

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette for which he was scolded by Blake. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake recovered his surgeon's magnifying glass, thus insuring his life. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio scoured the island for the cliffs. Miss Leslie's skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhauling a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp last night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. He killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was struck by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake deserted. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrop stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrop was badly hurt.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! It may be, some hot broth—"
"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrop, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. So if you can't die like a man."
"Die! Gawn, but I can't die—I can't die—Ow! It burns!"
He flung up a hand, and sought to tear at his wounds.
"Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip.
Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cower the wretched man into a state of abject submission.
"Stop me, I'll confess—I'll confess all!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I had to take 'em out of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet, plays the gent, they never as a hankling! Mr. Cecil Winthrop, if you please, an' a list of titles—wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'casser! Wot a lark, wot a lark!"
Again there was a pause. The breath of the wounded man came in labored gasps. There was an ominous rattling in his throat. Yet once again he rallied, and this time his eyes turned to Miss Leslie, bright with an agonized consciousness of her presence and of all his guilt and shame.
His voice shrilled out in quavering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—a valet's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you—"
Blake's deep voice, firm but strangely husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."
"Enough—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy—"
Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally.
Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure.
"Get back around the tree," he said harshly.
"What are you going to do?"
"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."
"You're not going to— You'll bury him!"
"Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!"
"I can't go," she half whispered, "not until I've learned— Do you— can you tell me just what is paranoisa?"
Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.
"Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."
"Do you think that—" she hesitated— "that he had it?"
Again Blake paused to consider.
"Well, I'm no alienist. I thought him a softy from the first. But that was all in line with what he was playing on us—British dude. Fooled me, and I'd been chumming with Jimmy Scarborough and Jimmy was the straight goods, fresh imported—mono-cle even—when I first ran up against him. No, this—this Hawkins, if that's his name, had brains all right. Still, he may have been cracked. When folks go dotty, they sometimes get extra 'cute. The best I can think of him is that losing his savings may have made him slip a cog, and then the scare over the way we landed here and his spells of fever probably hurried up the softening."
"Then you believe his story?"
"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."
"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and you— you quarreled with him?"
Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"
"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care



"I Wish He Hadn't Rushed Off So Suddenly."

to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"
Blake's flush deepened; but he raised his head, and faced her squarely as he answered: "No, I'm not going to repeat any dead man's talk; and as for what I said, this isn't the time or place to say anything in that line—now that we're alone. Understand?"
"I'm afraid I do not, Mr. Blake. Please explain."
"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. 'Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows."
"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect—" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them.
Blake frowned and hesitated; then burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's no blabbing to tell that much—I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."
"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wreckage and Salvage.

ALL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to feel any concern over the mere damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.
Not being able to find dry fuel she gathered a quantity of the least sodden of the twigs and branches and spread them out on a ledge in the clear sunshine. While her firewood was drying she scraped away the mud and litter heaped upon her rude hearth. She then began a search for lost articles. When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew pot and one of the platters in fragments. The drying-frames for the meat had been blown away, and so had the antelope and hyena skins.
Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.
Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While she worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smear moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.
"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."
"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please,

to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"
Blake jerked his thumb upward.
"You have carried him up on the cliff?"
"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over— But, I say, look here."
He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald like a piece of a large pea.
"O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.
He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into his pocket.
"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess's jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and—"
"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.
"Say, I didn't mean to—it was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"
"Of course! It was only the thought that—"
"No wonder, I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."
Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.
"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparkles! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"
"No; not as it is."
He nodded soberly. "All right, then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."
She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and turned to go again to her sewing.
"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."
"I do not—I am not hungry."
"That's no matter. Here!"
He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.
"Good! Now a piece of meat," he said.
"Please, Mr. Blake!" she protested. "Yes, you must!"
She took a bite, and sought to eat; but there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow. The ears gushed into her eyes, and she began to weep.
Blake's close-set lips relaxed, and he nodded.
"That's it; let it run out. You're overworked. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."
"But I want to get the flag mended!" she sobbed.
"All right, all right; plenty of time!" he soothed. "I'm going to see how things look down the cleft."
He bolted the last of his meat, and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.
His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have

done the week before. Presently his face cleared, and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrop, she had called him "Tom!"
After a time he started on, picking his way over the remnant of the barricade, without a falter in his whistling. The deluge of rain had poured down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying bare the ledges in the channel of the spring rill. But aside from an occasional boggy hole, the water had drained away.
At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge, and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm, and a slight breeze tempered the sun-rays.
He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day; but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river, and swam across, reckless of the crocodiles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments as well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reckless of the ugly crocodiles in the river.
For all this, he was back at the haobab before Miss Leslie had dithered up the last slit in the torn flag.
She looked up at him, with a brave attempt at a smile.
"I am afraid I'm not much of a needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"
"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give it me, now. I've got to get it up, and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp—and to-night I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."
"Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I take a turn on watch?"
Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep to-day, and work rebuilding the barricade to-night. Toward morning I might build up the fire, and take a nap."
He caught up the flag and its new staff, and swung away through the cleft.
He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected, and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboos over a ledge at the cliff foot, behind the haobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which, like Winthrop's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work, he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.
"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree."
"Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined—"not till it's dried out!"
She glanced at his fat, and replied, without a moment's hesitation: "Very well. I will do what you think best."
"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much needed sleep.
He awoke just soon enough before dark to see the results of her hard day's labor. All the provisions stored in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready for burning, was piled up against the haobab; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered together in heaps. Blake looked his admiration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.
"You oughtn't to've done so much," he admonished.
"I'll show you I can tote fair!" she rejoined. During the afternoon she had recalled to mind that odd expression of a southern girl chum, and had been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.
He stared at her open-eyed, and laughed.
"Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"
Thereupon, they fell to chatting like children out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure up on the cliff top and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them.
When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake sprang up, with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft. The girl looked after him with a lingering smile.
"I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for—for everything!"
The color swept over her face in a deep blush, and she darted around to her tiny hut as though some one might have overheard her whisper.
Yet, after all, she had said nothing; or, at least, she had merely said "everything."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Put the pig houses in good order for the coming winter.
Cows that are allowed to go dry too long never attain their best.
Do not depend upon the frost-bitten pastures, but begin with a good ration in the stable.
Goats require more salt than sheep, owing to the more astringent character of their food.
Every cow must go into winter quarters in the pink of condition or there will be a serious loss.
As the cold nights come, do not leave the cows out to sleep on the damp ground where they may be chilled.
Nearly all verminifuges are more or less poisonous in one way or another, and gasoline, properly used, is not particularly dangerous.
Telephones are becoming as common in the country as mail boxes, and save both husband and wife many a day's journey to town.
For the long, round worms, which inhabit the small intestines of the horse, nothing proves more efficient than spirits of turpentine.
For a family of young children there is no place like the country. It is the natural domain. Everything contributes to wholesome growth.
An easy way to fight lice is to drive band posts in the yard; wind an old braan sack soaked in crude kerosene about it and let the hogs do the rest.
Better men and women are certain to result from a rural childhood—and this is surely a big source of satisfaction to the wise mother on a farm.
The usual dose of gasoline for stomach worms is: Lambs, one-fourth ounce; sheep, one-half ounce; calves, one-half ounce; yearling steers, one ounce.
Good country roads enable the women folk to drive without risk or discomfort—to pay visits in the neighborhood—and to take an outing when they like.
Pigs are not well protected by nature, and to thrive they must have warm winter quarters free from drafts. They must have a good range for exercise, but they must have warm quarters in which to sleep.
Cattle and sheep will often bloat when turned onto clover pasture in the fall. It is caused by their eating too much of the green plant. The bloat may be reduced by giving the animals subject to it some dry feed. Regular salting also helps.
A member of the country life commission says the worst agricultural conditions of this country are in the south, because the farmers have robbed the soil of its humus by growing cotton and tobacco exclusively for more than a hundred years.
The brush-eating instinct of the Angora goat is being successfully demonstrated on Lassen national forest in California, where they are cutting trails for fire guards through the brushy areas on the slopes of the mountains.
Good land—and there are millions of acres of it still available in this country at a moderate figure—is the best form of insurance not only for the family in event of your death but for yourself during life, while you can enjoy it to the full. No better legacy can be left to your children.
It is estimated that conditions on the farms of Missouri have improved 50 per cent, during the last ten years. The old-fashioned farmer, who used to spend half his time shooting squirrels in the woods, has taken to studying the agricultural newspapers and college bulletins, and his wife and children have learned that farm life can be made pleasant as well as profitable.
The rapidity with which tuberculosis spreads in a herd of cattle upon the introduction of a tuberculous animal varies greatly, but that the spread may be very rapid was demonstrated at the experiment station of the bureau of animal industry by exposing seven healthy to three tuberculous cattle in a large, well-ventilated stable. At the end of six months the entire seven originally healthy cattle had become infected with the disease.
Much of the dirt in milk comes from the barn yard. The cows wade knee deep in mud and manure and carry this filth into the barn on their legs, tails and udders. It is difficult to clean off and the careless milker makes little attempt to protect the constant shower of dirt falling into the pail. The yard should be well drained and graded up with cinders or gravel. If drainage cannot be obtained in any other way, the rule should be to raise the barn and grade up to it. Before milking the cows should be gone over with a brush and all loose particles of dirt removed. This need not take more than thirty seconds per cow.

Avoid extremes in everything.
Money invested in land cannot easily be lost.
The stables must be light, warm and well ventilated.
A good swing stanchion is not uncomfortable to the cow.
Gratifying the appetite adds greatly to the thrift of the flock.
This is the secret of the successful, money-making dairyman.
No other animal is more particular about its food than the goat.
No ups and downs in care and feed, but keeping everlastingly at it.
We are not only feeding for to-day or to-morrow, but for next year.
A small-topped pail would prevent a large amount of dirt from falling into the milk.
Planks laid over the cement where the cows stand will prevent injury to the animals.
The four dairy essentials are light, ventilation, a proper floor and a comfortable tie.
All cows that are weak, extremely thin and coughing must be removed from the herd.
Ensilage furnishes an excellent food to be used as a variety, during the winter months.
A comfortable tie is only a little more expensive than an awkward, rigid stanchion.
Let the sheep glean over the grain and corn fields if the land is free from burs and cockles.
Don't forget the calves and yearlings. Don't leave them out in the cold nights until they are pinched and haggard.
Farmers who have given cowpeas a fair trial have almost invariably continued their use alone with their other staple crops.
Pails, cans, strainers, coolers and every other utensil that comes in contact with the milk should be washed and sterilized.
Be sure that every ewe goes into winter quarters in the best condition. If any are below the standard, nurse and feed them up at once.
The King system of ventilation can be installed by any carpenter or by the farmer himself at the cost of a few feet of lumber and a few days' work.
Frequent plowing will give a larger average crop with an equal amount of fertilizer, but it costs more to produce and is more work to harvest.
With good grass land it is considered that the plan of moderate top dressing with chemicals brings a larger income for the labor employed than any other system of management.
The plan of hay farming with chemicals has its attractions, especially for the oldish man who desires to get rid of the care of live stock, and to cut down his labor outgo to the lowest possible amount.
Milk from unhealthy cows is not safe to use and only cows in good health can make profitable use of the food given them. The herd should be inspected at regular intervals by a competent veterinarian.
A garden of an acre, well tended, will produce vegetables enough to supply an ordinary family year in and year out, as well as to feed a flock of fowls whose eggs may be traded for groceries at any country store.
Each man who is to milk twelve or fifteen cows will need to spend twelve or fifteen minutes in cleaning them. This cleaning is very simple and inexpensive, and yet none of every ten farmers scout the idea as preposterous.
During the past year a woman who has a house and lot on the edge of a thriving country town in the south, has besides raising all the vegetables consumed by a family of four, sold \$100 worth to the provision dealers in town.
A stockman saved several valuable calves that were down with the scours by preparing a teaspoonful of wheat flour and giving a tablespoonful every minute. He repeated this two or three times a day before feeding, and diminished the feed one-half until the calf got well.
Examine the horse's teeth frequently and find if they are in a good condition for grinding the feed. Many horses lose flesh and are in poor health simply because their teeth are too uneven for proper grinding of the feed. A veterinarian can file them to the proper shape.
In beginning to feed new corn and fodder to any animals feed on a small amount at a time, until the animals get used to it. With horse on dry hay and grain, gradually reduce the dry feed and gradually increase the new corn. New corn, stalk and all, is nutritious, easily digested and very palatable. Nearly all domestic animals will eat it eagerly, and much good may be derived from it if it is fed judiciously.
When the cows calve in the spring they generally milk well until the pastures dry up, when the flow of milk quickly falls off, so that by the time stable feeds begin the cows are almost dried up. Now, if the cows come fresh in the fall, they produce a good flow of milk during the winter months and in the spring when they are turned on grass this acts as a second freshening and thus lengthens the period of milk production.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BARRA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.
If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

JUST A SUGGESTION.



The Rejected One—And is this great love of mine to be cast aside?
She (wearily)—You might have it stuffed!
New England Pie.
Some poor dweller in the benighted beyond of Chicago asks what a real New England pie is like. It probably will not help him to be told, but if he means apple, it is like an essay by Emerson liquefied with the music of Massenet and spiced with the cynicism of Shaw; if he means pumpkin, it is like some of Gounod's music heard in a landscape all sun and flowers. It is too early yet to describe the mince pies of 1909, but last year's—and last year was not an extraordinary good year—were like an increase in salary, and a present from home arriving on the day when one's conscience was behaving itself.—Boston Globe.
A Hero.
Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction.
Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.
"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—Exchange.
Mind Over Matter.
"Much may be done," said the Acute Observer, "by an authoritative voice. Now, if a man says to a dog: 'Come here!' with a note of absolute authority in his voice, the dog comes immediately."
"Yes," said the Traveler. "I've noticed it. And it is especially marked in oriental peoples. Why, when I was in Khalsandharo, I heard a man say with that authoritative note in his tone: 'Oh, king, live forever,' and immediately the king lived forever."—Carolyn Wells, in Success Magazine.
CAREFUL DOCTOR
Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.
It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.
There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:
"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.
"I heard of a doctor who has a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and as a last hope, sent for him. "After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.
"I kept at it, and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.
"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."
Read the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.
"There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new cure suggests from time to time. These are genuine, true, and full of human interest.