

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

It was a quiet night in the Tivoli. At the bar, which ranged along one side of the large chinked-log room, leaned half a dozen men, two of whom were discussing the relative merits of spruce tea and lime juice as remedies for scurvy. They argued with an air of depression and with intervals of moose silence. The other men scarcely heeded them. In a row, against the opposite wall, were the gambling games. The crap table was deserted. One lone man was playing at the faro table. The roulette was not even spinning, and the gamekeeper stood by the roaring, red-hot stove, talking with a young, dark-eyed woman, comely of face and figure, who was known from Juneau to Fort Yukon as the Virgin. Three men sat in at stud poker, but they played with small chips and without enthusiasm, while there were no onlookers. On the floor of the dancing room, which opened out at the rear, three couples were waltzing drowsily to the strains of a violin and a piano.

Circle City was not deserted, nor was money tight. The miners were in from Moosehead creek and the other diggings to the west, the summer washing had been good, and the men's pouches were heavy with dust and nuggets. The Klondike had not yet been discovered, nor had the miners of the Yukon learned the possibilities of deep digging and wood-firing. No work was done in the winter, and they made a practice of hibernating in the large camps like Circle City during the long Arctic night. Time was heavy on their hands, their pouches were well filled and the only social diversion to be found was in the saloons. Yet the Tivoli was practically deserted, and the Virgin, standing by the stove, yawned with uncovered mouth and said to Charley Bates:

"If something don't happen soon, I'm goin' to bed. What's the matter with the camp, anyway? Everybody dead?" Bates did not even trouble to reply, but went on moodily rolling a cigarette. Dan MacDonald, pioneer saloonman and gambler on the upper Yukon, owner and proprietor of the Tivoli and all its games, wandered torulously across the great vacant space of floor and joined the two at the stove.

"Anybody dead?" the Virgin asked him.

"Looks like it," was the answer.

"Then it must be the whole camp," she said with an air of finality and with another yawn.

MacDonald grinned and nodded, and opened his mouth to speak, when the front door swung open and a man appeared on Bone creek. He would have appeared a large man had not a huge French-Canadian stepped up to him from the bar and gripped his hand.

"Hello, Daylight!" was his greeting.

"By Gar, you good for sore eyes!"

"Hello, Louis, when did you all blow in?" returned the newcomer.

"Come up and have a drink and tell us all about Bone creek. Why, dog-gone you-all, shake again. Where's that pardner of yours? I'm looking for him."

Another huge man detached himself from the bar to shake hands. Olof Henderson and French Louis, partners together on Bone creek, were the two largest men in the country, and though they were but half a head taller than the newcomer, between them he was dwarfed completely.

"Hello, Olof," said the one called Daylight. "Tomorrow's my birthday and you, too, Louis. Come up and drink, and I'll tell you all about it."

The arrival of the newcomer seemed to send a flood of warmth through the place. "It's Burning Daylight," the Virgin cried, the first to recognize him as he came into the light. Charley Bates' tight features relaxed at the sight, and MacDonald went over and joined the three at the bar. With the advent of Burning Daylight the whole place suddenly became brighter and cheerier. The barkeepers were active. Voices were raised. Somebody laughed. And when the fiddler, peering into the front room, remarked to the pianist: "It's Burning Daylight," the waltz time perceptibly quickened, and the dancers, catching the contagion, began to whirl about as if they really enjoyed it. It was known to them of old-time that nothing languished when Burning Daylight was around.

He turned from the bar and saw the woman by the stove and the eager look of welcome she extended him.

"Hello, Virgin, old girl," he called.

"Hello, Charley. What's the matter with you-all? Why wear faces like that when coffee only cost three ounces? Come up, you-all, and drink. Come up, you unbred dead, an' name your poison. Come up, everybody. This is my night, and I'm going to ride it. To-morrow I'm thirty, and then I'll be an old man. It's the last fling of youth. Are you-all with me? Surge along, then. Surge along."

The waltz in the back room being finished, the three couples, followed by the fiddler and the pianist and heading for the bar, caught Daylight's eye.

"Surge along, you-all!" he cried.

"Surge along and name it. This is my night, and it ain't a night that comes frequent. Surge up, you Swashes and Salmon-eaters. It's my night, I tell you-all!"

"A blamed mangy night," Charley Bates interpolated.

"You're right, my son." Burning Daylight went on, gayly. "A mangy night, but it's my night, you see. I'm the

mangy old be-wolf. Listen to me howl!"

And how he did, like a lone gray timber wolf, till the Virgin thrust her pretty fingers in her ears and shivered. A minute later she was whirling away in his arms to the dancing floor, where, along with three other women and their partners, a rollicking Virginia reel was soon in progress.

Few men knew Elam Harnish by any other name than Burning Daylight, the name which had been given him in the early days in the land because of his habit of routing his comrades out of their blankets with the complaint that daylight was burning. Of the pioneers in that far Arctic wilderness, where all men were pioneers, he was reckoned among the oldest. Men like Al Mayo and Jack McQuestion antedated him; but they had entered the land by crossing the Rockies from the Hudson Bay country to the east. He, however, had been the pioneer over the Chilcot and Chilcat passes. In the spring of 1883, twelve years before, a stripling of eighteen, he had crossed over the Chilcot with five comrades. In the fall he had crossed back with one. Four had perished by mischance in the bleak, uncharted vastness. And for twelve years Elam Harnish had continued to grope for gold among the shadows of the Circle Heroes are seldom given to hero-worship, but among those of that land, young as he was, he was accounted an elder hero. In point of time he was, before them, in point of deed he was beyond them.



"Surge Along, You-All!" He Cried. "Surge Along and Name It."

He was a striking figure of a man, of all the men in the Tivoli. Soft-tanned moccasins of moose-hide, beaded in Indian designs, covered his feet. His trousers were ordinary overalls, his coat was made from a blanket. Long-gauntleted leather mittens, lined with wool, hung by his side. They were connected, in the Yukon fashion by a leather thong passed around the neck and across the shoulders. On his head was a fur cap, the ear-flaps raised and the tye-cords dangling. His face, lean and slightly long, with the suggestion of hollows under the cheek bones, seemed almost Indian. The burnt skin and keen dark eyes contributed to this effect, though the bronze of the skin and the eyes themselves were essentially those of a white man. He looked older than thirty, and yet, smooth-shaven and without wrinkles, he was almost boyish. The impression of age was based on no tangible evidence. It came from the abstract facts of the man, from what he had endured and survived, which was far beyond that of ordinary men. He had lived naked and tensely, and something of all this smoldered in his eyes, vibrated in his voice and seemed forever a whisper on his lips.

It was two in the morning when the dancers, bent on getting something to eat, adjourned the dancing for half an hour. And it was at this moment that Jack Kearns suggested poker. Jack Kearns was a big, bluff-featured man, who, along with Bettles, had made the disastrous attempt to found a post on the head-reaches of the Koyukuk, far inside the Arctic circle. After that Kearns had fallen back on his posts at Forty Mile and Sixty Mile and changed the direction of his ventures by sending out to the states for a small saw-mill and a river steamer. Jack Kearns suggested poker. French Louis, Dan MacDonald and Hal Campbell (who had made a strike on Moosehide), all three of whom were not dancing be-

cause there were not girls enough to go around, inclined to the suggestion. They were looking for a fifth man when Burning Daylight emerged from the rear room, the Virgin on his arm, the train of dancers in his wake. In response to the hall of the poker-players, he came over to their table in the corner.

"Want to sit in," said Campbell.

"How's your luck?"

"I sure got it tonight," Burning Daylight answered with enthusiasm, and at the same time felt the Virgin press his arm warningly. She wanted him for the dancing. "I sure got my luck with me, but I'd sooner dance. I ain't banker!" to take the money away from you-all."

Nobody urged. They took his refusal as final, and the Virgin was pressing his arm to turn him away in pursuit of the supper-seekers, when he experienced a change of heart. It was not that he did not want to dance, nor that he wanted to hurt her; but that insistent pressure on his arm put his free man-nature in revolt. The thought in his mind was that he did not want any woman running him. Himself a favorite with women, nevertheless they did not bulk big with him. They were toys, playthings, part of the relaxation from the bigger game of life. He met women along with the whisky and gambling, and from observation he had found that it was far easier to break away from the drink and the cards than from a woman once the man was properly entangled. He resisted the pull on his arm by the mere negative mass of him, and said:

"I sort of feel a hankering to give you-all a flutter."

Tact and sympathy strove with him, and he smiled with his eyes into the Virgin's eyes as he said:

"You-all go and get some grub, I

man cared to miss it. The dancing floor was full. The luck at the table varied monotonously, no big hands being out. As a result, high play went on with small hands, though no play lasted long. But at three in the morning the big combination of hands arrived. It was the moment of moments that men wait weeks for in a poker game. The news of it tingled over the



"We'll Dance Some More By and By. The Night's Young Yet."

Tivoli. The onlookers became quiet. The men farther away ceased talking and moved over to the table. The players deserted the other games, and the dancing-floor was forsaken, so that all stood at last, silencescore and more in a compact and silent group, around the poker table. The high betting went on, with the draw not in sight. Kearns had dealt, and French Louis had opened the pot with one marker.—In his case one hundred dollars. Campbell had merely "seen" it, but Elam Harnish, coming next, had tossed in five hundred dollars, with the remark to MacDonald that he was letting him in easy. MacDonald glancing again at his hand, put in a thousand in markers. Kearns, debating a long time over his hand, finally "saw." It then cost French Louis nine hundred to remain in the game, which he contributed after a similar debate. It cost Campbell likewise nine hundred to remain and draw cards, but to the surprise of all he saw the nine hundred and raised another thousand.

"You-all are on the grade at last," Harnish remarked, as he saw the fifteen hundred and raised a thousand in turn. "Helen Breakfast's sure on top this divide, and you-all had best look out for bustin' harness."

"Me for that same lady," accompanied MacDonald's markers for two thousand and for an additional thousand-dollar raise.

"I ain't got no more markers," Kearns remarked plaintively. "We'd best begin I. O. U.'s."

"Glad you're going to stay," was MacDonald's cordial response.

"I ain't stayed yet. I've got a thousand in already. How's it stand now?"

"It'll cost you three thousand for a look in, but nobody will stop you from raising."

"Raise—b—l. You must think I got a pat like yourself," Kearns looked at his hand. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mac. I've got a hunch, and I'll just see that three thousand."

He wrote the sum on a slip of paper, signed his name, and consigned it to the center of the table.

French Louis became the focus of all eyes. He fingered his cards nervously for a pace. Then, with a "By Gar! Ah got not one leetle bet hunch," he regretfully tossed his hand into the discards.

The next moment the hundred and odd pairs of eyes shifted to Campbell.

"I won't hump you, Jack," he said, consulting himself with calling the requisite two thousand.

The eyes shifted to Harnish, who scribbled on a piece of paper and showed it forward.

"I'll just let you-all know this ain't no Sunday school society of philanthropy," he said. "I see you, Jack, and I raise you a thousand. Here's where you-all get action on your pat, Mac."

"Action's what I fatten on, and I lift another thousand," was MacDonald's rejoinder. "Still got that hunch, Jack?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Red Cedar for Buildings

Some of This Excellent Material Is Estimated to Be Nearly Four Thousand Years Old.

It will surprise many to know that they have in their homes material estimated to be 4,000 years old. It is the shingles or interior finish in red cedar or if you have a red cedar chest it is possible that the wood antedates the history of this country by thousands of years, says the Cleveland Leader.

A Cleveland man is credited with bringing the first red cedar into this section. W. A. Geist, on a western trip several years ago, was attracted by the red cedar forests at Port Angeles, Wash. He established a mill there and began shipping the cedar to the eastern market. Formerly the southern cedar was used in great quantities, but it is the claim of Mr. Geist that the product from the Pacific coast is growing in favor and the demand for it is increasing.

It is so durable wood and its use in a home guarantees that moths and other troublesome insects will not enter. It is used for wainscoting, man-

teils, cupboards, cabinets and especially for chests in which to store furs and clothing. Mr. Geist exhibits a quantity of red cedar cut from a tree he estimates to be at least 3700 years of age. Three large cedars were found growing from a fallen log which was five and one-half feet in diameter. The largest of the three trees growing from the fallen tree was ten and one-half feet in diameter. By counting the rings in both trees indicates that the fallen tree, still sound, is nearing its four thousandth birthday.

Mr. Geist is an expert upon red cedar and goes in for the history of the wonderful trees of Washington and other coast states as a biographer would the data upon the life of some famous man. He surrounds a bolt of shingle cedar with an interesting story, which goes back to the misty ages and something like reverence grows within the listener for this venerable work of nature.

Unquestionably the red cedar is the oldest material used in the construction of the home and few materials will outwear it, it being nearly indestructible except by fire.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

A Column of Short Paragraphs That Has Been Collected With Much Care by the Editor.

Greenville.—At Anderson Judge Prince issued an order appointing Fred W. Symmes of Greenville receiver for the Gilreath Manufacturing Company, which concern was established about two years ago for the manufacture of muslin underwear, neckwear, etc.

Columbia.—The veterans of Richland county, meeting in the Richland county court house, named the county pension board. The members of the board are: David Rabon, Jacob Krimm and Ainsley Monteith. The board will elect a pension commissioner. U. R. Brooks acted as chairman of the meeting.

Sumter.—The work in this county under the Rock Hill plan for the reduction of cotton acreage is proceeding rapidly and will probably be completed by the end of another week if nothing happens to prevent. A number of canvassers have already practically completed their townships and in their reports to Mr. Neill O'Donnell, the county chairman.

Spartanburg.—While at work in Grace's mill, located near Duncan Boyce Sheldon, colored, aged 16, was caught in the machinery and instantly killed. The negro was employed both day and night, and while attending to his duties in some unexplainable manner was caught by a piece of the machinery. No one saw the accident.

Charleston.—There was no development in the milk situation, which is being so vigorously agitated. The matter will come up in an unofficial way at the next meeting of city council, when the board of health will report on the charges which were made by an official of the National Corn show which seems to have started all the newspaper agitation about the milk supply.

Florence.—A meeting of those interested in county affairs has been called by the delegation to be held in The Times auditorium to discuss the proposed new form of county government for this county, which provides for taking the supervisor out of politics and the employment by the board of an engineer for roads, and the levy of a tax sufficient to give the board about \$40,000 to do permanent road work this year.

Charleston.—The matter of the establishment of commission government in Charleston will come up at the next regular meeting of the Charleston Community club on February 15, on a report which will be made by the delegation that appeared before the judiciary committee of the house and urged the passage of the commission government bill of the previous session which had been vetoed by the governor.

Gaffney.—J. C. Duncan, a state constable, brought to Gaffney a desperate negro, John Henry Lash by name who is charged with having entered the store of D. R. Bird in Blacksburg and stealing a considerable amount of merchandise. It seems that the negro effected his entrance by a window in the store, tearing the iron grating away. Mr. Duncan struck the trail and finally located the thief on a plantation in the Bugalow section of the county.

Charleston.—At a meeting of the chamber of commerce the Tourist and Convention league was organized for the purpose of securing conventions and visitors to Charleston. The meeting was attended by commercial, real estate, railroad and hotel interests, making a combination which should prove effective in the special work. Officers were elected, rules and regulations adopted and the matter of the form and cost of entertainment considered.

Charleston.—United States Engineer Major George P. Howell stated that he had the report on the 20-foot channel project for the Ashley River ready to go forward to Washington. Some time ago Major Howell was requested to make an examination and furnish an estimate of the cost of creating a 20-foot channel up the Ashley River as far as the Standard Fertilizer Works wharf. This project, if carried out, will mean much to the fertilizer plants located along the river.

Walterboro.—At a recent meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Colleton Banking Company, it was found that the bank had enjoyed a most prosperous year. The earnings for the past year far exceeded those of any previous year.

Gaffney.—Gaffney people are much elated over the fact that the contract for the erection of the public building in this city has been let and they are anxiously awaiting the beginning of work. It is understood here that there were only three bidders, one from Virginia, one from Texas, and one from Boston.

Charleston.—Placards announcing the authorization of \$500 reward for the capture of the party or parties who tampered with the White Hall switch recently have been distributed.

Darlington.—Capt. William E. Zimmerman, Confederate soldier, died at his home about four miles from this city at the ripe age of 81 years. At the close of the War Between the Sections Mr. Zimmerman was captain of the Pee Dee light artillery. He was the eldest child of Dr. John T. Zimmerman and Carolina DuBose Zimmerman.

Charleston.—Steps are being taken by the Charleston Sanitary and Drainage commission to improve the roads on James Island and drain the low places.

Columbia.—James Parker, a white man, was arrested on a charge of attempted criminal assault on a white woman in Columbia. James S. Verner, recorder, bound Parker over to the general sessions court of Richland county. The arrest was made by Messrs. Forde and Richardson of the Columbia police department. Parker is said to come from New York, and now in jail.

AN INQUIRY WILL SOON BE STARTED

THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT WILL INVESTIGATE THE FLORIDA CHARGES.

CLARK IS ASKED TO APPEAR

The Suppression of Reports on the Drainage of Everglade Lands in Florida Will Also Figure in This Sweeping Investigation.

Washington.—The Postoffice Department is investigating land syndicates dealing in Florida everglades property, involved in the controversy pertaining to the Department of Agriculture which is to be probed by the House committee on expenditures.

While Representative Clark of Florida, who charges precipitated the congressional inquiry, was preparing for that investigation, he received a request from the postoffice inspection division for copies of his speech in the House assailing officials of the Agricultural Department for their attitude in the everglade drainage case and for other information he has on the subject.

The inquiry by the expenditures committee in the drainage division, the discharge by Secretary Wilson of Drainage Engineer C. E. Elliott and his assistant, A. D. Morehouse, and the suppression of reports on everglade lands, will soon begin.

George P. McCabe, solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, will appear before the commission to complete a statement regarding the case which he began before the committee several days ago. Following this a financial statement showing the total cost of everglades drainage projects, the publication of reports which were never published and other data from the Agricultural Department will be submitted.

J. O. Wright, chief drainage engineer of the state of Florida, and former assistant drainage engineer in the Agricultural Department, who made the charges upon which Elliott and Morehouse were dismissed, has been subpoenaed to testify before the committee when the taking of testimony will begin.

Morse Will Sail For Germany.

New York.—Not a word could be obtained at the apartments in West Fifty-eighth street where Charles W. Morse is recuperating preparatory to a trip to Bad Nauheim, Germany. Reports were current that Morse would sail away perhaps on the Oceanic, having decided that it was best to start for Europe at once, instead of remaining here for a week or ten days as he first proposed. Whether this report has any foundation could not be determined at last report.

English Navy Can Meet Any Other.

Glasgow, Scotland.—Speaking at a public luncheon here Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, declared in positive terms that the British navy is prepared to meet all eventualities, in referring to sea rivalry between Germany and Great Britain, Mr. Churchill declared that while naval power was necessary to England's welfare, it was a luxury for Germany.

Marble Works Destroyed by Fire.

Nelson, Ga.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed the buildings of the Blue Ridge Marble Company, near here. The loss is estimated at \$50,000, partly covered by insurance. The company had just about completed the marble work for the new New Orleans postoffice, at a cost of about \$500,000.

Advance in Rates Suspended.

Washington.—Advances in freight rates proposed by trans-continental railroads were suspended by the interstate commerce commission from February 28 until August 23. The proposed increases have been under investigation but it was found impossible to conclude the inquiry within the time originally fixed.

Plan Arrests In Dynamite Case.

Indianapolis.—Federal authorities in all of the twenty cities where the forty men indicted in connection with the dynamite conspiracy are known to be, were informed of the identities of the defendants. Plans for arrests of the men were put under way. Reports that some of the defendants were not to be found caused no alarm at Federal Attorney Miller's office. When word for their apprehension is sent out, it will be found the government has been kept advised as to their movements.

May Abdicate Throne At Early Date.

Shanghai.—Tang Shao Yi, representative of Premier Yuan Shi Kai declared he was confident the abdication of the throne would be accomplished before February 15. There appears to be less confidence now than there hitherto has been shown that Yuan Shi Kai will be selected for the president of the republic. On the other hand the name of General Li Yuan Heng, the present vice president is mentioned and it is possible that he may be eventually selected as chief executive.

Towns and Farms Raided and Looted.

Mexico City.—Slight improvement in the revolutionary situation was indicated by such official information as was made public, but press dispatches added to the long list of the uprisings. The most spectacular of the uprisings reported, was that at Boyca Del Monte station on the Mexican Railway, where British subjects have large interests. The place was sacked and later the rebels looted Esiranza, a station a few miles away. They robbed the company's safe after blowing it with dynamite.

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own housework, work in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.



Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

Child's Reasoning.

"I can't tell you anything about my grandpa," said solemn little Eunice, questioned by a happier comrade as to his more recent ancestor, "because I never had any. All my grandparents died before I was born."

"But you had grandparents just the same, dear," interpolated a listening aunt. "The fact that they died before you were born doesn't alter the fact that they were your grandparents."

"But if our fathers and mothers had died before we were born, they wouldn't have been our fathers and mothers, would they?" the wondering child questioned. "So I don't see how that you say can be true."

Reward of Merit.

"Go on, sah! Go on and blow yo' hawn 'bout who yo' is and what yo' done!" impatiently said Brother Bogus. "But lemme specify dat I've do on yo' extinguished citizen o' dis town dat de president o' de railroad—dis yah road, right yuh!—paid any 'ention to when he went 't'oo in his special kyah last week. Yassah! I wuz yuh when de train passed—right on dis spot!—and dat 'ar po'ly white man gimme a fine see-grah; dung it to me out'n de window o' de kyah, un' t' wuz lit, too!"—Puck.

On a Main Road.

Pottleton drew up at the side of the road and accosted a man sitting on top of a load of hay.

"I say, colonel," said he, "are we on the right road to Claypool Junction?"

"Y-as," said the farmer.

"How's the road, pretty good?" asked Pottleton.

"Fine," said the farmer. "We've been 20 years wearin' them ruts 'through."—Harper's Weekly.

Bigger Than Mobile.

Ella—Don't you think she has a mobile home?

Stella—More than that; it is as big as the whole of Alabama.

It is very apt to make a young widow indignant if a man doesn't pretend to use force the first time he attempts to kiss her.

Push some men forward and they will go back on you.

THE CARELESS GROCER

Blundered, and Great Good Came of It.

A careless grocer left the wrong package at a Michigan home one day and thereby brought a great blessing to the household.

"Two years ago I was a sufferer from stomach troubles, so acute that the effort to digest ordinary food gave me great pain, and brought on a condition of such extreme nervousness that I could not be left alone. I thought I should certainly become insane. I was so reduced in flesh that I was little better than a living skeleton. The doctors failed to give me relief and I despaired of recovery.

"One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirements of my system.

"Grape-Nuts is not only easily digested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancies, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy.

"Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nuts food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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