

Save the Old Models. Economy of floor space and the demands of house-cleaning offer a far more reasonable explanation of the action of the reorganizing commission of the patent office in selling 157,000 old models than does the suggestion of Inventor O'Brien that this is one of a series of steps to give the corporations advantage in depriving inventors of their rights, says the Boston Herald. Nearly all the models sold were of inventions on which patent rights have expired, so that inventors' rights do not seem to have suffered. The records are still preserved. But the sweeping destruction of old models is not desirable. In many instances they still have value for study and research by inventors, and many of them possess a historic interest which should warrant their preservation. The economy of space is not so urgent in the scheme of government buildings at Washington that the necessary space for the preservation of important models need be begrudged.

The bump of locality is a good one for man to possess, and there's no question but Alpine guides not only inherit, but cultivate their "memory of place." Some people who are very stupid about the points of compass, showing singular lack of the power of observation, should set to work and rectify the weakness. An English writer recalls a remarkable feat of the great guide, Melchior Andereg of Meiringen. He had never seen a larger town than Berne when he visited London, and two famous climbers, Leslie Stephen and T. W. Hinchliff, met him at London Bridge station and walked with him thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields. There was a thick London fog. Nevertheless, when a day or two later, the three were at the same station again returning from some trip, Mr. Hinchliff confidently said: "Now, Melchior, you will lead us back home." And straight to Lincoln's Inn Fields Melchior guided them, pausing only once at the foot of Chancery lane to make sure of his landmarks.

International Maritime Conference. The international maritime conference will assemble at London in December. This gathering will be for the purpose of completing arrangements for a permanent prize court and for other reforms in naval procedure suggested by the late peace congress at The Hague. The conference will be an important and dignified body, all the foremost maritime powers being represented by admirals and experts in international law, and the personnel will, says the Troy (N. Y.) Times be such as to command respect throughout the world. Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton, who is the spokesman for the American navy, has had a long and distinguished career, filling many posts where bravery, ability and special professional knowledge were exemplified, and his colleague, Prof. George G. Wilson of Brown university, is high authority on international law. The American part of the conference is likely to be well looked after.

Saving the Game. With the revision of sentiment has come scientific legislation for the protection of such game as remains, and in most states the more intelligent hunters have themselves been instrumental in promoting the legislation. But a great deal of educational work remains to be done. The improvement of guns and ammunition, above all the cheapening of their price, has placed weapons in the hands of thousands of undisciplined hunters, who just, as did their predecessors of 30 years ago, for "records." The violation of the game laws is not considered a crime by them," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Their only care is to evade detection and prosecution—not a difficult task, because of the relative scarcity of game wardens and the trouble experienced in securing evidence to convict the violators of the law.

John L. Sullivan, the once famous pugilist, comes forward in the role of a moralist and preaches a telling temperance sermon. John was 50 years old the other day, and he indulged in some reflections suggested by the anniversary. Among other things he said: "Remember, in all cases, to let liquor alone." The advice, says the Troy (N. Y.) Times, is backed by an experience which makes the little talk particularly effective.

Dispatches telling of the doing of pirates in Chilean waters read something like the stories of the old buccaneers and other rangers of the sea who used to ravage the South American and Caribbean region. But it is not at all likely that twentieth century resourcefulness will permit this sort of thing to continue for any length of time.

Taking part in a balloon race is like matrimony, as the contestants never know where they will finish. Dr. Mary Walker declares that tuberculosis comes from tobacco smoke, and Dr. Robert Sangiovanni says it comes from tight lacing. Dr. Robert may smoke, but, exclaims the editor of the Buffalo Express, I shall never, never believe that Dr. Mary wears corsets.

It is asserted that anybody can find a claim to a title by going back far enough in his pedigree. It looks as if a lot of American heiresses were wasting their money.

DON'T KISS THE BABIES

Osculation Dangerous to the Very Young and the Very Old, Says Famous French Physician.

The recent campaign had many hazards for candidates, but too little consideration has been given to the matter of baby-kissing and contagion. At least this is the declaration of the famous French physician, Dr. Martinez, who writes of promiscuous baby-kissing in his "Archives de Medecine des Enfants."

To kiss a woman may be to show evidence of soul or soulfulness, suggests the doctor, but to indulge in promiscuous kissing in babyhood is to provide the evil gods who reign in Tartarus with an easy method of inflicting baleful ills upon the sons of men. For, says the heartless medico, the little round-eyed mite is nothing less than a sink of contagion. And whenever you kiss one you are liable to fall a victim to one or all in the following interesting catalogue of ills to which our ignoble flesh is heir: Scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, tuberculosis, smallpox, nursemaids' lip, scrofula, nasal catarrh, galloping chorea, quinsy, maxillary tetanus, bacillary nose, mumps, netterash, colic, panada poison, papillary tongue and tonsillitis.

As everybody knows, the doctor says, disease causes most havoc among the very young and the very old. It is not well, therefore, he suggests, that the extremely aged should be allowed to fondle or kiss babies, and as much for their own sake as for that of the little ones, for each may communicate to the other the germs that put the human animal beyond further interest in mundane affairs. The theory is carried even further in regard to the choice of one's associates. It is well-known that people in extreme old age derive an increase of vitality and considerable rejuvenation from association with those who are in the bud of youth. The law of compensation nevertheless exerts its inevitable influence, and what the aged

gain the youthful lose. Statisticians point out that length of life is greatest among schoolmasters, or those whose life-work is carried on among young people. The same soulless statisticians hold that the reason why that fair creature of rare bloom and extra domiciliary heart-burnings, known as "the old man's darling," is a common enough phenomenon in human society, must be attributed, not so much to profound love on the part of the admirer, as to the keen interest he may feel of prolonging his own life-span.

As if to back up the learned Dr. Martinez, Lady Violet Greville gives to the world a woman's ideas on kissing, writing as follows in the London Graphic:

"There is an idea abroad that kissing is injurious. Mothers are urged not to kiss their babies, lovers not to kiss each other, and parents to refrain from embracing their children. A great deal of kissing might be very properly dispensed with. The formal peck at the parental cheek morning and evening, the effusive embrace of female friends ready to destroy each other's character with jealousy and spite, the foreign habit of bearded men clasped in each other's arms, the false kisses of the wheedling wife, or the specious smack on the cheek of the husband who is arranging a solitary holiday, all these might be suppressed; kissing, too, is an art and not all its votaries have studied the rules.

"Some kisses are horrible. There is the slobbery kiss, the indifferent kiss, which wounds one's amour propre to the quick, the salacious kiss, the hurried kiss, usually administered between couples at a railway station, the brutal kiss, the clumsy kiss. But for lovers, for mothers, what can replace the kiss? The reverent, inspired, passionate, tender kiss, the expression of all that is noble and best in human nature? The kiss of forgiveness, the kiss of pity, the kiss of charity, which elevates and restores self-respect, who would part with these? The kiss is, perhaps, the most perfect expression of love, but it should be kept for the intimate, the ecstatic, the supreme moments of life, and never, never, given in public."

We May Burn Water and Solve the Fuel Problem, Says Tesla.

CAPT. EDWARD C. WARREN, master mariner, engineer and scientist, has invented a new hydrogen motor with which he expects to revolutionize the science of power production.

Capt. Warren bears some resemblance to the wizard of electricity, Nikola Tesla, who speaks to me in the highest terms of Warren's achievements in the engineering world. Capt. Warren has recently returned from a two-years' vacation cruise on a sailing vessel and has brought with him the crystallized results of many months of study and research. While he has been sailing the deep or leading alternately the strenuous and the simple life ashore he has steadily pursued his experiments, building boats and apparatus for the purpose, and now he is preparing to give the results to the world.

This invention is nothing less revolutionary than manufacturing fuel out of water—as Mr. Tesla remarks the process represents in the broadest sense the burning of water.

We now secure power from water by utilizing its weight on an old-fashioned water wheel or a modern turbine. We also utilize the power of water by turning it into steam. Capt. Warren's invention separates the chemical constituents of water and takes advantage of the explosive capacity of these elements in recombining to produce power. The product of recombination is water, which, of course, may be used over and over as many times as extraneous forces are applied to decompose or separate it into its elements.

"Burning" Water. "Burn water?" said Capt. Warren when interrogated. "Only in the sense in which we burn carbonic acid. Both are products of combustion. The constituent elements of each are com-

WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH IT. Beggar's Plans for Expenditure of Alms Just Received.

He was a beggar, with old, worn clothes, unwashed face, unkempt hair and unbrushed shoes. He waded up to the counter of a bank in Lombard street and told, between his sobs, tears, groans and sighs, how his stomach yearned for a bite of bread. A sympathetic clerk drew forth a new shining three-penny bit, which he laid kindly and gently into the beggar's quivering and blackened hand.

"Now, my poor friend, what do you propose to do with that money?" seriously inquired the generous clerk. The beggar looked down at his soiled and tattered garments. He scanned his benefactor curiously for a moment, and then, in a tremulous tone, said:

"Young man, you see me as I am, wearing the habiliments of an outcast. Yet I am honest, and I will give you a truthful answer. I shall first go and buy me a good dinner, then I will take

bustible when isolated. The only problem is to separate or isolate them after they have once been combined. This nature is constantly doing, and we have only to accelerate or "short circuit" her processes in order to restore immediately these combustible substances to their elemental state and have them ready to reunite at our bidding in the phenomenon of combustion. Burning, or combustion, is simply the manifestation of the action of chemical affinity. We burn the elemental substances, hydrogen and oxygen, by bringing them together under conditions favorable to the operation of the affinity which causes them to unite in a new chemical compound which when condensed is water. We separate these elements by subjecting their compound, water, to conditions which overcome or neutralize this affinity.

"When we can burn hydrogen for power, when the industrial world awakes to the fact that prodigious expenditures for coal and liquid fuel are entirely unnecessary and that there is right within our grasp an unlimited supply of fuel substance available practically without cost—for it is self-producing—there will be a revolution in the industrial world. When the century-old theories of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy and matter have once become really understood by men, we will witness the utter collapse and extinction of one of the oldest and most gigantic of human industries, the mining of coal.

Means Increased Speed. "And further," he continued, "speed would receive a new impulse. We could have a 50-mile boat and a three-day Lusitania. To-day the fastest ship of the seas carries 5,000 tons of coal in her bunkers and 15,000 tons of machinery necessary to drive her. By the installation of my propulsion de-

a bath and have a shave and a haircut, and mayhap after that adorn this handsome form with a new suit of clothes. If there is any of it left after that I shall, upon my word, come back and deposit it in the bank. I am exceedingly obliged. Good day."—Tit-Bits.

Feel Scarcity of Snails. Snails are becoming extinct in France. Most of them come from vineyards, and the chemical solution with which the vines are sprayed is as fatal to the snails as to the phylloxera. Snail farms have been started and produce crops of 1,000,000 for every 200 square feet. But even this fails to fill the orders from Paris.

Not the Same Kind. Scene—Sunday school. Lady Teacher—"Now can any little boy or girl tell me who Job was?" Wee Boy, after a long pause—"A doctor." Lady Teacher—"A doctor? Oh, dear, no! Where did you read that?" Wee Boy—"Did you never hear o' the patients o' Job?"

VICES and new motive power the Lusitania would be so lightened that she could, by changing her construction somewhat, make the trip of 2,720 miles to Liverpool in three days or less. She would have more cargo room and be free from the terrific vibration that now characterizes all high-speed ships, for the new system does not involve extensive machinery. It consists of a process partly chemical and partly mechanical. The engine propelling mechanism now used would be eliminated, as the pressure of expanding aqueous vapor would be



SYMBOLICAL OF THE NEW POWER.

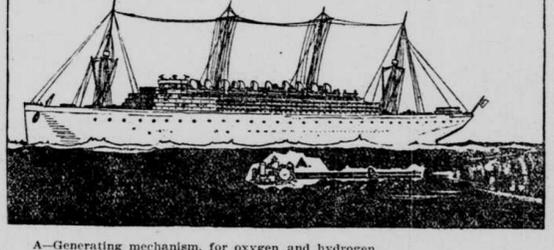
applied directly to projecting water astern."

As applied to warships the inventor believes that his new propulsive power will be of far-reaching importance and give the American battle-ships adopting the fuel and apparatus he has devised immense advantage over the warships of other navies, as the mechanism of the Warren scheme is so simple and comparatively small that it will not be easy for a torpedo or shell from the enemy to reach it.

"That hydrogen may be manufactured from water by more or less complex and expensive processes is, of course, well known," said Capt. Warren, "but my process is the first by which it may be produced economically and utilized in an engine or a motor.

Economy in Its Use. "In the process of burning coal and generating steam power in an engine an efficiency of from five to ten per cent. is the best that is realized with the most highly developed modern equipment, and this is not taking into account the manufacturing cost of the coal—mining, cleaning and transporting—or even the prodigious cost of merely shoveling it into the furnace, this latter item in the case of the Lusitania amounting to nearly as much as the cost of the coal delivered aboard ship. All this is eliminated when we manufacture our fuel as we

Capt. Warren's Diagram Showing the Application of His Invention to Ocean Steam ships.



A—Generating mechanism, for oxygen and hydrogen. B—Tunnel where propulsion is effected. C—Gates for admission of water to the tunnel.

go along, drawing our own supply of raw material without cost from the boundless ocean of water and air in which nature has stored ready to hand limitless supplies of fuel energy in the form of hydrogen and oxygen, to be had for the taking and costing nothing but the harnessing to yield us in measureless abundance that mechanical power so essential to human advancement.

"Suppose carbonic acid, the product of carbon and oxygen in combustion, were readily condensable into liquid form at atmospheric pressure and temperature, would we not then be found endeavoring to effect its immediate decomposition into its elements

in order that we might again avail ourselves of the energy liberated by their union? But the natural cycle of carbon carries it through the complex evolution of plant life before it is finally returned to a concentrated condition. In carbonic acid it retains its gaseous form at all ordinary temperatures and pressures and so is difficult to deal with.

"Not so with hydrogen. When burned with oxygen it takes the form of highly rarefied aqueous vapor which is immediately condensable into water at ordinary temperatures, and

we can immediately recover it in form adapted to our needs. In Heating Value. "The heating value of hydrogen in combination with oxygen is 60,000 heat units per pound. The heating value of the best coal is about 14,000 heat units per pound. Heat units mean power units, and it is heat units we want when we buy fuel. A process for the manufacture of hydrogen on a basis that will yield us more heat units for a dollar than a dollar will buy in the form of coal must obviously put an end to the use of coal for fuel, for hydrogen is a perfect fuel. It leaves no ash, makes no smoke or poisonous gas and, being derived from water and being made as required, it requires no transportation or handling."

"But what is the secret of the production of this new motive power?" Capt. Warren was asked.

"The secret of the production of hydrogen for fuel lies in the successful manipulation of that mysterious force in nature called chemical affinity of elements—in other words, the isolation of the hydrogen under certain conditions and its recombination through combustion, with the oxygen with which it was originally associated in the form of water."

While Mr. Warren would not discuss in detail his methods by which nature is thus to be tapped and her

Hick'ry Holler News.

"Dovey" Halligan has been engaged for several days painting a "Washing and Ironing" board for his wife.

Uncle Hank Grigsby is afraid that he is developing symptoms of tape worm. Cheer up, Uncle Hank, the undertaker nor the tape worm hasn't got your measure yet.

It seems strange that any of our nice young men should have to punish good horseflesh every Sunday driving twenty miles to see their affinites, when there are any number of nice girls right here at home. They ought to be more patriotic. The next thing they will be getting their wives from a mail order house.

Uncle Hank Grigsby has changed from Petuna to Lizard Oil.

Postmaster Harley finds the mail is very heavy since Job White started studying aeronautics by correspondence school. He is thinking of taking on an assistant to help with the mail—and other things. Ah there, Evalina!

The citizens of Hick'ry Holler point with pride to the new sprinkling cart, painted red, white and blue, which made its belated appearance upon our Main street yesterday. It was a gala occasion and everybody viewed it. Charley Green handled the reins with great aplomb.

Uncle Hank Grigsby was cured of jaundice and a bile on his neck by Pills'ons Ticklish Drops. Four bottles for \$3 at Down's drug store. ADV. More anon.

The man who asks for the breast of the chicken doesn't always get it, but the man who is content with the neck always gets his.

Beware of Mind Wobbling. To a certain degree we are the masters of our fate and the captains of our souls—as the poet says. By strong will and fidelity to ideals we can rise superior to circumstances. The trouble is that many waste time in letting their minds wobble. Get over the undecided habit of mind wobbling.

Real love may make a husband devoted and attentive, but real fear is sometimes just as effective in that direction.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

History Down to Date. "It is my purpose," writes the editor of the Hickory Holler Bugle, "to review each week a chapter from the most important books of history, selecting from the library of the past such subjects as will interest the readers of to-day. By this method I hope to enlist many enthusiastic readers for 'History Down to Date.' My first subject will be 'Antony and Cleopatra.' This most important story shall be 20th-century-ized as follows:

"Having triumphed over Julius Caesar, Cleopatra was enterprisingly engaged in making Antony's lawful wife play a second fiddle in the orchestra of his love. "On this particular evening, Antony called by appointment to enjoy an affinity tete-a-tete. The boudoir was resplendent for the occasion. Beautiful flowers breathed their amorous odors, while redolent perfumes, heavy with hashish, exhaled their subtle influence. "When Antony took in the voluptuous settings of this fascinating Eden he realized for the first time his life that he was a matrimonial shipwreck forever more. "To his eye there was but one beloved face on earth, and that was shining on him. "In his heart, oblivious to honor, allegiance and sacred vows, there burned only the mad passion to possess her. And Cleo, the cut-up, did her best to throw him. "The pink tea was but half over when Antony, bewildered and ill at ease, dropped his napkin. By grabbing at it, he succeeded in knocking it half way under the table. "Running about the room was a white rat, a prized pet of the famous man-killer. Just as Antony stooped for the napkin, the rat chanced to slip quietly underneath the luxurious lingerie of Cleopatra's dainty skirts, nipping her gently on the ankle. "As Antony's head emerged from beneath the table, his face florid from exertion, Cleopatra arose majestically and gasped: "Sir! "Antony, much chagrined, and wondering, could merely stammer his apology. "When the scandal got into the newspapers, he decided the best way out of it was to marry the girl. Owing to having a wife of his own, this could not be—and he did the next worst thing, which should be a warning to all young men. "This is a true and heretofore unprinted story of how the wicked Cleopatra became the first affinity extant. More chapters will follow in due time. —Editor The Bugle."

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY. For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well —Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C— gave her up. Dr. B— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

PAMPERED. Mrs. Newrich—Will your hounds follow a fox? Newrich—Why—er—I think they would if the fox was dressed and cooked.

No Cremation. "I was visiting Atlanta during the late wave of reform there," recently said a Philadelphian, "when I overheard an amusing conversation in a barber shop between a patron and the boy who shines shoes. "I saw you playing craps this morning," said the patron, by way of a joke. "If the grand jury got at you, it would make you tell all about the gambling among the darkies." "No, suh, dey wouldn't," protested the negro, warmly. "I knows enough about de law to know dat a man doan have t' tell nothin' dat cremates hissef."

An Intelligent Child. A small boy was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandmother chided him. "You musn't play with the scissors dear. I know a little boy like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he could never see anything after that."

The child listened patiently, and said, when she got through the narrative: "What was the matter with his other eye?"—Bystander.

NEW LIFE Found in Change to Right Food. After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food it is something to speak out about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes: "For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate. "After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately. "It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts I was able to do my housework. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh. "We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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

A MATTER OF HEREDITY. Agnes Had Only Followed in the Footsteps of Her Mother.

Even if there had not been kernels of rice in her hat and a glad light of love in her eye any bachelor could have told that she was a bride. And the manner in which she spoke to her husband showed they had not been married long.

A man in the passing crowd spied the couple, and rushed over to greet the bride. "Well, well, Agnes," he cried, extending his hand, "you don't mean to say that you're married?" "Why—why, yes," the girl stammered, vivid color mounting to her cheeks, as she tried to defend her novel situation. "You—you know, it runs in the family. Mother was married, too."

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