THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL
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"But Now We Both Know."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his lodging his attention was attracted by an English man and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her, Admiral of the Peruvian navy, confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story; how she had been bartered for a title, her yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 156 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They read the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 3,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men, for she said the Donna Isabel would never reach port. The men got a lust for gold. Stephens quelled it by whipping one. The Donna Isabel showed indications of sinking. They prepared to depart with what treasure had been found. The next morning they departed. Stephens went back to try to rescue Cole, a gold-crazed negro, who was hunting treasure in the hold. Stephens plunged into the icy sea a moment before the Donna Isabel sank. His mates rescued him, the negro being lost. Exposure made nearly everyone but Lady Darlington and Stephens insane. Her love for him kept him buoyed up through the terrible days and nights at sea in the open boat. One sailor jumped overboard, his pockets laden with gold. Sanchez broke his leg. Stephens' mind became blank. Two days later they were rescued by a steamer. For three days Stephens hovered between life and death. Aroused to consciousness and finally health.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"What vessel is this?"

"The El Cid, Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres—a coast-trader."

"And the others? Do they live?"

"All but Sanchez; he died the night after our rescue. Kelly is half crazed yet, but they think he will get over it. De Nova was very badly frozen, but Celeste was out on deck yesterday."

I lay there looking at her, striving valiantly to put all these horrors away, and to face the present and the future. My handclasp tightened, for I could no longer keep back the one question which trembled on my lips.

"But you, Doris, you! Do you still mean what you said yonder? Are we only saved to lose each other? Have you heard? Do you know anything of him?"

The red blood flooded the pale cheeks, the long lashes veiling the gray eyes.

"Oh, not now; don't speak of that now."

"But I must. I cannot wait in suspense," I insisted, lifting myself on the pillow. "You have heard—tell me."

"I—I have been a coward," she faltered. "I—I have not asked; I have not even told my name to those on board. I was afraid the knowledge might place all under arrest; besides I—I wanted to nurse you."

I looked at her, my heart failing, my voice trembling as I spoke.

"But—but are you going to—England?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

There was a long pause, in which I heard her rapid breathing.

"They—they tell me I can get passage on an English vessel, the Albatross, within a few days after we reach Buenos Ayres."

Her hand tightened on mine, and she dropped to her knees, her face buried in the coverlet.

I fought the devil in me like a man, my hands clenched, my teeth set fiercely, but it was a while before I could control my voice sufficiently for reply. She did not lift her head, and as I continued to gaze at her my heart throbbed with a love which became sacrifice.

"Doris," I managed to whisper at last, "whatever you believe to be right I will think right also. Only let me be alone for a little while—just a little while, until I can fight this out and conquer."

She lifted her head, her hand on my hair, her gray eyes looking frankly into mine.

"I—I thank you, Jack," she smiled tremblingly. The next moment I was alone.

While I was sitting up and partially dressed that evening, Marsden, the chief mate, came in and told me briefly the story of our rescue.

"We were considerably to the west of our course," he said, gravely, "because we had met headwinds and a heavy sea all the way down the coast. It was just at daybreak when we sighted your boat in longitude 78 degrees west and latitude 53 degrees, 17 minutes south. I've been knocking about at sea for 20 years, Mr. Stephens, but I never saw a more pitiful sight than that longboat presented when we got up alongside. The jib held, but the mainsail was in tatters, and for a minute or two I didn't think there was a living soul aboard. There was a man forward lashed down with ropes, dead; a man and a woman were wrapped up in blankets amidships, leaning against each other, their eyes closed. Close up to the stern another woman was lying with her arms about your neck and hiding your face."

"Doris, with her arms about me!" I thought. How well I knew the desperation that could lead her to the embrace she had ever refused me! Marsden went on:

"A big fellow held to the tiller as if he was froze there, but he'd dropped down until his head hung dangling as the boat rocked. There wasn't one of them took any notice of us until we were fairly alongside. Then this big sailor lifted his head and stared dull-eyed like he thought he saw a vision, and when I spoke to him the woman that had her arms about you staggered to her knees and began to cry. Good Lord, sir, but it made my heart ache, and I never saw so much misery in any human face before. Well, we fell to, and got you all on the El Cid, hoisted the whole outfit over the rail, and, barring the dead man, I reckon you're all good for a spell of life yet."

"They told you our story?"

"Yes—most of it, anyway; and I understand all right what it was did you up so. It wasn't hunger or cold, but just the loneliness an' strain."

I looked away from him, out through the open port at the gray vista of sea.

"That was it, Mr. Marsden," I said, my voice shaking to the memory of it. "It was the hell of the great ocean—it broke our hearts."

As the El Cid sped on her way up the Patagonian coast my strength came rapidly back, and I soon found my way on deck, where, wrapped against the chill of the wind, I passed much time talking with Doris, seeing De Nova and Kelly now and then. Celeste was often with us, her eyes roguish as ever, but her face thin and white. Once, when we chanced to be left alone together, I undertook to question the girl.

"What is the matter between you and De Nova, Celeste? Have you two fallen out?"

She tossed her head, flashing her eyes at me.

"I not know we ever fall in," she said, pouting prettily. "He ver' nice for a sailor, but w'y do I want a sailor? I want ze sea no more ever."

"Yes, but De Nova can quit the sea."

"Non, non!" she cried, shaking her head roguishly, "I have a very good time wiz Mons. De Nova! he talk nice, he make love nice—but it is all over now."

"You mean you are going back to Europe?"

She shrugged her shoulders, her teeth gleaming.

"Oui, monsieur; I go wiz madam to London, to Paree; zare I have plaisir."

"But De Nova? How does he take it?"

"Pah! he get over it; I know ze sailor. See, monsieur; w'at I tell you?"

I glanced aft in the direction she pointed. Within the companion stood the debonair mate, his little black mustaches curled jauntily upward, his teeth merrily glistening, as he smiled down upon a rosy-cheeked damsel, whom I recognized as the stewardess. My companion patted her little foot on the deck.

"Pah! did I not tell you, monsieur? I know ze sailor."

She swept away with the swift movement of a bird, and I turned my face about to perceive Marsden standing silently beside me. He drew up a deck chair and sat down at my side. His grave face and manner led me to speak first.

"I have been wondering," I said, slowly, "whether you intend to report us as soon as you make land. No doubt you heard the story of the Sea Queen at Valparaiso, and have already guessed us to be the survivors of the crew of that yacht."

"Why, yes," stroking his beard; "we have no doubt as to that. We know little of the affair of the Sea Queen beyond what your man Kelly has told us, as we were up the north coast at the time. However, I do not think there will be anything gained by reporting your rescue immediately, for no one can care particularly about your arrest except possibly a British officer or such. The Chileans are still busy with their war, and the man who owned the yacht being dead—"

"You—you—mean Lord Darlington?"

"Yes; that is what I came here to tell you about. I have been waiting until you were strong enough to hear the story. I thought you were the one who ought to tell her." He paused doubtfully. "I understand she is Lady Darlington?"

"Yes," I answered, my voice trembling in my eagerness to comprehend fully. "But are you sure her husband is dead?"

"Regarding that fact there is no possible doubt, Mr. Stephens. We were in port at Valparaiso barely three hours, but long enough to hear a brief account of the affair. It seems Lord Darlington had in some way quarreled with or insulted a Chilean naval officer. This officer being on duty in the grounds of the presidente the night of the declaration of war, the two met again and renewed their quarrel. The officer was drunk and abusive, and his lordship drew a revolver. They were separated at that time by the guard, but an hour later the Englishman was found beside the fountain of the inner court dead from a knife-thrust in his back. His murderer disappeared instantly and most mysteriously."

"My God!" I exclaimed, dazed with the information. "It must have been Sanchez!"

"It must have been Sanchez," Marsden repeated, soberly. "He was fleeing from the crime when he ran into your party. It was his own haunting conscience that put the idea of the ghosts Kelly tells about into his head. You will tell her the story?"

"Yes," I said, not venturing to look into his face, realizing that he understood.

I sat there, it seemed for hours, endeavoring to muster up courage for my task as I watched, far in the distance, the darkening outlines of Cape Flores. At last I went slowly down the companionway into the cabin. Slowly and falteringly at first, but gaining control of my voice as I proceeded, I told her all, marking the pallor of her cheek, the horror in her eyes. For another age I sat silent, gazing across the deserted cabin out through an open port, afraid to disturb the motionless woman beside me. Finally my fingers, almost unconsciously, crept across the rail of the settee until they touched her own.

"Doris," I whispered, pleadingly, confused by her silence, "is it possible that you already knew this?"

She did not raise her bowed head, but I felt the soft pressure of her hand.

"Yes, Jack, I—I knew," she acknowledged, doubtfully. "Sanchez told me in the boat when he felt himself to be dying. It was then I came back and took you in my arms. But I couldn't tell you—I could not tell you. I felt that if we were saved you must learn it from other lips than mine."

"But now we both know."

She lifted her eyes suddenly, eyes misty with tears, and I realized the truth forever.

NOT THE SPEAKER'S PROVINCE

Orator to Follow Was Proper Person to Comply with Request of Enthusiast.

Preachers of all denominations occupied chairs upon the platform. They were giving their voices and influence to the overthrow of a political boss. The Presbyterian clergyman had the floor and most vigorously attacked the enemy. He delivered some fierce, telling thrusts, and the audience was with him. The boss received some cruel jabs.

"That's right, soak him!" encouraged a man with a stentorian voice who had standing room in the rear.

As the clergyman warmed up to his subject the interrupting "soak him!" came from the rear with greater power and frequency.

The speaker paused. He was not irritated, but gently threw the audience into a good-natured hysteria by saying:

"The intentions of the gentleman in the rear are good, but wholly inopportune and ill advised. If he'll kindly reserve his comments for the next speaker, Brother Herrick of the Baptist church, he'll be accommodated, no doubt."

The Hour Glass.

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hour glass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing, hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hour glass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

TOUCHES THEIR TENDER SPOT.

Most Men Have Weakness for Being Photographed on Horseback, Says Observant Photographer.

A young man went out with a camera one morning not long ago and took seven snap shots of early morning horseback riders. He sent proofs of the pictures that turned out well to the men who were photographed and every one of the men sent him an order to finish up a few of the pictures.

"Of course they did," said a more experienced amateur photographer when he heard about it. "A man will always buy a picture of himself on a horse—unless he's an unusually poor rider and looks bad on a horse. No matter how modest a man is, you catch him at the one time when you may appeal to his vanity, when he's mounted on a good riding horse."

Told by the Features.

Men who succeed in commerce have alert faces, but no particular features. Clergymen who go up the ladder of preferment have faces that tell of self-repression—tight lips, eyes which look straight ahead. Artists, on the other hand, have eyes which are all over the place and small, well formed chins. Politicians who succeed by their influence over men have always prominent noses.

As Defined.

"Father," said the minister's little daughter, "the paper says you 'officiated at the wedding clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does 'traditional' mean?"

"'Traditional,' my dear," answered the good man as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to something that has been handed down."

STATE CAPITAL CHAT.

LINCOLN

Prohibitionists Put Up Ticket.

The prohibition party which it was supposed would not put up a state ticket this fall in consideration of the scrap in the two old parties over county option, is now in the race with nominees for governor, lieutenant governor and state treasurer. George I. Wright of Otoe county filed for governor and Samuel Lichty of Falls City filed as a candidate for lieutenant governor and Albert Fitch of Central City for state treasurer. Several days ago T. M. Birmingham of Pender filed as a prohibition candidate for United State senator. Later he presented petitions from twenty-five republicans and twenty-five populists so his name will go on three tickets as a candidate for the place that Hitchcock and Metcalfe are striving for. John D. Stoddard of Republican City has filed as a prohibition candidate in the Fifth district.

It has been customary for the prohibitionists to have a full state ticket in the field, but this year it was generally thought the party would stay out of the fight in order not to embarrass candidates of either of the old parties who may stand for county option. The filling of prohibition candidates is considered proof that the men who filed in the name of the party do not propose to wait on any of the old parties to take a stand on county option.

Raising the Dues.

Raising the scale of dues paid by members was the means adopted by the Nebraska postmasters' association at Lincoln last week to take care of a threatened $200 deficit in its treasury. Officers of the association laid before the convention at its final session the fact that expenses had been so heavy as to make necessary some provision for increasing the income in future. The method proposed for doing this was to abolish the old flat rate of $1 annual dues for all postmasters of whatever grade, with 50 cents added for initiation fee, and substitute a sliding scale. After a lengthy discussion the dues were fixed as follows:

For postmasters of first class offices, $10; second class, $5; third class, $2; fourth class, $1.

Ogallala to Have Depot.

Edson Rich, attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad company, met Mayor Harris of Ogallala and Mr. Holloway of that town, the compainant in a depot case, and together with the members of the railway commission a stipulation has been agreed upon. The complaint asks that a new depot be built at Ogallala. The railroad attorney agreed to recommend an appropriation for a new depot, the amount to be incorporated in the company's budget for 1911, and to file plans for the proposed building with the commission by July 1, 1911. If the railroad officials do not provide funds for the building it is agreed that the railway commission shall order the company to build.

Will Exhibit a Battleship.

The naval department will exhibit a $30,000 model battleship at the Nebraska state fair, according to advices received from the department of Captain Clark. The model will be of the Nebraska type and will be superior to the exhibit which the navy had last year. The recruiting officer built a wooden model for the booth last fall and the exhibit attracted general attention on the grounds. The department distributes souvenirs to visitors illustrating the service. Lieutenant Commander Wettingel of Omaha has assurred Captain Clark that the costly model would be sent here in plenty of time.

Big Semaphore Plant.

One of the largest semaphore plants in the entire west is now being built in the Burlington yards. It will be a 120-lever machine, housed in a large brick building protecting Burlington yard tracks and the Union Pacific crossing. It will require about three months to complete the plant and when done it will cost between fifty and sixty thousand dollars.

City of the First Class.

North Platte, according to the census recently taken under the supervision of the mayor and the city council is now a city of the first class, having a population of 5,146. A proclamation naming North Platte as a city of the first class will be issued within a day or so from the governor's office.

State Food Commissioner S. L. Mains has notified the National Biscuit company that after August 1 its customers in Nebraska must obey the law.

Visit the Havelock Shops.

Delegates to the postmasters' convention paid a visit to the Havelock shops of the Burlington. They were escorted through the big plant by officials of the Burlington, Mayor Hinkle, Postmaster A. A. Hayers and other Havelock officials.

Many of the visiting delegates attended the reception given by the Commercial club at the city auditorium. They were made to feel that the people of Lincoln enjoy their coming and would like to see them come again.

According to a bulletin issued by Labor Commissioner Maupin, between January 1 and December 31 of 1909, Nebraska flour mills shipped by rail the enormous quantity of 240,000,000 pounds of flour. This, of course, does not include the flour consumed at the point of milling. The amount shipped represents three and one-half fifty pound sacks for each man, woman and child in the state. What these shipments would have been if Nebraskans had been loyal to the "home patronage" idea and insisted upon having Nebraska made flour, nó one knows—

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

A Rain Song

It's raining; it's raining! The world without is gay;
The rain's recurring monotone makes dead and dull the day.
The drops in muffled drumbeats play dirges on the pane;
The trees are dripping tear-drops in the rain, rain, rain!

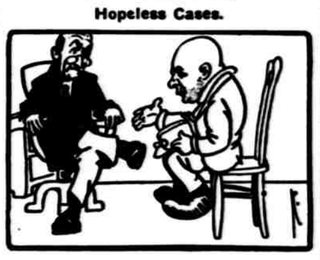
But softly and sweetly the dirge swings to a chant
That swells as comes the wanton wind that drives the rain aslant;
From minors into majors, the chant goes
Until it seems a chord of peace is surging to the sky.

Then, patter, and patter! The raindrops gleam and glance
And thread a stately minuet as they begin to dance;
Now bowing, now pausing, now turning as they pace,
Until across the meadows they have gone with subtle grace.

Now leaping and laughing, and helter-skelter on,
As though they stepped to castanets, they swirl across the lawn;
And flashing and dashing they dance with with might and main—
And grass and leaves are dancing with the rain, rain, rain.

It's raining; it's raining! The world is laughing now;
The roses toss a gem of spray each time they gayly bow—
And, merry mad, the roses beat the time in careless glee
And catch a cup of rain with which they fling a health to me!

Hopeless Cases.



"Say," remarks the landlord of the village hotel to the traveling evangelist who has stopped with him for two weeks, "you might try a little missionary work on the crowd that boards with me."

"Alas, my friend," replies the evangelist, with the memory of the nonbreakable biscuits still hot within him, "alas, my friend, these poor souls have lived at your hotel so long that nothing I can say about the hereafter can have any terrors for them."

What Bothered Him.

"Silas," said the grocer, "you've been keepin' company with Sary Ann Green for nigh on to fifteen years, haven't you?"

"Sixteen years come next hay harvest," Silas explained.

"Well, that's a good long while. Seems to me a courtship like that had ought to end pretty soon."

"I've often thought so, but some way I never can get up the courage to—"

"To propose? Why, it's easy as fallin' off a log."

"Not to propose—to stop goin' with her."

He Knew It.

The patriotic crowd, being enthused by the exercises, began singing the "Star Spangled Banner." Soon everybody was singing "tum te te te tum," as is usual, except one man who lustily sang every word of the song to the end.

Later it was learned that he was a foreigner.

A Prior Engagement.

"Miss Madoogus said," stated the maid, "that if any one called I was to tell them she was engaged."

"Ah, yes," remarked Mr. Gathloocum, "and will you have the kindness to tell Miss Madoogus that I am here. I am what she is engaged to."

Her Real Effort.

"Yonder sits Millie Fazoo. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes, but don't you think she has a very self-conscious pose, as if she were trying to appear as though she did not know she is beautiful?"

"Oh, no. That isn't it. She is above such deceit. What she is trying to do is to look as if she did not know other people were talking about how pretty she is."

Fears for the Future.

"Isn't it noble of the heroine to declare that she will marry the poor hero, even if she has to live in dire destitution the rest of her life?"

"Yes; but if that policy were carried out in real life there wouldn't be many of us to come to the theater and applaud the noble heroines—we couldn't afford the tickets."

Scientific Treatment.

"Get me a package of dog biscuit for the parrot."

"Dog biscuit? For the parrot?"

"Yes. It won't imitate the dog's bark, and I'm going to feed it the biscuit until it will."

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TOUGH LUCK.

"Why, what's the matter, my lad?"

"Boo hoo! Ma sez I got to preside when I grows up, an' I'd set my heart on bein' a prize fighter. Boo hoo!"

Alms and the Man.

"Sure Father Flaherty was a good man," Mr. Murphy said of the deceased parish priest. "He hated sin but he loved th' sinner, an' he was all compassion an' patience an' wisdom. There never was another loike 'im f'r holdin' up hope to th' poor batthered man that had anny desire f'r good.

"'Faith,' said he to Con Meehan, th' toime th' bh'y was down an' out, 'faith, this soide av paradise 'tist all beginning again, over an' over, an' tin toimes over!'

"An' that keen," continued Mr. Murphy, "'twas niver worth whoile to keep back part av th' price av th' land! Wid a twinkle in his eye he'd see clean through anny Ananias that iver walked.

"An' gin'rous!" Mr. Murphy's voice dropped to a lower key and his eyes were wet as he added, "His hand was always in his pockut, an' whin they prepared him f'r burial they found his right arm longer than his left wid stretchin' it out to th' poor."—Youth's Companion.

Not an Objection.

"I think he'd like to join your club, but his wife wouldn't hear of it."

"She wouldn't hear of it? Why, I know of half a dozen men who would join our club if their wives couldn't hear of it."

New discoveries in minerals are used by the doctors, new discoveries in machinery are used by the undertakers.

How She Conciliated Them.

Filmer—How did it happen that these five men who were so angry with the woman in the nickelodeon for not taking off her hat became so friendly with her afterward?

Screeners—It was raining like fury when the show was over and she invited them to take shelter with her under her hat.

HARD TO PLEASE
Regarding the Morning Cup.

"Oh how hard it was to part with coffee, but the continued trouble with constipation and belching was such that I finally brought myself to leave it off.

"Then the question was, what should we use for the morning drink? Tea was worse for us than coffee; chocolate and cocoa were soon tired of; milk was not liked very well, and hot water we could not endure.

"About two years ago we struck upon Postum and have never been without it since.

"We have seven children. Our baby now eighteen months old would not take milk, so we tried Postum and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is today, and has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State.

"I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say "good" today when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it.

"If I was matron of an infants home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, 'You are looking so well!' I reply, 'I am well: I drink Postum. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum.'

"I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good Postum has done us, but if you knew how I shrink from publicity, you would not publish this letter, at least not over my name."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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