The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove. Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of their family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy. Old Cy investigates McGuire's cave in the wilderness and finds a fortune that belongs to Chip. Old Cy returns to the wilderness camp with the news that Chip had disappeared and proposes to start out to find her. He turns over to Martin a bank book showing a deposit of $60,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Peaceful Valley for a summer vacation.

CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued).

Martin had expected this news to be overpowering, and a "Good God!" from Uncle Jud, and a gasping "Land sakes!" from Aunt Mandy proved that it was.

Chip's face, however, was a study. First she grew pale, then flashed a scared glance from one to another of the three who watched her, and then almost did her shame and hatred of this vile parent find expression.

"I'm glad he—no, I won't say so, for he was my father," she exclaimed; "but I want Old Cy to have some of the money, and Uncle Jud here, and you folks, all. I was a pauper long enough," and then, true to her instinct of how to escape from trouble, she ran out of the room.

"She's a curis gal," asserted Uncle Jud, looking after her as if feeling that she needed explanation, "the most curis gal I ever saw. But we can't let her go, money or no money, Mr. Frisbie. I found her one night upon top o' Bangall hill. She was so starved an' beat out from trampin' she couldn't hardly crawl up on to the wagon, 'n' yet she said she wouldn't be helped 'thout she could arn it. I think she's like folks we read about, who starve ruther'n beg. But she kin have all we've got some day, an' we jest can't let her go."

And Martin, realizing its futility, made no further protest.

Something of chagrin also came to him, for, broad-minded as he was, he realized how partial neglect, the narrow religious prejudice of Greenvale, and unwise notice of her childish ideas about spites and Old Tomah's superstitions had all conspired to drive her away. She was honest and self-respecting, "true blue," as Old Cy had said, grateful as a fawning dog for all that had been done for her, and in spite of her origin, a circumstance that carried no weight with Martin, she was one, he believed, who would develop into splendid womanhood. That she was well on her way toward that goal, her improved speech and devotion to these new friends gave ample evidence.

And now Ray's position in this complex situation occurred to Martin; for this young man's interest in Chip and almost heart-broken grief over her disappearance had long since betrayed his attachment.

"I suppose you may have guessed that there was a love affair mixed up with this episode," he said to the two somewhat dazed people.

"I callated thar was, that fust night," Uncle Jud responded, his eyes twinkling again, "an' told Mandy so. 'Twas that more'n anything else kept us from quizzin' the gal. I knowed by her face she had heart trouble, 'n' I've seen the cause on't."

"You have," exclaimed Martin, astonished in turn, "for heaven's sake, where?"

"Oh, down to the Corners, 'most a year ago, 'n' a likely boy he was, too."

"And never told her?"

"No, why should I, thinkin' she'd run away from him. We didn't want to spile her plans. We found out, though, her name was McGuire, but never let on till she told us a spell ago." And then Uncle Jud told the story of Ray's arrival in Riggsville in search of Chip.

"That fellow is my nephew, Raymond Stetson," rejoined Martin with pride, "he also is an orphan, and I have adopted him. Chip has no cause to be ashamed of his attachment."

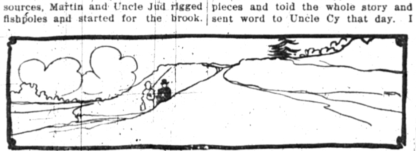
"I don't callate she is," replied Uncle Jud. "'Tain't that that jinerally makes a gal kick over the traces. Mebbe 'twas suthin some o' you folks said." And then a new light came to Martin.

"Mr. Walker," he answered impressively; "in every village there is always a meddlesome old maid who invariably says things she'd better not, and ours is no exception. In this case it was a dependent of our family who took a dislike to Chip, it seems, and her escapade was its outcome."

"Wal, ye've got to hev charity for 'em," replied Uncle Jud, with a broad smile. "Never havin' suffered the joys 'n' sorrows o' love, they look at it sorter criss-cross, an' mebbe this 'un did. Old maids are a good deal like cider—nat'rally turn to vinegar. What wimmin need more'n all the rest is bein' loved, 'n' if they don't get it, they sour up in time an' ain't no comfort to themselves nor nobody else. Then ag'in, not havin' no man nor no babies to look arter, they take to coddlin' cats 'n' dogs 'n' parrots, which ain't nat'ral.

"I think," continued Uncle Jud, "now that we've turned another furrow, you'd best stop a day or two with us, 'n' sorter git 'quainted. We'll be mighty glad to hev ye, me an' Mandy, an' then ag'in thar's a lot o good trout holes up the brook. We hev plenty to eat, 'n' mebbe a few days here in Peaceful Valley'll sorter reconcile ye to leavin' the gal with us." And nothing loath, Martin accepted.

Aunt Mandy and Chip now bestirred themselves as never before. The dressmaker was left to her own resources, Martin and Uncle Jud rigged fishpoles and started for the brook.



Chip, with Pail in Hand, Hurried Away to the Fields.

Chip, with pail in hand, hurried away to the fields, and when tea-time arrived, the big platter of crisp fried trout, saucers filled with luscious blackberries, and ample shortcake of the same with cream that poured in clots, assured Martin that these people did indeed have plenty to eat.

"How did this come to be named Peaceful Valley?" he queried, when they had gathered around the table. "It's very appropriate."

"Wal," answered Uncle Jud, "we got it from a feller that come up here paintin' picturs one summer, an'," chuckling, "'twas all we got for a month's board, at that. He was a short o' skimpy critter, with long hair, kinder pale, and chawed tobacco stiddy. He 'lowed his name was Grahame, that he was in the show business 'n' gittin' backgrounds, as he called 'em, fer show picturs. He roved up 'n' down the brook, puttin' rocks 'n' trees 'n' waterfalls on paper, allus gittin' 'round reg'lar 'bout meal time—must 'a' gained 20 pounds while here. An' then one mornin' he was missin', 'n' so was Aunt Mandy's gold thimble 'n' all her silver spoons. She'd sorter took to him, too, he was that palaverin' in his way."

There now ensued a series of questions from Uncle Jud in regard to Old Cy—how long Martin had known him, and all that pertained to his history.

It was gladly recited by Martin, together with all the strange happenings in the wilderness, the finding of Chip, the half-breed's pursuit and abduction of her, and much else that has been told. It was almost midnight ere Martin was shown to the best front chamber, and even then he lay awake an hour, listening to the steady prattle of a near-by brook and thinking of all that had happened.

A tone of regret crept into his voice, however, when, after thanking Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy, and bidding them good-by, he addressed Chip.

"I wish I could take you back with me," he said; "your return would be such a blessing to Aunt Comfort and my wife. You may not believe it, but you are dear to them both. I must insist that you at least pay us a visit soon. Here is your bank book," he added, presenting it. "You are rich now, or at least need never want, for which we are all grateful. And what about Ray?" he added, pausing to watch her. "What shall I say to him? Shall I tell him to come and see you?"

Chip shook her head firmly. "No, no," she answered, "please don't do that. Some day I may feel different, but not now."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sad news arrived in Peaceful Valley a week later, for Captain Bemis had passed on, Aunt Abby was in lonely sorrow, and wrote for Chip to come at once.

Her fate was now linked with these people. Aunt Abby had been kind and helpful, and Chip, more than glad to return a little of the obligation, hurried to Christmas Cove.

It was a solemn and silent house she now entered. Aunt Abby, despite the fact that it was not a love match, mourned her departed companion. The mill's pertinent silence added gloom, and Chip's smiling face and affectionate interest was more than welcome to Aunt Abby.

And now that concealment was no longer needed, Chip hastened to tell her story in full.

How utterly Aunt Abby was astonished, how breathlessly she listened to Chip's recital, and how, when the climax came and Chip assured her that good Old Cy Walker was still alive, Aunt Abby collapsed entirely, sobbing and thanking God all at once, is but a sidelight on this tale.

"I couldn't tell you before," Chip assured her, while her own tears still flowed. "I was so ashamed and guilty, all in one, I couldn't bear to. I never did so mean a thing in all my life, and never will again. But when Uncle Jud told me what you didn't, and how much he cared for me, and how you once cared for Uncle Cy, I went all to pieces and told the whole story and sent word to Uncle Cy that day. I feel so guilty now, and so mean, I don't see how you can forgive me."

But Aunt Abby's forgiveness was not slow in coming. The past ten days of sorrow had left her heart very tender. In spite of being "book-larned," she was very humane. Chip's sad life and misfortunes appealed to her, as they had to Uncle Jud, and true Christian woman that she was, her heart opened to Chip.

"I hope we shall never be parted while I live," she said, as the tears came again. "I have no children, and no one to live for but my sister. I am so wonted to Christmas Cove, I could not feel at home anywhere else. If Uncle Jud will consent, I will adopt you legally, and when I am laid away all I have shall be yours."

And so Chip McGuire, waif of the wilderness, child of an outlaw, once sold to a human brute, yet fighting her way upward and onward to a better life, despite every drawback, now found a home and mother.

No light of education had illumined her pathway, no Christian teaching and no home example, only the inborn and God-given impulse of purity, self-respect and gratitude; and yet, like a bud forcing its way up out of a muck heap and into the sunshine, so Chip emerged to win respect and love.

But all her history is not told yet. She still lacked even a common education. There was still an old man seeking to find her, who was yet wandering afar. A homeless, almost friendless old man was he, whose life had gone amiss, and whose sole ambition was to do for her and find content in her happiness. A wanderer and recluse for many years, he was still more so now, and out of place as well among the busy haunts of men. More than that, he was an object of curiosity to all grown people and the jest of the young, as he tramped up and down the land in search of Chip.

And what a pitiful quest it was—this asking the same question thousands of times, this lingering in towns to watch mill operatives file out, this peering into stores and marts, to go on again, and repeat it for months and months.

There was still another link in this chain—a boy, so far as experience goes, who was only deterred from unwise haste by a cool-headed man.

"You had better not go to Chip now," Martin said to him on his return from Peaceful Valley. "She is an odd child of nature, and you won't lose by waiting. My advice to you is to forget her for the present, find some profitable occupation, and then, when you have made a little advancement in life, go and woo her if you can. To try it now is foolish."

It was cold comfort for Ray.

One of Chip's first acts of emancipation was to write to Aunt Comfort and Angie, assuring both of her love and best wishes, and thanking them for all they had done. Both letters were cramped in chirography, but correct in spelling, and in Angie's was a note for Martin, asking that he draw $100 of her money and send it to her, and as much more to pay some one to follow Old Cy. The latter request Martin ignored, however, for he had already set the machinery of newspaperdom at work, and an advertisement for information of that wanderer was flying far and wide.

Of the money sent her, Chip made odd and quite characteristic uses, only one of which needs mention—the purchase of a banjo. Had Ray known this, and that the tender memory it invoked was the reason for this investment, he would have had less cause for grief. But Ray did not, which was all the better for him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Life, always colorless at Christmas Cove, except in midsummer, now became changed for Aunt Abby. For all the years since her one girlish romance had ended, she had been a patient helpmate to a man she merely respected. Religion had been her chief solace. The annual visit to her sister's gave the only relief to this motionless life, monotonous as the tides sweeping in and out of the cove; but now a counter-current slowly flowed into it.

Chip, of course, with her winsome eyes and grateful ways, was its mainspring, and so checkered had been her career and so humiliating all her past experiences, that now, escaped from dependence and feeling herself a valued companion, she tasted a new and joyous life. So true was this, that hard lessons at school, the regularity of church-going, and the unvarying tenor of it all seemed less by comparison.

Another undercurrent, aside from Chip's devotion, also swept into Aunt Abby's feelings,—the strange emotions following the knowledge that her former lover was still alive. For many years she had waited and hoped for this sailor boy's return; then her heart had grown silent, as hope slowly ebbed, and then, almost forgetfulness—but not quite, however, for the long, lily-dotted mill-pond just above had now and then been visited by them. A certain curiously grown oak which was secluded near its upper end was once a trysting-place, and even the old mill with its splashing wheel held memories.

And now after 40 years, during which she had become gray-haired and slightly wrinkled, all these memories returned like ghosts of long ago. No word or hint of them fell from her lips, not even to Chip, who was now nearest to her; and yet had that girl been a mind-reader, she would have seen that Aunt Abby's persistent interest in all she had to tell about Old Cy meant something. Where he was now, how soon he would learn that his brother was still alive after all these years, was the one most pertinent subject oft discussed.

How Chip felt toward him, not alone for the heritage he had secured for her, but for other and more valued heart interests, need not be specified. He had seemed almost a father to her at the lake. He was the first of her new-found friends whose feelings had warmed toward her, and Chip was now mature enough to value these blessings at their true worth.

A certain mutual expectancy now entered the lives of Chip and Aunt Abby. Nothing could be done, however. Old Cy had gone out into the wide, wide world, as it were, searching for the little girl he loved. No manner of reaching him seemed possible; and yet, some day, he must learn what would bring him to them as fast as steam could fetch him.

"I know that he loved me as his own child there at the lake," Chip said once in an exultant tone. "His going after me proves it; and once he hears where I am, he will hurry here, I know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Finback Whales Tag a Graft

School of Leviathans Flounders Many Miles Behind a Steamer.

New York.—The Atlas liner Virginia, which has arrived in port from the West Indies, had an odd experience with whales on her way up the coast, according to Capt. Felix Zack and the passengers. Jogging along through a moderate swell, the Virginia came across a school of 25 whales 30 miles off the Capes of the Delaware. First the school was sighted not more than a mile away, and as the steamship passed they turned and followed in her wake. They were finbacks and ranged in length from 30 feet, the apparent size of the leader, to 40 feet, the length of the smaller members in the rear guard.

The whales followed the Virginia from 11 o'clock Monday morning until four a. m. Tuesday, when the steamer was off Sandy Hook. Then the mammal headed east along the Long Island coast.

King Barred from House Debates.

The king of England labors under one curious disability. He may not listen to a debate in the house of commons. Admission to the legislative chamber, which is open to his lowliest subject, is denied to the sovereign.

CARE OF THE KITCHEN.

Clean Walls Are an Essential to Sanitary Cooking.

It is not only important to know how to cook, but it is equally important to know where to cook. Cooking in a dirty kitchen can never produce good food. The idea is simply preposterous, yet kitchen walls are left for months—sometimes for years without cleansing.

In the first place the kitchen wall should have a light tint that the merest fleck of dirt can be seen; that the sheerest cobweb can be brushed away; that the tiniest water bug can be discerned. It is all folly expecting clean food in a kitchen with dirty walls.

Never put a wall coating on a kitchen wall that is mixed with hot water or that has glue in it, or sour milk in it if mixed with cold water. Glue walls made from horses' hoofs colored up with cheap colorings do not indicate good housekeeping. The glue is constantly flecking off, falling into the food and the idea of food flavored with glue made from horses' hoofs is not appetizing.

Kitchen walls to be thoroughly satisfactory should be alabastined the same as every other wall in the house. They should be coated regularly in the spring and fall of each year with a light tint.

The care of the pantry requires constant attention. The walls should be brushed over every year, the dishes removed from the shelves which should be thoroughly wiped with hot water. If there are ant holes of any other insects in the pantries a thick putty of the wall coating can be made and all the ant holes, even small mice holes can be filled with it which will protect the pantry from the incursions of disagreeable insects and mice.

HIS ONLY OPPORTUNITY.

"Does your wife talk in her sleep, major?"

"No, I talk in her sleep—it's the only chance I get."

SHE COULD NOT WALK

For Months—Burning Humor on Ankles —Opiates Alone Brought Sleep —Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

When He Skipped.

Suddenly the lone woman awoke, and pressing a button flooded the apartment with light. In the full glare stood a burglar.

"I don't wish to alarm you," she said to him, "but in just a minute the hour of midnight will strike."

He did not seem impressed.

"Are you aware," she continued, "that the coming of the hour will usher in the new year?"

Still he stood mute.

"And that it will be leap year at that?" she added.

Then it was that he fled into the darkness.

This Cold World of Business.

The messenger boys paused outside the Army building, says the New York Sun. One of them was selecting a cigarette from a box.

"Gimme one," said the smokeless boy.

"Naw," said the other, "they cost money."

"I'll owe you a cent," said the first boy. "Come on, I'll pay you after."

"They cost more than a cent," said the boy with the cigarettes. "Nothin' doin'. Your credit ain't no good."

And they parted.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
{ SEAL } NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Prevailing Excuse.

"Jedge," said the prisoner, who had been caught with a chicken in a sack, "you oughter go easy with me."

"Why? You stole the hen."

"I admits it, jedge; I admits it," responded the prisoner. "But it's solemn truf dat hen jest seemed to be my affinity; yes, sah!"

He Certainly Can.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that I was your life.

Benham—Can't a man get tired of life?

Of course there is nothing new under the sun, but almost any druggist can give you something just as good.

TOLD AFTER DINNER

ALL KINDS OF NONSENSICAL ANECDOTES GO THEN.

"Jones of Belham" a Good Example of What Can Be Done in That Respect—New Version of the Fatted Calf.

People like nonsense after dinner. They like anecdotes. The best of anecdotes is that they need have nothing to do with the subject. I know a man who keeps about half a dozen anecdotes always in stock. He can make one or the other of them fit any particular toast. I heard him propose "The Army and Navy." He said that some people took a gloomy view of our national defenses. For himself, he was an optimist. It was always best to look at the bright side of everything.

"That reminds me," he said, "of my friend Jones—Jones of Belham. His motto is that there is always something to be thankful for. His wife is not of such a cheerful disposition. She is often annoyed at Jones' optimism.

"One day they were dining at a restaurant, and they had placed before them a very tough piece of veal. It was an exceptionally tough piece of veal.

"'There,' said Mrs. Jones, 'now I think it would puzzle even you to find anything to be thankful for in that piece of veal.'

"'Not a bit of it,' said Jones, 'I was just at that very moment thinking how fortunate it was that we happened to meet it when it was young.'"

Some time afterward I was at another dinner. It was the dinner of a scientific society. This same man was present again, and he was put up to propose the toast of "Success to Aerial Navigation."

"This is a tremendous question to deal with," he said, "but we must make the best of things, and I hope you will bear with me while I try to make the best of it. It is such a tough subject that it reminds me of the piece of veal which was once placed before my friend Jones—Jones of Belham."

And out came the story of Jones of Belham again; and it was quite a hit.

So much so that he followed it up with another.

Whereat the men of science gave encouraging cheers and said, "Go on!" for "after dinner" makes the whole world kin, and it is just as safe to play with the lions of learning when they have been well fed as with any of the inferior animals.

"'This calf, my friends,' said the preacher, 'was no ordinary calf. This calf, forsooth, was a fatted calf. And mark you, it was no ordinary fatted calf. This calf, my friends, had been fatted up for years, and years, and years.'"

Here is another dinner story: Two men, who had been dining so well that they could see twice as much as two ordinary men, were rather imprudently walking home by the canal bank. Very soon one of them fell into the water. This sobered him to some extent, and he began to yell out at the top of his voice:

"Hi hi! Help, help! I can't swim! Help! I can't swim."

The other man, who had gone down on his knees on the bank and was trying to steady himself by holding tightly to a tuft of grass, surveyed his struggling friend with a glassy stare.

"I can't sh-wim, either," he said, "but I don't make such a b-b-blooming fuss about it."

"Speeding Up."

It is idle to criticise at large the American business man's habit of overwork. But a single aspect of this ruinous habit merits comment. The American business man does not want money itself. He wants to "get there," to "get there" for his own, his wife's sake, his family's sake. The full price of "getting there" he does not always calculate.

The man who works fast, many hours a day, six or seven days a week, is not merely paying in sheer energy to "get there." He eats too much, possibly drinks too much, does not take exercise, but he pays in more than physical detriment. He is doing more than ill-treating his body in such a way as he would never dream of ill-treating his automobile or his factory dynamo. Above everything else, the American business man is "getting there" at the expense of rounded development, at the expense of life itself and of its large and rich experiences.

Great Scheme.

Two musicians share one studio downtown. One of them was out the other day when the other, accompanied by a pupil, reached the studio. He tiptoed and felt carefully along the top sill of the door a moment and then exclaimed:

"Confound it, the Dutchman has walked off with that key in his pocket again."

"Why don't you have another key made, so each could have one?" suggested the pupil.

The artist gazed at him in ingenuous wonderment.

"Why, we have three already, one for each of us and one to leave over the door in case we forget. It's a great scheme, but he's so careless. This makes four times in less than a week he's left me in such a predicament."—Kansas City Times.

Tree Dentistry.

Many methods are being tried for the preservation of old and historical trees in the east, some of which are intensely interesting. On the estate of John J. Little, at Bala, Pa., is a very old sycamore, the trunk of which had become decayed. The cavity was filled with stone and cement and around its base was then built an outer stone wall, so arranged that the water would drain away from the trunk of the tree.—Popular Mechanics.

No One to Blame.

"Oh, well," began Dubley, "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"Mistakes," put in Wiseman, "always happen."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that nobody ever admits making mistakes, therefore they merely happen."—Philadelphia Press.

AS YET UNKNOWN TO FAME.

Can Any One Place This Quotation from Philosopher?

Louis Jones of the Grand opera house had the blues. His brother, a colored man, usually in good humor, had 'em, too. Neither knew just why he had 'em, but they had 'em just the same. They talked of the weather, the times and a dozen other gloomy subjects. There was nothing sunny in the soul of a patron or a barber. Finally both sighed in concert and a silence fell over the shop—yes, over a barber shop. The colored man was the first to speak. After several moments of silence he gave vent to another sigh and said:

"Well, as de old philosopah says: 'Ef yo' ain't got nothin,' now's yo' time.'"

Jones is still wondering who the philosopher was.—Indianapolis News.

The Bird Told Her.

Henry eyed the canary solemnly. Then, threateningly, he pointed his finger and said emphatically:

"Chirpy, I think a heap of you, but some things uv just got to stop or—well, it won't be good for you. There's not a single thing I've done lately but what ma's found out. And it's always the same—she says a little bird told her when I wanter know how she's heard about it.

"Now, Chirpy, you're the only little bird around here now. I'm just goin' to go straight through the pantry from top to bottom, and if ma hears about this from any little bird, Chirpy—why you're goin' to deckerate the inside of the cat, that's all."

PURE FOOD.

No Food Commissioner of Any State Has Ever Attacked the Absolute Purity of Grape-Nuts.

Every analysis undertaken shows this food to be made strictly of Wheat and Barley, treated by our processes to partially transform the starch parts into a form of Sugar, and therefore much easier to digest.

Our claim that it is a "Food for Brain and Nerve Centres" is based upon the fact that certain parts of Wheat and Barley (which we use) contain Nature's brain and nerve-building ingredients, viz.: Phosphate of Potash, and the way we prepare the food makes it easy to digest and assimilate.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey in his book on "The Biochemic System of Medicine" says:

"When the medical profession fully understands the nature and range of the phosphate of potassium, insane asylums will no longer be needed.

"The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, potassium phosphate.

"This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-fluid, or the gray matter of the brain.

"Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve-fluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency.

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated.

"Phosphate of Potash, is to my mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But 'what shall the harvest be' when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth.

"Let the overworked business man take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or entertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'provings' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid, and that a deficiency produces well-defined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug-shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are legion.

"There's a Reason."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented.

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.