold 80 acres at \$1,000 an acre an' 10 cents for every ton mined. He didn't seem extry enthusiastic about it at first, but Ellery cured a pesterin' him after they closed the deal to say he was satisfied, an' then all of a sudden he kind of realized his luck an' loosened up for the first time in his life."

"Well, says Jed, stickin' out his lips, I won't say as I'm satisfied—not to say satisfied, Ellery, but then after all it ain't so measly bad."—Chicago Daily News.

Sobered. "I thought it over for a few minutes, and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it, and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work, and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee."

"I have known people who did not care for Postum at first, but after having learned to make it properly according to directions they have come to like it as well as coffee. I never miss a chance to praise it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Lock for the little book, "The Road to Walville," in pkg.

PADEREWSKI'S BELLBOY.

Musical Youth Made a Hit with the Great Pianist by Playing His "Minuet."

Rosamond Johnson, of Cole & Johnson, composers of that once popular song, "Under the Bamboo Tree," once held a position as bellboy in Young's hotel in Boston. This place, says Success Magazine, he once nearly lost, through taking the liberty of playing Paderewski's "Minuet" for the great pianist. Paderewski, who was staying at that hotel, had rung for a bell-boy, and young Johnson answered the call.

Being so fond of music, he made bold to ask the great composer and pianist to play the "Minuet" for him. Paderewski could not understand English then, and the boy thought from his gesticulations that he wished him to play it. So he sat down at the piano and commenced playing. Paderewski's manager happened to enter the room just then, and, enraged at the bellboy's presumption, threw him out of the room and went directly to the management and had him discharged.

As soon as he learned what had been done, Paderewski, who had been pleased with the lad's playing, sent for the manager of the hotel and had Johnson reinstated in his position.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

"It is a faux pas," remarks an urban philosopher, "to ask a lady what a faux pas is who never heard of a faux pas."

The Best Results in Starching can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting a 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

There are two kinds of men, those who make a woman happy before marriage and those who make her happy after, and she generally picks the first kind.—N. Y. Press.

I see the San Franciscans made a brave fight to save their mint. "Yes, sah; yes, sah," responded the gentleman from the south; "the julep season approaches, sah."—Cleveland Leader.

Try One Package. If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Particulars Wanted. "Ah, dearest," sighed young Broke-leigh. "I can't live without you." "Why not?" queried the girl with the obese bank balance. "Did you lose your job?"—Columbus Dispatch.

Every boy has three ambitions before he finally settles down. His first is to be the snare drummer in the village band. The second is to be an Indian killer and scout. The third is to be a locomotive engineer. Then he forgets about them and is ambitious only to make a living.

He Pitted Them. A little boy was on his first country excursion, relates the Brooklyn Citizen. Some birds were flying high overhead, and his hostess, a young woman, said: "Look up, Tommy. See the pretty birds flying through the air." Tommy looked up quickly, and then he said in a compassionate tone: "Poor little feller! They ain't got no cages, have they?"—Detroit Free Press.

Skiddoo! The young man was trying to think of something else to say when the young woman suddenly spoke up. "By the way, Mr. Lingerling," she said, "I tried to call you up by telephone this morning, but I didn't get any response."

"You tried to call me up by telephone?" "Yes, I wanted to ask you a question." "Why, I haven't any telephone number." "O, yes you have. Double six four seven."

The young man made a rapid mental calculation. "Twenty-three!" he gasped, reaching for his hat.—Chicago Tribune.

Knifed. Coffee Knifed an Old Soldier. An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows:

"I stuck to coffee for years, although I knifed me again and again. About eight years ago (as a result of coffee drinking which congested my liver), I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever."

"I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again taken violently ill."

"The Doctor said he had carefully studied my case, and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the Doctor's decision, for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my trouble."

"I thought it over for a few minutes, and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it, and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work, and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee."

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