## Fr. Sic

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E, Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."— Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.



MILWAUKEE

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO

WISCONSIN

Door Plates Out of Fashion.

"Door plates are going out of fash-

and penates of the Romans, and was

attended to just as carefully as were

"Everything is changed new, though.

I suppose the reason is that people

don't have homes as they used to.

They simply live in houses and apart-

ments and move around so much that

The Unconscious Tribute.

When his business had yielded such

profits that he began to take life more

easily and think of retiring, Mr.

Holden endeavored to throw some

good things in the way of a younger

firm. "How about letting Hobbs &

Rawson have your next consignment

hard-working, gentlemanly young fel-

the ancient household gods.

ville Courier-Journal.

lows."

gentlemen

Positively cured by to make plates of all kinds. "Twenty They also relies Disress from Dyspepsis, Inigestion and Too Hearty

THEY

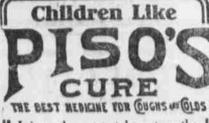
WEAR

fating. A perfect rem-Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated ongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fao-Simile Signature Breuksood

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. ES PAY IF CURED REA CO., BEPT. BS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

AGENTS-IF I KNEW YOUR NAME, and woman should write me for free cutfit. May Black, Pres., 272 Beverly Street, Best. Mass.



It is so pleasant to take stops the cough so quickly. Absolutely safe too and contains no opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.

His Benefactions. "In my humble way," said the oil magnate. "I have assisted many a young man to gain an education and by himself for a successful oareer in life."

"I don't know of any instances which you have," commented the muck-

"You don't? Think of the many poor how who have had to do all their studying by the light of a coal oil lamp!"

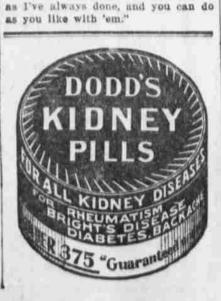
Mother's Help.

the lid of the copper, so I've been sit-

ting on top to keep the steam in .-

Sketchy Bits.

Teacher-And why are you so late, Tommy." Tommy-Please, miss, it's muvver's washing day. She's been and lost





CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and thinking in her chair and stroking Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?" opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre,' she added, in a minute or two-"a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand. and, after reading the letter, deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?" "Can you ask?" cried Hope- 'unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more gayety, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a cantankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said and the cliff. Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your fustice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gayety of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once.'

Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave "Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be posted at once. Now play me the march from "Tannhauser."

When that was finished, Mrs. Sa ville said, "Come and sit down." Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, w! you have proved me, if we are still together and you like to offer it-But, oh, it is unwise to look shead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative per son,' said Mrs. Saville, slowly, "but lt strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too, have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it. I will tell you-but not just

"I suppose it centers round some love-affair, which you silly young people always think of the last import ance."

"It does," said Hope, with grave feeling; "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual ending marriage is ion," said a man whose business it is fewer unhappy ones would take place." 'Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignifiyears ago every man of preminence cant ingredient. Just think what huhad his name graven upon a plate and man nature is, the conditions in which that plate affixed to his front door, that all might know who dwelt withit lives, moves, and has its being; how is love as you exalted people accept in. The daily task of the negro houseman was to rub the door plate until it it, to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro." shone. It took the place of the lares

Miss Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary," cried the disappointed heiress, "that George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden baneful a door plate couldn't possiby endure influence at work. It is always the my former visit to this little hamlet. the peripatetic existence. A collection same: as soon as we are growing conof brass door plates serewed to the fidential he flies off. It is a hideous portal of a big apartment building thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some would, I confess, look odd."-Louisdreadful woman. What do you think?" "I think there is nothing more un-

likely. "Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George. Oh, I forget; we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but of canned novelties?" be suggested to I do not bear malice. You will find one of the manufacturers. "They are you have made a great mistake. So

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful "That's just the trouble," said the and in a better temper after Lord manufacturer, with a decided shake Castleton and his daughter left Paris, of his head. "I'm no gentleman mythough the presence of her eldest son self, and I don't propose to mix up was always more or less a trial. nor have any business dealin's with

good-by."

She endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly perti-"I'll consign my goods to you, same nacious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so

when they were alone. "I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stony heart," he said the galleries. "Not, I am sure, by fire of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured | westering sun. hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Vortigern will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see-oh, allow me," for

some buried treasures of Runic in scriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself, too. You are looking pale and seedy-Prince, a note was brought for Miss excuse a privileged old fellow. You have by best wishes, my dear girl-my very best. Accept a prophecy: I think we'll turn a corner before long.

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII. The little fishing village of Sainte Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parislans, especially artistic and literally Parislans. One giant of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into

living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and improvements, where a few yards of level ground intervene between the sands

A straggling growth of fine beechtrees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat table-land above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn and colza. At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville chose it for a resting place before she returned to London the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal. It was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and startled the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned traveling-carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty y the careful courier at the nearest rallway-station. The dogs barked, the ens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodiglous noise and flutterings, as the scareerow team ratiled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hotel de l'Europe" stretched its low, irregular front. landlord and o female waiters were drawn up to re-

> ceive the distinguished guests and usher them to their apartments. "Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nav. exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of

receiving Madame before." "I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last." returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity. "Waen . 'Il madame dine?"

"At 6. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the chateau?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame la Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and she has gone to nurse him-at Grenoble. I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." And she bowed dismissal to her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the pic turesque surroundings, and was anx lous to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the sugges tion, and as soon as they had a cup of tea she set out with the prosaic lady's maid, glad to enjoy some exercise after the long cramping journey by rail and road. It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led be tween two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with lvy and roses. Frequent steep paths between them led to huts perched on the hillsides above them. Gradually the road limbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediaeval abbey peeped out from the shelter of the surrounding beech woods: Hope and her compan ion did not venture quite as far, bu one day as he met Hope coming from even from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue and vinegar, but rather with the milk | water of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope, "Mrs. Saville will have been a long time alone by the time we ge

back. "She will indeed, miss; and what Hope had dropped her sunshade and made Mrs. Saville come to this savage stooped to pick it us. "Getting quite place is past my comprehension," re too hot to stay here. I am off for turned the ablgail, in an aggrieved Switzerland; and I hear Richard is tone. "There seems to be nothing but going to cruise in somebody's yacht to common people without shoes to their the coast of Nerway. He has scent of feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Sa- people.

ville would have got her health better at Inglefield, with the comforts and decencies as become her station around

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet scious smile.

miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential cup of tea. smirk. Jessop had grown friendly and patronizing to her lady's young com- she said, with mock reproach. "You're

her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, them. Now tell me, what have you that would make it a heavenly place, been doing?" Jessop; but I must not allow myself to think of such joy."

young gentieman? Indeed, I'd be surprised if there was not. I hope he

isn't far away, miss?" "Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the Witch of Endor for that.'

"I dare dare say the Witch of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss! an old witch?" "Oh, no; a nice witch is never old." Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a patlent, heavy-footed horse tolling slowly up-hill.

(To be continued.)

HATS VS. MEN'S HAIR.

Is the Bald Brother Equal to the Ordenl-And in Flytime.

hind in the march of progress, so that little thing! She has so few books!" any day we may expect to see promiwho have organized a hatless club. chair. The new scientific theory that the ires to recover their hair. In Chiago the hatless fad has been taken ture. up by the citizens whose domes of thought are still crowned by the natural covering, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, and a thorough trial. Undoubtedly they are proceeding on the right track. Especially at this season of the year, when flies are pernicinously active, it requires courage of a high order for baldheaded man to leave his hat at home. And then there is the possibility that no practical benefit will result. But it seems to have been pretty effectively demonstrated that fresh air is conducive to the preservation of such hair as one already possesses.

Now that hatless clubs are being organized in all parts of the country, it s advisable for men to inform themselves of the conditions for membership. It is necessary to take the pledge to abstain from the wearing of hats in any form until the first snow flies. The first frost is no excuse for donning the derby. Members must go hatless to business. Convivial individuals will be shocked to learn that even the nightcap is prohibited. The rules are strict, and for any infractin a heavy fine is imposed. Are men willing to go through this severe ordeal for the sake of keeping their good looks? And, indeed, is even total baldness unlovely? Why should it be so considered? The savage, it is true, rejoices in flowing tresses, but as man advances in civilization, he loses his hair. There are no bald Indians, but how many of our captains of industry and professors of Sanskrit are characterized by hirsute deficiencies! May not baldness, then, be regarded as a mark of the highest culture? There is another phase of the question which, it is quickly away. She had given herself feared, has not been given due consideration by the hatless clubbers. It is the danger of venturing into the bright sunshine with unprotected head Blography of Edward MacDowell Death, on the authority of the proverb, loves a shining mark, and why should matter and both should be carefully weighed before man dooms his faith-Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Doubtful Compliment. "Ma wants two pounds of butter ex actly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous ustomers and remarked blandly:

a moment, little boy." "Be sure to get the same kind," said ing a clover leaf in his mouth." the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is A member of one of his classes at visiting at our house and ma doesn't Columbia, finding more unoccupied want 'em to come again."-Tit-Bits.

Why She Hates Him.

Hessie-There goes that Mr. Primple. How I do hate the man! Kitty-The idea! Not a single word has ever passed between you and him. Bessie-But you should have seen the way that he and Bertha Twittle went on at the reception last night. I never did like Bertha.

Ostend - Father Adam used the greensward as a carpet, didn't he, pa? Pa-Yes, my son, and Father Adam

was lucky. Ostend-How so, pa? Pa-Why, he had a carpet that didn't have to be beaten every spring.

Favorites. "What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife. the house bring out a can with you Free Press.

You know-the kind we had for dim ner yesterday." German soil feeds nine-tenths of her

"WHO GIVETH HIMSELF."

Heart-Rending Sacrifice for the Book-Loving Woman.

Cella Framley had dropped in to place. I think I could enjoy it in have a chat-a "next to the last tensely, if-if-" She paused, and word," she always called it-with her her rich red lips parted in an uncon- friend, Marcia Leslie. At last, having talked with all her usual eager vivaci-"If your young gentleman was here, ty, she sat leisurely back, strring her

"I'll have another lump, Marcia," always forgetting that I haven't just Hope laughed, and the yearning of one sweet tooth, but a whole set of

"A very useful thing, my dear," answered her friend, slowly. "I've been "That's a pity, miss. So there is a interesting myself in Myrtle's read-

Miss Framley gave a little shrick of amusement. "What, "The Duchess" and 'Laura Jean Libbey?' 'Oh, what a falling off is there!" she quoted, with genial sarcasm, for immediately her mind made a vivid picture of Myr tle, a half-pretty, wholly pathetic little figure, who plodded patiently through her cleaning cares, apparently unfitted for any others.

But Marcia had already broken out

in ardent defense of her protege. "No, not trash at all, and you'll never believe me, but it's poetry," she said. "I threw away an old Browning text Bob had in college, and Myr tle found it and asked me if she might have it. I gave it to her-and I laughed; and I hate myself whenever I think of it. Do you know, she's read it all, with such intelligent apprecia-

"Why, the other night she looked at the west, and said, 'Miss Marcia, suppose that's what Browning means when he says, "Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles." And for her birthday, last week, I gave her Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' - before While the masculine hatless club as this I've always given her silly bows not yet struck Pittsburg, it is bound and collars-and she's read it all aloud to come. Pittsburg is never far be- to her mother, and they loved it. Poor . All through Marcia's speech Celia nent citizens strolling along 5th ave- had put in little fluttering "Ahs!" and nue or Wood street with their ambro- "Ohs!" of excitement and interest, and sial locks bared to the saucy breeze, when her friend stopped speaking, she In Omaha it is the baldheaded men was sitting quite on the edge of her

"I'm a beast, and a stupid one, too, wearing of hats brings baldness has to misjudge Myrtle so!" she declared, induced them to adopt heroic meas- warmly, for she loved and admired with eager intelligence all good litera-"And as a penance I'm going to give her some of my treasures."

But in the common light of the next day her generous impulse was harder to carry out. She stood before her they are going to give the new theory bookcase, fingering the volumes, and wondering how she could ever bear parting with them. A country doctor's daughter, books were her luxury. The Thackeray she had earned by endless copying of manuscripts for her father; the beautiful edition of Tennyson meant that she had worn shabby gloves for a winter; the set of Jane Austen a willingly renounced party

Her beloved books! Now, half-heart edly, she built her sacrificial pile. Then a sudden thought made her throat tighten and ache a little. Books their authors living friends. Would her idols feel that she loved them less well, cherished them less tenderly, if she gave them away? She picked up her copy of Lowell, and it fell open easily to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," almost her dearest poem. And out of the whole page these two lines seemed to spring:

"Who giveth himself with his alms

feeds three, Himself, his hungering neighbor, and

Me!" "That settles it!" she said, aloud "Cella, you're a selfish pig! The best way to love the masters is to share their glory with some one else." She caught up a generous armful and ran. hatless, impetuous, to Marcia's door, "Give these books to Myrtle-and I want her to keep them - with my love!" she panted, and she thrust out the pile. Then she turned and walked with her alms.-Youth's Companion.

MUSICIAN A MASTER OF WIT.

Reveals Master's Caustie Humor, In a biography of Edward MacDowit not select the glittering, hairless ell by Lawrence Gilman, the writer cranium as a target for the solar rays? quotes some of the famous musician's Evidently there are two sides of this witticisms. On one occasion he had been told of a performance of his composition, "To a Wild Rose," played ful old hat to permanent retirement by a high-school girl on a high-school on the top shelf of the clothes press - piano at a high-school graduation festivity. "Well," MacDowell remarked, "I suppose she pulled it up by the roots!

Some one sent him, about this time, relates Mr. Humiston, a program of an organ recital at which this same "Wild Rose" was to be played.

"He was not pleased with the idea. "Some people in my business don't thinking doubtless of a style of perlike particular customers, but I do, formance which plays Schumann's It's my delight to serve them what 'Traumerel' on the great organ diathey want. I will attend to you in pasons. He remarked simply that it reminded him of a hippopotamus wear-

> space on the page of his book, after finishing the exercise, filled up the vacancy with rests. When his book was returned the page was covered with corrections all except these bars of rests, which were inclosed in a red line and marked:

he exercise "-Youth's Companion. In New England.

"This is the only correct passage in

Mr. Bauld-What do you want to be

then you grow up. Johnny? Johnnie -I want to be a musician, Mr. Bauld-A musician! Why? Johnnie-Yes, sir-se; I wanter be a

pled piper. Just think of all the pie

he must get!-Boston Herald What He Wanted. "Say." said the country resident to

the city clerk in the furniture store, I want to look at one of them there "Peas, dear," replied the man with information bureaux I understand the trowel. "Say, if you're going into they're the latest things out "-Detroit

> Wait Intil "Out of the Wood," When thou hast not crossed the river, take care not to insult the crocefile.-Hawaiian Proverb.

## MUNYON'S **Eminent Doctors at** Your Service Free

Not a Penny to Pay for the Fullest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be sold so; if you annot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not,

as you see fit. Munyon's, 58d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

FASHION HINTS



This coat gives a good idea of the season's tendency toward the Moyen Age style—low waist line and pleated skirt. A dark blue diagonal cloth is used here, matching the one-piece dress worn with it,

THE REAL SLAVE.

English Actor Says Men, No.

Women, Need More Liberty. "It's all right to talk about woman suffrage," sald William Hawtrey, a noted English actor, "but what I think we all need is more liberty for men.

"Women have a lot more real liberty than men. Take the question of hats, for instance. Get a crowd of men together and shout 'Hats off,' and every one of us gets bareheaded in the shortest possible time. Could you do it with women? Not in a million years. Why, they had to pass laws before they could get women to take off their

nats in the theaters. Suppose a man came home at night and told his wife that he'd bought a new blue hat that was a perfect dream. Would she be interested in the hat? Not at all. A new hat. The idea; why, be had a perfectly good derby that he wore last fall. What possible use could he have for two hats? His

mind must be affected. "Just suppose: I say suppose, for of course no man would have the courage to do it, but just for the sake of argument let as suppose that a fellow did tell his wife that he thought her last season's hat was good enough for this season. Can you imagine what his life

would be for the rest of the summer? "No, sir; what is really needed is more freedom for men." Had Nothing on Bill.

"Kid, wot's yer name?" asked the bey with the dirty face, through a knothole in the back yard fence. "Bill," answered the new boy, who was on the other side of the fence. "Wot's

"Dick, Say, I'll bet my dad kin take twice as big a chaw o' tobacher as yours

"That ain't nothin'," scennfully re-joined the new boy. "My dad's got a cork leg, an' your's hain't!"—Chicage Tribune.

FOOD QUESTION

Settled with Perfect Satisfaction by a Dyspeptic. It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal tirge as every honsewife knows.

And when the husband has dyspepsia and can't eat the simplest ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying. An Illinois woman writes:

"My husband's health was poor, he

had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed 'He was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a

stomach brouble. Tired of everything I had been able to get for him to eat, one day seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts. I got some and he tried it for

few weeks. He suffered severely with

breakfast the next morning. 'We all thought it was pretty good although we had no klea of using it remilarly. But when my husband came home at night be asked for Grape

Nuts. "It was the same next day and I had to get # right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?' was

a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs. "My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change,

and still hear the same old question, Have you any Grape-Nuts? "He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts." Read the book, "The Road to Welle," 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.