MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE OLD FRONTIER

By

RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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17

SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"If the woman has not ensnared him by her usual methods," he said soberly, "and I think myself you are right about that, for I watched them together in the dance hall—I did not comprehend what it meant then, but it seemed to me he actually disliked being in her company—then she has uncovered something in his past of which he is afraid, something unknown to you, which he does not desire you ever to know."

"Yes," softly, "that must be true."

"No; it may not be true; it may all be a lie, concocted for a purpose. A clever woman might so manipulate circumstances as to convince him she held his fate in her hands. We must find that out in this case."

"But how, Sergeant Hamlin? He will not tell me."

"Perhaps she will tell me if I can reach her alone," he said grimly, "or else that husband of hers—Dupont. He'll know the whole story. It would give me pleasure to choke it out of him—real pleasure. Then there's Connors, just the sort of sneaking rat if he can be caught with the goods; only it is not likely he knows much. I shall have to think it all out, Miss Molly," he smiled at her confidently. "You see, I am a bit slow figuring puzzles, but I generally get them in time. You've told me all you know?"

"Everything. It almost seems silly when I try to explain what I feel to another."

"Not to me. I knew enough before to understand. But, perhaps, you had better go—hush, some one is entering the parlor."

She got to her feet in spite of his restraining hand, startled and unnerved.

"Oh, I must not be seen here. Is there no other way?"

"No; be still for a moment; step back there in the shadow, and let me go in alone."

He stepped forward, his grasp already on the curtain, when a woman's voice spoke within:

"Yes, that was what I meant; he does not know you—yet. But you must keep away."

CHAPTER XXI.

Molly Disappears.

The speaker was Mrs. Dupont, but Hamlin's one thought was to prevent any discovery of Miss McDonald. Without an instant's hesitation he

The Two Started Back at His Rather Abrupt Entrance.

drew aside the curtain, and stepped into the room.

"Pardon me," he said quietly, as the two started back at his rather abrupt entrance, "but I did not care to overhear your conversation. No doubt it was intended to be private."

The woman stepped somewhat in advance of her companion, as though to shield him from observation, instantly mastering her surprise.

"Nothing at all serious, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin," she retorted scornfully. "Don't be melodramatic, please; it gets on the nerves. If you must know, I was merely giving our ranch foreman a few final instructions, as he leaves tomorrow. Have you objections?"

"Absolutely not—your ranch foreman, you say? Met him before, I think. You are the fellow I ordered out of this house, aren't you?"

The man growled something unintelligible, but Mrs. Dupont prevented any reply.

"That's all right, John," she broken in impatiently. "You understand what I want done, and must not remain any longer. I have a word to say myself to this man."

She waited an instant while he left the room; then her eyes defiantly met Hamlin's.

"I was told you had driven every one out of here," she said coldly. "What was the game?"

"This room was reserved—"

"Pish! keep that explanation for some one else. You wanted the room for some purpose. Who have you got out there?" she pointed at the window.

"Whether there be any one or not," he answered, leaning against the window frame, and thus barring the passage, "I fail to see wherein you are concerned."

She laughed.

"Which remark is equivalent to a confession. Dave," suddenly changing, "why should we quarrel, and misjudge each other? You cannot suppose I have forgotten the past, or am indifferent. Cannot you forgive the mistake of a thoughtless girl? Is there any reason why we should not be, at least, friendly?"

There was an appeal in her voice, but the man's face did not respond.

"I cannot say that I feel any bitterness over the past," he answered lightly. "I am willing enough to blot that out. What I am interested in is the present. I should like to understand your purpose here at Dodge."

"Surely that is sufficiently clear. I am merely an exile from home, on account of Indian depredations. What more natural than that I should take refuge in my uncle's house."

"You mean Major McDonald?"

"Certainly—he was my mother's only brother."

"I think I have heard somewhere that the Major's only sister married a man named Counts."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"Yes, of course—her first husband."

"You were a daughter then of her first marriage?"

"Of course."

"But, assumed the name of Carson when she married again?"

"That was when you met me."

"The change was natural enough," he went on. "But why did you also become Vera in place of Sarah?"

"Oh, is that it? Well, never attempt to account for the vagaries of a girl," she returned lightly, as though dismissing the subject. "I presume I took a fancy to the prettier name. But how did you know?"

"Garrison rumor picks up nearly everything, and it is not very kind to you, Mrs. Dupont. I hope I am doing you a favor in saying this. Your rather open flirtation with Lieutenant Gaskins is common talk, even among enlisted men, and I have heard that your relations with Major McDonald are peculiar."

"Indeed!" with a rising inflection of the voice. "How kind of you, and so delicately expressed." She laughed. "And poor Major McDonald! Really, that is ridiculous. Could you imagine my flirting with him?"

"I have no recollection of using that term in this connection. But you have strange influence over him. For some reason the man is apparently afraid of you."

"Afraid of me? Oh, no! Some one has been fooling you, Dave. I am merely Major McDonald's guest. I wonder who told you that? Shall I guess?"

Before he could realize her purpose the woman took a hasty step forward, and swept aside the curtain, thrusting her head past to where she could gain a view outside. Hamlin pressed her back with one hand, planting himself squarely before the window. She met his eyes spitefully.

"I was mistaken this time," she acknowledged drawing away, "but I'd like to know why you were so anxious to prevent my looking out. Do you know whom I thought you had there?"

"As you please," rejoicing that the girl had escaped notice.

"That little snip of a Molly. You made a hit with her all right, and she certainly don't like me. Well, delightful as it is to meet you again, I must be going." She turned away, and then paused to add over her shoulder: "Don't you think it would be just as safe for you to attend to your own business, Sergeant Hamlin?"

"And let you alone?"

"Exactly; and let me alone. I am hardly the sort of woman it is safe to play with. It will be worth your while to remember that."

He waited, motionless, until assured that she had passed down the hall as far as the door of the dining-room. The sound of shuffling chairs evidenced the breaking up of the party, in preparation to return to the ballroom. If Miss McDonald's absence were to escape observation, she would have to slip out now and rejoin the others as they left the house. He again turned down the light, and held back the curtain.

"The way is clear now, Miss Molly."

There was no response, no movement. He stepped outside, thinking the girl must have failed to hear him. The porch was empty. He stepped from one end to the other, making sure she was not crouching in the darkness, scarcely able to grasp the fact of her actual disappearance. This, then, was why Mrs. Dupont had failed to see any one when she glanced out. But where could the girl have gone? How gotten away? He had heard no sound behind him; not even the rustle of a skirt to betray movement. It was not far to the ground, five or six feet, perhaps; it would be perfectly safe for one to lower the body over the rail and drop. The matted prairie grass under foot would render the act noiseless. No doubt that was exactly the way the escape had been accomplished. Alarmed by the presence of those others, suspecting that the woman within would insist on learning whom Hamlin was attempting to conceal, possibly overhearing enough of their conversation to become frightened at the final outcome, Miss McDonald, in sudden desperation, had surmounted the rail, and dropped to the ground. The rest would be easy—to hasten around the side of the house, and slip in through the front door.

Assured that this must be the full explanation, the Sergeant's cheerfulness returned. The company of officers and guests had already filed out through the hall; he could hear voices laughing and talking in the street, and the band tuning up their instruments across in the dance hall. He would go over and make certain of her presence, then his mind would be at ease. He passed out through the desert hallway, and glanced in at the dining-room, where a number of men were gathering up the dishes. Beyond this the bar-room was crowded, a riffraff lined up before the sloppy bar, among these a number in uniform—unattached officers who had loitered behind to quench their thirst. Hamlin drank little, but lingered a moment just inside the doorway, to observe who was present. Unconsciously he was searching for Dupont, half inclined to pick a quarrel deliberately with the fellow or with Connors, determined if he found the little rat alone to frighten whatever knowledge he possessed out of him. But neither worthy appeared. Having assured himself of their absence, Hamlin turned to depart, but found himself facing a little man with long hair, roughly dressed, who occupied the doorway. The hooked nose, and bright eyes, peering forth from a mass of untrimmed gray whiskers, were familiar.

"You keep the junk shop down by the express office, don't you?"

"Yep," briskly, scenting business in the question. "I'm Kaplan; vot could I do for you—hey?"

"Answer a question if you will, friend. Do you recall selling a haversack to a traveler on the last stage out for Santa Fe in June?"

"Vel, I do' no; vas he a big fellow? Maybe do von vat vas killed—hey?"

"Yes; his name was Moylan, postsutler at Fort Marcy."

"Maybe dot vos it. Why you vant to know—hey?"

"No harm to you, Kaplan," the Sergeant explained. "Only I picked it up out there after Moylan was killed, and discovered by some writing on the flap that it originally belonged to a friend of mine. I was curious to learn how it got into your hands."

The trader shrugged his shoulders.

"Vud it be worth a drink?" he asked cannily.

"Of course. Frank, give Kaplan whatever he wants. Now, fire away."

"Vel," and the fellow filled his glass deliberately, "it vas sold me six months before by a fellow vat had a black beard—"

"Dupont?"

"Dat vos de name ov de fellar, yes. Now I know it. I saw him here again soon. You know him?"

"By sight only; he is not the original owner, nor the man I am trying to trace. You know nothing of where he got the bag, I presume?"

"I know notting more as I tell you already," rather disconsolately, as he realized that one drink was all he was going to receive.

Hamlin elbowed his way out to the street. He had learned something, but not much that was of any value. Undoubtedly the haversack had come into Dupont's possession through his wife, but this knowledge yielded no information as to the present whereabouts of Le Fevre. When the latter had separated from the woman, the old army bag was left behind, and, needing money, Dupont had disposed of it, along with other truck, seemingly of little value.

The Sergeant reached this conclusion quickly, and, satisfied that any further investigation along this line would be worthless, reverted to his earlier quest—the safety of Miss McDonald. Merely to satisfy himself of her presence, he crossed the street and glanced in at the whirling dancers. There were few loiterers at the doorway and he stood for a moment beside the guard, where he was able to survey the entire room. Mrs. Dupont was upon the floor, and swept past twice, without lifting her eyes in recognition, but neither among the dancers, nor seated, could he discover Miss Molly.

Startled at not finding her present, Hamlin searched anxiously for the Major, only to assure himself of his absence also. Could they have returned to the fort as early as this? If so, how did it happen their guest was still present, happily enjoying herself? Of course she might be there under escort of some one else—Captain Barrett, possibly. He would ask the infantryman.

"Have you seen Miss McDonald since supper?"

The soldier hesitated an instant, as though endeavoring to remember.

"No, I ain't, now you speak of it. She went out with that kid over there, and he came back alone. Don't believe he's danced any since. The Major was here, though; Connors brought him a

Hamlin Elbowed His Way Into the Street.

note a few minutes ago, and he got his hat and went out."

Hamlin drew a breath of relief. "Girl must have sent for him to take her home," he said. "Well, it's time for me to turn in—good-night, old man."

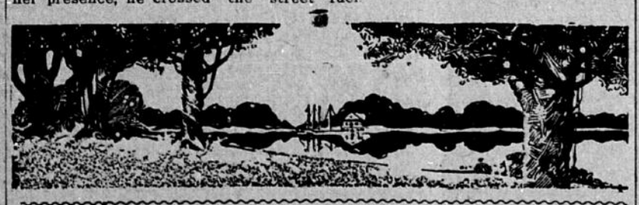
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Manhattan Manners.

"Roofers are said to be going out of fashion. Know what a "roofer" is? It is the letter you write to people, after you have been a guest at their house, telling them what a delightful time you had "under their hospitable roof," and thanking them for all the generous favors you enjoyed at their friendly hands, and expressing the sincere hope that the baby has got over her cold. Nowadays, instead of writing this graceful letter, you generally call your friend up on the telephone, you tell him that the train made good connections, and you add: "My that was a bully time I had out there, old man!" Not so nice as the old epistolary way, but better than nothing; for when you have had a friend at your house and he has taken his departure you do not like to feel that he has gone into the outer void that he has fallen off the edge of the world into echoless space. That is what it amounts to when he gets home and writes not nor telephones and gives no sign.—New York Mail.

Seek Something to Replace Coal.

Coal offers to mankind solar energy in its most concentrated form. Indeed modern civilization may be said to be the daughter of coal. But the supply of coal is not inexhaustible and every ton of it taken out of the earth leaves just that much less for the future needs of the world. Hence it is that today we are looking about us so anxiously for some other source of fuel.



CHARM HARD TO ANALYZE

Its Presence Easily Felt, but Description Will Be Found a Thing of Some Difficulty.

Over half of our American girls work. They stand behind counters, bend over machines, sit at desks, and march, militant figures, in the procession of industries that seem to block the road to girlish grace and lightheartedness and freedom from care. One woman who has worked among and written books about and found inspiration in the working girl says that charm sometimes drifts down, unawares, a thing ephemeral, a gift of the gods to the girl who has had to work so hard that she has had no time to think about her lack of beauty.

"I wish I knew wherein charm lies; but I don't know, although I've studied it and tried to analyze it as much as most folks have, I suspect. In books, in pictures, in people, in places, I've met many, many kinds of charm; but I've never been able to say just what it was that charmed me. Certainly it was never mere beauty, nor mere intelligence, nor mere cheerfulness, nor mere kindliness. I've seen beauty that bored, and listened to cleverness that repelled, and met with cheerfulness that was inane and with kindliness that was exasperating. Charm is a gift of the gods, and it cannot be wooed like fame, nor won like money, nor bought like titles, nor developed like patience, nor seized like a prize o' war. If it comes, it comes; and if it's thought on too much, it flies away. And there's an end on it."—Mother's Magazine.

Lattice Mast to Be Retained.

As a result of the firing tests carried out some months ago against a lattice mast that had been erected on the San Marcos, now lying on the mud in Chesapeake bay, the navy department has decided to make the lattice or basket mast the standard type for future warships. The mast, under test, showed remarkable endurance several successful hits being necessary to bring it down.

SOFT SILKS FOR FALL

NEED BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE TREND OF FASHION.

Paris Has Declared in No Uncertain Way What Materials Are to Be In Favor—Smart Wraps Already Being Shown.

All the soft satiny silks are in favor for fall frocks—charmeuse, crepe meteor, crepe de chine and brocade crepe retaining their place in popular esteem; but the satiny silks with a wee rib in the weave-like faille and the new silk, called duventine, are the ultra smart novelties in this line; and tussah is much used.

One of the frocks illustrated is of crepe meteor, made with draped skirt, ornamented down the blouse and skirt front with a double row of small round material buttons. The blouse and sleeves are trimmed with colored embroidery.

At the race meets in Paris there were a great many frocks of taffeta worn, reminding one of chiffon or moire, being so pliable and soft. There were frocks of taffeta moire, draped gracefully and made with handsome sashes of different fabric. The skirts were draped up in graceful style, while the blouses puffed very loose over the girdle or sash. The frock usually had tulle or lined chemisette.

Most women of conservative taste prefer plain, soft shades for autumn wear, but there are fascinating modern art silks for little bridge and luncheon frocks—silks exquisitely soft and satiny in texture and having odd printings in post impressionist patterns on rich-hued grounds. One in mind at the moment is a magenta-toned silk with tiny flowerpots and pansies in blue and purple scattered over the surface.

Tulle and net frills make the bodices of new fall frocks full and thick about the neck, and rare indeed is the bodice that does not divide at the front to show a fichu-vest of soft tulle, lace or net. The Marie Stuart frill, standing up at the back, lends a certain dignity, which, in combination with the simple, draped lines of the modern costume, is charming. Most women of conservative taste will be glad that the opulent Oriental modes are passing, and a period of more refined and classic costume is at hand.

Many smart little wraps for early fall wear are being shown in the shops. One shop has on view a magnificent wrap of Florentine real brocade interwoven with gold and silver.

Another, which is shown, was a short wrap for afternoon wear of silver-white broadcloth, embroidered in matching shade. There was a wide flat velvet bow placed at the opening at neck.

Another attractive little wrap is made of beige rose colored satin. There is a hood edged with ruche of the material, and lined with colored silk in flower design.

Still another is of purple charmeuse, combined with brocaded material of the same tone. The body of the cloak was of the brocaded material, while the deep cape collar, cuffs and bottom of the coat were of the plain material.

MARY DEAN.

Pretty Beads for Wear in Morning.

Strings of vegetable ivory beads, untinted, may now be had for 50 cents a string in the most modish length. These are very light in weight and very charming with either all white or colored morning dresses.

The vegetable ivory has the merit of being all it seems rather than an imitation. It is a Brazilian nut which grows to about the size of a potato.

When buttons are made of it it is sliced across, and in the hands of an expert manufacturer many of them are difficult to detect from the ivory of the elephant's tusks.

BIRTHDAY OR OTHER GIFT

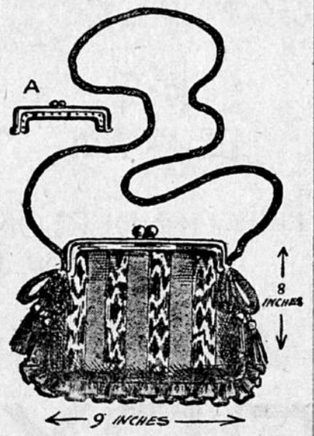
Little Hand-Bag Would Take On Additional Value as the Work of the Giver.

Our sketch shows a useful and practical type of hand-bag, which is simple and easy to make. It fastens with a metal clasp of the shape shown in diagram A, on the left of the illustration. Metal clasps for this purpose, with perforations in them, for sewing them on to the material, may be inexpensively purchased in many fancy work shops, and there are various designs that may be selected from, and of course they cay be used in making bags of any shape.

The bag illustrated is carried out in dark green striped moire silk, and lined with soft silk, and the size indicated will be found a useful one, though it could be made on the same lines in a larger or smaller size, if preferred.

A novel feature about it is the little frill that runs all round the edge. Black silk cord of a fancy pattern is attached on either side and it is arranged in loops with the ends knotted and frayed out into tassels.

It might be made in other colors than those suggested if desired, and it is always a pretty idea with articles



of this nature to select the materials of a color to match or harmonize with the costume with which they are to appear.

DAY OF THE DOUBLE SKIRT

Vogue That Has Much to Recommend It Seems to Be Decidedly on the Increase.

The vogue of the double skirt seems to be increasing. The under one, generally of supple satin, is often draped and drawn in around the ankles. Over this a contrasting material is draped or pleated. In the latter case it might pass for an elongated tunic, especially as it is often of taffeta. The fancy for these double skirts finds a better medium of expression in the sheer summer materials. Through the upper one, which is transparent, one sees the colored garniture of the under one and the effect is very soft and pretty.

Ribbons are used for this trimming of the foundation skirt, just as they are employed under transparent bodices. This use of ribbons under sheer waists was introduced about a year ago, but did not find its way into the fashions for the multitude until this spring. In spite of the fact that it has now reached the bargain counter stage it is still a feature of many exquisite toilets.

DAINTINESS ITS CHIEF CHARM

Simple but Decidedly Attractive Gown for Which French Voile Would Be Appropriate.

The gown shown in the drawing today is of dainty French voile, simply made, but most attractive. Folded blue satin ribbon outlines a little vest of tucked white net with a flat bow of the former at the bust line. The material has a cream ground with the popular floral design in Dresden shades and the delicate blue of the ribbon gives a pretty French touch. The girdle is of the same. There is a little applied bolero of dainty lace. The short sleeves are finished with a narrow cuff of lace and dainty undersleeve of net. The three scant flounces are finished by a quarter-inch hem.

Crocheting in Spare Time.

Even elderly women can crochet without straining their eyes and it is work that is a diversion. Good results can be obtained simply by working at spare moments.

Pretty Lamps.

Among the many electric lamps this season there are none prettier and more effective than those made of wood, whether in extremely simple design or hand-carved with artistic patterns. For the room furnished in old mahogany there comes a lamp on colonial lines in perfect keeping with the other furnishings. These lamps are fitted with a globe quite like those on the candle lamps of long ago.

Other standards are of wood stained in the rich greens and browns, and others are painted white and enameled so that they resemble ivory or porcelain. With a shade of just the correct size and style to bring out the lines of the standard, one has a lamp that is thoroughly practical and satisfying to the esthetic sense.

Bows on Sleeves.

When skirt drapery is not caught up by roses it is caught up with bows, but these should be careless and graceful, not stiff and formal. The roses are really better unless one knows just how to manage a piece of ribbon.

One might suggest the placing of bows on the lining of thin blouses if it were not that this fashion has been woefully overdone. The bows on sleeves are better. This is an old fashion revived. It came out with the new theater sleeve, which was made with lace points which met down the length of the arm. To these points are now attached small bows, and as many as ten are used from shoulder to wrist.

Guest Room Water Jug.

An attractive pitcher to hold water to be used at night for the guest room or other bedroom sells for ten or eleven dollars. It is of glass, with a tracery design of silver deposit on it, and it is made with a wide neck. In this is set a tumbler, upside down, which rests on a narrow ledge extending inward four inches from the top of the mouth of the pitcher. The tumbler is, therefore, in place when it is wanted, and, more than that, it protects the water in the jug from contamination of dust or air.

MOTHER SO POORLY

Could Hardly Care for Children — Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bovina Center, N.Y.—"For six years I have not had as good health as I have now. I was very young when my first baby was born and my health was very bad after that. I was not regular and I had pains in my back and was so poorly that I could hardly take care of my two children. I doctored with several doctors but got no better. They told me there was no help without an operation. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I do most of my own work now and take care of my children. I recommend your remedies to all suffering women."—Mrs. WILLARD A. GRAHAM, Care of ELSWORTH TUTTLE, Bovina Center, N.Y.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Paradoxical.

"That fellow's light-fingered."

"Yes, his are dark deeds."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

No Promise Maker.

"Does Blobbs keep his word?"

"I guess so. He never seems to give it."

Plays No Favorites.

"Is Perkel a fair weather friend?"

"Yes. He'll steal anybody's umbrella when it rains."

Paradoxical.

"Gomper says he's tired of the world."

"That's because he's been taking the rest cure al his life."

Very Evident.

"Jack's wife can't be credited with good taste."

"Why not?"

"Because everywhere she deals they make her pay cash."

Correct Term.

Tom—So you've been on an outing, eh?

Dick—That's a good name for it. I am "out" just $35.—Boston Transcript.

Always Loaded.

Apropos of a septuagenarian millionaire who had married, at Atlantic City, a buxom manicurist, a widow with four children, Henry Lowe Dickinson, the noted divorce lawyer of Reno, said:

"I thought the old boy was only flirting with her. I guess he thought so, too."

Then, with a smile, Mr. Dickinson added:

"Lots of people play with love as if it wasn't loaded!"

Wanted to Be Accurate.

The secondary school was deep in the study of physiology. The pupils were highly interested, but disposed to be painfully accurate about their answers of questions.

One day there was a review.

"Which of you children," asked the teacher, "can tell in what part of your body the heart is situated?"

A little maid on the back seat held up her hand:

"Well, Mary, where is your heart?" asked the teacher.

"In the north central part, ma'am," answered Mary.

Like a Pleasant Thought

of an old friend—

Post Toasties

with cream.

Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown.

A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper — always ready to serve instantly from the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Michigan