

## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MUTHOLLAND  
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CHAPTER XIV

## PASTURE

Pastures of dewy green, hills of buttercups and daisies, flocks of water with heaven in their depths, and red and black cattle grazing amongst sedges and yellow lilies, streaks of dark bogland fringed with tawny weeds, soft, violet ridges of far away mountains, all wreathed in shifting sunshine and shimmering mist, passed swiftly before Bawn's eyes as she whirled through the butterfields of Erin. Could anything be more different from the lofty solemnity of the dark pine forests, the far stretching flatness of the prairie lines?

There was a long day's travelling before she stepped out of the train, and was conscious in the clear darkness of rugged hills, a bay with dusky shipping, twinkling lights, and a smell of fish and tar.

Arrived at the little hotel recommended to her by Dr. Ackroyd, she was conducted by the honest woman who owned it to a tiny room with space just sufficient for herself and her trunk.

As she sat at breakfast the next morning in the little hotel parlour, with her hat and shawl beside her, the door opened and a gentleman came in. Then she noticed that breakfast was laid for a second person at the other end of the table, and the man, whose tea and toast were placed opposite to hers, sat down in the place that was prepared for him and stared at her.

She reflected that farmers' daughters cannot expect to have every thing as ladies would wish, and serenely went on with her breakfast as if no one had come into the room.

"Would you like to see yesterday's paper?" said the man; and then Bawn had to look at him for a moment. He was a stoutish, pompous looking person, holding himself very erect, his eyes of a light watery blue with a puffiness under them, head a little bald, with a fringe of light coloured hair, a heavy mouth shaded by a heavier moustache, and hands that were fat and unnaturally white.

"Thank you," said Bawn; and, taking the paper, she held it so as to screen herself from his scrutiny.

"Ye didn't mind the major, did ye?" said the landlady apologetically afterwards. "He's a fine man an' a rich gentleman; but he's a good hand at starin', isn't he? My Mary complains of it when she has to wait on him, and she isn't as handsome as you, mem. If it had 'a' been one of the Fingalls, now, ye'd 'a' been quite at home with him; but Major Batt isn't so nice for a young woman that does be travellin' all her lone."

One of the Fingalls! Bawn's heart gave a sudden throb as the name fell on her ear. That strange, long week at sea dropped suddenly out of her life, and she was her father's daughter again, with his good name in her hands.

She had hardly taken her seat on the long car when Major Batt came out of the inn, looking larger than ever in a huge ulster and soft hat crushed down over his puffy eyes. He approached the little green car with the silver harness, but instead of mounting it, said a few words to his servant, and then, coming up to the public conveyance, hoisted himself with some difficulty into a place by Bawn's side.

"She thought regretfully of how his burly figure would probably shut out her view of the coast scenery. To try to see beyond him would be as bad as looking over the shoulders of a crowd. Travellers round the Antrim coast are few, and no one else appeared to claim a seat on the conveyance. The driver cracked his whip and the car rattled out of the town.

"You see," remarked the major, "I could not think of letting you travel all alone on this beastly car."

"Thank you," said Bawn; "but it was quite an unnecessary attention. We Americans are accustomed to take care of ourselves."

"I may say, in the words of the poet: 'Lady, dost thou not fear to stray, so lone and lovely along this bleak way?'"

A sudden turn in the road brought the wide ocean to their feet—a magnificent sheet of shifting silver guarded by shining white limestone cliffs, stretching away in curve after curve into a fairylike distance. Major Batt sat with his broad back squared against the scenery, and his little watery blue eyes fixed upon all of Bawn's face that was visible through the thickest of gauze veils.

"I am a stranger," she said, "and this kind of scenery is new to me. Have you any objection to letting me see it?"

"I was just going to advise you to lift your veil," was the reply.

"It is one of our American inventions—the newest help to the eyes. I can enjoy my view better with it than without it."

"With such admirable assistance, you ought to be able to see through me."

"Perhaps I can," said Bawn, quietly, "but I am none the less anxious to change seats with you."

"Think what an unpleasant move for me. The view would engage all your attention, and I should have none of it."

Bawn was silent for a few moments and then, finding the major's eyes still relentlessly fixed on her, she leaned back and said to the driver: "Will you be good enough to stop a moment? I wish to change my seat."

The driver was at her service in an instant; the major laughed a little

and muttered something, but offered his assistance, which was not accepted, and Bawn, placed at the upper end of the car, where she could keep her face turned away towards the scenery, felt herself victorious over her obtrusive fellow traveller.

Nevertheless the major still continued to make himself as objectionable as he could, following her up the slightly sloping side of the car as far as possible, though invariably getting shaken by reason of his own considerable weight.

"I never could see anything in scenery myself," he said presently. "The only view I care about is the view of a pretty face. And you," he continued, as Bawn made no reply, intent on watching the shifting curves of the silver cliffs folding and unfolding far ahead—"you have just deprived me of one of the finest prospects I ever gazed upon."

As he spoke he had edged himself up the side of the car and came as close to Bawn as he could manage. "Did you speak?" she said, turning suddenly. "This is not a good place for hearing, though capital for seeing. The wind carries your voice over your shoulder, I suppose."

"And your face over your shoulder, I suppose," he grumbled, as the back of Bawn's head was again presented to him. At the same moment, by an artful touch, she let loose the ends of her veil, which were driven into his face by the breeze.

"Confound it!" she heard him ejaculate, and he was suddenly shaken away from her and settled down in a heavy deposit at the lower end of the car. Looking round again, she saw him manipulating one of his eyeglasses and patting it with his pocket-handkerchief. A corner of the veil had gone into his eye.

"I am afraid you have got something in your eye," she said, serenely. "It is dusty for the time of year."

"Ah! true; so it is."

"And I'm sure dust is particularly irritating. What a pity you do not wear a veil like mine."

"Thank you; yours has been enough for me," he growled, trying to look as if nothing had happened, but winking wildly.

After this Bawn had peace for some minutes; but the eye getting better, the major's spirits revived, and his pleasanties continued.

"Now, I am sure we have met in America," he began. "I spent last summer there, and ever since I saw you first this morning I have felt certain we were excellent friends in New York."

Bawn reflected a few moments and then said: "I wonder to hear you say so, for small pox usually changes one so much; especially when one has only just recovered from it."

"Small-pox! You only recovered from small-pox. But you have no mark of it whatever."

"I can scarcely rely on your flattering opinion, as you have not seen me in a good light without my veil."

"You must have had it very light," he said.

"I cannot say, but if so, it is all the worse for the person who takes the infection from me. He will be sure to catch the fiercest kind of it."

The major, who had been edging up the car, suddenly stopped his ascent, and was gradually, this time unresistingly, shaken down to the bottom, where he sat agape.

"But you ought not to be going at large," he said; "it is highly wrong."

"One must go somewhere for change of air, or one cannot get well; and in a thinly populated country like this one hardly expects to come in contact with people."

"Do you think it is very infectious?" asked the trembling major.

"Well, I shall never sit beside a recovered patient in a train again; that is all I can say," said Bawn, sighing.

"But perhaps you never were vaccinated?"

"O dear! yes. But I am a firm believer in the new theory that vaccination only makes you more susceptible," said Bawn, tucking her veil about her face, and turning away to hide her smile.

Meanwhile Major Batt sat restfully looking askance at her from the other end of the conveyance, occasionally casting anxious glances behind to see if his own car was coming into sight.

"I think I shall walk a little," he said presently, with a comical attempt at ease of manner. "These outside cars are a confoundedly cold means of locomotion. Driver, stop! Let me off."

Off he went, and the car went on without him; and Bawn, looking back, saw the trim little green car hastening from the distance, and the stout major trudging gallantly to meet it.

After that the two strong horses drawing the "long car" thundered along under the overhanging limestone walls with Bawn as the only passenger. The sea washed green and pellucid over its white shingle, and clouds of silver smoke rose and filled the air with a curious fragrance from piles of burning kelp that smoldered on the shore. Few living creatures were to be seen, but here and there a cottage appeared in a hollow or on the summit of a cliff.

"There's Anghrim Castle, miss," said the driver, who had been silently chuckling over the discomfort of the major, and now thought it his duty to entertain the lady. "That's where Lord Anghrim lives, miss, barrin' when he's away from home, which is mostly always."

"Then we have got into the Fingall country," said Bawn, looking round her eagerly.

"Oh! faith we have, miss. Further on ye'll come to Glenmalurcan, where the general and his family does be livin'. Leastways the general's dead, God rest his soul; but the family's there to the fore, a'm proud to tell ye."

## CHAPTER XV

## SISTERS

A few days later two members of the Fingall family stepped out of the post-office of the little town of Cushendall and stood in the village street with disappointment strongly depicted in their faces. They were two slight young figures, clad in costumes and caps of Donegal frieze, wearing strong boots on their little feet, and carrying sticks somewhat like alpenstocks; two girls exceedingly unlike in appearance, and yet with a sisterly resemblance to each other.

"It is too bad, Shanna dear, isn't it?" said the fairer and softer-looking of the two, fixing a pair of wistful blue eyes on the other's face. "How can we make them answer us? What can we do?"

"Do?" cried Shanna. "Nothing but endure their silence. To think of our putting our ancestors in print, vulgarly trying to turn them into money, and having them scorned for our pains. I suppose it serves us right for the sacrifice. O Rosheen! what would Flora say if she knew of it?"

"But she would have had to know if the story had been published and become famous," said Rosheen. "We could not have gone on living with such a secret on our minds."

Shanna knit her brows in impatient thought, and then suddenly tossed her head with a little peal of careless laughter.

"We must try again, I suppose," she said. "Waste some more paper and another bottle of ink."

"Perhaps we put too much war in it. Stories that get published are generally chiefly about marriages, I think," suggested Rosheen, timidly.

"And evidently the publishers won't allow us to strike out a new line," said Shanna. "They would rather, she added contemptuously, 'hear about the courting and marrying of the silliest person in the world than read about the brave doings of a hero like Sorely Boy. I would not humour them even if I could,' she went on, with a brilliant damask glowing in her brown cheeks. 'I will write about nothing but heroes and battles. Now come along, dear; I have to call to see Betty Macalister, and to buy scissors and pins at Nannie Macaulay's."

As the two girls turned their faces to the sunshine and set off walking, the difference between their faces, which were so much alike, became more distinct. Shanna was a brilliant brunette, brown as a berry, with a delicate glow under her skin, a curling cloud of dusky brown hair, eyes dark, keen, and sweet, set in a forest of softening eyelashes, and an eloquent and characteristic mouth.

Rosheen was fair, a little freckled, with hair decidedly auburn, and eyes of baby blue. Their noses were short, their brows low and smooth, and their little dimpled chins had been cast in the self-same symmetrical mould.

The village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains, four cross streets, with a strong old tower in the middle, and a stream from the hills winding among trees to the sea a savour of turf-smoke pervades it, and it is not so clean as it ought to be. Tiny shops show all sorts of odds and ends which country folks need to buy, and up one hilly street are a few dwellings of the gentry order. As the two girls walked down the village street every eye beamed on them. In the sight of all, from the shopkeeper standing in his doorway to the children making mud-pies in the gutter, the fresh-faced, free stepping maidens were as princesses of an ancient line, daughters of the ancient chieftains of the glens. Nothing to every one they met, they passed through the village and out upon the varied upland that led towards the vale of Glencan.

All around them lay swelling knolls, Tivara, the cone shaped, fairy mount, rising with fantastic mien among its fellows, looking fit ground for elves to dance upon, as they do on moonlit nights. Little cots and humble farm-houses nestled in their cluster of trees, their white walls gleaming here and there in the folds of the cultivated hills, and circling around and above these lower highlands the greater mountains rose with their dark rough crowns and broad sides and their curved and curious peaks. A rich sombre purple hung round Tiblora's beak-like crest, and over towards Cushendall a long sweep of mountain, rugged with shrubs and heather, had caught a warm crimson flush.

The girls came down along the dark red road out through high sandstone cliffs to where Red Bay sweeps upon a majestic curve round the opening into Glenmalurcan, away to the great Gannon rock, and suddenly they espied a small green car with a fast stepping horse and silver harness coming to meet them by the cross-road that skirts the shores of the bay.

"O Shanna! Major Batt," murmured Rosheen in dismay.

"Now, Rosheen, your fastest walking!" returned Shanna; as the two little frieze-clad figures went at a pace that would not have been amiss at a walking-match. The green car, however, too much for them, and not them at the angle of the bay.

"Miss Shanna! Miss Rosheen!" cried an unctuous voice, and the

owner of the car flung the reins to his servant and sprang off with as much agility as could be expected from a person of his build.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" he went on after greeting them with much effusion, trying meanwhile to keep up with the inconvenient swiftness of their pace. "I have just paid a visit to Lady Flora at The Rath. My disappointment was great at not finding you at home. I thought of asking permission to join you in a ride."

"We do not ride now," said Rosheen regretfully. "We have given up our horses."

"Then I hope you will allow me. I think I can mount you, if you will be so good, sometimes."

"Thank you," said Shanna sturdily; "but we much prefer our walking. A horse can't scramble up banks and climb rocks with you as we want to do when we come out."

"No, certainly," said the major, glancing nervously at the rough bank beside him and hoping she would not expect him to escort her immediately to the top of it. But Shanna was thinking of something entirely different.

"Major Batt," she said with sudden and unusual earnestness, "I am going to ask you a serious question."

The major, for some reason best known to himself, changed colour and felt a glow of pleasure and curiosity, and at the same time wished himself safely back upon his car.

"The times are awfully bad," continued Shanna. "Everybody is suffering; but some people must suffer more than others."

The major had become very red. "I hope—I trust—" he stammered. Shanna silenced him with a magnificent wave of her little hand.

"I am going to ask you if you know anything at all of the old people who are still living at Shane's Hollow?"

"Nothing whatever," said the major promptly. And his countenance cleared.

"I thought, as you are the person who bought up the last remnant of their property, that you might have had some dealings with them which would enable you to tell me whether they are really starving or not."

"Starving," said the fat major. "Starving, Miss Shanna, is a very uncomfortable word to make use of, especially in connection with people who once held their heads high in the country."

"It suggests that we may all come to it. You, however, need not fear it, for a long time at least," said Shanna, with a little laugh, which the major did not altogether like. "I don't think any of us need fear it," she added, "not even Rosheen and I, for we should turn into honest workwomen first. But seriously, Major Batt, do you know of any means that those poor old people have got of keeping the wolf from their door; for their door does open and shut still, I believe, though half of the roof is gone?"

"I should say," said the major jocosely, "that they are so accustomed to the wolf that they could not live without him. But seriously, as you say, I only know that some two years ago they had a little money invested somewhere, though not more than enough to give each of them a meal in the week. I have reason to believe that, with their usual time-honoured improvidence, they have sold out that moiety of property and eaten it up in a lump."

"Then they have nothing left," cried Rosheen in dismay. "They will die in that hole, and we shall all feel like murderers."

"My dear Miss Rosheen, I never heard your gentle lips make use of such strong language before," said the major, suavely. "It fools will commit suicide, I don't know how they are to be prevented."

"They used to eke out their existence in various little ways," said Shanna. "I have heard all about it from 'Hollow Peggy.' Mr. Edmund cultivated a scrap of land behind the old garden walls, where nobody could see him, and so they had potatoes and vegetables. Mr. Paddy broke stones in a cave, gathering them off the hills and breaking them with a hammer. Afterwards he sold them to Alister and others for the roads, pretending he had a contract for supplying them. These were the only industries they attempted; lately, I fear, even these have come to an end. Mr. Edmund broke his leg a short time ago by stumbling down a hole in the ruined house, and the doctor carried him off whether he would or not to the poor house hospital. Mr. Paddy is disabled by rheumatism."

"They will all die!" broke in Rosheen piteously.

"Let us hope not," said the major, buttoning up his coat and speaking with a certain nervous decision. "Old people reduced so far can live upon so little."

"The worst of it is," continued Shanna, "that their pride is so great that they will absolutely accept of no assistance."

"It is the best thing I have heard about them yet," said the major, with increased decision of manner.

"They will not take help from any private source, nor remove to the poor house. The doctor removed Mr. Edmund at last by force, because he could not risk his own life wandering through the ruin in search of his patient. The sisters and brothers look on his removal as the last calamity that could have befallen them. They would be the Adverses of Shane's Hollow as long as they live, and be buried by torchlight when they die, as has always been the custom of their family."

"And they will really accept no aid?"

"They were tried at Christmas with money and clothes, but all was sent back, with the politest of messages and thanks."

"It is decidedly the most creditable thing I ever heard about them," reiterated the major, with satisfaction. "I think differently," said Shanna. "When people are old and destitute they ought to own their mistakes and practise the one virtue left to them—humility. To me there is something ghastly, absolutely inhuman, in their pride."

"You will hardly overcome it now, however," said the major.

"I think we ought to go on trying," said Shanna, solemnly; "and that is why I have spoken to you, Major Batt. Will you join with Alister in asking some other gentlemen to look after the case of the old people in the Hollow?"

"I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Shanna—" began the major gallantly.

"Not for me," she interrupted, quickly, "but for Christian charity. Major Batt. When I waken in the night I think I hear the voices of those poor old creatures crying in the wind, 'To work I am not able, to beg I am ashamed.' Ought we to let them die like rats in a hole?"

"Miss Shanna, you are an angel!" burst forth the major; "and I will do anything I can. But I warn you, I believe they have some means of existence, or they could not afford to indulge their pride."

"You do not know them," persisted Shanna. "You are a comparative stranger in the country, so often away, while I have been living near them ever since I was born. Their pride is great enough to sustain them through the pangs of death by hunger. It separated them from all who were once their friends. It will be inexorable in consigning them to a horrible grave."

"I do hope you are wrong Miss Shanna, for your sake as well as for theirs. I never saw you in so doleful a mood before. Let us talk of something pleasanter. Of course you go to Dublin for the Castle amusements."

"No," said Shanna. "We have made up our minds to stay home this season. It seems to us hideous to go about dancing and junketing while the country is in such a miserable state."

"And besides—" began Rosheen. "We require no besides," said Shanna, quickly.

"But there is no disturbance in our part of the world," urged the major.

"This island is not so large but that we must all feel what occurs in any part of it," returned Shanna. "There have been sad doings on Lady Flora's property in the west, and we are feeling it to the marrow of our bones."

"Lady Flora spoke as if she expected to take you to Dublin, if not to London."

"Did she?"

"And so I will hope to meet you shortly in a gay society. And now, as I am dining with Lord Anghrim this evening, and have a long way to drive, I must tear myself away from your charming society, and wish you, reluctantly, good afternoon."

He swung himself on to the car, which had been following him all the way, and after he had driven off the sisters walked some way in silence. Then Shanna said: "Laugh, Rosheen! Let us have a laugh! I feel as if I had been putting both my hands into Major Batt's pockets. How I did frighten the poor creature! I am curious to see what he will do for the Adverses. It will be a fight between his gallantry and his prudence."

"He will have something to think about all the way back to Lisnawilly, at all events," said Rosheen joyously; and then both girls laughed out loud peal upon peal of fresh young laughter, with which they seemed to cast off all the troubles that had been oppressing them since morning.

Their walk lay now along a narrow road at one side of the valley of Glenmalurcan, which runs up between two stretches of mountain, wide at its opening where the bay washes its feet, and narrowing gradually for two long miles to the point where the hills fold together and a fairy waterfall bursts from the upper rocks, while over the ash and nut trees in its way, and leaps into a tarn in the heart of an exquisite dell. The stream from the waterfall descending to the sea divides the vale as it flows, and the birds fly across it from mountain to mountain. Just now the opposite crags of Lurgaden were red with sunlight, while a deep shade dropped down from the black purple crags above the road travelled by the sisters, darkening all that side of the glen with one majestic frown.

The valley is fairly cultivated, and white gables show here and there among clusters of trees. An old bridge across the river indicates the course of an ancient road winding down the centre of the vale. As the girls proceeded swiftly along the narrowing road the trees grew thicker, and the view was gained only in enchanting glimpses between overhanging boughs.

A cawing of rooks began to be heard from the thickly-wooded distance, and their cries gradually swelled into clamour as the girls got right under a huge mountain crag that loomed above the tunnel of trees they were threading and threatened to drop down upon their heads.

And here they entered the tall, old-fashioned gates of The Rath, and passed down the shady avenue, emerging suddenly before the front of the house into all the dying splendours of sunset.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THIS NIGHT

"Daddy, that's the third time you've yawned, and you know it ain't polite."

"Ain't?" Judge Foole put down his legal magazine and twisted on the deep cushioned seat with mock seriousness.

"Isn't," came in a chastened voice. And later, "I think you're an awfully mean daddy."

The Judge looked straight ahead through the heavy glass, beyond the uniformed shoulders of the chauffeur, to the black William Penn stop of City Hall, that loomed increasingly bigger as they rolled down Broad, but a penitent hand reached sideways and was clasped forgivingly by a smaller one.

"Daddy's been working hard lately, earning certain folk's bread and butter, and he's pretty tired, Gladie, but soon he's going to take a long rest. He's going to eat, and he's going to drink and he's going to be—" He never finished.

The car swerved violently to the right and bumped the curb; a white-faced man on the sidewalk glued himself into a doorway, and as Judge Foole grabbed his tiny daughter to his breast, he saw a heavy limousine back swiftly out of the parked line in the centre of the street and strike a dingy jitney ahead. In a spray of flying particles—glass windshields have that defect—the lighter jitney crumpled, then turned, and a shirt-waisted girl, that had been in the tonneau, lay under the whirl of the motor.

Mercifully the Judge covered his daughter's eyes, and held her down till Connor had backed the car into the increasing crowd. He patted Gladie's head, whispering assuring nothing, and would not let her up till his machine had swung into Spring Garden street and was passing the massive granite-columned Mint.

"Daddy, my hair's all mused up, and you did it, too! Why, daddy, your face's as white as anything!"

Judge Foole lay back on the cushions, hand pressed on heart, and spoke little till his car was in Arch street and stopping before Gladie's school.

Daughter will have something to tell Madam Neuman, it late. He pushed open the door. "Now, don't keep Jack and myself waiting when we come this afternoon. Circus in town, you know, Gladie."

He kissed his daughter warmly and watched her disappear within the shelter of the gray-stone Academy of the Sacred Heart, and then it was he let himself relax.

"That still girl might have been my Gladie—or me. Close call, that!" But once in his law office, that commanded a view down restless Market street, the duties of the day came and with them a forgetfulness of the warning of the morning.

He went over the papers in the Leshau case, and, except in one minor point—where he pencilled his objection in the margin—approved his partner's line of argument. The plump office boy knocked, and silently laid a batch of the morning mail at his elbow, and Judge Foole selflessly sorted the pile, flipping the ads and circulars unopened into the wastebasket. He stopped his examination and reached for the silver dagger of a paper cutter, as he came to a heavy envelope, with "U. S. Senate" engraved in blue upon it.

With rapid, nervous jerks his eyes zigzagged down the typewritten lines that pledged the senior Senator of Pennsylvania's support in the coming municipal election.

"Then it's 'My Honor the Mayor,'" said the Judge to himself, for well he knew what the political support of "Boss" White was equivalent to. The phone rang, and he was telling Fox—young Frank X. Fox, of Fox & Welsh, real estate—that he had decided to accept their client's offer and take that ocean-front cottage in Chelsea. Thirty-eight thousand dollars, cash. Yes; that was the consideration, and the check was theirs as soon as the deed was made out.

The Judge made a memorandum and filed it in the "personal" pigeon-hole of his littered desk.

"I've wanted that site for years, and now it's mine. This fall, after the election, I'll pull down that old shack and put up the classiest cottage in Chelsea. Dirt cheap, too! That property's bound to appreciate; yes, double in value in three years."

"As soon as Seaside Park is put through," he whispered to the small plaster Billiken that squatted upon a mass of bright-colored time-tables. The Judge smiled and winked at the solemn baby god of luck, for he was in a position to know some future municipal plans that had been approved by the Invisible government of Chelsea.

Then Judge Foole stood his confidant on top of his desk and busied himself routing the rest trip to the Coast mother and Gladie and himself would make next month, and he was just spreading out a gaudy Frisco folder that showed a summer girl under a tall palm gazing at the bluest of Pacifics, when his private office door burst open and the Judge knew who was in the room. When he had disengaged the cyclone that circled his neck, he heard:

"Daddy, I got the camp kit. It's a beaut. Khaki trousers, six pairs; two gray army blankets; a peach of a poncho, that won't leak—the man guaranteed it—an' some swell shirts, an' two pairs of real moccasins, made by New York State Indians, and a canoe paddle—I bet it won't break like that bum one I had last year—and, daddy, will you look at this!

## HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

Life Unbearable from Indigestion  
Health Restored by "Fruit-a-lives"



MELIE C. GAUDREAU  
Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.