

# THE STORY TELLER

## ASLEEP.

Dear babe, when I left you  
This morning you slept;  
Your gold curls and tangled  
Flung outward, and swept  
Across your pillow;  
You never knew I  
Stooped softly above you  
To kiss you good-by.

I knelt down beside you,  
My hat on the floor,  
My wealth was before me,  
I coned it all o'er;  
The small ears shell tinted,  
Each were dimpled fist,  
The cheek like a rose leaf  
A-blush where I kissed.

I kissed you and left you,  
But paused at the stair;  
Then tiptoed back to you  
To gaze on you there;  
Some dream touched your fancy,  
With fingers that swept;  
The sweet chords of pleasure,  
You smiled as you slept.

I hoped dear, to hear your  
Sweet troble ring clear;  
And, sweet, I walked slowly—  
And listened to hear—  
No voice of my loving  
The morn's silence broke,  
No baby called to me,  
"Oh, papa, I'm woken!"

And so, oh, my heartsease,  
I left you alone;  
But noontime will find me  
Come into my own!  
You'll run quick to meet me,  
Your laugh full of glee,  
You're all of the wide world  
And all heaven to me.  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## BIG BEN BECKET, HERO.

By Elliott Flower.

BIG BEN BECKET stood in the crowd at Elk Rapids, looking out over the frozen waters of Grand Traverse bay. Far away, in the direction of the long, narrow peninsula that splits the great bay into what are known as the East and West bays, was a moving speck.

Big Ben Becket and the other watchers knew that this speck was Pete Kline and his home-made sled. They also knew that Pete's chance of reaching home was so slight as to be hardly worth considering. It was because of this that they were lined up along the shore.

Pete was almost the exact opposite of Big Ben in both spirit and physique. He was small, he lacked strength and endurance, and he was as weak of heart as of body. If he saw his danger it would be like him to sink wearily down and resign himself to his fate; for he was weary and discouraged, and the watchers knew it. And the danger was great, as they also knew. It was time for the ice to break. Already there was an inch or more of slush over much of it, and a strong, warm wind had sprung up from the south.

A wisser man never would have attempted to cross to the peninsula when Pete started, but Pete was not gifted with a great amount of foresight. He had made the nine-mile trip over when the conditions were certainly bad enough, and he was on his way back when the conditions were infinitely worse. The ice was only waiting for that warm, strong south wind. "He ought to turn back," commented one of the watchers.

"He doesn't know enough," asserted another.

"Why doesn't he hurry?" was the question of a man who had been using a field-glass. "He seems to be hardly moving."

"Such a trip on that ice would use up even a strong man," remarked Big Ben by way of explanation. "He must be close to his limit."

"Probably doesn't realize his danger, anyway."

"Probably not," admitted Big Ben. The people of Elk Rapids did not have a high opinion of Pete. He was a stolid man—industrious but slow, and far from resourceful. Even a man of no experience in that region should have known enough to stay at Old Mission on the peninsula when the wind began to rise. Of course, Pete wanted to get back to his wife and child, and, even if he appreciated the danger, which the watchers believed doubtful, his only chance for some time would be to cross before the ice broke. But, from every point of view, he would be better off at Old Mission than he would at the bottom of Grand Traverse bay or floating out to Lake Michigan on an ice floe. If he failed to consider that, it was his own fault; he alone was responsible for his present predicament, and—

"The ice has broken on the other shore!" cried the man with the field-glass.

There was no chance for him to turn back now. If the ice broke from the east shore, as it had from the west, he was lost. And, whatever they might think of the ignorance or folly of a man who would do as he had done, he was a human being nevertheless, and he was facing a fearful death. Then, too, his wife was back a little from the crowd of men, looking out over the ice with bewildered, frightened eyes, while several other women tried to assure her that he would reach land in safety. She knew that he was in danger, but she did not know how little of hope there was. She did not weep, but her pitious, pleading, questioning eyes, as she turned them from the figure far out on the ice to the figures on the shore, were enough to in-

spire men to action even if the plight of Pete proved insufficient.

Big Ben looked at her and then at the ice. Then he started out over the frozen bay. It required great and self-sacrificing courage to do this thing. As his name implied, he was big and strong, but he was deliberately placing himself in a situation where his size and strength would avail nothing—and to what purpose? He could do nothing but hurry Pete a little, if he reached him. No physical prowess, no mental resourcefulness, would enable him to escape the danger. If the ice broke from the east shore, he would be as helpless as a child, and the death that awaited him would be an agonizing one, with its preface hopeless despair.

"It's widening on the other side!" came the cry from the shore, but he did not even turn his head. With a long, strong stride, that made his progress rapid without seeming so, he pushed on, with a woman back of the crowd of men clasped her hands and cried brokenly: "God be good to Big Ben!" and the men ceased talking to watch the silence. There were those among them who would rush into a burning building to rescue an inmate; there were those who would brave a storm to bring off people from a wreck; for in these deeds there would be the thrill of excitement that makes men careless of danger, and also there would be, even at the worst, a fighting chance for life. But the thrill of excitement was lacking in that long walk over the ice; there was time for reflection; there was little that the man could do, and his chance for life was a gambling, rather than a fighting, chance. Wherefore, the men on the shore—brave men, most of them—remained behind and watched in silence, save for an occasional verbal bulletin by the man with the field-glass.

Out on the ice Pete plodded wearily along. He did not look behind, and only occasionally looked ahead to see that he was keeping the right direction. His gaze rested on his feet and the slush and ice just before them, and he was wondering in a stolid sort of way if he could keep those feet going until he reached shore. Behind him, at the end of a long rope, came the home-made sled, on which were tied the bundles and packages for which he had ignorantly risked his life. These contained supplies, given him in payment for work done previously on the peninsula, and how sadly they were needed at this time only he and his wife knew.

Suddenly he became aware that some one was approaching, and he wondered. That nine-mile walk over the ice was not one to be undertaken for pleasure, and even in mid-winter, when the ice was good, few cared to cross the bay in that way. However, it did not concern him, so he dropped his gaze to his feet again, and resumed his speculation as to whether those feet would carry him home.

The next time he looked up it was evident the man was coming directly to him, but still he only wondered idly. He was not particularly interested. If the man were going his way, and would help him with the sled, it would be different, but there was small satisfaction in passing the time of day with either friend or stranger out on the ice of Grand Traverse bay. So, he continued to let his interest center in his feet, until it became necessary to make sure of his course again. Then the man was within hailing distance and he recognized him.

Finding his attention momentarily withdrawn from them, Pete's feet stopped moving and Pete stood still. Having come to a halt, his next natural impulse would be to look about him and he would see his danger. When such a man as Pete is frightened his fear is wild and unreasoning; his stolidity is the stolidity of ignorance, and when that is gone he loses his head. Furthermore, the man was almost on the point of physical collapse.

"Hullo, Pete!" cried Big Ben; and Pete's shifting gaze was again turned in the right direction. "Come along, Pete. I'll help you!" was the cheery cry that followed.

Pete's weary feet began to move again and a moment later Big Ben was beside him and had hold of the sled rope.

"Pretty hard trip, Pete?" he asked, casually.

Pete nodded, but said nothing. He was not a man of many words, anyway, and just at this moment he was wondering in an indefinite sort of way why this man had come so far out on the bay only to turn back. But it really was a matter of no importance; Pete was content to accept the help that came to him without any deep questioning.

"Knew you'd be tired," remarked Big Ben, cheerily, as if in answer to Pete's thoughts, "so I thought I'd come out and give you a hand."

People were not in the habit of giving themselves much concern over Pete's weariness, and Pete had a vague notion that there was something unusual in this, but he did not pursue the subject further.

"Good man, Big Ben," he said with simple brevity.

The big man had gradually quickened the pace until Pete's weary feet were kept so busy that they hardly had time to ache. There was no word of danger and no suggestion that time was of any importance, but the moment Big Ben got hold of the sled rope he took all that burden from Pete and gave him added help besides. The weary man also had hold of the rope, and it steadied and helped him, while it made him increase and quicken his stride. The strength, the kindness, the cheerful conversation of his companion raised his spirits, too. There is something infectious about strength

and cheerfulness; combined, they seem to give strength where it was lacking before. At any rate, if Pete had stopped to think (which he did not), he would have found himself traveling at a speed actually impossible previously.

"Mean time to cross," commented the big man, "Walking bad."

"Had to," explained Pete. "The wife needed—"

He half turned, with a sweep of one hand, toward the bundles on the sled, but Big Ben gave the sled rope a jerk that faced him to the front again. They were now moving as fast as was practicable under the circumstances, the condition of the ice and the distance they had to cover being considered; but far off to the north the ice was beginning to break along the east shore. Big Ben saw it, but the only effect was to make him talk volubly. He kept Pete in a state of dull wonderment. He joked and he cheered him on with complimentary references and recalled familiar incidents; he adopted every possible device to hold Pete's attention. And all the time he was dragging the sled and half dragging Pete.

Nearer and nearer they approached the shore, and nearer and nearer that widening crack approached the line of their route home. It was irregular, uncertain—a long split, a brief interval and then another split—but it was slowly moving to intercept the two on the bay. Big Ben could see it, and the watchers on the shore could see it. They made mental calculations as to the chances, and it seemed to be a pretty even thing. Only a short distance to the north the ice was already moving from the East bay out into the big bay, but the two were only a short distance from safety. Then the noise of the breaking ice smote Pete's ears, and he looked up with startled, wild, frightened eyes.

"Mercy!" he ejaculated, and stopped short. "Come on!" cried Big Ben, but Pete's knees were shaking, and his face showed that despair clutched at his heart. He was pointing ahead, where there was already a little lane of clear water.

"Come!" thundered Big Ben, and he gripped the little man by the arm with no gentle hand. The force of his will, even more than the strength of his arm, put Pete in motion again, and they made a slight swerve to the south, where the ice was not yet broken.

They were running now. Pete had dropped the sled rope, but Big Ben still clung to it with one hand, while the other gripped Pete's arm and fairly lifted him over the ice. Under the inspiration of a strong man who acts, the little man was putting all his remaining strength into the effort to reach safety, but the life seemed to go out of him when the ice again broke in front of him. He held back, but only for an instant. Big Ben jerked him up and forward.

"Jump, you fool!" he roared, and, still gripping the arm of the little man, he cleared the widening but still narrow space that intervened between death and life. Then, with a quick and dexterous jerk of the rope, he lifted the sled into the air and brought it across also.

They were near enough to the shore to be safe now, and the excited watchers were rushing out to them. Pete had fallen when he made the jump and was too exhausted to rise. Big Ben sat down on the sled and looked at him, his face showing his contempt.

"Blamed little shrimp!" he muttered. "I wonder what I did it for."—Home Magazine.

**Provincial Prejudice.**  
If now the representatives of a mingled race make themselves thus personally attractive, why should the very existence of such a race be regarded as an insuperable evil? The answer is that the tradition lies simply in the associations of slavery. Outside of this country such insuperable aversion plainly does not exist, nor is it to be found in the land nearest to us in kindred, England. A relative of mine, a Boston lady, distinguished in the last generation for beauty and bearing, was once staying in London with her husband, when they received a call at breakfast time from a mulatto of fine appearance, named Prince Sanders, whom they had known well as a steward, or head waiter in Boston. She felt that she ought to ask him, as a fellow-countryman, to sit down at table with them, but she shrank from it until he rose to go; and then, in a cowardly manner, as she frankly admitted, stammered out the invitation. To which his reply was: "Thank you, madam, but I am engaged to breakfast with a duke this morning," which turned out to be true.—Atlantic.

**Barium Ge. a Front Seat.**  
Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, New York's famous octogenarian preacher, is fond of telling this story:  
"One Sunday morning shortly after I had entered the pulpit I got up and said:  
"I see in the congregation a good way back a man who always gives me a good seat whenever I go to see him and his. I want to reciprocate his kindness. Let him come up front."  
"And when the congregation turned as one man to see who was making his way up the aisle they saw none other than P. T. Barnum."—St. Paul Globe.

**Making It Personal.**  
"Did you ever long for death?" asked the soulful, dyspeptic young man of the practical young woman. It was the fourth long call he had made on her that week, and she was sleepy.

"Whose death do you mean?" she asked, in a dry, discouraging tone.—Youth's Companion.

# FARM AND GARDEN

## TALK ABOUT QUACK GRASS.

It is a Great Nuisance in Spite of the Fact That It Possesses Nutritive Value.

Quack grass, *Agrropyrum repens*, is also known by the names, couch grass, quitch grass, quick grass, wheat grass, dog grass, witch grass and Tommy grass in different localities. A Wisconsin bulletin says of it:  
"Quack grass has some excellent qualities as a fodder plant, and is said to surpass Timothy in nutritive value, but its disposition to monopolize and retain possession of the soil renders it a most malignant enemy to rotative cropping. The peculiarity that renders quack grass so difficult to destroy is its method of propagation. It puts out vigorous underground stems, which



QUACK GRASS.

root and send up new stems at their joints. These underground stems often display their aggressive power by growing through potatoes or bits of wood that chance to lie in their path. By interweaving, they form a stiff sod that often severely tries the muscles of the plowman's team. Usually branches do not come from every joint, but if the stems are broken off or cut in pieces, as with a plow, hoe or harrow, each piece sends up a stem and leaves from any joint it may have, and becomes a distinct plant. A large amount of nourishment is stored up in the form of starch, which makes the underground stems very nutritive and furnishes food for growth. The new plants formed by cutting up the old ones grow with great vigor, and so form many weeds in the place of one. The subterranean portions are eaten by stock when accessible to them. Horses and cows are fond of them; a hog's root industriously for them and give efficient help in their extermination.

"The summer fallow is probably the most satisfactory method of destroying quack grass on any large scale. Turn the sod under in spring and plow again as often as any amount of grass appears above ground, until September, when rye or wheat may be sown if desired. It is best to remove fences and other obstructions to the plow, that make a harboring place for the tenacious underground stems. Small patches may be destroyed by covering the ground deeply with straw or other litter, or by devoting the ground to some crop that requires clean culture, as cabbage, cauliflower or celery, provided the required clean culture is faithfully given. Patches of quack grass should never be cross plowed or cross cultivated in tilling the field that contains them, as this is one of the most effective means of spreading the underground stems to new locations."

We would add that a heavy crop of clover following the rye will be a great help in reducing the vitality of this pest. In fact, smothering with some rank growing crop is about the only way to make any headway against it in any but very dry seasons. Cultivation in a damp season, except where the stems are raked and carried off the land, only serves to spread it, as the stems will sprout at the joint, take root and grow when left lying on top of the ground.—Prairie Farmer.

**Tobacco Destroys Insect Life.**  
The use of tobacco as a protection against moths and other insects is well known, but a new adaptation is reported in the form of an extract, which is said to be fatal to various forms of insect life. The extract is prepared from tobacco waste, and is of about 40 per cent. solidity and has nine per cent. strength of nicotine. Diluted according to its proposed use, it promptly exterminates the bugs, but is absolutely harmless to plant life. The solution—from one to three per cent. being sufficient for all ordinary purposes—is sprinkled or sprayed in the usual manner, and is winning popularity. Among the insects on which experiments have been made with encouraging results are plant lice, plant wasps, earth fleas, caterpillars and beetles. The extract is also used with success for animal parasites such as sheep lice.—Rural World.

**Clovers on Wet Land.**  
Clovers differ greatly as to their ability to live with water at their roots. Thus, the red varieties must be grown on land where water does not stand. A large proportion of the failures in getting catches of clover are doubtless due to the sowing of the seed on poorly drained land. Where the red clover is wanted and the land is wet, the only thing to do is to drain it, so that the land will dry out well in the spring and get warm quickly, and so that it will remain warm till late in the fall. Cold land is not suitable to the growing of medium and red clover. But with the alsike it is different, to a degree. That variety will stand more moisture than the other kinds, but not so much as some people give it credit for.

**Good Feed for Dairy Cows.**  
Sooner or later we are going to have trouble in some of our western states on account of fermented foods fed dairy cows and the unsophisticated state of some of the men engaged in enforcing dairy inspection laws. We heard recently of the attempt by an assistant dairy and food commissioner to stop the feeding of waste from the distilleries. Now, distillery waste, brewers' grains and silage are all more or less fermented, when they come to the cow, but they are good feeds for all that. Sauerkraut is a partly fermented food, but it is served on all our tables, and no one finds fault with it because of its partial fermentation.—Farmers' Review.

**Skunk Beetle in the South.**  
A rather unusual visitation was suffered by a South Carolina town last summer through the presence of what is known as the rhinoceros beetle, which bears the same unapproachable position in the insect world that the skunk does among animals. A colony of these beetles established themselves in some ash trees which were grown for shade, and the odor was so strong and offensive that the town council ordered eighty of these trees to be cut down. As the trees were estimated to be worth \$100 each, the unusual visitation cost the town about \$8,000.—N. Y. Times.

## FACTS ABOUT BEET SUGAR.

Industry Is Growing and Many New Factories Will Be Built in Near Future.

According to the United States department of agriculture, there has been an increase in the number of beet-sugar factories in the United States from 43 at the close of 1902 to 56 at the beginning of 1904. Fifty of these were in operation during the "campaign" of 1903. The crop of 1903 amounted to a little more than 2,000,000 tons harvested from 242,576 acres, the average yield being about eight and one-half tons per acre. The prices which farmers receive for beets ranged from \$4.50 to \$5.60 per ton, the average being \$5. The average gross returns to the farmers were therefore \$42.50 per acre. The estimated cost of growing beets by irrigation is \$40 per acre, and where irrigation is not necessary, \$30. If \$35 be taken as the average for the whole crop of 1903, the average net profit to farmers was \$7.50 per acre. In some of the sugar-beet areas, the returns were much higher than this average. As in production of other crops, much depends on the season, the character of the land, and the kind of farmer. Many farmers cleared from \$25 to \$50 per acre. The best results on record for 1903 were secured by a farmer of Otero county, Col. He grew one acre of sugar beets at a cost of about \$37.50; the yield was 33 tons, for which he received \$158, his net returns being about \$120. The sugar made from the beet crop of 1903 was 240,604 tons, compared with 218,405 tons from that of 1902, and 184,605 tons from that of 1901. Within the past few years there has been a remarkable increase in the percentage of sugar in the beets. A few years ago 12 per cent. of sugar was the standard. Last year in many cases the entire crop sold to a factory averaged 15 to 18 per cent. There is a prospect that many new factories will be built in the next year or two. Many improvements are being made in methods and machinery used in the growing and handling of the beets. The beet pulp produced by the factories is used by the farmers as feed for their animals more generally than heretofore.

**FILLING SACKS MADE EASY.**  
Description of a Simple Bag Holder That Will Save Much Time and Inconvenience.  
At seeding and threshing time, with much sacking of grain, there is usually time lost by one man holding sacks for another to fill. This little device will save much time and inconvenience. Make a box sloping to bottom the size of sack, placing hooks at the four corners of bottom to catch and hold bag, as shown at a. Strong iron hooks are bent to fasten box, as shown at b, with sufficient extension to hang over at least a two-inch board. The grain is readily shoveled into box and sack filled by one man.—Farm and Home.

## PRACTICAL FARM NOTES.

The economic value of all foods depends upon their digestibility. An animal must be kept in good flesh and thriving to make it grow. It is very desirable to put the early lambs to maturity as soon as possible. One of the first things to be done on a stock farm is to improve the pastures. The rearing and feeding of live stock is the salvation of impoverished farms. The greatest profit in agriculture lies in keeping every acre actively producing.

Young and growing animals require a food which will make muscle rather than fat. The farm teams accustomed to heavy work should not be driven on the roads rapidly. Sheep need and must have plenty of grains and a variety of fodder to fatten rapidly.

It is ever true that the good milk and butter cow will turn her food into milk and butter and not flesh. The highest welfare of all domestic animals requires that their food be not only wholesome, but nourishing.—Soldier's Tribune.

**Wrong Track.**  
Head to Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over. When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each box.

## REMARKED AT RANDOM.

Collector Stratton, of the San Francisco port, has received notification that the Chinese minister has made the following regulations as to the use of the flag: A flag having one dragon rampant in a yellow moon will be reserved for common use; two dragons are to be used only in the case of mercantile joint stock companies.

Fifty-three women in the United States have been regularly ordained and are doing the full work of ministers. Forty-five of the 53 are married, although some of them were ordained before marriage. Most of them have independent parishes, where they preach, make pastoral visits and officiate at marriages and at funerals.

Dr. E. C. Savidge, of New York, has been casting his professional eye over audiences in the Metropolitan opera house, and this is how he sums them up, male and female: "Look at the men—agile, keen, quick of movement, still in the game of life, of use to their family, age and race. Turn to their consorts—save a few exceptions for our chivalry they are obese or scrawny, hebeticulous or jerking, flabby bundles of tissue hanging in folds; each fold, to the esoteric eye, full of burnt-out tissue juice, poisoning the individual with the ashes of her own life."

Writing of "Savage and Civilized Dress," Edwin Smith Balch says that while it might be assumed that the superior development of the brain of civilized man would result in some form of dress far better and more tasteful than anything found among savages, it may be doubted whether this is the case. One marked error of civilized dress is its interference with the proper ventilation of the skin. The human animal breathes with his entire skin; refuse matter is thrown off as perspiration through every pore. The fact is well known, but in the garments of civilization it is almost universally unrecognized.

## NOTES ABOUT ANIMALS.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungles, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

Since the Indians have been thinned out the gila (hecla) monster is overrunning the southwest territory. The only antidote known for the gila's poison, which is fatal in about 30 minutes, is a secret of the Hualpisi Indians, in Mexico, who think it Godgiven, and never have divulged it, although government officials and scientists have lived among them for the purpose of discovering it.

That ants perceive and avoid rays of ultra violet light much higher in the scale of vision than the human eye is able to detect, has been shown by Sir John Lubbock. Now a writer in the Electrical World suggests that those who are trying to determine the wave length of the X-rays experiment with ants. The X-rays are invisible to man, but they have not been determined whether they are too long or too short for his eyes to see. The ultra violet waves are too short.

Lydia W. Ladd, a recluse, who died recently, left \$150,000 for the establishment of an academy at Epping, N. H.

Richard H. Taylor, of the United States secret service, has received a medal for the courage displayed on the Nipic during the Samoan hurricane of 1880.

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