# The Girl from Timber Ridge

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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### SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Tip's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Boldin, 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 lumberman, who had 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 the 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 in area across the lake. Martin and Lovi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as an 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 Boldin, who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Lovi as they are returning from the settlement. Boldin escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with him during the Amal and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of 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. Boldin finds McGuire and the two fight to the death in the dark, watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip unhappy with 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 and to church at Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of their family, and she discovers that Dud Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of it. 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 $9,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Pickerel Valley for a summer vacation. Chip tells Judson of Cy and writes a note to Martin which discloses her hiding place. Martin immediately visits the Walkers. He gives Chip her money and asks if he shall send Ray to her, but she says no. Aunt Abby's husband dies. Chip asks Martin to find Cy who is seeking gold somewhere over her. He had been a youthful love of Aunt Abby, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. She wants to go to Chip, but Martin advises him not to. Chip receives a letter from Ray, asking forgiveness for seeming slight and neglect.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

That evening was one that none who were in that wildwood camp ever forgot. For Old Cy was the central figure, and told as only he could the story of his year's wandering in search of Chip.

It was humorous, pathetic and tragic all in one, and a tale that held its listeners spellbound for three delightful hours.

"I had dogs set on me, hundreds on 'em," Old Cy said, in conclusion, "an' I never knew afore how many kinds in sizes o' dogs that was in this world. I 'ustter think that warn't more'n two dozen or so kinds, but now that's two milliion 'n' a few more I didn't wait to count. I got 'rested a few times on account o' not havin' visible means o' support. I've been hauled over the coals by doctors tryin' to make me out a lunatic, 'n' I'd a' done time in jail if I hadn't had money to show. I tell ye, boys, this is an awful 'spicious world fer strangers, 'n' the milk o' human kindness is mostly old cheese, 'n' all rind at that. I had a little fun, too, mixed in with all the trouble, 'n' one woman who owned a place where I 'plied for lodgin' jest 'bout told me she'd be willin' to marry me if I'd stay 'n' work the farm. She had red hair, hard eyes, 'n' bossy sort o' ways, an' that's a dangerous combination. I watched my chance when she wa'n't lookin', 'n' lit out middlin' lively."

And now life at this wilderness camp, less restrained than when women-kind were here, became one of work, and persistent, steady, no time-wasted work at that. Martin had said that Levi could boss matters, but it was Ray who assumed management instead. Two years had changed him almost from boy to man. His new ambition was the controlling power. He was here to make his mark, as it were, and the half-hearted, boyish interest in work had changed into a tireless leadership. Then, too, an unspoken, tacit interest in his ambition was felt by those who helped. They knew what he was working for, and that Chip was the ultimate object. Her history, known as it now was to all who came into the wilderness, influenced the woodsmen. She had been of them and from them, and as an entire village will gather to help at a house-raising, so these three, Levi and the two helpers, now felt the same incentive.

Success usually comes to all who strive for it, and now, with four willing workers to aid him, Ray was rapidly making a success of his venture. Old Cy, the most valuable assistant, was indefatigable. He not only kept the larder well supplied with game, but tended and set traps, worked in the woods with the rest between times, and his cheerful optimism and droll humor bridged many a stormy day and shortened many a weary tramp. And he seemed to grow younger in this new, helpful life for his efforts. His eyes were bright, his step elastic, his spirits buoyant, his strength tireless.

With Chip safe and provided for, with Ray succeeding in manhood's natural ambition, Old Cy saw his heart's best hopes nearing fruition, and for these two and in these two all his interest centered.

Only once was the bond of feeling between Ray and Chip referred to by Old Cy, and then in response to a wish of Ray's that he might hear from her.

"I don't think ye've cause to worry now, arter ye've sent her word what ye're doin' 'n' who for," he answered. "Chip's true blue, not one o' the fickle sort, 'n' once she keers fer a man, she won't give him up till he's married or dead. I think ye'd orter sent her word sooner,—ye know she run 'way out o' spunk,—but when ye go to her like a man 'n' say, 'I've been workin' in 'n' waitin' fer ye all the time,' that won't be no quarrelin'."

"I'm not so sure about that," responded Ray, soberly. "From what Uncle Martin said, my chance is gone with Miss Chip, and I don't blame her for feeling so. Like every young fellow, I took it for granted that she was in love with me and ready to fall into my arms on call. Then I hadn't any plans in life, anyway, and, like a fool, believed it made no difference to her. To mix matters up still more, Hannah crowded herself into our affairs and said things to Chip, with the result that Chip got mad, ran away, and you know the rest."

"Wal," asserted Old Cy, his eyes twinkling, "the time to hug a gal is when she's willin,' 'n' ye orter spunked up that night 'fore ye come away 'n' told her ye was callatin' to make yer fortin' in the woods, an' that ye wanted her to wait 'n' share it—then troubles, 'n,' if need be she'd a' starved fer ye, I tell ye, boy, wimmin like her is scarce in this world, 'n' when ye hugged 'n' kissed her a little more by way o' bindin' the bargain, an'—knowin' that gal as I do, she'd fought Hannah teeth 'n' nail, 'n' walked through fire 'n' brimstun fer ye. I think, stead o' hidin' herself fer two years, an' changin' her name, she'd 'a' tramped clear to Grimestone jest to tell ye her

Visited a Strange Romantic Grotto Up in the Mountains.

find one young 'n' pretty ez she is, hang on to her an' hang hard."

"I know it now well enough," returned Ray, ruefully; "but that don't help matters. Then that fortune you found for her makes my case all the worse, and Chip quite independent."

"It do, it do," chuckled Old Cy, as if glad of it, "an' all the more need o' you hustlin'. It's a case o' woodchuck with ye now. But don't git discouraged. Jest dig. Chip's worth it, ten times over, 'n' no man ever worked to win a woman 'thout help' bettered by it."

It was terse and homely advice, and not only convinced Ray that he had neglected one whom he now felt meant home, wife, happiness, and all that life might mean for him, but made him realize that all possible striving and self-denial must be made in atonement. With whom and what sort of people Chip had found asylum, he knew not. What influence they would have upon her feelings was an equally unknown matter; and worse than that, the ogre of another suitor for Chip's favor now entered Ray's calculations, and the slang truism, "There are others," was with him every waking moment—a much-deserved punishment, all womankind will say.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

One day while Aunt Abby and Chip were enjoying the newly furnished home of Uncle Jud, a capacious carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses halted there and Martin and Angie alighted.

"We are taking a cross-country drive for an outing," he explained, after Angie had kissed Chip tenderly and greetings had been exchanged. "We have waited for you, Miss Runaway, to come and visit us," he added, turning to Chip, "until we couldn't wait any longer and so came to look for you. We have also some news that may interest you. Old Cy has been heard from at last. He spent a year looking for you. He has now gone into the woods, to my camp, where Ray located for the winter, and when spring comes, I can guess where they will head for."

How welcome this news was to Chip, her face fully indicated, but neither Martin nor Angie realized how much or for what reason it interested this soft-voiced, gracious lady whom Chip called, Aunt Abby. They knew Uncle Jud was Old Cy's brother and that they had once been sailors from Bayport, but the long-ago romance of Aunt Abby's life was unknown to them.

And now ensued a welcome to the callers such as only Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy could offer.

"We sorter feel we robbed ye o' Vera," Uncle Jud explained, "though I'm 'thout any intention on our part, an' so ye must 'low us some chance to make amends. We callate 'twa'n't no fault o' yourn, either, only one o' them happenin's that was luck for us."

That evening was one long to be remembered by all who were present, for Chip's history, as told by Martin and Angie, was the entertaining topic, and its humorous side was made the most of by Martin. Chip was in no wise annoyed by Martin's fun-making, either. Instead, conscious of the good-will and affection of the friends who had rescued her from the wilderness, she rather enjoyed it and laughed heartily at Martin's description of various incidents, especially her first appearance in their camp, and the language she used.

"I couldn't help swearing," she explained. "I never had heard much except 'chuss' words. I think also now as I recall my life at Tim's Place, I would never have dared that desperate mode of escape had I not been hardened by such a life. I wish I could see Old Tomah once more," she added musingly, "and I'd like to send him some gift. He was the best-hearted Indian I ever saw or heard of, and his queer teachings about spites and how they rewarded us for good deeds and punished us for evil ones was no harm, for it set me thinking. The one thought that encouraged me most during those awful days and nights alone in the woods was the belief that

One day they drove to a wood-bordered pond far up the valley, fished a few hours for pickerel and perch, and had a fish fry and picnic dinner.

The next day they visited a strange, romantic grotto up in the mountains, known as the Weary's Den, and here a table was set, broiled chicken, sweet corn, and such toothsome fare formed the meal, with nut-gathering for amusement.

Squirrel and partridge shooting also furnished Martin a little excitement. When he and Angie insisted that they must leave, both host and hostess showed genuine regret. A few remarks made by Angie to her former protege, in private, the last evening of this visit, may be quoted.

"I must admit, my dear child," she said, "that you make us a visit in the near future. You left us under an entirely false impression and it has grieved me more than you can imagine. There was never a word of truth in anything that Hannah said. She was spiteful and malicious and desired to get even with you for a hurt to her pride. We had no thought of hurrying away to the woods to separate you and Ray for any reason whatever. Of course, as you must know, I had no suspicion of any attachment between you, and if I had, I certainly should not have tried to break it off in that way. That is a matter that concerns only you and him. My own life experience shows that first love is the wisest and best, and while you were both too young then for an engagement, you must believe me when I tell you that I had no wish to interfere."

And so the breach was healed.

This visit of the Frisbies to Peaceful Valley was also something of a repentance in Chip's mind, and more mature now, it occurred to her that leaving Greenvale as she did, was, after all, childish.

Then Angie's part in this drama of her life now returned to Chip in a way likely to prove helpful to reflect, her self-accusation grew apace and her repentance as well. Now she began to see herself as she was at Tim's Place.

"I think I treated my Greenvale friends very ungratefully," she said to Aunt Abby one evening after they had returned to Christmas Cove once more, "and what Mrs. Frisbie said to me has made me realize it. I know now that few would have done what she did for me. I was an ignorant, dirty, homeless creature and no relation of hers, and yet she took charge of me, bought me clothes, paid all my expenses going to Greenvale, clothed me there, and always treated me nicely without my even asking for it.

"The Frisbies certainly ran some risk by keeping me at their cabin when they knew that half-breed was after me. I don't know why they should have done all this. I was nothing to them. And yet when I recall the night I stumbled into their camp, how Mrs. Frisbie dressed me in her own clothes, shared her tent with me, and even prayed for me, I feel ashamed to think of what I have done. I did think that Mrs. Frisbie despised me from what Hannah said. I know now that I was wrong, and running away as I did, was very ungrateful."

"I think it was, myself," responded Aunt Abby, and yet believing as you did, Mrs. Frisbie ought not to blame you. I don't think she does, either. She seems a very sensible woman, and I like her. You made your mistake in not confiding in her more. You should have come to her as you would to a mother, in the first place, and told her just what Hannah had said to you and how you felt about it. To brood over such matters and imagine the worst possible, is unwise in any one. I think from what you have told me, that this person who sneered against you so much must have had a spite against you."

"Hannah was jealous, I know," Chip interrupted, smiling at the recollection, "and I hurt her feelings because I asked her why she didn't shave."

"Didn't shave!" exclaimed Aunt Abby, wide-eyed; "what do you mean?"

"Why, she has whiskers, you see," laughed Chip, "almost as much as some men—a nice little mustache and some on her chin. I told her the next day after I got there I thought she was a man dressed as a woman. I snickered, too, I remember, when I said it, for she looked so comical—like a goat, almost—and then I asked her why she didn't shave. I guess she laid it up against me ever after."

"She revenged herself amply, it seems," commented Aunt Abby.

When Christmas neared, and with it a vacation for Chip, new impulses came to her: a desire to visit Greenvale once more and make amends as best she could to her friends there; and her gift-giving desire was quickened by the coming holidays. She now felt that she had ample means to gratify this latter wish. Day by day, since meeting Angie again, her sense of obligation had increased, and now it was in her power at Christmas-tide to repay at least a little of the debt.

Others were also included in this generous project: Uncle Jud, Aunt Mandy, her foster-mother, Aunt Abby, as well, and then there was Old Cy, whom most of all she now desired to make glad. That was impossible, however. He was still an absent wanderer, and so, as it even might ever will be, some thread of regret, some note of sorrow, must be woven into all joys.

(To Be Continued.)

## "Come Seven, Come Eleven."

**Budding Business Man "Makes Good" in His Admiring Parent.**

When Sam came back from college his father didn't think he would make good as a business man because he hadn't had practical experience, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Sam's mother pleaded so hard his father decided to let him do some of the buying for the house, but he shook his head and said:

"The boy will lose money for me, sure."

A few days later a salesman for a wholesale house came in and Sam took him to the buying room. Sam's mother was so anxious to learn that her faith in the boy was justified she crept near the door and listened. After remaining there for a while she ran into the store and said to her husband:

"Jacob, the boy's all right. He is in there insisting on a bigger discount than we ever got. I heard him. He's hollerin' 'seven, eleven.' You know, Jacob, we never got better than six per cent. for ten days. He's got the makin's of a hard business man."

But Sam was playing a little game of craps with his friend, the salesman, who was a classmate at college.

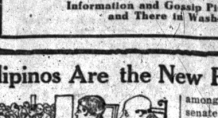
**Novel Church Is Proposed.**

A German merchant who died at Cottbus left $25,000 to found a church in Constantinople for all denominations. The sermons are to be preached in Esperanto.

# ROUND THE CAPITAL

**Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.**

## Filipinos Are the New Pets of Congress



WASHINGTON.—All records of interest in "congressional kid" members are being broken by the attention the brown "kids" from the Philippines are receiving in congress. They are the distinct attractions, not only of the galleries, but of the members and senators themselves.

Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson of osculatory fame, and Nicholas Longworth are "has beens" that no longer receive the notice of up-to-date capitol guides. Every one in Washington appears as proud of these two resident commissioners, Benito Legarda and Pablo Ocampo de Leon, the Philippine Islands have sent to Washington, as young America is of his redtops or W. Bourke Cockran of his latest forensic effort. They are the real congressional oddity, for they can speak in either the senate or house.

Of course, the senate has been kind enough to grant these Filipinos the same courtesies as the house, but the commissioners feel more at home in the informality of the lower body than among the dignified members of the senate.

With its two new members congress has been economical. Each will receive the regular salary of $7,500, but the 20 cents a mile travel gift is not for them. Two thousand dollars apiece for each round trip is their travel allowance.

Neither the house nor the senate was particularly prepared for them. Although the authority for the selection of the commissioners was given in the Philippines' organic act several years ago it remained for the first assembly last fall to make their choice possible. Then the commissioners slipped across the Pacific and presented themselves at the capital.

Congress had not been thinking much about their coming or their going until they wanted to know what rights "resident commissioners" had in congress. When they left home one would think that the United States would let them stay in Washington only under surveillance, while the other went so far as to believe that they would have the right to vote in the house, run down in the corridor and vote on the same measure in the senate.

The powers that be finally decided that they should be given seats at both ends of the capitol and the privileges of the floor, but not of voting.

## President Lured Into the Muldoon Test

THE regular army is revenged. Last fall its officers had to take a 15-mile ride in the Roosevelt horsemanship test.

Gen. J. Franklin Bell, chief of the general staff, the other day, beguiled the president to William Muldoon's 15-mile test on foot.

Both the president and Gen. Bell were guests, after their hike, at a dinner given by Postmaster General Meyer. Gen. Bell was as fit as could be. The president still was fit—for dinner. But he admitted he had lost all his appetite for Muldoon tests.

The president exhibited great curiosity as to the Muldoon system of fitting fat statesmen for the Washington dinner season, since Secretary Root and Gen. Bell have successively taken the course at White Plains.

Secretary Root, to be sure, is not fat. He was suffering from too much Monroe doctrine and a nervous agitation over the open door in China when he surrendered himself to the hands of the prof-essor.

But Gen. Bell is fat, or was, until he returned from White Plains. The president did not pay much heed to Mr. Root's account of his strenuous days at Muldoon's, because Mr. Root is not athletic. He even avoids golf.

But when the crack horsemen of the United States cavalry returned to confirm Mr. Root's story, President Roosevelt suggested, skeptically, that he would like to try this stiff athletic proposition of Muldoon's.

Accordingly, Gen. Bell commanded the expedition, which set out across the country. The horsemanship test set for army officers is five miles at a walk, five miles at a trot and five miles at a gallop. The Muldoon test, entirely on foot, is eight miles at a walk and seven on a trot.

The going was heavy, for the weather was bad. Gen. Bell went over the course easily. President Roosevelt went over the course, but not easily.

The question as to what President Roosevelt is to do after March 4, 1909, has been partly answered as a result of this trial under the direction of Gen. Bell.

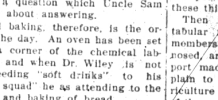
Before he hunts tigers in India, or lions in the African jungle, or occupies a house in London, the president will undoubtedly go to Muldoon's until he can walk eight miles at a trot and run seven on top of that.

He has no intention of giving up on a simple little thing like this. But until he has Muldoon himself to teach him how the president will avoid following the treatment with Gen. Bell.

Of course it would have been inadmissible, on worse, for Gen. Bell to have stiffened the Muldoon test for the benefit of his superior officer. Consequently no one has dared to suggest that he did, but the boy subalterns at the Army and Navy club are all in a broad grin.

Fat officers who bounced about in the saddle for the 15 required miles last fall are wearing a grin that is broader still.

## Dr. Wiley Is Testing Bleached Flour



NICE white bread is not so nice, maybe, as bread that is not white. And then maybe again it is. Anyway this is a question which Uncle Sam has set about answering.

Bread baking, therefore, is the order of the day. An oven has been set up in a corner of the chemical laboratory, and when Dr. Wiley is not busy feeding "soft drinks" to his "poison squad" he as attending to the making and baking of bread.

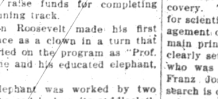
It is all to determine the effect of "bleached" flour. Is bleached flour just as good as flour which is not bleached? That is what the pure food department wants to find out. And the only way to find out is to try.

So bread is baked with the bleached flour. The bread is then put under the microscope, weighed, dissected, touched with litmus paper, subjected to acids, cut with a knife, torn with the fingers, hashed with celluloid, pressed, made into putty, burned in a retort, dissolved in a test tube, cremated, tossed in a blanket and fed to the poison squad. At least most of these things are done to it.

Then figures are put down in a tabular form on sheets of paper, members of the poison squad are diagnosed, and in the end there is a report made which Dr. Wiley will explain to the house committee on agriculture when asking for a renewal of the appropriation.

The report has not been finished yet, but when it is Dr. Wiley promises to warn the public as to what colored bread to eat.

## President's Son Plays Part of Clown



PRESIDENT and Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt attended the circus given in the other night by the boys of Y. M. C. A. in their gymnasium to raise funds for completing their running track.

Quentin Roosevelt made his first appearance as a clown in a turn that was carried on by the program as "Prof. Quentaene and his educated elephant, Bolivar."

The elephant was worked by two other boys and had on its saddlecloth the emblem, "G. O. P." Quentin drove the elephant around the ring, keeping up a running comment on the qualities of the animal. Then another clown came along and found fault with the elephant because it was too thin.

"What do you feed him on?" he asked Quentin.

"Dates," young Roosevelt replied.

"What kind of dates?"

"Candi-dates," said the president's son.

This brought great applause in which Mr. Roosevelt joined heartily.

The presidential party came in just before the elephant act and were given a rousing reception. The boys' band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the audience arose and yelled itself hoarse.

Later on the program Quentin took part in a turn in which larger clowns beat him with bladders and slapsticks and almost made a football of him.

One of the hits of the show was the refusal of a big polar bear to answer to the repeated call of "Teddy" and his dignified response to the name "Theodore."

**Significance of Polar Exploration.**

There is now no question as to the value and importance of polar discovery. Their objects are exploration for scientific purposes, and the encouragement of maritime enterprises. The main principles have been briefly and clearly set forth by Lieut. Weyprecht, who was one of the discoverers of Franz Josef Land: (1) Arctic research is of the highest importance for a knowledge of nature's laws; (2) geographical research is valuable as it opens the field to scientific research generally; (3) the north pole has for science no greater significance than any other point in the higher latitudes. Lieut. Weyprecht thus contends, what the Royal Geographical society has contended for year, that the attainment of the highest possible latitude, or of the pole itself, is not the object to be sought, but the exploration of the unknown area, with a view to scientific results.

**Her Dilemma.**

Lady—We are all vegetarians and should expect you to become one. Have you any objection?

Housemaid (hesitatingly) — Well, mum, it depends. Is beer a vegetable, mum?


## The General Demand

of the well-informed of the world has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the well-informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

**HER CHOICE OF DEMISE.**

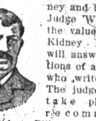
**Pathetic Thought of Little Girl Who Had Lost Playmate.**

Mary had for neighbor a small playmate, a much-loved and attractive boy. The little lad rushed across the street one day, throwing back a glance at his mother. At that instant a trolley car swept around the corner and the resulting tragedy threw the town into excitement. Each family wept as though its own son had been lost. Mary was utterly disconsolate and, little as she had previously known of death, realized in a childish way the added horror of this one. In her conversative grief, and while her father and mother sat with sobs in their throats and tears overflowing, Mary straightened up and sobbed:

"Mother, when I die I hope it will be of a disease and not of a damage!"

**POLICE JUDGE WILLS.**

**Will Gladly Answer the Questions of any Inquirer.**



It is a generous offer that Police Judge J. H. Wills, of Newport, Ky., makes to sufferers from backache, kidney and bladder ills.

Judge Wills knows the value of Doan's Kidney Pills and will answer the questions of any sufferer who writes to him. The judge says: "I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to persons suffering from kidney ills or disorders, backache, etc. It is the best remedy I have ever known and I will gladly answer any questions about it."

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

**John Muir's Simplicity.**

Once, in a talk with E. H. Harriman, John Muir, author and ranchman, said that he was richer than Mr. Harriman.

"I know what you mean," said Mr. Harriman, "but I won't admit it. Don't you think wealth is a good thing for a man?"

"Not great wealth—no. Your rich man renounces too much. I would rather lie down at night by an old spring I know up in the Sierras than to own the Waldorf-Astoria—that is, if I had to live in it."—Bookman.

**Running No Risk.**

"What?" asked the maiden aunt. "Going to marry that Mr. Newwun? Why, you hardly know the man, Imogene. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family of antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Keturah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."—Success Magazine.

**Modus Vivendi.**

The handsome but impecunious young chap who had married the rich and elderly widow began to hint that it was time to give him the control of her funds and the management of her estate.

"Launcelot," she said, "I shall allow you a sufficient income for the supply of your wants, but I expect to keep my business affairs in my own hands. This is not a consolidation. This is a limited partnership."

**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 cheese, sausage, 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.

"Within a week I had plenty of breast milk, and felt stronger within two weeks. 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.

"Grape-Nuts did wonders for me and I learned to like it. I did not mind my household or mother's cares, for I felt strong and full of 'go,' grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

"There's a Reason."

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