BLIND FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouts and curses and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurries out again. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a half dozen men. He summons a policeman but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies a watcher. For explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to preserve the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be taken as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Borton's. Mother Borton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a fray for all fight follows. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confident of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nabl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window. The supposed Wilton carries out his dead friend's work with Doddridge Knapp. He has his first experience as a capitalist in the Board Room of the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER X.

A Tangle of Schemes.

Doddridge Knapp was seated calmly in my office when I opened the door. There was a grim smile about the firm jaws, and a satisfied glitter in the keen eyes. The Wolf had found his prey, and the dismay of the sheep at the sight of his fangs gave him satisfaction instead of distress.

The King of the Street honored me with a royal nod.

"There seems to have been a little surprise for somebody on the Board this morning," he suggested.

I heard something about it on the street," I admitted.

"It was a good plan and worked well. Let me see your memoranda of purchases."

I gave him my slips.

He looked over them with growing perplexity in his face.

Here's twelve thousand five hundred shares of Omega.

"Yes."

"You paid too much for that first lot."

He was still poring over the list.

"It's easier to see that now than then," I suggested dryly.

"Humph! yes. But there's something wrong here." He was comparing my list with another in his hand.

"There," I thought; "my confounded ignorance has made a mess of it." But I spoke with all the confidence I could assume: "What's the matter, now?"

"Eleven thousand and twelve thousand five hundred make twenty-three thousand five hundred; and here are sales of Omega this morning of thirty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty." He seemed to be talking more to himself than to me, and to be far from pleased.

"How's that? I don't understand." I was all in the dark over his musings.

I picked up eleven thousand shares in the other Boards this morning, and twelve thousand five have come through you, but somebody has taken in the other ten thousand." The King of the Street seemed puzzled and, I thought, a little worried.

"Well, you got over twenty-three thousand shares," I suggested consolingly. "That's a pretty good morning's work."

The King of the Street gave me a contemptuous glance.

"Don't be a fool, Wilton. I sold ten thousand of those shares to myself."

A new light broke upon me. I was getting lessons of one of the many ways in which the market was manipulated.

"Then you think that somebody else—"

The King of the Street broke in with a grim smile.

"Never mind what I think. I've got the contract for doing the thinking for this job, and I reckon I can 'tend to it."

The great speculator was silent for a few moments.

"I might as well be frank with you," he said at last. "You'll have to know something to work intelligently. I must get control of the Omega Company, and to do it I've got to have more stock. I've been afraid of a combination against me, and I guess I've struck it. I can't be sure yet, but when those ten thousand shares were gobbled up on a panicky market, I'll bet there's something up."

"Who is in it?" I asked politely.

"They've kept themselves covered," said the King of the Street, "but I'll have them out in the open before the end. And then, my boy, you'll see the fur fly."

"I've got a few men staked out," he continued slowly, "and I reckon I'll know something about it by this time to-morrow."

There was the growl of the Wolf in his voice.

"Now for this afternoon," he continued. "There's got to be some sharp work done. I reckon the falling movement is over. We've got to pay for what we get from now on. I've got a man looking after the between-Board trading. With the scare that's on in the chipper crowd out there, I look to pick up a thousand shares or so at about forty."

"Well, what's the programme?" I asked cheerfully.

"Buy," he said briefly. "Take everything that's offered this side of seventy-five."

"Um—there's a half-million wanted already to settle for what I bought this morning."

The bushy brows drew down, but the Wolf of the Street answered lightly:

"Your check is good for a million, my boy, as long as it goes to settle for what you're ordered to buy." Then he added grimly: "I don't think you'd find it worth much for anything else."

There was a knock at the door beyond and he hastily rose.

"Be here after the two-thirty session," he said. And the Wolf, huge and masterful, disappeared with a stealthy tread, and the door closed softly behind him.

I wondered idly who Doddridge Knapp's visitor might be, but as I could see no way of finding out, and felt no special concern over his identity or purposes, I rose and left the office. As I stepped into the hall I discovered that somebody had a deeper curiosity than I. A man was stooping to the keyhole of Doddridge Knapp's room in the endeavor to see or hear. As he heard the sound of my opening the door he started up, and with a bound, was around the turn of the hall and pattering down the stairs.

"SELL EVERYTHING YOU BOUGHT—NEVER MIND THE PRICE—OTHER OR-DERS OFF. "D. K."

In another bound I was after him. I had seen his form for but a second, and his face not at all. But in that second I knew him for Tim Terrill of the snake-eyes and the murderous purpose.

When I reached the head of the stairs he was nowhere to be seen, but I heard the patter of his feet below and plunged down three steps at a time and into Clay street, nearly upsetting a stout gentleman in my haste. The street was busy with people, but no sign of the snake-eyed man greeted me.

Much disturbed in mind at this apparition of my enemy, I sought in vain for some explanation of his presence. Was he spying on Doddridge Knapp? What treachery was he shaping in his designs on the man whose bread he was eating and whose plans of crime he was the chief agent to assist or execute? I was roused by a man bumping into me roughly. I suspected that he had done it on purpose, and started by him briskly, when he spoke in a low tone:

"You'd better go to your room, Mr. Wilton." He said something more that I did not catch, and, reeling on, disappeared in the crowd before I could turn to mark or question him.

I thought at first that he meant the room I had just left. Then it occurred to me that it was the room Henry had occupied—the room in which I had spent my first dreadful night in San Francisco, and had not revisited in the thirty hours since I had left it.

The advice suited by inclination, and in a few minutes I was entering the dingy building and climbing the worn and creaking stairs. The place lost its air of mystery in the broad sunshine and penetrating daylight, and though the interior was as gloomy as, ever, it lacked the haunting suggestions it had borrowed from darkness and the night.

Slipped under the door I found two notes. One was from Detective Coogan, and read:

"Inquest this afternoon. Don't want you. Have another story. Do you want the body?"

The other was in a women's hand, and the faint perfume of the first note I had received rose from the sheet. It read:

"I do not understand your silence. The money is ready. What is the matter?"

The officer's note was easy enough to answer. I found paper, and, assuming Detective Coogan of my gratitude at escaping the inquest, I asked him to turn the body over to the undertaker to be buried at my order.

The other note was more perplexing. I could make nothing of it. It was evidently from my unknown employer, and her anxiety was plain to see. But I was no nearer to finding her than before, and if I knew how to reach her I knew not what to say. As I was contemplating this state of affairs with some dejection, and sealing my melancholy note to Detective Coogan, there was a quick step in the hall and a rap at the panel. It was a single person, so I had no hesitation in opening the door, but it gave me a passing satisfaction to have my hand on the revolver in my pocket as I turned the knob.

It was a boy, who thrust a letter into my hand.

"Mr. Wilton?" he inquired, still holding on to the envelope.

"Yes."

"That's yourn, then." And he was prepared to make a bolt.

"Hold on," I said. "Maybe there's an answer."

"No, there ain't. The bloke as gave it to me said there weren't."

"Well, here's something I want you to deliver," said I, taking up my note to Detective Coogan. "Do you know where the City Hall is?"

"Does I know—what are yer givin' us?" said the boy with infinite scorn in his voice.

"A quarter," I returned with a laugh, tossing him the coin. "Wait a minute."

"Yer ain't bad stuff," said the boy with a grin.

I tore open the envelope and read on the sheet that came from it:

"Sell everything you bought—never mind the price. Other orders off.

D. K."

I gasped with amazement. Had Doddridge Knapp gone mad? To sell twelve thousand five hundred shares of Omega was sure to smash the market, and the half-million dollars that had been put into them would probably shrink by two hundred thousand or more if the order was carried out.

I read the note again.

Then a suspicion large enough to overshadow the universe grew up in my mind. I recalled that Doddridge Knapp had given me a cipher with which he would communicate with me, and I believed, moreover, that he had no idea where I might be at the present moment.

"It's all right, sonny," I said. "Trot along."

"Where's yer letter?" asked the boy, loyally anxious to earn his quarter.

"It won't have to go now," I said coolly. I believed that the boy meant no harm to me, but I was not taking any risks. The boy sauntered down the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TELEPHONY WITHOUT WIRES.

Wireless telegraphy is at last an established fact, both scientifically and commercially.

A director of the Amalgamated radio-telegraphy company told a reporter that his company is ready to take orders for the installation of a wireless telephony system to cover a distance up to 25 miles, over fairly flat land or over water.

"Recently," he said, "I spoke in our laboratory at Berlin to a temporary laboratory which we have erected some seven miles away from that city, and that was not under the best conditions, because the aerial (or wire) at the temporary station was suspended between two factory shafts instead of the usual masts.

"From experiments which we have been conducting in Berlin we are able to guarantee perfect communication by wireless telephony over 25 miles of not too hilly country.

"The inventor of the continuous undamped wave, by which means only is wireless telephony made possible, was M. Valdemar Poulsen, a noted Danish electrical engineer. About eight months ago we bought M. Poulsen's invention, together with all his plant and experimental stations, and we have secured patents for the whole world with the exception of the United States.

"We are now converting our stations at Oxford and Cambridge into wireless telephony stations on the Poulsen system, and when the work is completed, which will probably be in six weeks' time, we shall begin to put subscribers there. I am confident that we shall be successful in establishing wireless telephonic communication over the 60 miles which separate the two university towns, and I do not hesitate to express my conviction that in a few years' time we shall be able to speak across the Atlantic."—London Express.

But When It Floods.

A stubborn fountain pen often interrupts a man's flow of thought.

"Well, I must look like a sucker if they think I can be taken in by a trick like that," was my mental comment. I charged the scheme up to my snake-eyed friend and had a poorer opinion of his intelligence than I had hitherto entertained. Yet I was astonished that he should, even with the most hearty wish to bring about my downfall, contrive a plan that would inflict a heavy loss on his employer and possibly ruin him altogether. There was more beneath than I could fathom. My brain refused to work in the maze of contradictions and mysteries, plots and counterplots, in which I was involved.

I took my way at last toward the market, and, hailing a boy to whom I intrusted my letter to Detective Coogan, walked briskly to Pine street.

CHAPTER XI.

The Den of the Wolf.

The street had changed its appearance in the two or three hours since I had made my way from the Exchange through the pallid, panic-stricken crowd. There were still thousands of people between the corners of Montgomery Street and Leidesdorff, and the little alley itself was packed full of shouting, struggling traders. But there was an air of confidence, almost of buoyancy, in place of the gloom and terror that had hung over the street at noon. Plainly the panic was over, and men were inspired by a belief that "stocks were going up."

I made a few dispositions according. Taking Doddridge Knapp's hint I engaged another broker as a relief to Eppner, a short fat man, with the baldest head I ever saw, a black beard and a hook-nose, whose remarkable activity and scattering charges had attracted my attention in the morning session.

Wallbridge was his name, I found, and he proved to be as intelligent as I could wish—a merry little man, with a joke for all things, and a flow of words that was almost overwhelming.

"Omega? Yes," chuckled the stout little broker, after he had assured himself of my financial standing. "You ought to have bought this morning, if that's what you want. It was hell popping and the roof giving way all at once." The little man had an abundant stock of profanity which he used unconsciously and with much original variations that one almost forgot the blasphemy of it while listening to him. "You ought to have been there," he continued, "and watched the boys shell 'em out!"

"Yes, I heard you had lively times."

"Boiling," he said with coruscating additions in the way of speech and gesture. "If it hadn't been for Decker and some fellow we havn't had a chance to make out yet the bottom of the market would have been resting on the roof of the lower regions." The little man's remark was slightly more direct and forcible, but this will do for a revised version.

"Decker!" I exclaimed, pricking up my ears. "I thought he had quit the market."

As I had never heard of Mr. Decker before that moment this was not exactly the truth, but I thought it would serve me better.

"Decker out of it!" gasped Wallbridge, his bald head positively gilttening at the absurdity of the idea. "He'll be out of it when he's carried out!"

I meant out of Omega. Is he getting up a deal?"

The little broker looked vexed, as though it crossed his mind that he had said too much.

"Oh, no. Guess not. Don't think he is," he said rapidly. "Just wanted to save the market, I guess. If Omega had gone five points lower there would have been the sickest times in the Street that we've seen since the Bank of California closed and the shop across the way"—pointing his thumb at the Exchange—"had to be shut up. But maybe it wasn't Decker, you know. That's just what was rumored on the Street, you know."

I suspected that my little broker knew more than he was willing to tell, but I forbore to press him further, and gave him the order to buy all the Omega stock he could pick up under fifty.

In the Exchange all was excitement, and the first call brought a roar of struggling brokers. I could make nothing of the clamor, but my nearest neighbor shouted in my ear:

"A strong market!"

"It looks that way," I shouted back. It certainly was strong in noise.

I made out at last that prices were being held to the figures of the morning's session, and in some cases were forced above them.

Forty-five—forty-seven—fifty-five—Omega was going up by leaps. I blessed the forethought that had suggested to me to put a limit on Wallbridge at fifty. The contest grew warmer. I could follow with difficulty the course of the proceedings, but I knew that Omega was bounding upward.

Gleanings of Gotham

Interesting Bits of News from the Great Metropolis.

Helen Gould May Unite Brother and Wife

NEW YORK—Miss Helen Gould, "the peacemaker of the Gould family," is making frantic efforts to patch up the differences of her brother, Frank Gould, and his wife, who has begun action in the supreme court for separation.

The notoriety attached to her sister Anna's divorce from Count Boni de Castellane, with her subsequent affair with Prince Helle de Sagan, and the troubles of her brother Howard have shocked the philanthropic sister deeply, and she is urging the other members of the family to strive for a reconciliation in the latest case involving their name.

Mr. Gould has filed no counter-suit, and so far as can be learned he does not contemplate any action, save in the nature of a vigorous defense.

The nature of the cruelty and neglect charged against him has not yet been made public, filing of the papers in the court having been delayed; but in a general way it is learned that the husband's extreme jealousy is at the bottom of the difficulty.

His wife's beauty makes her the center of attraction wherever she'appears, and the gallantries of which she has been made the object have resulted in so many quarrels between the young couple that the wife has finally decided to conserve her peace of mind by seeking a legal separation.

Upon the night Mr. Gould was served with a summons he went to his Fifth avenue mansion, where his wife is living, and attempted to see her. He was told by the servants, acting under instructions, that Mrs. Gould was away. After making several efforts to see her he left for his apartments in the Plaza.

Within an hour Mrs. Gould is said to have called him by 'phone and tried to see her husband. She was told that he was out. Before leaving for her home she is said to have made another attempt to see him.

Friends who have heard of this little game of cross purposes and temporary anger declare that all the troubles of the pair are upon about the same basis.

Coffee King Aids Girls and Cripples

ARBUCKLE, the coffee king, is sponsor for a novel plan for providing a home for working girls—it is in an old sailing ship tied up to a wharf—where for $2.80 a week a girl can live in a prettily furnished little room with a private bath, and for the same money receive three wholesome meals a day.

The sum named includes all that a girl would require to support life in comparative luxury, with the exception of clothing, and even at low wages scarcely any would be so poor as not to be able to provide herself with adequate clothing when the rest of her requirements are all provided at less than $3 a week. Alongside the sailing vessel is a craft that was once a handsome yacht, and still is a stanch craft. In this rooms are provided for working boys, who are boarded and lodged for the sum of $3.50 a week.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the Arbuckle plan to help industrious persons of small income is the one that furnishes cripples with a means of making a living. The coffee king added many wrinkles to the number on his kindly face trying to devise a way to assist those who could not use their lower limbs. He was convinced that some way could be found to make it possible for a cripple who could use arms and hands and had a willing disposition to work to perform some money-making task while seated in the rolling chair.

He set himself to work out the problem. He began by finding the work. In his business millions of little bags are used annually to pack the material in which he deals. Some one has to make these bags, so he would see that the work was turned over to cripples. But how could a cripple work a sewing machine, which is essentially a variety of employment for those who can use their lower limbs? Arbuckle solved the problem by inventing a sewing machine that could be started and stopped by the use of a lever on which the operator presses with her shoulder.

The coffee king patented this device. He explained his reason for this as being a desire to head off any one who would try to get up a similar idea and then sue him for damages for using it. If any one wants to use the idea they are welcome to it. Arbuckle does not want to make money by it, but no one will be able to work any of the clever financial tricks on him by claiming damages for an invention that is his own property.

Newcomer in Society Eclipses Harry Lehr

HARRY LEHR is taking a back seat. There has recently arisen a new and shining intellectual light, rapidly eclipsing the pyrotechnical record of Mr. Lehr. As an inventor of ingenious devices for amusing the languid and blase fashionables Lehr achieved much fame. He didn't really give that monkey dinner, but he performed other feats of astonishing ingenuity which are now matters of history.

The newcomer hasn't climbed that lofty pinnacle, but he's on his way.

Recently he devised and carried out a brilliant thing. This was a progressive dinner party.

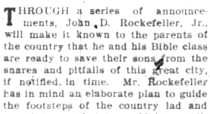
With a company of seven guests he sallied forth at eight o'clock the other evening for the Cafe Martin. They were served with oysters.

Next they had soup at the Holland house, fish at the Waldorf-Astoria, sweetbreads at the Knickerbocker, asparagus at the St. Regis, broilers and salad at the Gotham, peche malba at the Plaza and coffee and liqueurs at the Cafe Boulevard at midnight.

Now he comes resplendently forth with a novel variation of this highly inspiring idea. This is nothing less than a progressive dinner with the reverse English; he will entertain his guests by eating the courses backward. They will begin with the liqueurs, progress to another restaurant and take salad, then a bird at the third establishment, and so retrograde to the roast, the fish and soup, taking oysters and sauterne as a wind-up.

The only regret this enterprising youth has is that he cannot make some arrangements with the solar system by which the hours may be made to retrograde from midnight to eight p. m.

John D., Jr., to Be Pilot Amid Snares



THROUGH a series of announcements, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will make known to the parents of the country that he and his Bible class are ready to save their sons from the snares and pitfalls of this great city, if notified in time. Mr. Rockefeller has in mind an elaborate plan to guide the footsteps of the country lad and to point out what to avoid in a walk up Broadway. The details of this plan have not been announced by Mr. Rockefeller as yet.

It is said by members of Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class that the young men who are eager for a career in this wicked city will be, morally speaking, ticketed through to the leader. The new arrival will be placed in charge of a competent Bible class pupil, who will indicate the evil that lurks by night and day.

When the plan was first suggested it was declared that the average clerk arriving from the country would hardly have enough money after he had paid his board on Saturday night to indulge in wine suppers, and that as long as he was poor he would be virtuous. This criticism was met with the assertion that the Bible class by recruiting the young men early would make the visitors strong enough to resist when, later on, they were asked by a friend to go to a roof garden or be otherwise naughty.

If this plan is successful, it is said, the new arrivals will be met at the station to make sure of a good start.

The young women's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church will cooperate and safeguards will be thrown about the girls fresh from the country.

WANTED TO BE SURE.

"What do you think, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Brownjones, in tones of joyous excitement. "You know the Federation of Authors, is meeting in our town—well, we are to have the honor of entertaining she celebrated novelist, Godolphin Whatnot, as our guest."

"Um!" responded Mrs. Brownjones, enigmatically. "Is Mr. Whatnot a realist or an idealist?"

"Why do you want to know?" asked her husband.

"Well, if he is an idealist, I can just leave things as they are; but if he is a realist I must give the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. I may not be literary, but I've dipped into realistic novels, and I know their styles. The right-hand curtain hung slightly askew, suggesting that one of the drapery pins had lost its grip. A pendulous cobweb waved mournfully from the cornice just above the door leading into the hall, and there was a fine bloom of dust, like that of the purple grape, on the piano lid. In the left-hand corner of the room, almost buried in the pile of a somewhat faded carpet, was an invisible hairpin, clearly indicating the recent presence of a woman in the apartment. Just find out at once, John, what Mr. Whatnot is, and then I shall know how I am to proceed. I have no desire to let my house afford material to a modern realistic writer."

The sources of beauty are all in the soul.

90 BUSHELS OF OATS TO THE ACRE.

WHAT MR. KALTENBRUNNER HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS GRAIN CROPS IN CENTRAL CANADA.

Writing from Regina, Saskatchewan, Central Canada, Mr. A. Kaltenbrunner writes:—

"Some years ago I took up a homestead for myself, and also one for my son. The half section which we own adjoins the Moose Jaw Creek; is a low, level and heavy land. We put in 70 acres of wheat in stubble which went 20 bushels to the acre, and 10 acres of summer fallow, which went 25 bushels to the acre. All the wheat we harvested this year is No. 1 Hard. That means the best wheat that can be raised on the earth. We did not sell any wheat yet, as we intend to keep one part for our own seed, and sell the other part to people who want first class seed, for there is no doubt if you sow good wheat you will harvest good wheat. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. 80 acres has been fall plowing, which yielded 90 bushels per acre, and 80 acres stubble, which went 30 bushels to the acre. These oats are the best kind that can be raised. We have shipped three carloads of them, and got 53 cents per bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August before any frost could touch it.

"Notwithstanding the fact that we have had a late spring, and that the weather conditions this year were very adverse and unfavorable, we will make more money out of our crop this year than last.

"For myself I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

Information regarding free homestead lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may be had on application to any Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere. He will give you information as to first route and what it will cost you to reach those lands for purposes of inspection.

THEY WERE RETURNED.

Amy (after the tiff)—I shall return you everything you have given me.

George (cheerfully)—All right, then. Suppose we start at the kisses first.

Returned Him.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some 20 years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days, and finally of the town drunkard of his time.

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply.

"Well, well; dead and buried is he?"

"Nope; they didn't bury him."

"Didn't bury him!" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug."

Paving the Way.

"George," said the pretty girl, "I know you're awful bashful."

This was portentous, with leap year so new. He blushed assent.

"And you'd have proposed to me except for that?"

This, too, he was bound to acknowledge.

"Well, I would have accepted," she went on, "and so that's settled."

Discussing the matter later she expressed a natural pride that she had not taken any advantage of the sex.

Stupid Jeweler.

"Yes, George—that is, Mr. Fickel proposed last night," said the truthful Dora, "and we're engaged now; and I'm the first girl he ever loved, too."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Wise. "I don't notice your ring."

"Oh, he gave me one, but he had to take it back to get it fixed. The stupid jeweler made the inscription read, 'George to Genevieve,' instead of 'George to Dora.'—Philadelphia Press.

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years a friend of mine, called to see me and told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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