

Purina Health Flour

Makes the most nutritious
loaf of bread obtainable.

It's just the article for those
who are troubled with im-
perfect digestion, and it's
good for healthy people too.

1
Pound
Bag
50
Cents

Jenkins
&
Son

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd

this for density and all-prevading powers—never. Nothing like it ever assailed the human olfactories. That skunk was simply a sixty horse power skunk with triple-expansion-compound-condensing engines operating under a not less than three hundred pounds to the square inch, with all valves open!

"The ferret shook his head viciously, gave two or three emphatic sniffs of disgust, and immediately re-entered the lair of the loud-smelling beast. Here is where the ferret's philosophy, reasoning, pluck and instinct showed themselves with the greatest strength and brilliancy especially the instinct, he rightly judged that there could be nothing worse in store for him in the way of smells—he had run up against the limit in that line—and now there was a little score of revenge to be settled, so in he dashed again.

"He was absent about a minute this round, but reappeared minus his enthusiasm and more or less of his fur. Nothing daunted, however, he took a deep, long breath of fresh air, of which he evidently stood in need, and made another sortie. Once more he made a mad dash to seek his enemy. He found him still doing business at the old stand. Heavens and earth what a smell! The stink pots of Europe were as violets compared with this—that old log could give them cards spades and still have margin enough to supply the nations of the earth.

"This last dash of the ferret was, to my mind, imprudent and superfluous, not to say risky, but it proved a howling success. This time he had with him upon emerging the entire perfumery factory, and he laid the fragrant trophy proudly at my feet? No thanks, not by a large majority. I was thence in rapid but disorderly flight—whew! Many of the inhabitants flocked to the scene, aroused by the volumes of odor, under the impression that a mineral well like the Mt. Clemens variety had been struck on Duncans farm. That ferret just strutted up and down with unutterable pride, mingling with the smoke of battle, cocking his little red eye up with the unmistakable expression 'Well, I won out all right boys, on this dral, but if you've got any more rabbit holes to explore with skunk annexes, you can get some other chap to take the job besides your truly.'

—*Forest and Stream*