

# The Peril of Magellan Strait

NARRATIVE OF  
CAPTAIN ADAMS  
"Detective-Diplomat"

By H. M. EGBERT

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I HAD left the foreign office in deep dejection after an unhappy hour spent in the company of the secretary for foreign affairs. In vain I had pleaded, in extenuation, that I had only obeyed the orders which another had issued. A diplomatic scapegoat had to be obtained in order to save England from humiliation at the hands of a powerful neighbor—and I had been chosen. Upon the threshold of my career, the diplomatic service seemed to be forever closed to me.

"I'm sorry for you, Adams," said the foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey, to me, "heartily sorry. But the element of luck has evidently deserted you. If you are really anxious to continue to serve your country, however, I might be able to make use of you at some time in the secret service, which constantly requires the aid of gentlemen having a certain social status, with training in the legitimate branch. And, to facilitate matters—since you are in favor with his majesty in spite of your misfortune—I will ask him to appoint you as one of his couriers-at-large."

Who has not heard of the king's couriers—that small band of private gentlemen who carry his majesty's private dispatches among crowned heads and statesmen? A king's courier often bears the peace of Europe in the little black leather wallet which, whether he sleeps or wakes, must never leave his person until its contents have been delivered in safety to their destination. He is the unofficial, as the ambassador is the official, representative of his sovereign; deeds of the most hazardous nature often fall to him to perform; and never, by any chance, whether he fail or succeed, does he receive public acknowledgment.

A few days afterward I received notice of my appointment. The salary was small, but sufficient to enable me to continue to keep on my bachelor apartments in Half Moon street, Piccadilly, where I resided with Talbot, my ex-soldier servant, who had attended on my wants when I held a captaincy in the Fourth Lancers, and now refused to be separated from me. Six years in exile in the far east as a legation attaché had made me practically a stranger in London; the friends whom I had had formerly had married or moved elsewhere or forgotten me. So I remained week after week, held to the capital by the terms of my engagement, which required my constant attendance upon his majesty's pleasure, yet confident that I had long since been cast, along with other failures, into oblivion.

And then one afternoon I received an official document requiring my presence at the foreign office immediately. I jumped into a hansom and lost no time in presenting myself. Sir Edward Grey himself came out to his private office to receive me, led me in and motioned me to a chair.

"Captain Adams," he began abruptly, "you are, I believe, the hero of a certain desperate adventure in Afghanistan, for which you received the Victoria Cross?"

I murmured something. Of course those things come by luck. I am sure all our officers are equally brave.

"His majesty's government is in need of a man with dauntless courage and inexhaustible resources of will and ingenuity, in order to carry out a difficult and momentous duty," Sir Edward continued. "His majesty has been pleased to indicate yourself. How soon can you be prepared to start for Tierra del Fuego, via New York?"

I thought, "In four hours," I answered.

"Good," replied Sir Edward. "Then I will recount, as briefly as possible, the situation." He sat down at my side, handed me a cigar and lit one himself, which he consumed in his rapid, nervous way.

"As you know," he began, "ever since Lord Pauncefoot died, England has been unfortunate in the matter of her American representatives. In some subtle way they have not seemed to hit it off right, either with the president or with the American people. Now, my dear Adams, you are aware that to preserve the best possible relationship with America is the cornerstone of both British and German policy, and, since the rivalry between us and our neighbors across the North sea is intense, the alliance of America with either would be a fatal blow to the other."

"What has sorely strained amicable relations between England and America has been the Anglo-Japanese alliance. That it is directed against American interests seems to be the opinion in Washington. This ill feeling has been increased by the bellicose Japanese attitude toward America over the schools questions, which has culminated in the dispatch of the American fleet round South America through the straits of Magellan, to the Pacific ocean. Somehow or other, Mr. Roosevelt has got the notion that England is privy to the attitude of Japan. In short, we are face to face with a three-cornered quarrel."

"Now I come to the climax. There exists a certain group of international financiers, mainly of German origin, who would have everything to gain by the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and America—in which England would be compelled to join, as Japan's ally, by the terms of the treaty. The influence of this group, though powerful, is not sufficient to bring about a war. They intend, therefore, that the voyage of the fleet shall be attended by such incidents as shall kindle the anger of America to the explosion point and bring about the results that they desire. Remembering how the destruction of the Maine precipitated the war with Spain, it is

their intention that the flagship of Admiral Evans shall be destroyed by Japanese treachery during the passage of the fleet through the straits of Magellan. More than one vessel they will not injure, lest their loss leave America too weak to fight Japan. This act will force America to declare war, and England will be compelled to take up arms against her. Hence it is of the utmost urgency that this murderous scheme be foiled."

"But how is it to be accomplished?" I inquired.

Sir Edward Grey threw away his cigar and continued in hurried, agitated tones.

"We received information this morning. An order, to which the name of the minkado has been forged, has been placed in the hands of a Japanese military attaché at Rio Janeiro, by name Kitachi. It states that he will commission himself responsible only to his emperor; that he will proceed immediately to Punta Arenas, the little Chilean town upon the straits of Magellan, and the center of the sheep-raising industry. Thence he will proceed to a tiny harbor, known only to the Japanese survey, that lies like a cleft among the frowning cliffs which rise sheer from the waters. There he will set up his camp and make his preparations, and, at the precise moment of its passage, he will destroy the flagship of the American admiral by means of the new secret Japanese torpedo, which can be controlled and guided during its flight by means of wireless telegraphy. There will occur one moment of panic; then the great ship will rear herself and plunge to her grave, through the almost fathomless waters, carrying all her crew to destruction. Captain Adams, the future of England lies in your hands."

With these concluding words he dismissed me.

The American fleet was preparing to set sail from Hampton Roads that very afternoon. On the following morning I could reach a Cunard steamship which would land me in New York on the sixth day. Thence a fast passenger ship would carry me to Rio close to the heels of the squadron. Every day she spent in that port would be a clear day's gain thereafter. I hoped to reach Punta Arenas a full week ahead of the fleet, allowing for delays and coaling; and this I actually succeeded in accomplishing. It was about one month later when Talbot and I, standing side by side upon the deck of the little sheepboat which brought us southward from Rio, perceived, through a drenching rain, the fearful heights that bordered either side of the straits of Magellan, and the little town looming up white against a background of barren hills, bordered with dripping forests.

"Begging your pardon, sir, might I ask whether your stay in this burg is liable to prove a long one, sir?" asked Talbot.

I could not but smile at the faithful fellow's misery. After the long sea voyage our terminus certainly did not appear very attractive—and Talbot was a cockney of cockneys. But the thought of the work on hand quickly reduced me to a condition of seriousness.

"Talbot," I said, "you and I are going into a hard game." I saw his eyes brighten. Talbot was with me in Afghanistan, when for three days we two and a wounded lancer kept 50 Afghans at bay. "Henceforward," I continued, "until the danger is over, you will kindly address me as an equal."

"All right, old man," said Talbot easily, instantly falling into the spirit of his instructions. It was, in fact, an ancient understanding between us. So soon as we passed beyond the boundaries of the conventional, in which fortune had made us master and servant, Talbot would show himself the fine comrade that he is, by my request.

"Hidden somewhere among those cliffs," I said, "is a little bay. There's a man there, playing with dangerous toys. We've got to get him and break his toys. Savvy?"

Talbot grinned. "What ho!" he answered, in his inimitable cockney dialect.

It was arranged that I should pass as a sheep purchaser, or as a wealthy Englishman who desired to look over the sheep runs with a view to making an investment. Talbot was a gold prospector whom I had met on the voyage. In this way we calculated that we could best make our investigations of the surrounding country. Upon our arrival good news cheered us. The fleet had just sailed from Rio, where it had been delayed overtime. It would not enter the straits for several days. This allowed us additional time to make our plans.

A visit to the English consulate gave scanty information. To my question whether there were many Japanese around Punta Arenas the consul answered that it was impossible to answer.

"The territories are quite unorganized," he answered. "There may be ten, there may be fifty, scattered all the way between the mainland and the Horn. The land is most imperfectly known, and inhabited by tribes of hostile savages who make periodic raids upon the sheep-runs. There's sheepmen and prospectors scattered over 20,000 square miles of forest and bog. And, talking of the beaten wares, you won't be trapped here, or you'll be trapped there."

Then he unexpectedly added something which made my heart leap.

"There's a little Chink or Jap fellow passed through alone last week. Said he was going gold-washing along the straits, but he had a curious outfit—some kind of patent machinery, he claimed."

And this information was worth a gold mine to me. For, now that I

knew the direction in which Kitachi had gone, it was obvious that, by following the general contour of the land, I must come upon the secret cove.

So far neither Talbot nor I had noticed any signs of espionage. This seemed strange. Sir Edward Grey had informed me that the syndicate which was backing Kitachi in his murderous plot was of vast wealth and ramifications. It seemed incredible that they had permitted us to get thus far in safety; that they had not suspected an attempt was being made to frustrate their scheme. Or had they merely tolerated our approach thus far in order to make the more sure of our destruction?

The question was soon to be answered. Talbot and I had engaged a single, large room at the top of the little mining hotel that looks out over the waters. We retired to rest that night early, having taken the precaution to close the window and bolt it. Under my pillow I had placed my loaded Colt automatic pistol. Fatigued by the day's work, I fell quickly asleep, and dreamed that I encountered Kitachi under all sorts of impossible conditions, but principally engaged with him in wrestling matches upon the summit of those fearful cliffs, while the American squadron hove into view, miles down beneath us.

I remember Kitachi got his arm under my neck and was about to throw me over the brink when suddenly I awakened with a start to find one part of the dream real. An arm was certainly coiling under my neck, but ever so softly, the fingers working their way down deep beneath the pillow. The habits of ten campaigns had taught me one essential of the adventurer's life—to wake noiselessly. I opened my eyes the least possible amount—enough to see that dawn was breaking in the customary eternal fog and rain. And at my side I saw a tawny figure that squatted there, while the fingers worked toward the pistol which was but two inches further on. I measured the distance, and suddenly shot out my arm from under the bedclothes. The guess was accurate. My fist caught the intruder beneath the ear and howled him over. Instantly I whipped out my pistol, which he had so nearly obtained; but

each other from where their horses stood, mired to the thighs. With infinite difficulty Talbot made his way to my side; the rest were 50 yards away—they might as well have been three miles.

"Well, old chap, they've copped us good," said Talbot.

"Who-ee-ee-ew!"

It passed over us in answer with a whistle and a scream, and the detonation of the rifle followed it. Talbot and I had heard that sound many times before. We lunged ourselves upon our faces and began to adjust the sights of our rifles.

"Spit! Spit! Spit! The air was alive with bullets. They plumed overhead, they shrieked and screamed. We began firing back at our unseen enemies in a desultory way, to save our cartridges.

"How many rounds, old man?" asked Talbot presently.

"Twelve more!" I groaned, piling them in a little heap in front of me. Meanwhile the firing continued unabated.

"Adams," said Talbot presently, when we had both ceased, "have you noticed anything strange about them beggars, old boy?"

"They're damned bad shots," I answered.

"They ain't trying to hit us, Adams," Talbot retorted. "All their shots 'ave gone 'igh. Noticed anything more?"

"It's no rifle I've ever heard fired," I answered.

"You're right, old man. It's a rifle of your caliber. It might be our Lee-Enfield, if it was a little shriller, and it might be the Yankee Krag, if it had more of a tang to the whine. But it's something well under 300."

"It's the Jap Murata," I cried; and suddenly a sick feeling came over me. For, on the morrow, if all went well—or ill, rather—the battleships would enter the Magellan straits. And somewhere near was the devilish engine of Kitachi. And I, upon whom rested the fate of two nations, had blundered into this position, blundered helplessly and hopelessly, into this trap. Suddenly I saw a look of fury pass over Talbot's face. He half raised himself.

"Gawd, Adams, they've killed 'em all!" he muttered.

"Well, Talbot," I said cheerfully,

directed, but is not in action from the shore; in other words, instead of being discharged at a high rate of velocity, it proceeds at a constant and leisurely speed through the waves, until within alighting distance of its target. Then, and then only, does the operator on shore detonate the charge and hurl the missile into the vitals of the ship. Now you will readily see that, proceeding at such a low rate of speed, a torpedo of metal would simply sink below the surface of the waves. We must make use, therefore, of something of the same relative gravity as water—in other words, the human body. Now, when you are increased in a hollow shell of aluminum, and discharged at a constant speed of some ten miles per hour, you will make your course half submerged, and, when the charge is detonated, you will hit the flange between wind and water—exactly on the water line."

"What, make a torpedo out of me?" cried Talbot, advancing upon the Japanese with whirling fists. I pulled him back with difficulty from the Japanese's revolver.

"While there's life there's hope, Talbot," I whispered. Kitachi heard.

"You have until tomorrow morning at ten, gentlemen," he answered briefly. "At that hour the flagship will be passing abreast of our station. They are now nearing the entrance; you see, I am picking up their position by means of wireless."

"Will you be paroled until tomorrow, or will you be tied?" he asked.

We gave our parole. Apparently Kitachi had entire confidence in it, for he merely indicated a tent in which we were to sleep and went into his house.

I shall never forget the horrors of that night. At ten in the morning we were to die, to fulfill the forged communication to Kitachi. And, this being so, and escape impossible, he had placed us upon our honor, soldiers and servants of our king, knowing that he held us thus more securely than if ropes bound us. All night we heard the thunder roaring in the sky, and saw the lightning flashes, and heard the heavy downpour of the rain. It seemed eternity before the darkness yielded to the diffused grayness of dawn and an Indian brought us our breakfast of the Japanese army ration of rice and fish. We swallowed it with an effort.

At nine Kitachi came for us and announced that our parole was ended. At a signal, we were seized by Indians and, before we understood what was occurring, our arms were bound to our sides and ropes were fastened round our knees. A futile struggle, and we stood, trussed and helpless. Kitachi entered the shed and threw open the wooden wall on the shore side, disclosing a complicated arrangement of batteries and, prominent among the machinery, two huge, coffin-like oval structures of aluminum, each about the length of a man.

When I came to die my last memory will be of standing there, beside Talbot, bound, on the beach, listening to the waves, and straining my eyes for the thin wisp of smoke that would indicate the approach of Admiral Evans' flagship and announce our imminent death.

Ten o'clock tinkled from a clock in the Japanese officer's house. We looked hard out to sea. The mists lifted; now we could see the frowning cliffs opposite and, in the distance, the white houses of Punta Arenas. But no ship came. The clock tinkled 11 and then 12. A wild hope throbbled in my heart. Suddenly the electric instrument began to tick. Kitachi turned impassively to the machine. It was not Morse, but the secret Japanese method of communication, and neither of us understood, though we concluded it was the signal for the ships to enter the strait.

As Kitachi stood reading I saw his body stiffen gradually, until he seemed to be a figure of wood. When the last tick ceased he came up to us and stood watching us with a peculiar smile.

"You're very lucky!" he said, and turned aside to mutter to the chief Indian. Immediately the ropes were taken off our limbs, and we remained looking at Kitachi in amazement, free, yet hardly daring to hope.

"These Indians will escort you as far as the sheep trail where they met you yesterday," he added. "Go—you are free."

"Free?" I stammered.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Kitachi wearily. "The vessels of the American fleet passed through the straits last night. The magnetic storm, unusual for this time of the year, was caused by an event which only occurs once in long periods—and last night it happened and luck overthrew all my plans. There was a shifting of the south magnetic pole, due to some unknown combination of heavenly bodies, which caused my instruments to pick up the fleet in a wrong region of the compass. But my emperor does not permit chance to overcome his will. I have failed; all is over." He threw up his hands and walked slowly into his house.

I whispered to Talbot to wait and ran after him. My heart was touched with pity. After all, he was merely obeying what he fancied were his emperor's commands; and he had treated us as an officer and a gentleman should do. Now, perhaps, he would believe me if I told him the truth about the conspiracy.

I knocked at the door twice; then, as no answer came, I opened it and entered. Kitachi was sitting, Japanese fashion, upon the floor, wrapped in a rug, his shoulders curiously bowed. He looked up at me patiently as I entered, but made no sign.

Gradually, however, as I unfolded the story, an expression of horror came over his features. He groaned; he tried to rise. As he did so the rug fell from him and I saw that its under side was stained with blood and that a short sword lay between his knees, hilt down, point upward. Even as I looked Kitachi's features composed themselves, his eyes closed, and he fell forward, transfixed upon the weapon with which, in the old feudal style, he had performed the sacred rite.

"Siek with pity, I ran out, to find Talbot at the door. "All right, old boy?" he asked. Then, seeing the answer in my eyes, he saluted me, soldier fashion.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said; "I think we ought to be moving."

"There's only one thing to be done. Your shirt's older than mine—give me a piece."

"Not while I can fire another shot, Adams," replied Talbot sulkily. "Surrender? What for?"

"Because our position's hopeless," I retorted. "We can't get away, and if we could they'd catch us again. Talbot, they'll release you. It's me they want. Make a flag out of your shirt."

"You be damned," retorted Talbot sulkily. "Say that again and I'll bash your blasted face in."

"Silence!" I shouted. "I'm commanding officer here, my man. I order you as your officer to hoist that flag."

"O, or right," said Talbot sulkily. I heard the z-z-z of linen in the tearing. And then, slowly, Talbot hoisted the white flag on his rifle barrel.

A moment later a little squint-eyed Japanese tripped out of the wood and beckoned to us.

"This way, gentlemen!" he shouted, pointing to a line of coarse lusk grass that grew near and, as I now perceived, formed an excellent pathway through the morass. "Fling down your rifles!" he added. "Now your pistols! So!"

At a signal from him three Indians stepped forward from among the trees and bound us, after which we were led along a narrow trail that seemed to disappear right over the face of the cliffs. In places the path was so narrow that we literally clung to the side of the precipice. Presently it widened out; we were descending a wooded chine that led to the little cove, on which already we could hear the booming of the sea-rollers. A turn disclosed it to us. A neat little military house, the encampment of the Indians, and a large shed, surmounted by a high pole for wireless transmission, stood just at the boundary of the high tide, fringed with coarse seaweed and almost washed by the spray. At the encampment we were halted.

"What are you going to do with us?" I asked Kitachi.

The little man turned round and looked at me quizzically.

"Do you know why I spared your lives?" he asked.

"And murdered our companions," I retorted bitterly.

Kitachi shrugged his shoulders. "I obey my emperor," he said, saluting at the word. "Their lives are nothing, my life is nothing, and yours are nothing to be weighed in the balance with his command. I spared your lives because, gentlemen—you are to be the torpedoes!"

"What?" I cried.

"Since you will never leave this spot alive, I will explain the matter gladly. The principle of the new dirigible torpedo is different entirely from that of any other. It is not only



## Home Town Helps

RECOGNIZE VALUE OF TREES

Courts Have Not Been Slow to Take Steps to Prevent Their Wanton Destruction.

Various sums have been determined by courts as the proper award for destruction of street trees, and some have been accounted worth \$1,000 or \$2,000. A good tree represents a considerable value to the abutting property and courts have readily recognized it. The following is from the Washington Herald.

"The New York court of appeals has approved an award of damages in the sum of \$500 in favor of a property owner against a contracting company for the destruction of each shade tree abutting his property, with an additional \$1,000 for incidental damage to his estate. This is probably the highest value that has ever been set upon the city shade trees and demonstrates that there is a value to the tree not to be computed by its timber or its fruit."

"While the great value of forests as regards their timber product, as well as their aid in the conservation of rainfall, has been thoroughly established, there is an opportunity for more lessons in the value of urban shade trees. Communities nowadays are taking great pride in their shade trees, appreciating the fact that their shade adds to the comfort of living, especially in summer time, and thus contributes to the value of homes and of real estate in general. Here in Washington these shade trees are one of the city's assets, perhaps appreciated more by the newcomer or visitor than by the resident who has been long accustomed to them. The trees which we have should be carefully conserved, and at every opportunity more trees should be planted. The shade trees of city streets should be regarded as a public institution, a factor in the public health and comfort, to be sustained and developed as a public institution."

BOUNDARIES FOR THE PARK  
No Good Reason Why Straight Lines of Government Survey Should Be Followed.

The determination of the boundaries of a park is often very intimately related to radical questions of design. The boundaries adopted for a park are often the boundaries used by the previous private owners, and in the west almost all such boundaries are the straight lines of the original government land surveys or of subdivisions based upon them and which are generally purely arbitrary rectangles or squares bearing no harmonious relation with the topography except in the few cases where the land is flat. Such arbitrary rectangular boundaries are often hideous mistakes with respect to the local topography, particularly if, as is often the case, the site has been selected for a park because of its strongly-marked topography. Such arbitrary boundaries are also sometimes badly out of accord with certain requirements of a good design for the improvement of the particular ground in question. In these hard boundary lines there is a fine chance for skillful planting, so that roads doubling back from the line should not too closely approach the actual boundary. It should appear ahead by reason of encountering the edge of a forest. So planted the park may be made to appear many times its actual size and the extent need never be known by visitors.

Conservation of Beauty.  
The county council of Hants, England, is a body not particularly known to contemporary fame, yet it is entitled to a degree of grateful recognition itself in the honorable remembrance of the world. That is because it has set a precedent for the protection of beautiful natural scenery from spoliation for sordid purposes, on the whole the most advanced and effective of which we have knowledge. Hants is by no means the supremely scenic county of England, though it contains many spots of rare beauty; but its governing body does not mean to have it defaced, and accordingly it has taken strenuous action under the advertisement regulations act, which was passed four years ago, and which many have supposed to be a dead letter.

The law authorizes local bodies to forbid the erection of advertising boardings where they will deface fine scenery, and it has been held that a local authority must specify the precise places and areas which are thus to be protected.

Daniel and the Lions.  
And it came to pass that Daniel was cast into the den of lions by order of King Darius.

Early the next morning King Darius went to the den, rolled away the stone, and called out: "Do the lions bite?"

"Not unreasonably," replied Daniel, who was well up in the legal vernacular of the day.

"Good," ejaculated King Darius as he rolled back the stone. Thereupon he went forth and proclaimed to the multitude that the lion question had been solved.—Puck.

Best Form of Shade Trees.  
When summing up the good qualities of a street tree we should consider the following points about in the order here given: (1) Hardiness, (2) cleanliness, (3) form, (4) beauty, (5) rapidity of growth, (6) shade production. Some authorities would place these qualities in different order, and climatic requirements in some cases would demand a change.

A Good Street Front.  
Good street lighting is the best "front" that a city can put on. Nothing pays so well for the money expended.



**YOURS**

Yours for uniformity.  
Yours for great-leaving results.  
Yours for never-failing results.  
Yours for purity.  
Yours for economy.

Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

WISE WORDS.



The Agent—Do you believe in advertising?  
The Merchant—Yes, sir. It's better to be a live man in a dead town than a dead man in a live town.

It Scudded Well.  
Horace Taylor, the artist, whose newspaper illustrations used to be admired here, came from Nokomis, Ill., in the Egypt district. In "Hod's" early days they organized a band in which he blew an inconsequential horn.

"We had a hard time naming the band," said Taylor. "However, as we were a thousand miles from the ocean and even a considerable distance from the great lakes, we called it the Marine Band of Nokomis."—Chicago Evening Post.

A little candle went out walking one dark night, and bugs and flies, moths and men gave it an ovation; the next morning it went out again, but no one noticed it.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Heber.

WORKS WITHOUT FAITH  
Faith Came After the Works Had Laid the Foundation.

A Bay State belle talks thus about coffee:  
"While a coffee drinker I was a sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood."

"Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin and pale."

"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me."

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream."

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds heavier than ever before."

"This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in blue.

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