

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WHO'S WHO.

When I took Hector for a walk it used to be great fun; He was a little puppy then, and close to me he'd run. But when we go out walking now it's different as can be—I don't know whether I take him, or whether he takes me! —From St. Nicholas.

WHY MOTHER WAS PROUD.

Jerry and John were gazing through the shop window at the gorgeous display of fireworks. Their eyes were eager and their tongues busy.

"Don't I wish I could have that big one—rocket, I guess 'tis!" and John's wisp of a finger pointed to the huge plaything that had such brilliance locked up inside of it.

"And I'd like that blue thing over there," said Jerry. "Looks as if 'twould make lots of noise."

The shop door opened, and two boys came out—boys somewhat older than the two at the window.

"My, I wonder if he's got that full of firecrackers!" said John, eyeing the box under the taller boy's arm.

"Let's follow 'em, and see where they go," suggested Jerry. So the little ones plodded on behind.

The "following" led them a long march up a business street, but there were no stops.

"Say," whispered Jerry, excitedly, "the cover's comin' off that box—I see something red. They didn't half tie it. Oh, my!" for, as the owner of the box of crackers gave it a hitch higher, the cover slipped, and a number of bunches fell to the sidewalk.

The boys picked them up and went on; but one bunch, being hidden by the sweeping skirt of a lady that was passing at the moment, escaped their notice. The next instant it was safe in Jerry's pocket.

"Perhaps I ought to give it back." "He'll never miss it. He's got piles of 'em, Jerry."

"Seems as if it fell out purpose for us, doesn't it?" "Cause we couldn't have any," agreed John.

"Guess Mary'll open her eyes when she sees 'em."

"Perhaps you hadn't better show it to her. She'll ask you where you got it." This from John.

"I needn't tell," Jerry answered. "But, if mother found out—"

"That's so," Jerry began. The thought of mother stopped speech for a minute. "Say," he went on, "maybe I'd better give 'em back. They're way on ahead. I can see 'em."

Jerry's pronouns were rather mixed, but John understood, and his little breast rose in a deep sigh. Those crackers meant so much to his sun-loving heart. But he was brave.

"I guess—we had," he said. "Come on!"

The little feet were fleet, and those ahead did not hasten. Jerry and John came up breathless. Jerry held out the crackers.

"You dropped 'em," he said. "Oh, didn't I pick 'em all up?" was the careless answer. "Thank you."

John and Jerry walked soberly home. A forlorn hope had been upermost in each heart. The big boy had so many, they wondered if he wouldn't—but, no, he hadn't! Yet, with their disappointment, their hearts were light. They were not sorry that they had given them up—oh, no!

That afternoon one of the Alley boys was arrested for stealing. Jerry and John saw him go past their window with the policeman.

"There is one thing, with all my poverty," said mother to a neighbor, "that makes me glad and thankful—my boys and girls are as honest as the day. I am always proud of them."

John and Jerry looked at each other with flushed faces. What if a certain bunch of firecrackers had stayed in Jerry's pocket! But the pocket was joyfully empty, except for a stubby pencil and an old nail; and two pairs of clear eyes met mother's loving glance with smiles.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday-School Times.

CAPTURES HIS UNWARY PREY. The small ant lion sets his snare in the sand, where he knows his victim will be likely to pass. With his strong, flat head he throws out the sand till he has excavated a deep pit, with steeply sloping sides. At the bottom he hides himself with his big jaws wide open.

Across the sandy waste an ant is hurrying to her doom, though this, of course, she does not know, imagining that she is merely seeking her dinner. Suddenly she finds herself tumbling down the sides of the pit, and with all her six legs she tries to scramble out again; but the more she struggles the more the sand slips from under her, and down, down, she slides, directly into the cruel jaws open to receive her below. Short work they make of the poor little lady; then her head and legs are tossed outside the pit, and all is ready for the next victim.

On a moist day, when the sand does not roll easily, the ogle has a harder time to capture his breakfast, for the ants can sometimes manage to escape. As soon as one falls over the edge and starts crawling up the lion shovels away the sand below

with great vigor and tosses it up on his head. Sometimes it falls on the ant and knocks her down, and then how the ogle's jaws tremble with delight.

After about two years of this bloodthirsty life the lion generally experiences a change of heart, and, wrapping himself in a blanket, which he weaves of silk and sand, takes a good long nap, to awaken with four fine, gauzy wings, and a great loathing for the cruel ant lions building their pits in the sand about him.—Margaret W. Leighton, in the New York Tribune.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Tod was a great thinker, and when he spoke it was usually to tell what he had been thinking. He was just five years old, and on his birthday his papa gave him a bright new five cent piece.

"I think I can buy more things with a shiny five cent piece than with an old one, can't I, mamma?" he asked.

"I think not," said mamma, "but shiny ones are prettier."

One morning, when all the children but Tod and Baby Bess had gone to school, his mother asked him to go down to the druggist's and tell him she was waiting for the package he was to send.

Tod thought he could do this, so mamma put on his big straw hat and kissed him good-by, telling him to hurry up, and to come straight home when he had done his errand. She watched him cross the street and go round the corner, and soon began to watch for him to come back.

It was the first time that Tod ever had been to a store alone, but he knew the way perfectly. Just as he reached the druggist's Mrs. Jackson came in. The clerk thought that Tod was Mrs. Jackson's little boy, and that she had left him to wait for her while she did some other errand, so he did not ask him if he wanted anything.

Tod waited and waited. He watch the clerk dust pretty bottles and beautiful old glass bottles, and then polish the shining faucets at the soda fountain. The clerk was so busy that Tod thought it would not be polite to ask him about the package until he had finished his work.

After a long time Tod was so tired that it seemed as if he could not be polite another minute, and his eyes began to need to be wiped. When he put his hand into his pocket to get his handkerchief, he felt the shiny coin, and touched it with gentle fingers. "I think I will keep you always," he said, lovingly.

"Hello!" cried the clerk. "Did you say something? What would you like to-day, little man?"

Starshine danced in Tod's eyes. "Why," he said, "I think I'd like some soda water."

The clerk mixed the soda carefully, and brought it round to the little man. Tod laid his money down on the counter to take the glass.

"I think it is very nice," said Tod, politely.

When the soda was almost gone, the clerk picked up Tod's shiny five-cent piece, and dropped it into the cash register. The bell rang, and a figure five popped up.

Tod turned pale and trembled. The clerk was frightened. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I thought—why, I thought—" But sobbing Tod so that he could not tell what he did think; and just then he heard a voice that called, "Why, Tod, what's the matter?"

Then he was caught up in his mother's arms, where he sobbed out all his grief. "I thought I'd like some soda water, but I didn't think I'd got to spend my shiny money!" he gasped.

"Think this, Tod, that no one ever gets anything worth having without paying for it." And then mother exchanged a worn nickel for the shiny pocket-piece, and Tod dried his eyes and trudged home a little wiser.—Fannie Wilder Brown, in Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

A little boy was visiting a light-house. He had come with his mother in a rowboat, and all day had been delighted with the strange and new things in the house on the rocks. "But the night will be the most interesting time of all," he said to his mother.

When the darkness began to gather his uncle stood at the foot of the narrow winding stairs and said: "Come with me."

Freddie was surprised, for in uncle's hand there was no big blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flames.

"Why are you going into the glass room?" asked the little fellow.

"I'm going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," answered his uncle.

"No ships could see such a little light," said the disappointed boy.

But by this time they were in the glass room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for God, perhaps; but keep your little light bright and trust Him to make use of it.—American Cultivator.

THE PULPIT.

AN Eloquent Sunday Sermon BY PROFESSOR HUGH BLACK.

Theme: Shame of Detectives.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The baccalaureate sermon of the Packer Collegiate Institute was delivered by Professor Hugh Black, M. A., of Union Theological Seminary. The service was held in the chapel of the institute, and was presided over by Professor Black. Mr. Black, as the Scripture lesson, read the fiftieth Psalm. Professor Black spoke on "The Shame of Detection," selecting as his theme Jeremiah 2:26: "As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so is the house of Israel ashamed." In the course of his sermon, Professor Black said:

The prophet is accusing the nation of apostasy, of unfaithfulness to her true spouse. To awaken repentance he points to the base ingratitude which could forget the early days of their history when God espoused them, in love and favor brought them up out of the land of Egypt, led them through the wilderness and brought them into a plentiful country. He points next to the willful and wicked obstinacy which made them forsake God and choose the lower worship and the lower moral practice of heathenism. And here he points to the folly of it. Besides its ingratitude and its wickedness, it is also unaccountably foolish, an insensate stupidity at which the heavens might well be astonished, not only that a nation should change its God who had taken them by the arms and in endless love and pity taught them to walk, but that it should change Him for such other gods—that Israel should have given Jehovah such pitiful rivals. This is the folly at which the heavens may be amazed, that My people "have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and bewet them out with cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." To a monotheist who had grasped the principle of the One God, and who had experience of spiritual communion, polytheism with its lords many and gods many must have seemed a system almost beneath contempt. Intellectually it introduced confusion instead of order; morally, it meant that life would be lived on a much lower plane; religiously, it was the degradation of the pure spiritual worship to which the prophets pointed the people.

This is why the prophets always speak of the shame of idolatry. It seemed incredible that men in their senses should prefer what appeared to them to be brutish superstition. Both intellectually and morally it was a disgrace. Especially the prophets of the exile and after it, who had come into close connection with heathen idolatry, had this sense of superiority, and withered the stupidity of polytheism with their most mordant irony. It was a shame, at which they blushed, to think of Jews descending to such puerile worship and practices. It was folly for the heathen who knew no better; it was shame for Israelites to grovel before a stock or stone. The prophets confidently predicted that experience would prove the folly and vanity of idolatry. "They shall be turned back," says the prophet of the exile: "they shall be greatly ashamed that trust in graven images, Ye are our gods." The prophets with their spiritual insight already saw the disgrace and vanity of such worship; but the people who were seduced by the lower and more sensuous rites of idolatry would have to learn their folly by bitter experience. When the pinch came, when the needs of life drove them like sheep, when in the face of the great necessities, they would find out how futile had been their faith. "As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed; they, their kings, their princes, and their priests, and their prophets, saying to a stock, Thou art my father; and to a stone, Thou hast brought me forth; but in the time of their trouble they will say, Arise and save us. But where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? Let them arise if they can save thee in the time of thy trouble."

Ah, in the time of trouble they would find out their folly; and the vanity of their trust in idols would be found out! They should feel already the disgrace; but, though they are insensible to that now, they will yet be convicted and the hot blush of shame will cover them with confusion of face. They are not ashamed of the ingratitude and wickedness and folly of their conduct, but their sin will find them out, and then surely the conviction of their foolishness and guilt will abash them, and then at last they will know the sense of degradation and self-contempt which should be theirs now. "As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed."

The same dullness of mind and darkening of heart and obtuseness of conscience can be paralleled among ourselves. Is it not true that in social ethics the unparadoned sin is to be found out? In many cases it is not the thing itself that men fear and condemn and are ashamed of, but anything like exposure of it. There is a keen enough sensibility to disgrace, but not for the thing itself which is the disgrace. Men will do things with an easy conscience for which they would be ashamed—if they were found out. Our moral standard of judgment is so much just that of the community. Our conscience is largely a social conscience merely; not individual and personal and vital, but imposed upon us by society, a code of manners and rules which we must not transgress. It is no exaggeration to say that we live more by this code, by the customs and restraints of society, than by the holy law of God as a light to our feet and a lamp to our path. Much of this is good, and represents the accumulated gains of the past, a certain standard of living below which men are not expected to fall, a moral and even a Christian atmosphere which affects us all and which is responsible for much of the good that is in us. One only needs to live for a little in a pagan community to realize how much we owe to the general Christian standard of our country, such as it is. At the

same time we must see how insecure this is as a guard and guide to life.

A man might have a corrupt heart and be filled with all evil passions, but it stands to reason that society cannot take him to task for that, unless it gets something on which it can lay a finger. And apart even from such deeper moral depths of character, there may be actual transgressions, but, until they are discovered and proved, society must treat them as if they did not exist. A man might be a thief, not only in desire and heart, but in reality, but until he is found out, he rubs shoulders with honest men everywhere as one of themselves. Society is not ashamed of him, and he need not be ashamed of himself.

The shame of being found out may, of course, induce this better feeling, and be the beginning of a nobler and more stable moral life. It is one of the blessed functions of punishment to offer us this point of departure as the house of Israel through the shame of idolatry reached a loathing of it that ultimately made it impossible in Israel. Welcome the retribution which brings us self-knowledge; welcome the detection which makes us ashamed and makes us distrust ourselves at last; welcome the punishment which gives repentance of sin; welcome the exposure which finds us out because it makes us at last find out ourselves! All true knowledge is self-knowledge. All true exposure is self-exposure. The true judgment is self-judgment. The true condemnation is when a man captures and tries and condemns himself. Real repentance means shame, the shame of self that he should have permitted himself to fall so far below himself, and have dimmed the radiance of his own soul. Long after others have forgotten, it may still be hard for a man to forgive himself. Long after others have forgotten, he may still remember. To this sensitive soul, to this vitalized conscience there may be even wounds hidden to all sight but his own sight—and God's. As the thief is ashamed when he is caught, the house of Israel is ashamed, at last, not because of the mere exposure, but because of the ingratitude and wickedness and folly that made an exposure possible and necessary. We need to have the law written on our hearts, to conform to that and not to a set of outward social rules; we need to walk not by the consent of men but by the will of God; we need to see the beauty of Christ's holiness, and then our sin will find us out, though no mortal man has found it out.

"As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed." Shall be—must be! We are only playing with the facts and forces of moral life if we imagine it can be otherwise. Real and ultimate escape from this self-exposure is impossible. There is no secrecy in all the world. "Murder will out" is the old saying, or old superstition, if you will. The blood cries from the ground. It will out in some form or other, though not always by the ordinary detective's art. Retribution is a fact of life, whether it comes as moralists and artists of all ages have depicted or not. Moral life writes itself indelibly on nerves and tissues, colors the blood. It records itself on character. Any day may be the judgment day, the day of revealing, declaring patently what is and what has been. The geologist by a casual cut of the earth can tell the story of the earth's happenings by the strata that are laid bare, deposit on deposit. The story of our life is not a tale that is told and then done with. It leaves its mark on the soul. It only needs true self-knowledge to let us see it all. It only needs awakened memory to bring it all back. It only needs the fierce light to beat on it to show it up as it was and is. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed and hid that shall not be made known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." Ashamed when he is found out! If to be undetected is the only defense, it is to gamble against a certainty. Found out we shall be, as we stand naked in the revealing and self-revealing light. "Then shall we begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us."

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

A Song in the Heart.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight and picked up their last morsel of food and cleared their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on the top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it.

Oh, that we might sing every evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! Oh, that we could put song under our burden! Oh, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then, sad things would not poison so much.

When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against care. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in Heaven, and among God's people on earth, song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Uncommon Service.

We must not forget that our calling is a high one. How often we hear it said in our prayer meetings that we are to serve the Lord in little things! It is true, and it is a great comfort that it is true, that the giving of a glass of water can please God, and the sweeping of a room can glorify Him. But we be to us if we are content with small service! Too much thought of little things belittles.

We should "attempt great things for God." Caleb said: "Give me this mountain." Mary broke the alabaster box that was exceedingly precious. The disciples left all to follow Jesus, and counted it joy to suffer for His sake. Let us not be easily content. The note of heroism should be in our giving, in our serving. Our King deserves and expects kingliness.—M. D. Babcock, D. D.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 27.

Subject: Temperance, Is. 5:11-23—Golden Text, Prov. 20:1—Comment Verses 22, 23—Comments on the Lesson.

TIME.—760 B. C. and 1908 A. D. PLACE.—Jerusalem and all lands.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Woe of Those Who Live Intemperately, 11-17. God pronounces six woes upon His people because of their sins. The first woe is pronounced upon the greedy monopolist. Verse 8 gives a very graphic picture of a large class among us to-day who count themselves happy, but Jehovah pronounces woe upon them. More and more will this be true as time passes, even as it came to pass in Jerusalem. The second woe is pronounced upon those who live for the gratification of appetite. The description of the drunkard in verse 11 exactly fits our own day. The rising sun sees the wretched victim of alcohol up searching for an open saloon; he hasn't slept much and now wants a drink to steady his nerves. But he is not only up early but carries late into night till wine inflames him. He is burning the candle at both ends and will soon burn it out. God pronounces woe upon every such one. And the woe never fails to come. It is a significant fact that after speaking in general terms of the ruin of Judah (vs. 1-7) such frequent references are made to drunkenness. It is clear that the prophet Isaiah (as well as other prophets) considered Judah's fall (and Israel's) as due largely to intemperance (see also ch. 28:1, 7, 8; 29:9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100).

"Inflame them." It inflames the stomach, the blood, the eyes, the brain, the vilest and farest passions of the soul and kindles the fires of hell. The man that foils with wine is fooling with a fire that has caused the costliest conflagrations that the world has ever known. In verse 12 we have pictured the veneer of art and refinement with which drunkards seek to cover their beastliness. Music is constantly prostituted to become the servitor of beastliness. While these ancient sinners gave themselves over to aesthetic and sensual indulgence they forgot "the work of the Lord" (cf. Job 21:11-14; Am. 6:4-6). One of the most serious evils of the use of wine is that it leads men to forget God. A fearful doom awaits all those who forget God (Job 34:24-27; Ps. 28:5, 9:17). The consequences of their intemperance and forgetting God was that God's people had "gone into captivity" (v. 13). The world to-day is full of people who have gone into the most degrading and painful captivity through the same two causes—intemperance and forgetfulness of God. The immediate cause of captivity was "lack of knowledge." Knowledge of the truth is liberty, ignorance of the truth is bondage (Jno. 8:32; cf. Hos. 4:6; Rom. 1:28; 2 Thess. 1:8). The next result of Judah's intemperance was that "Hell (or Sheol, the underworld) enlarged her desire, and opened her mouth without measure." Hell yawns wide because of intemperance and the glory of the multitude and the pomp, and he that rejoices among us is descending into it. All classes are brought down by this sin (v. 15). Not only the insignificant and contemptible, but the great and lofty are humbled. But in the midst of all this humbling "Jehovah of hosts is exalted." He is exalted by the judgment He brings upon the offenders (cf. Ez. 28:22; Rev. 15:3, 4). As He is "the Holy One" (R. V.), His Holiness shall be manifested in the righteous judgment He brings upon offenders. As the final result of Israel's intemperance and forgetfulness of God all the splendid estates and palaces of Judah should become waste and the feeding place of wandering bands. This is now literally fulfilled and there is a real danger that all the present splendor of our own land shall some day become a feeding place of flocks and tramps from similar causes.

II. The Woe of Those Who Give Themselves Over to Sin, 18-23. The third woe is pronounced upon those who are so thoroughly given over to sin that they lag away at it to see how much they can draw (v. 18). The use of wine leads to this devotion to sin. In their enthusiasm for sin they mock at God and His Word and say: "Let God hurry up with His judgments and let Him hasten His works that we may actually see it and not merely hear about it. Let the purposes of the Holy One of Israel of which we have heard so much actually come to pass" (v. 19; cf. Jer. 17:15; 2 Pet. 3:3, 4). Such mockery of God's word and God's judgments is common among drunkards. The fourth woe is upon those who "call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness." This displays a determination in sin that is well-nigh hopeless (Matt. 12:24, 31). This complete perversion of the moral judgment often results from the persistent use of liquor. The fifth warning is one greatly needed in our day (v. 21; cf. Prov. 26:12; Ro. 1:22). No man is more likely to be wise in his own eyes than the drinking man. He laughs at all warnings against the dangers of strong drink. The final woe is pronounced upon those who pride themselves upon the amount of wine they can drink and the strong drink they can mix and "walk off with." The inspired prophet says that this is not an accomplishment to be proud of.

Says the New York World: The mission of Admiral Sperry's fleet in the Orient is one purely of courtesy and friendship. It should help to strengthen the ties of international good feeling. It is to be hoped that our big and little jinglers in their excitement will not mar the favorable impression abroad by untimely bluster about hidden motives behind this expedition of peace.

Night Sweats & Cough.

E. W. Walton, Condr. S. P. Ry., 717 Van Ness St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During the summer and fall of 1902, my annoyance from catarrh reached that stage where it was actual misery and developed alarming symptoms, such as a very deep-seated cough, night sweats, and pains in the head and chest. I experimented with several so-called remedies before I finally decided to take a thorough course of Peruna."

"Two of my friends had gone so far as to inform me that the thing for me to do was to resign my position and seek a higher, more congenial climate. Everyone thought I had consumption and I was not expected to live very long."

"Having procured some Peruna, I decided to give it a thorough test and applied myself assiduously to the task of taking it, as per instructions, in the meantime."

"The effects were soon apparent, all alarming symptoms disappeared and my general health became fully as good as it had ever been in my life."

"I have resorted to the use of Peruna on two or three occasions since that time to cure myself of bad colds."

Peruna is sold by your local druggist. Buy a bottle today.



Old birds are hard to pluck.—German. So. 38-'08.

Hicks' Cepudine Cures Nervousness.

Whether tired out, worried, sleeplessness or what not. It quiets and refreshes brain and nerves. It's liquid and pleasant to take. Trial bottle 10¢. Regular sizes 25¢, and 50¢, at druggists.

A Dissatisfied Subscriber.

"I hereby offer my resignation as a subscriber to your paper. It being a pamphlet of such small consequence as to benefit my family by takin' it. What you need in your shete is brains and some one to rusele up news and rent editorials on live topics. No menshun has been made in your shete of my hutehurn' a polen china pig weigin' 369 pounds or the gapes in the chickens round here, you ignore that I bought a bran' new bob sled, and that I sold my blind mule, and say nothin' about it. Hi Simplin's jersey calf broke his two front legs fallin' in a well, two important chiveres have been utterly ignored by your shete & a 3 column obituary notis rit by me on the death of grandpa Henry, was left out of your shete to say nothin' of the alphabetical poem beginning "A is for And and also for Ark" rit by me darter. This is the reason your paper is so unpopular in town. If you kant rite eddytorials & ain't goin' to put no news in your shete we don't want sude sheta."

Fallen By the Wayside.

Quarrel less or fight more.

Balloons will take notice that Niagara Falls is not a good place to land.

A Weather Bureau is a splendid subject for men to swear over when they haven't anything else.

One good thing about a woman's prettiest shoes is that they wear a long time, because she is deggoned glad to get them off as soon as nobody is looking.—Indianapolis News.

"THE PALE GIRL"

Did Not Know Coffee Was the Cause.

In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee good to help keep warm. So it is—for a short time but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness.

There is a hot wholesome drink which a Dak. girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

She says: "Having lived for five years in N. Dak., I have used considerable coffee owing to the cold climate. As a result I had a dull headache regularly, suffered from indigestion, and had no 'life' in me."

"I was known as the 'pale girl' and people thought I was just weakly. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous, never knew what it was to be real well. Took medicine but it never seemed to do any good."

"Since being married my husband and I both have thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us."

"Then we got some Postum. Well, the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy I had never known while drinking coffee."

"I haven't been troubled with indigestion since using Postum, am not nervous, and need no medicine. We have a little girl and boy who both love Postum and thrive on it and Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

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