THE___ Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

curl of my lip and the light in my eyest. In truth, I was uncommonly well pleased with myself and was thinking that if I came through all my adventures as well I should do merrily. Outwardly, however, I tried to ignore my victory and to make things as easy as I could for my friend—if one may call a man who will not fight him a friend, a thing I doubt. "Which way are you going?" I asked amicably—"to Stratford?"

"God bless ber!" august the mork of they were slow to take in anything new or unexpected, and I had to drink afresh and say again, "Here is bad luck to purveyors!" before any one took it up.

Then the landiord showed he understood.

"Aye, so say I!" he cried, with an oath. "Purveyors, indeed! It is such as they give the queen a bad name."

"God bless ber!" august the mork

He nodded, for he was too sulky to

at thing I doubt. With a way store soling?" I asked amicably—"to Stratford?"

He nodded, for he was too sulky to speak.

"All right!" I said cheerfully, feeling that my dignity could take care of itself now. "Then so far we may to together. Only do you remember the termä. After dinner each goes his own way,"

He nodded again, and we turned and went on in silence, eyeing one another askance, like two ill matched dogs coupled together. But luckily our forced companionship did not last long, a quarter of a mile and a bend in the road beinging us to the first low, gray houses of Stratford. A long, straggling village it seemed, made up of inns strewn along the road, like beads threaded, on a rosary. And, to be sure, to complete the likeness, we came presently upon an ancient stone cross standing on the green. I pulled up infront of this with a sigh of pleasure, for on either side of it, one facing the other, was an inn of the better class.

"Well," I said, "which shall it bethe other, was an inn of the better class.

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"Well," I said, which shall it bethe other, with the purveyor, and the work and the work and the way in any way the properties of the purveyor with the more distributin

them and ordering my meal I went and sat for choice on a bench by the window away from the fire. The window was one of a kind common in Warwickshire houses, long and low and beetle browed, the story above propecting over it. I sat there a minute looking idly out at the inn opposite, a heavy stone building with a walled courtyard attached to it, such an inn as was common enough about the time of was common enough about the time of the wars of the roses, when wayfarers looked rather for safety than comfort. Presently I saw a boy come out of it and start up the road at a run. Then, a minute later, the ragged fellow I had seen on the green came out and lurched across the road. He seemed to be making, though uncertainty, for my inn, and sure enough just as my bread and

I guessed what he was—a monk, one off those unfortunates still to be found here and there up and down the country, whom King Henry, when he put down the monasteries, had made homeless. I did not look on the class with much favor, thinking that for most of them the cloister, even if the queen suceed in getting the abbeys on their legs again, would have few attractions. But I saw that the simple farmers re-ceived his scrap of Latin with respect, and I nodded civilly as I went on with my meal.

I was not to get off so easily howcame and planted himself opposite to me. Pav vobiscum my son," he repeat

ed. "The ale is cheap here and good."
"So is the ham, good father." I replied cheerfully, not pausing in my attack on the victuals. "I will answer for so much."

for so much."
"Well, well," the knave replied, with ready wit, "I breakfasted early. I am content. Landlord, another plate and a full tankard. The young gentleman would have me dine with him."

I could not tell whether to be angry or to laugh at his impudence.
"The gentleman says he will answer for it!" repeated the rascal, with a twinkle in his eye, as the landlord hestitated. He was by no means so drunk as he leaded.

"No, no, father," I cried, joining in the general laugh into which the farmby the fire broke. "A cup of ale is reason, and for that I will pay, but

for no more. Drink it and wish me god-"I will do more than that, lad," he

"I will do more than that, lad." he answered. Swaying to and fro my cup, which he had seized in his grasp, he laid his hand on the window ledge beside me, as though to steady himself, and stroped until his coarse, puffy face was but a few inches from mine. "More than that," he whispered hoarsely, and his eyes, peering into mine, were now sober and full of meaning. "If you do not want to be put in the stocks or worse, make tracks! Make tracks, lad!" he continued. "Your friend over there—he is a niggardly oaf—has sent for the hundredman and the constable, and you are the quarry. So the word and you are the quarry. So the word is, Go! That," he added aloud, standing

is, Go! That," he added aroun, smile, "is erect again, with a drunken smile, "is for your cup of ale, and good coin too!"

minute I sat quite still, For half a minute I sat quite still, taken aback and wondering, while the bacon cooled on the plate before me, what I was to do. I did not doubt the monk was telling the truth. Why should he lie to me? And I cursed my folly in trusting to a coward's honor or a serving man's cool faith. But should he lie to me? And I cursed my folly in trusting to a coward's honor or a serving man's good faith. But lamentations were useless. What was I to do? I had no horse and no means of getting one. I was in a strange country, and to try to escape on foot from pursuers who knew the roads and had, the law on their side, would be a hopeless undertaking. Yet to be hauled back to Coton End a prisoner—I could for face that. Mechanically I raised a morsel of bacon to my lips, and as I did so a thought occurred to me—an idea suggested by some talk I had beard the evening before at Towersel.

"Do you mean it, my friend?" I said, and I played my point about his leg, half minded to give him a little prod by way of earnest. "Make up your mind."

"Yes!" he shrieked out, suspecting my purpose and bouncing about in his

"Yes!" he shrieked out, suspecting my purpose and bouncing about in his saddle like a parched pea. "Yes, I say!" he roared. "Do you hear me? You go your way, and I will go mine."
"That is a bargain," I said quietly, "and mind you keep to it."
I put up my sword with my face turned from him, lest he should see the curl of my lip and the light in my eyes. In truth, I was uncommonly well pleased with myself and was thinking that if I came through all my advent-

"Aye, so say I!" he cried, with an oath. "Purveyors, indeed! It is such as they give the queen a bad name."
"God bless her!" quoth the monk

rant and all. He is taking his dinner now, but he has sent for the hundredman, so I guess he means business."

"For the hundredman?" repeated the landlord, his brows meeting.

"Yes, unless I am mistaken."

There was silence for a moment. Then the man they called Tom Miller dashed his cap on the floor, and folding his arms defiantly looked round on his neighbors. "He has come, has he!" he roared, his face swollen, his eyes bloodshot. "Then I will be as good as my word! Who will help? Shall we sit down and be shorn like sheep, as we were before, so that our children lay on the bare stones, and we pulled the plow ourselves? Or shall we show that we are free Englishman and not slaves of Frenchmen? Shall we teach Master Purveyor not to trouble us again? Now, what say you neighbors?"

So fierce a growl of impatience andanger rose round me as at once answered the guestion.

were put before me, he staggered into the room, bringing a strong smell of ale and onlons with him. "Pax vobiscum!" he said, leering at me with tipsy of those me. ger rose round me as at once answered the question. A dozen red faces glared at me and at one another, and from the loud, but the more dangerous for that, the fresh burst of fury which rose as the village smith and another came in and learned the news, the menacing gestures of a score of brandished fists these sights, though they told of the very effect at which I had aimed, scared as well as pleased me. I turned red and white and hesitated, fearing that I had gone too far.

The thing was done, however, and, what was more, I had soon to take care of myself.

of myself. At the very moment when the hubbub was at its loudest I felt a chill run down my back as I met the monk's eye, and, reading in it whimsical admiration, read in it something besides, and that was an unmistakable menace. "Clever lad!" the eye sald, "I will expose you," it threatened.

I had forgotten him—or, at any rate, that my acting would be transparent enough to him holding the clew in his hand—and his look was like the shock of cold water to me. But it is wonderof cold water to me. But it is full how keen the wits grow on the grindstone of necessity. With scarcely a second's hesitation I drew out my a second of gold, and unnoticed by iong piece of gold, and unnoticed by the other men, who were busy swear ing at and encouraging one another, I disclosed a morsel of it. The monk's crafty eyes glistened. I laid my finger

on my lips.

He held up two fingers,
I shook my head and showed an
empty palm. I had no more. He nodded, and the relief that nod gave me was great. Before I had time, however, to consider the narrowness of my escape a movement of the crowd-fe news had spread with great swiftness, and there was now a crowd assembled which more than filled the room-

The room, was nearly emptied at a rush. Though I prudently remained behind, I could, through the open win-

behind, I could, through the open windo, hear as well as see what passed. The leading spirits had naturally struggled out first and were gathered, sullen and full of dangerous possibilities, about the porch.

I suppose the bishop's messenger saw in them nothing but a crowd of country clowns, for he came hectoring toward the door, smiting his boot with his whip and puffing out his red cheeks toward the door, smiting his boot with his whip and puffing out his red cheeks mightly. He felt brave enough, now that he had dired and had at his back that he had dired and had at his back three stout constables sworn to keep

A growl as of a dozen bulldogs answered him, and he drew back as a child might who has trodden on an adder. "You fools!" he spluttered, child might who has trodden on an adder. "You fools!" he spluttered, glaring at them viclously. "Are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? Do you see this?" He whipped out from some pocket a short white staff and brandished it. "I come direct from the lord chancellor and upon his business. Do you hear? And if you resist me it is treason. Treason, you dogs!" he cried, his rage getting the better of him, "and like dogs you will hang for it. Master Hundredman, I order you to take in your constables and arrest that man!"

'What man?" quoth Tom Miller, eye-

ing him fixedly.
"The stranger who came in an hour ago and is inside the house." "Him, he means, who told about the purveyor across the road," explained the monk, with a wink.

That wink sufficed. There was a roar of execration, and in the twinkling of an of execration, and in the twinking of an eye the Jack in office, tripped up this way and shoved that, was struggling helplessly in the grasp of half a dozen men, who fought savagely for his body with the hundredman and the contables.

'To the river! To the Ouse with him!" yelled the mob. "In the queen's name!" shouted the officers. But these name!" shouted the officers. But these were to those as three to a score and taken by surprise besides and doubtful of the rights of the matter. Yet, for an instant, as the crowd went reeling and fighting down the road, they prevailed, the constables managed to drag their leader free, and I caught a glimpse of him, wild eyed and frantic with fear, his clothes torn from his back, standing at bay like some animal and brandishing his staff in one hand, a packet of letters in the other.

"I have letters, letters of state!" he screamed shrilly. "Let me alone, I tell

hand, a packet of letters in the other.

"I have letters, letters of state!" he screamed shrilly. "Let me alone, I tell you! Let me go. you curs!"

But in vain. The next instant the mob were upon him again. The packet of letters went one way, the staff was dashed another. He was thrown down and plucked up again and hurrled, bruised and struggling, toward the river, his screams for mercy and furious threats rising shrilly above the oaths and laughter. and laughter.

and laughter.

I felt myself growing pale as scream followed scream. "They will kill him!" I exclaimed, trembling, and prepared to follow. "I cannot see this done."

But the monk, who had returned to my side, grasped my arm. "Don't be a fool," he said sharply. "I will answer for it, they will not kill him. Tom Miller is not a fool, though he is angry. He will duck him and let him go. But I will trouble you for that bit of gold, young gentleman." young gentleman.

I gave it to him.
"Now," he continued with a leeer, "I

"Now," he continued with a leeer, "I will give you a hint in return. If you are wise, you will be out of this country in 12 hours. Tethered to the gate over there is a good horse, which belongs to a certain purveyor now in the river. Take it! There is no one to say you nay. And begone!"

I looked hard at him for a minute, my heart beating fast. This was horse stealing, and horse stealing was a hanging matter. But I had done so much already I felt I might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. I was not sure that I had not incited to treason, and what was stealing a horse beside and what was stealing a horse beside that? "I will do it," I said desper-

"Don't lose time, then," quoth my mentor.

I went out then and these and found

mentor.

I went out then and these and found he had told the truth. Every soul in the place had gone to see the ducking, and the street was empty. Kicked aside in the roadway lay the bundle of letters, soiled, but not torn, and in the gutter was the staff. I stooped and picked up one and the other—in for a lamb, in for a sheep, and they might be useful some day. Then I jumped into the saddle and twitched the reins off the hook.

But before I could drive in the spurs a hand fell on the bridle, and the monk's face appeared at my knee. "Well?" I said, glaring down at him. I was burning to be away.

"That is a good cloak you have got there," he muttered hurriedly. "There, strapped to the saddle, you foo!! You do not want that. Give it me. Do you hear? Quick, give it me!" he cried, raising his voice and clutching at it flercely, his face dark with greed and fear.

"I see," I repiled as I unstrapped it.

see," I replied as I unstrapped it. "I see," I replied as I unstrapped it.
"I am to steat the horse that you may
get the cloak. And then you will lay
the lot on my shoulders Well, take
it!" I cried, "and go your way as fast
as you can."

as you can."

Throwing it at him as hard as I could I shook up the reins and went off down the road at a gallop. The wind whistled pleasantly past my ears. The sounds of the town grew faint and distant. Each bound of the good hack carried me farther and farther from the old life. In the exhilaration and excitement of the moment I forgot my condition, forgot that I had not a penny piece in my pocket, and that a penny piece in my pocket, and that I had left an unpaid bill behind me, forgot even that I rode a—well, a bor-

(Continued Next Week.)

One on the Laird.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
"Andrew Carnegie," said a Pittsburg
millionaire, "enjoys a joke hugely. One
of his jokes made me laugh on my last
visit to Skibo castle.

Mr. Carnegie was entote in ing.

Mr. Carnegie was entertaining at the Mr. Carnegie was entertaining at the time a Montenegrin prince. The morning after the prince's arrival we set out in a huge motor car for a long run, and as we whizzed past an inn a great crowd of highlanders rose from the benches before the inn and saluted

The prince seemed amazed at the highland dress.
"'Why,' he asked, 'do these men go
bare legged?"
"'It is a local custom,' said Mr. Car-

negle; 'a mark of respect for you, sir. In some places people take off their hats to show honor to distinguished visitors; here they take off their trous-



He Knew Tommy Wanted More Holi-

Mrs. E. Z. Marke—Doctor, what ails Doctor Wise-He is suffering from

Mrs. E. Z. Marke—What's that?
Doctor Wise—School opens on Mon-



Books were the things Stella liked. Novels, some people call them. But Scott and Dickens and Hugo were favorites with her and as she sat by the sea she read, paying no attention to the waves as they raced up the beach and fell back with the moan that means they have gone as far as they can. When the tide was low Stella could see a rock far out to sea, and one day she followed the waves as they receded from the shore and found the rock high and dry from the flood. And she rested there, climbing to a seat above the sands and out of the rays of the sun.

Back to the hotel was Stella's aunt, Miss Peckham, taking a siesta at this hour, believing her brother's daughter was reading on the bench under the tree whose branches were twisted by the western gales. When the sun burned its way into the western sky Miss Peckham was dressed for her afterneon strell expecting to take the reternoon stroll, expecting to take the ro-mantic girl along in the unromantic

the right and then to the left. "Who is he?" Some one asked the question. "A waiter at the hotel." That was the answer. But in that man was the true blood of a hero. "Brinkley," they said, and others added, "Archibald."

Suddenly Stella was brought to a

and others added, "Archibald."
Suddenly Stella was brought to a realization of her position. Over her feet the salt water washed and she drew them hurriedly beneath her gown and called to the shore for help. While she had read the tide had turned and was racing back as it had record to

But the seat under the tree was emp- was racing back as it had raced to

B.ALETON BREWE QUICK! SAID A Voice Close

ing through her gold-rimmed spectacles up and down the sand of the beach. Then the flutter of a white dress caught here eyes, a flutter that was a long way. off and from the rock that was lost to view during the high tides. Miss Peck-ham had seen that rock before and knew the fate of one caught there. in the very sight of the woman he loved. That, she know, might be her fate, too, only she had loved no one and no one was sailing by. She glanced at the pages before her as they rattled in the breeze. But this was the work knew the fate of one caught there. Quick as a flash there came the picture of her brother as he sat in his office in Chicago and of his blanched face as he would read her telegram, and the worst of Scott and not of Huge. was before her.

of Scott and not of Hugo.

"Quick," said a voice close beside
Stella. The girl peered down into the
face of the man who waited upon her
at the table. "I have come to try and
get you to the shore before the tide
turns," he said. "Can you swim?"

"I cannot—but I can try."

And they tried On the beach trooped the children and the women in white caps and apronsthe nurses and governesses. It made little difference to Miss Peckham then, though she would have hesitated a long time before calling on them for help on an ordinary occasion. About her half a dozen nurses gathered, and others seeing something out of the usual her niece dry clothes. She forgot the rescuer and did not even mention him by name to her brother in the letter she going on came tiptoing up with their charges. All saw the white dress and all knew that by high tide there would be nothing left but a memory of the girl who read. Strolling along came a party of young men and to this group ran one of the women, her white bows dancing above her hear as she ran. There was a halting of the youths and a look to seaward. Fluttering in the wind that fanned around the york was wind that fanned around the rock was white dress.

waiting on the table. His real name was Frank Simmons and he was study ing law.

Now Frank Simmons is a partner of There was a parting of the crowd and from the farthest side a young man Mr. Peckham and his wife is Stella.

President Harahan, of the Illinois Central, at a dinner in New York compared foreign with home railroads.

"And another thing," he said, "our railway servants are more courteous than foreign ones. Foreign porters and

than foreign ones. Foreign porters and ticket sellers are a crusty lot.

"An American and a Briton were once riding up to London in a first class carriage. The American at a certain station leaned out and said to the porter on the platform:

"What station is this, brother?"

"Blatmingham of course, said the

"Birmingham, of course, said the porter in a surly tone. 'Can't you see the name posted up?'
"The American after drawing in his

"The American after drawing in his head, said to the Englishman:
"Now, that was a piece of discourtesy you wouldn't meet with in America. An American porter would have ansewered me with polished politeness."
"The Englishman smiled.
"Ah, but it was your own fault, that rebuff,' he said. 'Pardon me for mentioning it, but your manner was too bluff, too rough-and-ready. The porter took you for a eer-a bounder. Now

took you for a—er—a bounder. Now, and then he shouted as he ran:
at the next station I will myself ask a porter some question, and I'll ask it in the gracious, condescending way we do such things over here. I warrant you "Sullivan reached the door and thun-I'll receive the most courteous of an-

'All right,' said the American shortiy, a little hurt at having been mis-taken for a bounder.
"Well, at the next station the car-

riage drew up near a porter, and the Englishingman—he was a typical, rotund, rosy old John Bull—put his head tout of the window, showed all his false teeth in a glittering smile, and purred: "Porter, would you kindly tell me the name of this station?"

And they tried.

Miss Peckham hurried the wet girl to the hotel and dried the hair and gate the

wrote that night. But Stella remembered. At breakfast she saw him.

When he called on her in Chicago he

explained. Archibald Brinkley was not his name, but when Stella met him he was paying his board at the hotel by

"The porter glanced up, and then as he slouched off called back over his shoulder:

"'Ah, shut tha trap, tha bacon-faced old buffer! Put tha daft fat head in before I knock it off for thee.'"

Johnny Objected.

BESIDE STELLA.

Johnny Objected.

"'Big Florrie' Sullivan," said a New York detective, "will be missed here, now that his health has gone back on him. But let us hope that he'll soon be restored to us, alert as ever to fight against the cadet and other evils. Thank you, I will have one more, but make it short, please."

"Florrie Sullivan had many an edventure in the New York slums. Some

venture in the New York slums. Some of his adventures were dramatic, tragi-cal; some were the reverse. "Passing a mean little shanty in a

horrible district one Sunday niorning Sullivan heard a loud yell: "'Murder! Murder! Help!"

"In his brave, generous way, never stopping to count the cost, he ran at full speed toward ...e sound. 'An old man's voice,' he muttered to himself, and then he shouted as he ran:

"Sullivan reached the door and trun-dered on it with fists and feet. It opened and a neat young woman ap-"What is the trouble that-- ' the

man panted, but the young w smiling quietl, interrupted him. "'Oh, never mind at all, at all,' she said. 'Shure, an' thy'r' only puttin' a clane shirt on ou. I Johnny.'"

The fellow who claims that he is tired said.

of the world doesn't stop to consider that the world may also be tired of him.

infantile Politeness.

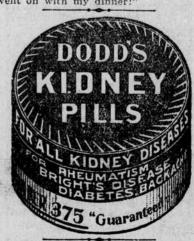
Philadelphia Ledger: Tommy had Philadelphia Ledger: Tommy had been invited to dine at a learned professor's house, and his mother was anxious for his good behavior at table. She gave him elaborate instructions.

"Well, Tommy, how did you get on?" she asked on his return. "You are milte sure you didn't do anything transcription." quite sure you didn't do anything im-

Well, no, ma--at least nothing to speak of.

The mother's anxiety was aroused.
"Ah, then, there was something wrong?
Now, tell me all about it, Tommy."
"Oh, it wasn't much. You see, I was
trying to cut my meat when it slipped off the plate on to the floor."
"Oh, my dear boy; whatever did you

"I just said, sort of carelessly, "That's always the way with tough meat," and went on with my dinner!"



Russian Contempt for Women.
New York Tribune: Russians are
misognylsts. They regard women as
scarcely superior in intelligence to children. Their proverbs prove this. At a recent wedding an aged priest said to the bridegroom: "Remember the proverb, lad —'to love your wife with all your heart, but now and then to shake her like a plum tree." A Russian, speaking about his wife to a friend said: "The trouble with wife to a riend said. The frouble with me is that I don't obey the proverb, 'Al-ways beat your wife once before dinner and twice after supper.' 'A banker falled in business in Moscow and his wife re-proached him, even threatening to leave him. "A dog has more sense than a woman!" he shouted at her. "Yes," he continued, "the proverb is right; a dog has more sense than a woman, for it never growls at its master."

A WELL MAN AT 81.

The Interesting Experience of an Old Settler of Virginia.

Daniel S. Queen, Burrell Street, Sa-"Years ago while lifting a heavy weight, a sudden pain shot through my back



and after that I was in constant misery from kidney trouble. One spell kept me in bed six weeks. My arms and legs were stiff and I was helpless as a child. The urine was disordered and though I used

one remedy after another, I was not helped until I used Doan's Kidney Pills and I was so bad then that the first box made only a slight change. Today, however, I am a well man, at 81, and I owe my life and health to the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Schoolboy Brain.

One of the most substantial and genuine of delights for those of humorous appreciation consists in a study of the answers made by schoolgirls and schoolboys in examination papers. A writer in the current Harper's Weekly has collected a new batch of these, of which the following specimens are which the following specimens are among the most choice: "Blood consists of two sorts of cork-

screws-red corkscrews and

Asked to explain what a buttress is, ne boy replied: "A woman who makes One pupil defined primate as "the

wife of a prime minister."
Gravity was discovered by Isaao
Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the
autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees."

To the question, "What is a limited monarchy?" this answer was returned:

"A limited monarchy is government by a king who, in case of bankruptcy, would not be responsible for the entire national debt. You have the same thing in private life in limited liability companies.'

Women Growing Younger.
New York World: No woman need now regard herself as passe at fifty.
Ripened charms should then be at their meridian. Society, so far from relegating meridian. Society, so far from relegating her to the background, ignores the flight of years in a belle of past conquests. In the words of a competent London observer "there has been a complete disappearance of the middle-aged woman. The social world seems now to be made up of girls, young married women and old ladles who are great-grandmothers. Every one is fresh and no one has wrinkles. Every one has bright eyes, a flower kles. Every one has bright eyes, a flower face and a slender form, and every one is dressed to perfection, the same style suiting equally well the girl of 18 and her

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT.

Food Worth Its Weight in Gold. We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Iwo years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and billousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat at last. "He said it was a food called Grape-

Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but at last consented to try this new food.

"Well! it surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My brain was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page