Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SOMEWHAT SUSPICIOUS.

Of course, it may be all right—still, you don't feel inclined to eat sausages when you find your butcher has removed to a shop next door to the Home for Lost Dogs, do you?

The Tangled Web.

Charley is the white-haired negro man employed by a southern family on Charlotte street. And Charley is cautious about lending anything. The other day a man new to the neighborhood appeared at the door and asked if he could borrow a spade.

"No, sir," said Charley. "Ain't got no spade."

"Haven't you any sort of a shovel I could use to dig fishworms with?"

"No, sir, ain't got no shovel."

The stranger hesitated a moment and then asked:

"Do you suppose the folks next door have a spade they'd lend me?"

"No, sir," replied Charley, promptly "they's all the time a-borrowin' our'n."
—Kansas City Times.

Bells.

Bells are understood to have had their origin in China, but at so remote a time that no precise date can be given. Their first use was to clear the air of evil spirits and to drive off the storms. Old European records tell how the tolling of bells kept the devils from assaulting believers; hence their connection with churches. Bells may be traced in Europe back to the sixth century, but were not generally introduced into the western church much before the eighth century.

"Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached. — Thomas a Kempis.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE
TRADE MARK
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES ETC.
DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c.
H. PLANTEN & SON 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.

BLINDFOLDED

By EADLE 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. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is subpoenaed to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues the disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill of Monterey Mosier who died after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the details of the forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is fascinated by Luella and bored by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella is dumfounded when she and Dudley see her father coming from an opium den. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins fighting.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"There's one fellow there," I said. "But it's the one I knocked down."

"Can't you see the others?" inquired Luella.

"No more in sight," said I, after a bolder survey. "They've run away."

"Oh, I'm glad," said Luella. "I should have seen them always if you had killed them. Why did they attack us?"

Before I could reply to Luella's question, a tattoo was beaten upon the door and a muffled shout came from the other side. I stepped down from the stair to listen.

"Are you hurt?" shouted Corson. "What's the matter?"

"No damage," I returned. "I drove them off."

Corson shouted some further words, but they were lost in a sudden murmur of voices and a scuffle of feet that arose behind.

"Look out!" cried Luella peremptorily. "Come back here!"

I have said that the passage opened into a little court, and at the end a lamp gave light to the court and the passage.

As I turned I saw a confusion of men pouring into the open space and heading for the passage. They were evidently Chinese, but in the gleam of the lamp I was sure I saw the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill. He was wrapped in the Chinese blouse, but I could not be mistaken. There was a chorus of yells there was the crack of a pistol, and a bullet struck the door close to my ear.

It was all done in an instant. Before the sound of the shot I dropped, and then made a leap for the stair.

"Oh!" cried Luella anxiously; "were you hit?"

"No, I'm all right," I said, "but it was a close shave. The gang means mischief."

"Well, tell me something I can do," she said.

I gave her my small revolver.

"Hand that to me when I want it," I said. "If I'm killed, get up the stairs and defend yourself with it. Don't fire unless you have to. We are short of ammunition." I had but three shots in the large six-shooter.

"Are they coming?" asked Luella, as the wild tumult of shouts stilled for a moment and a single voice could be heard.

I peered cautiously around the corner.

"There's a gentleman in a billycock hat who's rather anxious to have them lead the way," I said; "but they seem to prefer listening to fighting."

The gentleman whose voice was for war I discovered to be my snake-eyed friend. He seemed to be having difficulty with the language, and was eking out his Pidgin-English with pantomime.

"There!" cried Luella with a start; "what's that?"

A heavy blow shook the walls of the building and sounded through the passage.

"Good!" I said. "If our friends yonder are going to make trouble they must do it at once. Corson's got an ax, and the door will be down first they know."

"Than Heaven!" whispered Luella. And then she began to tremble.

The blows followed fast upon each other, but suddenly they were drowned in a chorus of yells, and a volley of revolver shots sent the bullets spatting against the door.

"Look out, Miss Knapp," I said. "They're coming. Stand close behind me, and crouch down if they get this far."

The band was advancing with a frightful din, but was making more noise than speed. Evidently it had little heart for its job.

I looked into the yelling mob for the snake-eyed agent of Doddridge Knapp, but could not single him out.

I dared wait no longer. Aiming at the foremost I fired twice at the advancing assailants. There were shouts and screams of pain in answer, and the line hesitated. I gave them time to reload cartridge, and, setting the smaller weapon from Luella, fired as rapidly as I could pull the trigger.

The effect was instantaneous. With a succession of howls and curses the band broke and ran—all save one man, who leaped swiftly forward with a long knife in his hand.

It would have gone hard with me if he had ever reached me, for he was a large and powerful fellow, and my last shot was gone. But in the dark and smoky passage he stumbled over the prostrate body of the first desperado whom I had been fortunate enough to knock down, and fell sprawling at full length almost at my feet.

With one leap I was on his back, and with a blow from the revolver I had quieted him, wrenched the knife from his hand and had the point resting on his neck.

Luella gave a scream.

"Oh!" she cried, "are you hurt?"

"No," I said lightly, but I don't think this gentleman is feeling very well. He's likely to have a sore head for a day or two."

"Come back here," said Luella in a peremptory tone. "Those men may come again and shoot you."

"I don't think so," said I. "The door is coming down. But, anyhow, I can't leave our friend here. Lie still!" I growled, giving the captive a gentle prod in the neck with the point of his knife to emphasize my desire to have peace and quiet between us.

I heard him swear under his breath. The words were foreign, but there was no mistaking the sentiment behind them.

"(You aren't killing him, are you?" inquired Luella anxiously.

"I think it might be a service to the country," I confessed, "but I'll save him for the hangman."

"You needn't speak so regretfully," laughed Luella, with a little return of her former spirit. "But here our people come."

The ax had been plied steadily, but the door came down with difficulty.

At last it was shaking and yielding, and almost as Luella spoke it swayed, bent apart, and broke with a crash, and with a babel of shouts Corson, Porter, Barkhouse and Wainwright, with two more policemen, poured through the opening.

"Praise the powers, you're safe!" cried Corson, wringing my hand, while the policemen took the prostrate Chinese in charge. "And is the young lady safe?"

"No harm done," said Luella. "Mr. Wilton is quite a general."

I called my men aside and spoke sharply.

"You haven't obeyed orders," I said to Porter, and you, Barkhouse, were to keep close by me to-night. You didn't do it, and it's only by good luck that the young lady and I were not killed. You, Wainwright, were to follow Tom Terrill. I saw Terrill just now in a gang of Chinese, and you turn up on the other side of a barred door."

Porter and Barkhouse looked sheepish enough, but Wainwright protested:

"I was following Terrill when he gets into a gang of highbinders, and goes into one of these rooms over here a ways. I waits a while for him, and then starts to look around a bit, and first I knows I runs up against Porter here hunting for an ax, and crazy as a loon, saying as how you was murdered and they had got to save you."

"Well, just keep close to me for the rest of the night and we'll say no more about it. There's no great damage done—nothing but a sore knuckle." I was feeling now the return effects of my blow on the coolie's chin.

"I don't understand this, Mr. Wilton," said Corson in confidential perplexity. "I don't see why the haythen were after yez."

"I saw—I saw Tom Terrill," said I, stumbling over the name of Doddridge Knapp. I determined to keep it from the ears of the police.

"And quickened her step as though to escape.

"Do you want to go through the theater?" asked Corson.

"No—no," whispered Luella. "get me home at once."

"We have seen enough sights for the evening, I believe," said I.

Mrs. Bowser was volubly regretful, but declined Corson's offer to chaperon her through a night of it.

On the way home Luella spoke not a word, but Mrs. Bowser filled the time with a detailed account of her emotions and sensations while Corson and his men were searching for us and beating down the door.

At the door Luella held out her hand impulsively.

"I wish I knew whom to thank—but I do thank him—for my safety—perhaps my life. Believe me—I am grateful to a brave man."

I felt the warm clasp of her fingers for a moment—and then with a flash of her eyes that set my blood on fire she was gone, and I was staggering down Doddridge Knapp's steps in a tumult of emotions.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Deal in Stocks.

The wolf-face, seamed with hatred and anger, and hideous with evil passions, that had glowered for a moment out of the smoky frame of the Chinese den, was still haunting me as I forced myself once more to return to the office. Wednesday morning had come, and I was due to meet Doddridge Knapp. But as I unlocked the door, I took some comfort in the reflection that I could hardly be more unwilling to meet the Wolf than he must be to meet me.

I had scarcely settled myself in my chair when I heard the key turn in the lock. The door swung open, and in walked Doddridge Knapp.

I had thought to find at least some trace of the opium debauch through which I had gained the clew to his strange and contradictory acts. But the face before me was a mask that showed no sign of the experiences through which he had passed. For all that appeared, he might have employed the time since I had left here two days before in studying philosophy and cultivating peace and goodwill with his neighbors.

"Ah, Wilton," he said, affably, rubbing his hands and purring grand. "You're ready for a hard day's work, I hope."

"Nothing would please me better," I said cheerfully, my repugnance melting away with the magnetism of his presence. "Is the black flag up today?"

He looked at me in surprise for an instant, and then growled, still in good humor:

"No quarter is the motto to-day." And I listened closely as the King of the Street gave his orders for the morning.

"You understand now," he said at the end of his orders, "that you are to sell all the Crown Diamond that the market will take, and buy all the Omega that you can get below one hundred."

"I understand."

"Well, feed Decker about as big a dose as he can swallow, I reckon," said the King of the Street, grimly.

"One thing," I said, "I'd like to know if I'm the only one operating for you."

The King of the Street drew his bushy brows down over his eyes and scowled at me a moment.

"You're the only one in the big board," he said at last. "There are men in the other boards, you understand."

I thought I understood, and sallied forth for the battle. At Doddridge Knapp's suggestion I arranged to do my business through three brokers, and added Lattimer and Hobart to Wallbridge, and Bockstein and Eppner.

Bockstein greeted me affably:

"Velgome to de marget vonce more, Mr.—, Mr.—"

"Wilton," said Eppner, assisting his partner in his high, dry voice, with cold civility. His blue-black eyes regarded me as but a necessary part of the machinery of commerce.

I gave my orders briefly.

"Dot is a larch order," said Bockstein dubiously.

"You don't have to take it," I was about to retort, when Eppner's high-pitched voice interrupted:

"It's all right. The customary margin is enough."

Wallbridge was more enthusiastic.

"You've come just in the nick of time," said the stout little man, swabbing his bald head from force of habit, though the morning was chill. "The market has been drier than a fish-horn and duller than a foggy morning."

Lattimer and Hobart, after a polite explanation of their rules in regard to margins, and getting a certified check, became obsequiously anxious to do my bidding.

I distributed the business with such judgment that I felt pretty sure our plans could not in any way be exposed, and took my place at the rail in the board room.

The opening proceedings were comparatively tame. I detected a sad falling-off in the quality and quantity of lung power and muscular activity among the buyers and sellers in the pit.

At the call of Confidence, Lattimer and Hobart began feeding shares to the market. Confidence dropped five points in half a minute, and the pit began to wake up.

There was a roar and a growl that showed me the animals were still alive.

The Decker forces were taken by surprise, but with a hasty consultation came gallantly to the rescue of their stock. At the close of the call they had forced it back and one point higher than at the opening.

This, however, was but a skirmish of outposts. The fighting began at the call of Crown and Diamond.

It opened at 62. The first bid was hardly made when with a bellow Wallbridge charged on Decker's broker, filled his bid, and offered a thousand shares at 62.

There was an answering roar from a hundred throats and a mob rushed on Wallbridge with the apparent intent of tearing him limb from limb. Wallbridge's offer was snapped up at once, but a few weak-kneed holders of the stock threw small blocks on the market.

These were taken up at once, and Decker's brokers were bidding 65.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"ARE THEY COMING?" ASKED LUELLA.

DUCKS ON A SPREE.

Trick of Young Girl Yields Good Financial Returns.

The 15-year-old daughter of a farmer living on the shores of Chesapeake bay, where wild ducks are found in greater numbers than anywhere else in the United States, has proved herself a better hunter than any of the men who make a living by it. She noticed that at one spot hundreds of ducks came ashore to eat the sorrel plant. She got a peck of corn, soaked it for two days in whisky, and then at night scattered it on the ground. Her father laughed at the idea, but he laughed too soon. The next morning a large number of the ducks came ashore for the sorrel, but took the corn instead. The result was that over 50 of them were made so drunk that they were easily captured on the shore or by a boat, and the girl made over $25 at one haul. Perhaps ducks shouldn't be tempted to become drunkards, but it is certainly an easy and profitable way to gather them in for the market. The wonder is if the people who eat them will also become hilarious?

Like Pays No Dividends.

The coach line that Alfred Vanderbilt had established between the Holland house, New York, and Ardsley on the Hudson is not a paying business. All the fares received in one season would not buy one of the eight Kentucky blooded horses that draw the coach. The round trip fare is $5.

IT WILL BE RALPH HEREAFTER.

A Youngster's Outspokenness That Taught Grandpa a Lesson.

There is a very well-known man in Brooklyn who is particularly proud of his grandson, a bright boy of four years and a few months. But, like all fond grandpas, he believed teasing amusing to the child as well as to himself—and he recently received the shock he deserved. The little lad was playing industriously with a doll when the proud grandpa said:

"My! playing with a doll—why your name must be Susie—not Ralph."

No word from the boy, who kept right on playing with the doll.

"Susie," said the grandpa, just rushing to his fate, "do you like dolls?"

The boy moved perceptibly, but clung to the doll.

"Dear little Susie—you used to be a boy."

The boy lifted his head indignantly and with deep pathos, said: "Grandpa, I hate to tell you so, but you're a d—— fool."

Great was the consternation of the grandfather and amazement of the mother, who tragically ordered the boy to his room, while she called attention to tears that rolled down her cheeks at such an fearful offense. Finally she told the little fellow that he might be forgiven if he begged his grandpa's pardon. But the boy believed his grandpa the offender and said so. His mother sternly read him a lesson against profanity, and especially about disrespect to grandparents. The little fellow was touched, and going over to his grandpa said, compromisingly:

"I am sorry I called you a d—— fool—but if I cannot call you a fool can I call you a lemon?"

Hereafter grandpa will call Ralph by his right name.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Naming the Baby.

The naming of a baby is considered important even among people whom we are apt to regard as uncivilized. And, curiously enough, these very folk combine to avoid the arguments that so often ensue when father and mother disagree over whether the little stranger shall be called Jack or Marmaduke, Priscilla or Jane.

The Mahometan father and mother each write the choice of a name on a slip of paper and place both in the Koran. Whichever slip is drawn first is the name given to the child.

A pretty Egyptian custom is to light three candles, naming each after a god or some exalted personage. The child is called after the candle which burns longest.

Hindu mothers name their children, paterfamilias not having a word to say in the matter. The naming ceremony usually takes place when the baby is about 12 days old, and a flower name is usually chosen.

Chinese girls are simply numbered one, two, or three, until they reach years of discretion, when they are allowed to choose a name for themselves. The boys, however, are given a temporary name until they are 20, when pa decides what magnificent appellation they shall rejoice in for the rest of their lives.—N. Y. Weekly.

Ignorance of the Bible.

Biblical allusions, which permeate our literature, touch no responsive chord in the majority of college students nowadays, writes Prof. W. L. Cross, in Education. Though some of them are fairly familiar with names like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samson, David and Daniel, very few know anything about the lives of these men as related in the scriptures. Not long ago, to recall an extreme case, not one of 40 students under my instruction could quite place Judas Iscariot; and a venerable colleague of mine discovered a Jew among the seniors who had never heard of Moses. To lift the burden of this ignorance several colleges have recently incorporated parts of the Old Testament into their most elementary courses in English with great success from the standpoint both of the student and of the instructor. But a knowledge of the Bible obviously belongs to an earlier stage than this. It is a pity that political and religious considerations stand in the way of introducing into the public schools an available body of splendid literature. Fortunately politics and prejudice cannot hamper many of the large preparatory schools.

Her Sublime Admiration.

"Oh, dear, will you look at it again?" sighed Mrs. Howard Newcombe in an ecstasy of bliss. "Isn't it magnificent? Turn this way now. A side glance brings out the traditional beauty. I have never seen anything so perfectly exquisite! Dear, do come over here and look at it from this view. One would never believe that such a lovely thing existed in the world. The perspective is simply grand. How inspiring and noble. Here is another view from the right. Doesn't it show off even to better advantage? I am simply entranced with admiration."

What is Mrs. Newcome looking at? Some masterpiece in a picture gallery?

No, indeed. It is an old kitchen chair she purchased at a second-hand store, which she thinks is a "genuine antique."—The Bohemian.

The Trusty.

"It seems to me that you trust that convict beyond the bounds of prudence."

"Oh, he wouldn't dare escape."

"Why not?"

"Two wives are waiting for him to come out."—Houston Post.

Historical Revelation.

"How could you distinguish Achilles from the girls?" asked the Greeks.

"How could you see that he was a man in woman's garb?

"He didn't," explained Ulysses, "drop his handkerchief every time he turned around."

Ingenuous.

"Zinx is a smart man. Takes a smart man to do his work."

"So?"

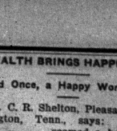
"Yes. I'm going to succeed him when he gets promoted."—Kansas City Journal.

Wants Opium Dens Removed.

According to Viceroy Tang Fang there are 1,320 opium shops in the Shanghai foreign settlements and he wants orders from Peking to close them.

HEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS.

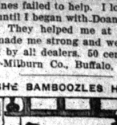
Invalid Once, a Happy Woman Now.



Mrs. C. R. Shelton, Pleasant Street, Covington, Tenn., says: "Once I seemed a helpless invalid, but now I enjoy the best of health. Kidney disease brought me down terribly. Rheumatic aches and pains made every move painful. The secretions were disordered and my head ached to distraction. I was in a bad condition, but medicines failed to help. I lost ground daily until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and soon made me strong and well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SHE BAMBOOZLES HIM.



Mrs. Caller—You surely don't always give your husband a necktie on his birthday?

Mrs. Athome—Yes, I do, and the poor dear doesn't even know it's the same one each time!

DOCTOR SAID "USE CUTICURA"

In Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—His Order Resulted in Complete Cure.

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. I can safely say that Cuticura did a lot for me." Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 29, 1907."

Romance and Reality.

"Let the youngsters have their romance—an' it'll be all the better for 'em or they git a purty good dose on it; but don't hide from 'em the fact that thar's somethin' in the shape of trouble a-waitin' fer 'em up the road," said Mr. Billy Sanders. "Not big trouble, tooby shore, but jest big enough to make 'em stick closer together. It ain't no use to try to keep out the fact that life is what it is. It's full of rough places, an' thar are times when you have to leave the big road an' take a short cut through the bamboo briers for to keep from slippin' in a mudhole. The briers hurt, but the mudhole mought smifficate you. It ain't no use to deny it, trouble is seasonin'. I never know'd it to hurt anybody but the weak-minded, the willful an' them that was born to the purple."—Joel Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Not Guilty.

It is not always a guilty conscience that is taken by surprise, for sometimes the most innocent of men will start at a suspicious word. The following incident, which occurred in a hardware show, is illuminating:

An elderly lady, dressed severely in gray, and carrying what looked very much like a bundle of tracts, approached the counter.

A clerk hastened to serve her.

"What can I do for you, madam?" She leaned toward him.

"Have you—er—any little vises?" she inquired.—Youth's Companion.

WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" Ills. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum, but disliked it, hence, as we learned later, it was not made right.

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so marked—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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