

FREE RAILROAD FARE AND PASS.

To the Interstate Fair, Sioux City, Iowa, Sept. 7 to 15.

Cut this out and mail today to L. H. Jones, the piano man, Sioux City, Iowa, together with the name of any one who is going to buy a piano now or within two or three months and you will receive an order on the Northwestern National bank, of Sioux City, Iowa, for a draft sufficient to buy you a ticket to the fair for any day you may designate, together with enough to pay your railroad fare if you live within 150 miles of Sioux City, providing, however, we sell your customer a piano during the fair.

If this should be read by anyone who is in the market for a piano we will make you this proposition, in addition to the above: If you will give us a fair chance to sell you a piano and we do not, and you buy during the fair, we will pay you in cash the amount of your railroad fare and hotel bill during one full day, and buy you a ticket to the fair. Our object in making you this offer is to get a chance to sell you, and our confidence in our special prices during the fair is the incentive.

Special sale of pianos and organs, new and second hand. Read our prices below:

Chickering piano, almost new, originally cost \$650, now \$275; Weber piano, very fine case, almost new, in fine condition, originally cost \$450, now \$250.

Emerson piano, shows very little wear, their very finest case and finest piano, originally sold for \$450, now \$235.

Good Emerson piano, sold when new for \$325, now \$150.

Fischer piano, in good condition, originally sold for \$500, now \$185.

Everett piano, interior extra good, formerly sold for \$450, now \$175.

Very good piano, been used seven years, now \$125.

Very good piano, Kimball make, \$90. Chicago piano, \$75.

New pianos.

Four of the best piano factories we represent have given us the privilege to sell their pianos at factory prices, only adding the freight and expense of handling. This is purely an advertising scheme, and will bring four different makes of the best pianos made in the United States so low the inducement to buy will be very great. Prices are on a cash basis; however, we will arrange for small monthly payments or one, two and three years' time at no advance in our cash prices.

Fifty organs and five square pianos in storage and must be sold at once. Kimball, Story & Clark, Farrand & Votey, Chicago Cottage, Newman Bros. and others, \$10 and up. Every piano and organ sold bears our personal guarantee, as good as a farm mortgage. Our reference, the Northwestern National and First National banks, Sioux City.

Open every evening during the fair until 10 o'clock.

L. H. JONES, THE PIANO MAN, 620 Fourth St.

Pins have been found among the Egyptian mummies and in the prehistoric caves of Switzerland.

Fall Millinery.

The charming Mushroom shape has become the recognized hat for Fall wear and there is no end of its popularity in sight. It comes in a great variety of crowns and brims, of which the high sloping back starts in as a favorite. Covered with silk and edged with velvet it becomes proper background for mounting the wonderfully striking trimmings of Fancy Feathers or Ostrich Plumes. The late fashion books all contain articles about this. Dealers in even small towns will be able to supply their trade with this up-to-date millinery if they buy their stock from an aggressive Jobbing and Manufacturing concern. Throughout the Northwest the firm of Blumenfeld, Locher & Brown Co., known as "The Progressive Millinery House of Milwaukee" is recognized as foremost and the hats produced by them are of latest pattern, real milliner made and of that stylish appearance so much sought after. But the prices that these hats can be sold for are always within reach of the general public. Ask your saleslady to show you a Trimmed Hat with a B. L. Monogram Label.

How It Happened.

Parks—How did the ship come to bang against the rocks?

Barks—Why, a young man was court-ing the lighthouse keeper's daughter, and they absent-mindedly turned the light down low.—Woman's Home Companion.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His Retentive Faculty.

Merchant—Your nephew has applied for a job in my store. Can you recommend him? He says he has had no experience, but he is full of days' work.

The Uncle—Well, I guess he is. Nobody has ever got any of 'em out of him yet.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It relieves the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong; In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when a coward cries.

To give to the man who bravely tries; And you'll win success with a little song— If you'll sing the song as you go along! If you'll sing a song as you plod along, You'll find that the busy, rushing throng Will catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding rain; That the clouds will fly from the black-ened sky; That the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends From where the placid rainbow bends; And all because of a little song— If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along, You'll see that the singing will make you strong; And the heavy load and the rugged road, And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad Will soar with the note that you set afloat; And the beam will change to a trifling mote; That the world is bad when you are sad, And bright and beautiful when glad, That all you need is a little song— If you'll sing the song as you trudge along! —Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.



"Well, I never! What a wonderful thing! How truly kind and considerate! I take it as a direct answer to prayer."

Miss Joan Lawrence dropped a letter on the table, and covered two slightly wrinkled cheeks with her thin hands.

"What are you talking about? Is anything the matter?" inquired Miss Caroline, looking up, her small, eager face expressing irritability and curiosity. She was bending over an old-fashioned embroidery frame, and was in the act of counting, "three greens, one white, a purple, then a pearl," when her sister's voice sent all the colors out of her head.

"A most unaccountable thing has happened," answered Miss Joan. "Such a kind letter from Mr. Sloane. Just listen: \* \* \* If, therefore, you will kindly call at my place of business I shall be pleased to see your work, and we can talk matters over. If I can be of any service to you, pray come, an—"

"It is all our minister's doing," said Margaret, softly. "It was Mr. Forbes who wrote to Mr. Sloane on our behalf."

Both sisters turned to her in surprise.

"We don't understand you, Margaret," said Miss Joan.

"No," she answered, plaintively. "If you did you would not shut me out of your troubles, nor deny yourselves that I might escape the pinch of poverty. You treat me as a child, I, who am in my 35th year. But I am not a child, and—and, upon my own responsibility, I called upon Mr. Forbes, told him our difficulties, and asked if he could help us in any way. Apparently it was a good thing I did so."

"Yes," admitted Miss Joan, looking tenderly into the soft, shy eyes of her youngest sister, "it was a happy thought, Margaret. Dear me! Thirty-four—our little Margaret! And Caroline is 50 and I am 35. Mother's baby Margaret 34, yet never very strong! Oh, my darling, it is only natural that we long to shelter you from the buffetings of the world's storms."

Miss Joan broke down quite unexpectedly, and sobbed. "I can't help it," she said; "I am crying for thankfulness."

The sisters drew round the fire and sat there for an hour discussing their good fortune.

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised," said Caroline, "if after Mr. Sloane has seen our work he gives us more orders than we can possibly undertake."

"Only think of that, Joan," smiling, "though that won't be just at present, child. But, in any case, we shall never forget Mr. Sloane's kindness, shall we? I shouldn't wonder if he remembers what good customers we have been in the past—the hundreds of pounds we have paid over his counters."

It was Tuesday morning when Miss Joan received Mr. Sloane's letter, and during the next two days the sisters talked of nothing but how they should meet him, and what they should say. The memory of the past, when they ranked with his best customers, gave them courage, while the fact that they were about to meet him on different terms was not without its sting.

When Thursday morning came, however, Miss Joan and her sister Margaret put on their best bonnets and bravely went to town, taking with them a tall-tale, large brown-paper parcel. The pavements were wet and slippery, and a drizzling rain was falling. Now, although they kept assuring each other that their business was entirely honorable, and not unpleasant, still they went on their way a little timorously, feeling anxious and ill at ease. As they approached their destination their spirits sank still lower, and they

wished their interview with Mr. Sloane well over.

The well-known, flourishing establishment of "Sloane & Co." was a series of large shops occupying the length of one street, and part of another.

"We will go in at the door where we are least likely to be recognized, dearie," said Miss Joan, nervously. "Dear me, child, you look soaked through!"

"Never mind me; I shall soon dry," said Margaret, with a laugh that was half tears. "I wish we were at home again, don't you?"

Miss Joan did not answer, but swung open a heavy glass door and made her way to the counter, Margaret following.

A tall, bustling, well-dressed girl presented herself, and bestowed a reverential smile upon the ladies. Alas! they recognized her at once. She had been the head of the glove department for years.

"What is your pleasure, madam? Gloves?" She hesitated to eye with amazement the large parcel. The wealthy Miss Lawrence with a parcel. What did it mean? Her obsequious manner at once degenerated into feminine curiosity.

"Thank you, not gloves to-day. I wish to see Mr. Sloane," and Miss Joan presented her card.

"Mr. Sloane? He is in the next shop. Perhaps you would like to go to him?" "No, we prefer to wait here," Miss Joan's voice faltered.

"He is terribly busy," volunteered the girl, curling the edge of the card in her fingers as she went on her errand. Presently she returned. Mr. Sloane would see them directly, and in a few minutes he appeared—bald of head, flabby of feature, and smooth of tongue, a loosely built man with stooping shoulders. He came forward, rubbing his hands. The ladies bowed. Then he glanced at their faces, and grew confused. Evidently he had not thought of associating these well-remembered stately gentlewomen with the letter of appeal received from the Rev. Mr. Forbes.

"Excuse me," he stammered, gathering himself together; "for a moment I am engaged with a gentleman. I will return to you immediately." Again the ladies bowed.

"Of course, he will take us into a private room, Joan," whispered Margaret.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these \* \* \* ye have done it unto Me."—London S. S. Times.

Mr. Harmon's New Gardener.

"Old Man Harmon," as he was generally, if not very respectfully known, was one of the leading citizens of a thriving Western State. His flowers were his hobby and the pride of his heart. Mike, his head gardener, honest and hard-headed to the last degree, was a very skillful florist, but he and the old gentleman were seldom in agreement. Mike would do what he thought best for his beloved plants, regardless of orders, and consequently had been discharged two or three times every week during the many years of his incumbency.

At last a really serious rupture occurred, and the old gentleman and Mike parted company in good earnest, each expressing in unmeasured terms his joy at being rid of the other.

The flowers immediately began to languish as if grieving for the rough but tender hand that had cared for them so long. Mr. Harmon advertised far and near for a gardener.

Selecting from the numerous replies the one that most struck his fancy, he wrote and appointed an immediate interview.

The old gentleman hastened out on the lawn when the applicant was announced, only to be confronted by Mike, dressed in his Sunday best, bowing and smiling with the best grace in the world, and holding in his hand Mr. Harmon's letter appointing the meeting.

"An' is it a gardener you're wantin', sir?" queried Mike, innocently.

"I am badly in need of one," responded Mr. Harmon, gravely. "I had a fairly good man, but he was so pig-headed that I had to let him go. He never seemed to understand that I wanted some little personal enjoyment out of my plants, even if I did lose a few occasionally by experimenting with them. But I must say that he was a good man."

"The spalpeen!" interrupted Mike. "To be after not wanting you to enjoy your own blossoms, an' yourself bearing all the expense of them."

"I had a good place myself, but I had to leave on account of the boss thinking he knowed so much more than he did, an' wanting me to transplant some of our best plants on a day that wuz cold enough to freeze the nose off yer face, to say nothing of them tender shoots. But I'm not saying that he wuzn't a gentleman an' the best man I ever worked for."

The interview proceeded with great solemnity, as between two strangers, and in a half-hour Mike had his coat off, busily going over his tulips and hyacinths, and grumbling comfortably about the moles and the cutworms.—Youth's Companion.

Mathematics.

Mother—Jean, give half of your apple to your little sister. Remember that a pleasure shared is doubled. Jean—Yes, mother, but an apple shared is halved.—Nos Loisirs.

Many a convincing political speaker can't even get a hearing at home.

Vanity makes a lot of remunerative work for the beauty doctors.

me take off your bonnet. There, there; you are our brave Joan again."

At that moment something happened. The wheels of a carriage rattled down the narrow street. A knock came to the front door, and presently the little maid-of-all-work announced "Mrs. Spencer."

She stood on the threshold almost enveloped in costly furs, and with a startled cry Margaret rose to her feet, for she recognized her at once as an interested observer of their trying half-hour at Sloane's.

In another moment she had settled herself cosily in an armchair, and the dark, mournful room seemed full of sunshine and brightness.

"You must excuse me for calling in this unconventional way," said Mrs. Spencer; "but I saw you, as you know, at Sloane's this morning, and I was interested, for your beautiful work attracted me, though, of course, I could not approach you there. One thing especially took my fancy—a cushion of rare beauty. I would be so glad if you would sell it to me, and my carriage being here, I can take it with me."

Seeing at a glance that the sisters were not "bargainers," the kind-hearted lady named a sum far beyond all their expectations, and insisted on its acceptance in a way which touched them deeply.

"Now this brings me to the real object of my visit," she continued. "I am furnishing a boudoir in the antique. Every piece of furniture has been picked up at different times. Will you—I know I am asking a great favor—but will you undertake to renovate and replace all the needlework—covers of chairs, cushions, mantle-borders, and so forth? I do hope you will say 'Yes.'"

The sisters could hardly recognize their own voices as they attempted to speak. They felt dazed, bewildered, the relief was so great, the lady's kindness so overwhelming.

"We cannot find words in which to express to you, madam, our sincere thanks," Miss Joan's lips quivered pitifully.

"Don't—don't take it in that way; you make me feel ashamed. It is you who are conferring the favor upon me." Mrs. Spencer rose to depart.

She waved her hand out of the carriage window, and, as she went her way, it may be that a still small voice whispered in her ear the words of the Master whom she so faithfully served: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these \* \* \* ye have done it unto Me."—London S. S. Times.

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The Bright Side of It.

Maggie's mind is so organized that recognizing trouble is, for her, next to impossible. Indeed, Mr. Carter maintains that if ever a cloud does contrive to catch Maggie's attention, it straightway turns itself inside out, the result being that it exists for Maggie as a silver lining only.

Maggie's sunniness was a distinctly grateful feature of the domestic atmosphere—following two sour-visaged, grumpy parlor maids. Indeed, it was this quality that repeatedly saved her from discharge, for neat, smiling, industrious little Maggie, alas, would break things.

"Maggie," she said, "this vase cost forty dollars!"

"The saints forbid, ma'am!" cried poor Maggie, quite overcome.

"Yes! But I shall cost only half that amount against you. I dislike dreadfully to do this, Maggie, but I must teach you to be careful, so I'm going to keep back a dollar every week from your wages until the twenty dollars are paid."

Tears—not wholly for the shattered ornament—flowed freely, for a dollar a week is a formidable drain on some incomes. Then Maggie was herself again.

"Anyhow," she said, half-archly, as her characteristic smile made its way out, "I do be thinkin' ma'am, that I'm sure of me nice job here wid you for some toime ahead!"

Beats Radium for Cost.

If you object to paper money, but wish to carry big values in small compass, you might do worse than lay in a stock of best lenses for microscopes. Weight for weight, gold is not nearly so valuable as glass in the form of powerful lenses, and an ordinary purse filled with such lenses might easily represent a fortune. The record increase in the value of the manufactured article over the raw material is probably multiplied itself 50,000,000 times. The front lens of a micro objective instrument costing about £1 weighs no more than about .0017 of a gram; hence the value of such lenses to the weight of about two a quarter pounds would be £800,000. The cost of making this weight of glass is 1½ pence to 3 pence, and thus when worked up into the shape of a lens the glass has increased in value about 50,000,000 times.—London Express.

No Gain, and Some Loss.

"Yes," the leader of the amateur brass band was saying, "it's curious to see what an effect learning to play a horn has on some persons. I used to be a pretty good bass singer, but I can't sing worth a cent now."

"Does learning to play a horn spoil the voice?" asked his next-door neighbor.

"It did mine."

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't know how to account for it. Strains the vocal cords, perhaps. All I know is that I blew my voice out through the mouthpiece of my cornet."

"Did you have a good voice?"

"Everybody said so."

"Then it's a great pity you ever learned to play a horn," rejoined his neighbor, shaking his head sadly. "I—er—think I should have enjoyed hearing you sing."

Predominance of British Blood.

Twenty-five men have served as President of the United States; twenty-six as Vice President. As eight of the Vice Presidents subsequently held the higher office, the total number of men who have been President or Vice President is forty-three. The forty-three are classified below by the nationality of their forefathers. It is a noteworthy fact that, saving the two New Yorkers of Dutch blood, Roosevelt and Van Buren, every incumbent has been of British race. We have not yet had a German-American chief magistrate, and the day of our first Italian or Slavonic President is probably still far distant.

English . . . . . 27  
Welsh . . . . . 1  
Scottish . . . . . 5  
Scottish-Irish . . . . . 8  
Dutch . . . . . 2

Help for Tony.

A passer-by, seeing smoke issuing from a window on the first floor of a two-story wooden building, rang in an alarm, and the fire-engines soon appeared on the scene. A crowd quickly gathered, only to find that the smoke was caused by a defective stovepipe.

Suddenly a native of Italy appeared on the top floor, and seeing the crowd round the house, and the smoke issuing from the window below, yelled out to a passing fireman:

"Put a up the stepla-lad' and I jump!"

Social Rank.

At a country dance in a Southern town, when the fiddlers had resigned their bows and taken their places on the platform, the floor manager rose.

"Git yo' partners for a cotillion!" he shouted, imperiously.

"All you ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes and stockings take yo' places in the middle ob de room. All you ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' no stockings take yo' places immediately be-hin' dem. An' you barfooted crowd you jes jig it roun' in the corners."

A Martyr.

The Friend—If your married life is so unhappy, why don't you get a divorce from your husband? Unhappy Wife—Because he would then marry some other woman and make her unhappy.—Chicago News.

By Rights.

Correspondent—How much do you want about the erection of a pillar in the new square?  
Editor—It ought to make a good column story.—Baltimore American.

A Careful Patient.

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, grew impatient at the slow progress she was making, and made complaint to her doctor, who said:

"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest."

"But, doctor," objected his patient. "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

Does Your Back Ache?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

"About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

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

The average birth rate for Europe shows that for every 100 girls 106 boys are born.

Merchants Visit Milwaukee.

Come to the city of beautiful parks, clean streets, fine buildings, huge factories, immense jobbing houses and hospitable people. Spend your time during the Annual Fall Buying Season where you can bring your families and combine business with pleasure.

The recent laws in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, and neighboring states, by which passenger fares are reduced to two cents a mile, are of great advantage to merchants in this territory who wish to come to Milwaukee. After August 15, 1907, merchants may buy a regular ticket to Milwaukee at a rate of two cents a mile (the lowest rate now given for any occasion) and will not be required to secure certificates or be restricted to certain dates. This offers decided advantages to Milwaukee patrons. While in Milwaukee call for information at the Milwaukee Association of Jobbers and Manufacturers, 45-49 University Bldg.

The Prague Municipal Council has prohibited the trailing of dresses in public squares, places and streets, under penalty of a heavy fine.

FITS. St. Vitis' Dance and all Nervous Diseases Permanently Cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Sold for Free 32 cent bottles and treated. DR. R. H. KLINE, 141, 321 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Handwriting Tells Age.

Youngish mothers of well-grown daughters are waking to the fact that what was held to be a proper handwriting for a woman twenty years ago is no longer taught in the schools. The queer angular hand that women still affected ten years ago has given place to a handwriting with curves, and the vertical writing of a dozen years ago is disappearing before a moderate slant.

The woman whose handwriting is marked by the extreme form of the angular style is as easily recognized for a person no longer young as the woman who persists in the fashions of 1892. Some unmarried women who like to think their state not immutable would be glad to get rid of their tell-tale handwriting.

The younger grandmothers who did not wake to the angular hand in time to change now retain the essentials of the old copperplate style that was taught in the '60's and '70's. It is astonishingly neat and clear, but as manifestly of an earlier generation as the hoopskirt or the bustle.

The girls of to-day are reverting to the handwriting of the generation before the copperplate was invented. The women who were still young in 1840 used this rather unconventional style.

The wasp has been observed to waylay and rob bees which, the latter, laden with honey, were returning to the hive.

FEET OUT.

She Had Curious Habits.

When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the coldest nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way in one person and in another way in another. In this case the lady lived in S. Dak. She says:

"I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and felt afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with twitching and jerking of the lower limbs, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church or to lectures because of that awful feeling that I must keep on the move."

"When it was brought to my attention that coffee caused so many nervous diseases, I concluded to drop coffee and take Postum Food Coffee to see if my trouble was caused by coffee drinking."

"I only drank one cup of coffee for breakfast but that was enough to do the business for me. When I quit it my troubles disappeared in an almost miraculous way. Now I have no more of the jerking and twitching and can sleep with any amount of bedding over me and sleep all night, in sound, peaceful rest."

"Postum Food Coffee is absolutely worth its weight in gold to me." "There's a Reason." Read the little health classic,