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Piano"
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GET acquainted through the convenience of the ribbon. Make friends through the superiority of the cream.

A generous sample will be mailed you if you send a 2-cent stamp.

John St., New York

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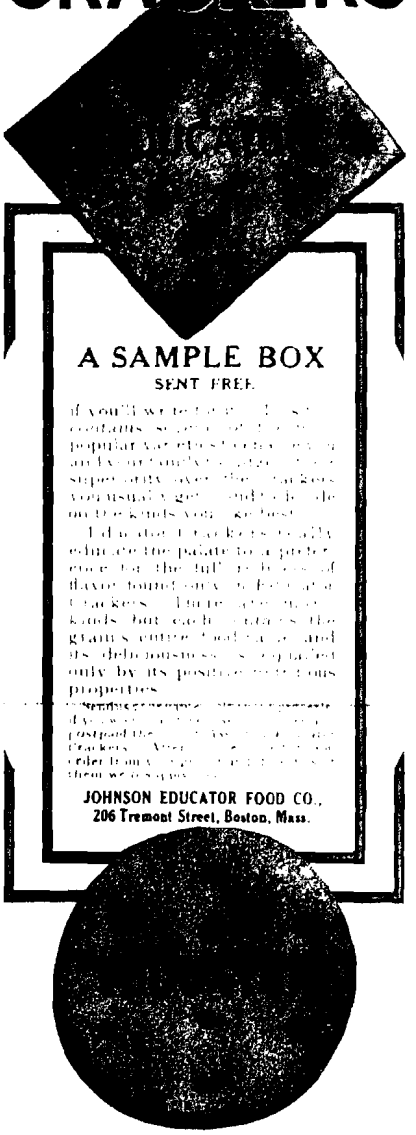
LHS
12/08

EDUCATOR CRACKERS



A SAMPLE BOX
SENT FREE

If you'll write for it, we will send you a sample box which contains six different kinds of the most delicious and popular soda crackers and oyster crackers ever baked. Just send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you the sample box by return mail. Then you can compare Educator Crackers with the crackers you usually get and tell us which you like best.

Educator Crackers not only delight the palate but they nourish the body. They are made of the finest flour, pure cane sugar, fresh eggs, sweet cream and other delicious ingredients. Other crackers are made of the same kinds but each of Educator Crackers contains the grain's entire food value and its delicious sweetness is equalled only by its positive health-giving properties.

[illegible] dozen assorted kinds of Educator Crackers. We will send you a postpaid box containing a sample package of each of the 12 kinds of Educator Crackers. After you have tried them we hope you will order from your grocer the kinds you like best. But whether you order from your grocer or not, send us a postal card for the sample box of them we will send you free.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.,
206 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Green Corn Every Day

Make Kornlet Waffles for breakfast, Kornlet Salad for lunch, Kornlet Oysters for supper. There's no end to the making of delicious Kornlet dishes.

Kornlet

(The Heart of the Kernel)

shouldn't be classed with canned corn. It is the creamy pulp of a tender, highly flavored variety of sweet young corn at the height of its milk. Get a can to-day and prove its goodness.

Look for recipes on every wrapper. Valuable book of recipes sent free on request.

If your grocer hasn't Kornlet, write us.

THE HASEROT CANNERIES COMPANY,
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

WE WILL SEND FREE

The Baby in the Mail-Pouch

[illegible] stood on the door-yard [illegible] there was [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] parcels. Even to [illegible] toddler [illegible] that fact was plain enough. The little creature had been left by [illegible] from some family of travelers who would presently return [illegible] was seeking him.

When Peter Galloway had sprung from the tail-board of the wagon as that moment of temptation, [illegible] he had not noticed the [illegible] of travel-stained [illegible] Darting [illegible] into the deep snowdrift the child had [illegible] to bury [illegible] only till awakened by the cold to shouts and [illegible] and then the strange [illegible]

With a flash [illegible] eliminated idea of overtaking the opposed travelers, Tank Dysart briskly headed the mare, and, pressing her [illegible] to a canter, made off in the opposite direction.

Gayly they fared along for a time, Tank frequently refreshing himself from a "tuckler," facetiously so-called, which he carried in his pocket. Occasionally he generously offered the baby the stopper to suck, and as the child smacked his lips with evident relish Tank roared out again in his fine and flexible tenor:

"For my foggers, bottle was my best friend
An' my week's work was all at an end."

The horse, by far the nobler animal of the two, stood still ever and anon when the drunken creature swayed back and forth in his saddle, imperiling his equilibrium. Even to his besotted mind, as he grew more intoxicated, the danger to the child in his erratic grasp became apparent.

"I got ter put him in a safe place—a Christmas gift," he now and then stuttered.

When he came at last within reach of a human habitation he had been for some time consciously on the point of falling from the saddle with the infant, who was now quietly asleep. He noted, as in a dream, the Crossroads' store, which was also the post office; standing in front of the log cabin was a horse already saddled, hanging down a dull, dispirited head as he awaited the mail-rider through a long, cold interval, and bearing a United States mail-pouch, mouldy, flabby, nearly empty. The door of the store was closed against the cold; the blacksmith's shop was far down the road; the two or three scattered dwellings of the hamlet showed no sign of life save a curl of smoke from [illegible] and clay chimneys.

Perhaps it was the impunity of the moment that suggested the idea to Dysart's whimsical, drunken fancy. He never knew. He suddenly tried the mouth of the pouch. It was locked. Nothing daunted, a stroke of a keen knife slit the upper part of the side seam, the sleeping baby was slipped into the aperture, and Tank Dysart rode off chuckling with glee to think of the dismay of the mail-rider when the mail-pouch [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible]