

THE CHESTNUT BLIGHT.

The chestnut tree blight is to be thoroughly investigated. Pennsylvania has created a commission for this purpose, and the legislature has appropriated \$250,000 to fight this new disease, which threatens to destroy every chestnut tree in the state. Thus far no remedy has been discovered, but something of its nature has been learned. It is a bark borer, a fungus, and its spores are very light and are carried by the wind, by birds and by insects to great distances, says the New York News. It first attacks the small branches and young trees, but later settles upon the sturdiest and hardest of the chestnut groves. And no tree that has been attacked since the disease was first noticed in Forest Park, Brooklyn, several years ago, has been saved. No less than 17,000 chestnut trees have been killed in that one park. So rapid has been the spread of the disease that the government is making investigations, in the hope of finding a remedy to prevent its further extension. Great quantities of these beautiful and useful trees have already been destroyed in New Jersey but no energetic measures have been taken to check its progress, though local and state foresters are giving it their most careful and intelligent study. It will involve many millions of dollars' worth of lumber, to say nothing of ornamental and shade trees if no cure is found for the chestnut tree fungus.

In a recent issue of the National Geographic Magazine Mr. Wells Coolidge of the United States Biological Survey has presented an interesting study of bird migration. In his article he tells us that the cliff swallows which nest in Nova Scotia leave the Gulf Coast of Mexico about March 10 and arrive at their destination two months later on May 10. Most of the birds that spend the winter in Central or South America, he says, take the direct route across the Gulf instead of going via Texas or by way of Florida, Cuba or Yucatan, and this aerial journey means a single flight of from 600 to 700 miles with no alighting place.

Sales of stock on the New York exchange during the past half-year amounted to \$4,995,990 shares, which is only about one-half the volume of transactions during the same time in the three previous years, and much less than half that of the same months in 1907, 1906 and 1905. To find a dull period for speculation we must go back to 1904. Sales of bonds, however, were exceptionally large. There was thus plenty of capital seeking solid or debt investment; and very little capital disposed to speculate or assume the risks of ownership investment. It has been a time of exceptional, even extraordinary, timidity of the part of capital.

Of 1,628 cities answering questions on the subject of child hygiene promulgated by the Russell Sage Foundation 51 report that their school room floors are never washed, and sever that no provision is made for the washing of school room windows. The old saying that cleanliness is next to godliness would seem to suggest the notion that schools where the windows are never washed might deserve classification as "godless schools."

Speaking of the grant of a pension of \$100 to Joseph Conrad, the English author, the New York Evening Post says "that he should stand in need of a government subsidy would be almost incredible if it were not for the striking difference between the pursuit of literature in this country and that in England. With us a man makes his mark and grows wealthy, or fails and stops writing books." To most of us it seemed the other way; most of those Americans who do not make their mark keep on writing books.

A New Yorker writes to his favorite newspaper to say that for years he has had all soiled bills that came into his possession washed before placing them in his purse. Dipping them in naphtha or gasoline, he says, will cleanse them perfectly, and when these are not conveniently at hand soap and water will do the work satisfactorily. What a nice man he must be!

Here is a chance for those who have conscientious scruples against accepting tainted money. The government is going to launder dirty bills, so no fingers, however clean, may hesitate to touch them.

A country girl, recounting experiences in city jobs, says men have their nails filed so as to hold hands with the manure. Perhaps. But the man who is shamed by a woman darts into the shop.

San Diego dispatches say that a bird in flight hit a speeding chauffeur in the head and knocked him out. It must have been a roc.

A man and a woman who were brought together by a boat collision have been married and have forsworn collisions.

Honey is scarce this year, which is unfortunate, since mother still makes those toothsome light biscuits.

INDIAN MAID PUT CURSE ON SWOPE MILLIONS?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—If it wasn't an Indian maiden's curse, in the name of goodness what was it that laid a withering blight on the house of Swope and made it a house of death, of misfortune, of tragedy?

In the east the name of Swope means not so much; in the west it has a ring such as the name of Astor or Goelet has in New York, for Col. Thomas H. Swope, either through calculating shrewdness or ignorant luck, sat himself down on cheap-bought acres upon which Kansas City was to rise.

The story of money-getting is always more real than romantic. People came and lifted Colonel Swope out of his cowhide boots and stood him in patent leathers; they touched his hard-grubbed two-bit piece and it became gold. There's a talisman in gravel as well as in other things.

If you ask a grizzled pioneer of the Smoky Mountains where Kansas City rises—to tell the story of the curse, he works back to it, noting the incidents on knotted fingers. And it runs this way:

Roll of Death and Disaster. Logan O. Swope, only brother of the millionaire, died in Independence, Mo., in the prime of life.

Moss Hunton, confidential agent and adviser of Colonel Swope, died mysteriously two years ago.

Col. Thomas H. Swope, head of the house, alleged to have been poisoned with cyanide of potassium administered by Dr. Bennett Clark Hyde, died two weeks after Hunton's death.

Chrisman Swope, nephew, died of typhoid fever contracted from germs alleged to have been administered hypodermically by Dr. Hyde.

Lucy Lee Swope, niece, was barely saved from death by typhoid contracted, it is charged, while journeying from New York to Kansas City with Dr. Hyde. Hyde was accused of administering germs in drinking water on the train.

Thomas Swope, nephew, arm blown off by accidental discharge of shotgun while hunting.

Mrs. Margaret O. Swope, widow of Logan O. Swope and sister-in-law of Colonel Swope, now suffering from nervous prostration and general breakdown.

Dr. Bennett Clark Hyde, husband of Frances Swope, niece of dead millionaire, indicted on eleven counts for the murder of Moss Hunton, Col. Thomas H. Swope and Chrisman Swope and for administering typhoid germs to Lucy Lee Swope and other members of the Swope family, once found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment on the Colonel Swope indictment; in jail for one year; verdict reversed and case remanded for new trial; now out on \$50,000 bail.

Frances Swope, wife of Dr. Hyde, estranged from her family because she has stood steadfast for her husband and has spent much of her share of the Swope millions in trying to prove his innocence.

Son of Dr. and Mrs. Hyde and grandnephew of Colonel Swope died a few hours after birth while Hyde was in jail. The doctor was permitted to visit his wife during her sickness, but arrived some time after the child had died.

Foundation of Swope Fortunes. Elmer Swope of Virginia, who claims to be a son of Col. Thomas H. Swope by a marriage contracted while the millionaire was in east in 1861, is suing for the bulk of what is left of the Swope fortune. The case goes to trial in a few weeks.

In the fifties Tom Swope came to Kansas City, then a dot on the Missouri river known as Westport Landing. Reared on a farm in the east, he soon, for a few dollars, acquired one of his own in the new country. He bought with no eye to the future great city. He planned only for a farm, but he wanted a big one. Having laid out a homestead he began looking about for multiples of his original 160 acres. Ready money was scarce in that country to all save Swope. Waist-high prairie grass stretched for miles and no one knew the real value of the land. This gave Swope the opportunity he wanted. He bought on all sides until it was half an hour's gallop across his holdings.

Between his farm and a tract he had purchased lay many acres to which an Indian girl held title, which had descended to her from ancestors. Young Swope coveted this ground and finally secured it. Whether a few beads, blankets and gawdy shawls were the purchase price or whether the maid was induced by whetted words spoken while the lovelight

MADE THE DONATION GOOD

Young Millionaire Couldn't Afford to Let Small Sum Set Against His Name.

Thomas Wardell is a young millionaire of Macon, Mo., who is as highly gifted with the grace of generosity as any man that walks. He has never been known to refuse a request for charity, no matter whether presented by a white or a black person. Among Mr. Wardell's friends is "Cap" Austin, an old-time dandy from the southland. People of slanderous inclinations in days gone by associated "Cap" with every gettable chicken coop in town. A few years ago "Cap" Austin joined the Baptist church, and almost immediately became a pillar—dark, but substantial. When luck was against him, "Cap" told Mr. Wardell his troubles, who invariably produced the five or ten cents necessary "to save his life," and no questions asked. One day "Cap" met Mr. Wardell and started to pull a paper out of his pocket. Mr. Wardell was in a bit of



Home of Col. Thomas H. Swope at Independence, Mo.

blinded her eyes to sign away her rights is not so important. They did business both ways half a century ago. Anyway, he got it, and a bargain is a bargain.

The Outraged Indian Maiden. Thus, according to the story which is made authentic by many confirmatory nods of heads, Tom Swope made the one real mistake of his life. Redskins were as numerous as palefaces in the border country when he settled there, and it would have been to his advantage to have steered clear of any transaction which did not carry with it a puff of the pipe of peace.

By and by the girl set up the plea that she had been duped and asked that the land of her fathers be returned to her. But as he laughed she cursed him and all his house: "May fortune smile upon him only to blight him and his. Hear the prayer of an Indian maid who has lost to this man the land of her fathers."

Swope's neighbors knew the anger of the girl. They knew of the curse. But if he ever heard it he never by any act betrayed the knowledge.

Millionaire Without Effort. The years rolled by, the people came, they built a great city around the Swope farms. His pastures were cut into streets, his wheat fields into building lots. His homestead became a business center. A bank rose on the site of his cowshed. He became a millionaire almost without the turn of a hand.

Landless, farmless, the result of a city's growth, he seemed scarcely to know what to do with his vast fortune. Almost in sadness he walked the streets where once he had ploughed and sown and reaped. Wealth appeared to bring him no happiness. Always a hard working man, he found little joy in a life of idleness. Apparently he longed for the strenuous years of his youth. What few times he came downtown in his later years he found himself in a city of strangers. Old friends were gone; he made few new ones. His was a solitary figure that not many recognized.

Kindly of heart, he gave thousands away, but without much system or reason. He had too much money. It worried him. It was a burden. Thirteen hundred acres, lying along the Blue river and adjacent to Kansas City, he gave to the people for a park, which bears his name. He gave to charities and to all public funds. Yet he kept in the background and appeared to gain no happiness even from philanthropy.

He was a sombre man, gloomy, alone. The curse had begun to work. His brother was dead, leaving a large family in a beautiful home on Pleasant street in Independence, nine miles as the crow flies and the trolley car runs from Kansas City.

Thither went Colonel Swope to live, and thither he took Moss Hunton, his friend and confidant.

It was in Independence that troubles began to crowd upon the generous old colonel. One day in turning the calendar he came to a summer month illuminated with the drawing of an Indian girl's head. The colonel looked at it from different angles and then tore it from its place.

Enter Dr. Hyde. Dr. Bennett Clark Hyde, well-known physician of Kansas City, had wooed and won Frances Swope, niece of the millionaire, against the wishes of the girl's family. This estrangement was patched up and Hyde was the family

physician of the Swope when Hunton died suddenly and under circumstances later termed "suspicious and mysterious." A few weeks later Colonel Swope, apparently overcome by the death of his companion, passed away. And then Chrisman Swope, the nephew.

These three deaths, followed by an epidemic of typhoid that threatened to wipe out the entire Swope family, resulted in a rigid investigation. Dr. Hyde's name was dragged into the inquiry and he promptly sued the executors of the Swope estate for \$100,000 damages.

While the damage suit was pending and while small fortunes were going for attorneys' fees Hyde was indicted on the charge of poisoning Moss Hunton and Colonel Swope, Lucy Lee Swope and others with typhoid germs.

A Trial and Counter-Trial. Hyde dropped his damage suit for the more important labor of saving himself from the gallows or the penitentiary. The dollars began to pour out. The executors employed the best legal talent in two states to assist the prosecution. Mrs. Margaret Swope turned loose many of her thousands in an effort to punish the man she thought had murdered her son and brother-in-law, even though that man was the husband of her daughter and the father of her expected grandchild. Frances Swope dug deep into her thousands to defend her husband.

The trial was long-drawn and bitter. The one-armed son, whose injury added but another to the list of tragic events, sat by his mother's side, flanked by the sisters who had been victims of the typhoid epidemic. At another table sat Dr. Hyde and his wife, the woman this time estranged forever from her mother, brother and sisters.

A conviction was the result, but the case went to the highest court, which promptly reversed the decision and remanded the case for new trial. Now it must all be done over again; more thousands must be spent; there will be more bitterness; the gulf of estrangement will only be widened.

The woman with trained mind begins with her appearance, wearing garments suitable to her station and work, knowing that she must be neat first and always. Because a dress is made for a work dress does not mean that it need be unattractive, for the simple little one-piece gowns with cuffs and turnover collar of contrasting material are most becoming. If one has work to do that will soil a gown, have the big-sleeved apron to slip on, and when called away it may be quickly slipped off, and one need never be ashamed of one's appearance.

The trained woman wastes no time. She rises early, "while it is yet night (for many), and give the meat to her household and a portion to her maidens."

It is wonderful what may be accomplished by systematic regular application. Have a book or paper at hand when resting; read the article or joke or lecture that will refresh the mind and improve it.

The workbasket with the piece of work always ready to pick up sees much work done in odd moments.

Last, but not most important, she fills her mind and heart so full of the many beautiful and wonderful things about her that she has no time to think the disagreeable, gossiping things which mar so many otherwise beautiful lives.

I HAVE what we want is riches; but to be able to do without, is power. —George McDonald.

IDEAS ON SALAD MAKING.

The seasoning of a salad with the dressing with which it is served is very important. A potato salad is often tasteless and unpalatable because it is not properly seasoned. Potato needs a dressing to stand over it, to season well, much longer than any other vegetable. Taste the salad while preparing it, measurements are not always accurate tests for good seasoning. Much tasting means less wasting. A salad that may be prepared the day before is one most welcome as it saves the time for other things. The following is a good one: Soak one-half a box of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water; add two cupfuls and a half of boiling water, then three teaspoonfuls of beef extract, a teaspoon of onion juice and a dash of salt. When cool, add a cupful of minced chicken, a dozen olives chopped fine, a half cup of pecan meats and half a cup of strained tomato. Pour into a mold and serve cut in cubes on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Pear Salad.—For a simple salad this is delicious. Wipe pears and cut into eighths, lengthwise; remove seeds. Arrange on lettuce leaves, pour over French dressing and garnish with strips of red pepper. The canned red peppers are those used in the recipe, if the fresh ones are not in the market.

The addition of a little sour apple to a potato salad adds to its palatability.

Do not put French dressing on lettuce until ready to serve, as it soon loses its crispness, after the oil and vinegar are added.

Lettuce may be kept for days in the ice chest if wrapped in a cloth and then in a paper to exclude the air.

If an ear of corn is left from dinner save it and add it to the vegetable salad for the next day. Corn is especially good in a potato salad.

Cottage cheese seasoned with chopped chives and served on lettuce leaves with a French or a boiled dressing, is a most wholesome salad. If a more elaborate one is desired, a teaspoonful of bar le duc currants will make it quite elegant.

Unfair at Times. She admitted being jealous of her husband. Consequently they quarreled frequently, and, womanlike, she confided in her best friend. "You are unfair at times to George," said the best friend one day, as the two sat on the veranda of the suburban home. "I didn't see me. So I kept watching him. He had a seat in a crowded subway car. At least two score women, most of them pretty as a picture, came in and passed by him or stood

in front of him. And George never looked at one of them; he was deeply interested in his paper."

Simple Law of Nature. The Phrenological Journal says the organs of the brain conform to the pressure of the spirit, mind or opinion we may entertain. The organ grows by what we feed upon. Let a person be kept in anger much of the time, and more blood will be sent to combativeness, destructiveness, etc. This is that our opinions or state of mind affect our bodies, brains and features.

The KITCHEN CABINET

LAUGH and the world laughs with you, and you weep alone. This grave old earth has need of your mirth. It has troubles enough of its own. —E. W. Wilcox.

People and flowers just naturally turn to the sunshine.

MAKING WORK EFFECTIVE.

In this day of specialists and specializing we hear so much of making everything count. There is no work, profession or business where this is more important than in home-making.

How necessary it is that the housekeeper should be trained to make every move count in order to save strength and temper. "To make her head save her heels," as our grandmothers would say.

The trained woman, one who loves her work, does her task as perfectly as she knows how to do. There is no slipshod work; things sometimes must be left undone because of circumstances, but the machinery of her home moves noiselessly because it is oiled with brains. A great painter was once asked "with what do you mix your colors?" He replied: "With brains."

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DEAR is my friend, yet from my foe as from my friend comes good. My friend shows what I can do, and my foe, what I should. —Schiller.

PUNCHES FOR PARTIES.

When serving a drink for a large company, it is always wise to use small bottles of effervescent water, adding a pint at a time rather than a quart bottle, as it soon loses its sparkle unless often renewed.

Ginger Punch.—From a quart jar of canton ginger take three-quarters of a pound of the ginger, chop fine, add a quart of cold water and a cup of sugar; boil twenty minutes, then add three-fourths of a cup of orange juice, half a cup of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of ginger sirup. Strain and pour over large pieces of cracked ice in the punch bowl. Add a pint of Apollinaris water when beginning to serve and later add more as it loses its sparkle. This amount will serve forty people.

Fruit Punch.—Bolt together a quart of water and two cups of sugar until clear; add a cup of tea infusion and cool, then add two cups of raspberry sirup, the juice of five oranges and a cup of maraschino cherries. Pour over cracked ice in a punch bowl, add a pint of Apollinaris and later another pint or two. This serves fifty people.

German Punch.—Mix together and cook a cup and three-fourths of tomatoes, ginger root, two cups of water and a cup of sugar. After thirty minutes' cooking rub through a sieve and add three tablespoonfuls each of orange juice, lemon and grape juice. Freeze to a mush.

Delicious little cakes to serve with punches are made by using any rich white cookie dough; roll out and cut in small cubes, and on each place a half teaspoonful of almond paste before putting into the oven. This paste may be bought in cans, but as it is rather expensive, when using a small quantity it is best to buy it of the confectioner.

Nellie Maxwell.

A Motive Indorsed. "I don't blame that cook of ours for wanting more salary," remarked Mr. Growcher.

"But you always are complaining of the food she prepares."

"Certainly. She undoubtedly wants a larger income so that she can afford to eat at a restaurant."

Consulted. "Does your boss ever consult you on matters of business?"

"Yes, he consulted me on a matter of business only today."

"That's fine! What was it?"

"He asked me what in thunder I thought he was paying me for?"

WHAT time is it? Time to do well. Time to live better. Give up that grudge. Answer that letter.

PRESERVES AND PICKLES.

One of the finest of preserves are those made from the yellow pear tomato. Wipe the tomatoes, cover with boiling water and let stand until the skins are easily removed. Measure pound for pound of sugar and fruit; cover and let stand over night. In the morning pour off the sirup and boil until quite thick; skim, then add the tomatoes, two ounces of preserved ginger and two lemons which have been sliced with the seeds removed. Cook until the tomatoes have a transparent appearance.

Damson Preserves.—Wipe the plums with a cloth wrung out of cold water, and prick each one five or six times with a darning needle; then weigh. Make a sirup by boiling three-fourths their weight in sugar with water, allowing a cup to each pound of sugar. Cook until soft. A good plan is to use two kettles that the work may be more quickly done, and the sirup need not cook too long. Put into stone or glass jars.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Bolt together a pint of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar and an ounce of stick cinnamon for twenty minutes. Dip a half peck of peaches into boiling water, then rub off the fuzz with a towel. Stick four cloves in each peach and drop them into the hot sirup, using a few at a time. When soft and well scalded, put into the jar and pour over the boiling hot sirup. Cover and put in a cool place. This sirup is a great improvement to mince pie, if a little is added to each pie, or to mince meat, when making it. Peas, apples and other fruits are pickled, using the above proportions.

Quince Honey.—Pare and core quinces, chop fine; allow an equal measure of sugar to the fruit; add a half cup of water to a pound of the sugar, and cook until thick and honey like. Put into glasses and cover, as for jelly.

Oh for a book and a shady nook.

AS A RULE.

The Wreck. Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, the eastern golf champion, was talking at the Cape May Golf club about the benefits of sea air. "To look at the cottagers and natives of Cape May," she said, "speaks of these benefits more eloquently than I could do. How pale and wan seem city people beside these brown, supple, vigorous men and women! An excursionist from the city said to a fisherman on the beach the other morning:

"Do you have many wrecks here?"

"The fisherman looked contemptuously at the city man, who was in bathing dress. He looked contemptuously at his hollow chest and white, thin legs and arms, and then he replied: 'You're the fust I've saw this season.'"

What is an income tax, pa?"

"A wife, my son."

AT THE PARSONAGE.

Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers."

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic."

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the disease another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued."

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic, and my old 'trembling' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'"

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us."

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum."

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and an enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. O. WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Classifying Member of Inferior Sex. Stella—Is her husband a stick? Bella—No, a buttonhook.

Crafty. "What does the veterinary surgeon next door advise for your pet lap dog's sickness?" "He forbids my playing the piano."—Fliegende Blätter.

An Anomalous Parent. "Father!" "Yes, Wilfred." "What is reciprocity?" "Reciprocity, Wilfred."

But pause. Father never told. He slipped over no epigram. He knew not what was reciprocity. No. He was totally different from the average father figuring in this sort of short squib. He just told Wilfred to run along and play, and resumed his reading of the evening paper. Truly, a refreshing personality—not so?

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