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. Dudley is summoned 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 his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. 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 and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. 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 firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The willing brutes shot forward into the darkness at the word and tossed the rain drops from their ears with many an angry nod.

I have a dim recollection of splashing over miles of level road, drenched with water and buffeted by gusts of wind that faced us more and more, with the monotonous beat of hoofs ever in my ears, and the monotonous stride of the horse beneath me ever racking my tired muscles. Then we slackened pace in a road that wound in sharp descent through a gap in the hills, and the rush and roar of a torrent beneath and beside us, the wind sweeping with wild blasts through the trees that lined the way and covered the hillside and seeming to change the direction of its attack at every moment.

"We'll make it, I reckon," said Thatcher, at last. "It's only two miles farther, and the train hasn't gone up yet."

There was no sign of life about the station as we drew our panting, steaming horses to a halt before it, and no train was in sight. The rain dripping heavily from the eaves was the only sound that came from it, and a dull glow from an engine that lay alone on a siding was the only light that was to be seen.

"What's the time?" asked Thatcher. "We must have made a quick trip."

"Twenty minutes past three," said I, striking a match under my coat to see my watch face.

"Immortal snakes!" cried Thatcher. "I'm an idiot. This is Sunday night."

I failed to see the connection of these startling discoveries, but I had spirit enough to argue the case. "It's Monday morning, now."

"Well, it's the same thing. The freight doesn't run to-night."

I awoke to some interest at this announcement.

"Why, it's got to run, or we must take to saddle again for the rest of the way."

"These horses can't go five miles more at that gait, let alone 25," protested Thatcher.

"Well, then, we must get other horses here."

"Come," said Fitzhugh; "what's the use of that when there's an engine on the siding doing nothing?"

"Just the idea. Find the man in charge."

But there did not appear to be any man in charge. The engineer and fireman were gone, and the watchman had been driven to cover by the foul weather.

We looked the iron horse over enviously.

"Why, this is the engine that came up with the special this noon," said Fitzhugh. I remember the number."

"Good! We are ahead of the enemy, then. They haven't had a chance to get the wire, and we beat them on the road. We must find the engineer and get it ourselves."

"I've got an idea," said Fitzhugh. "It's this: Why not take the machine without asking? I was a fireman once, and I can run it pretty well."

I thought a moment on the risk, but the need was greater.

"Just the thing. Take the money for the horses to your friend there. I'll open the switch."

In a few minutes Fitzhugh was back.

"I told him," he chuckled. "He says it's a jail offense, but it's the only thing we can do."

"It may be a case of life and death," I said. "Pull out."

"There's mighty little steam here—hardly enough to move her," said Fitzhugh from the cab, stirring the fire.

But as he put his hand to the lever she did move easily on to the main track and rested while I reset the switch.

Then I climbed back into the cab and sank down before the warm blaze in a stupor of faintness as the engine glided smoothly and swiftly down the track.

CHAPTER XXV.
A Flutter in the Market.

The gray pall of the storm hung over San Francisco. The dim light of the morning scarcely penetrated into the hallways as we climbed the stairs that led to our lodgings, leaving behind us the trail of dripping garments. I heaved a sigh of relief as Trent opened the door, and we once more faced the pleasing prospect of warmth, dry clothing and friends.

We had made the run from Niles without incident and had left the engine on a siding at Brooklyn without being observed. If the railroad company still has curiosity, after all these years, to know how that engine got from Niles to Brooklyn, I trust that the words I have just written may be taken as an explanation and apology.

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked, becoming comfortable once more with

THE WILLING BRUTES SHOT FORWARD INTO DARKNESS

dry clothes, a warm room and a fresh bandage on my arm.

"He hasn't shown up, sir," said Trent. "Owens and Larson went out to look for him toward evening yesterday, but there wasn't a sign of him."

"Try again to-day. You may pick up news at Borton's or some of the water-front saloons."

"Oh, there was a letter for you," said Trent. "I near fogot."

I snatched the envolope, for the address was in the hand of the Unknown. The sheet within bore the words;

"Where is the boy? Have you removed him? Send the key to Richmond. Let me know when you return, for I must see you as soon as it is safe."

I read the note three or four times and each time I was more bewildered than before. I had left the boy in Livermore, but certainly he was not the one she meant. He was the "wrong boy," and my employer must be well aware that I had taken him at her orders. Or could that expedition be a jest of the enemy to divert my attention? I dismissed this theory as soon as it suggested itself.

The closing portion of the note set my heart beating fast. At last I was to have the opportunity to meet my mysterious employer face to face. But what explanation was I to make? What reception would I meet when she learned that Henry Wilton had given up his life in her service and that I, who had taken his place, could tell nothing of the things she wished to know?

I wrote a brief note to Richmond stating that I had no key, inclosed the Unknown's note, with the remark that I had returned and gave it to Owens to deliver. I was in some anxiety lest he might not know where Richmond was to be found. But he took the note without question, and I law down with orders that I was to be called in time to reach the opening session of the stock market, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The Stock Exchange was a boiling and bubbling mass of excited men as I reached it. I shouldered my way through the crowd into the buzzing Board-room as the session opened. Excitement thrilled the air, but the opening was listless. All knew that the struggle over Omega was to be settled that day, and that Doddridge Knapp or George Decker was to find ruin at the end of the call, and all were eager to hasten the decisive moment.

I could see nothing of Doddridge Knapp, and the uneasy feeling that he was at Livermore came over me. What was my duty in case he did not appear? Had he left his fotune at the mercy of the market to follow his lawless schemes? Had he been caught in his own trap, and was he now to be ruined as the result of his own acts?

I might have spared my worry. The call had not proceeded far when the massive form of Doddridge Knapp appeared at the railing. The strong wolf-marks of the face were stronger than ever as he watched the scene on the floor. I looked in vain for a trace upon him of last night's work. If he had been at Livermore he showed no sign of the passions or anxieties that had filled the dark hours.

He nodded carelessly for me to come to him as he caught my eye.

"You have the stock?"

"All safe."

"And the proxies?"

"Just as you ordered."

The King of the Street looked at me sharply.

"Any orders?" I asked at last.

"Be where I can call you the minute I want you," he replied.

"Now, my boy," he continued after a minute, "you are going to see what hasn't been seen in the Boards for years, and I reckon you'll never see it again."

"What is it?" I asked politely. I was prepared for almost any kind of fireworks in that arena.

Doddridge Knapp made no reply, but raised his hand as if to command silence, and a moment later the call of Omega was heard. And, for a marvel, a strange stillness did fall on the throng.

At the word of call I saw Doddridge Knapp step down to the floor of the pit, calm, self-possessed, his shoulders squared and his look as proud and forceful as that of a monarch who ruled by the might of his sword, while a grim smile played about his stern mouth.

The silence of the moment that followed was almost painful, when the voice of Doddridge Knapp rang like a trumpet through the Board-room.

"Five hundred for Omega!"

This was a wild jump from 325 that was marked against the stock at the close on Saturday, but I supposed the King of the Street knew what he was about.

At the bid of Doddridge Knapp a few cries rose here and there, and he was at once the center of a group of gesticulating brokers. Then I saw Decker, pale, eager, alert, standing by the rail across the room, signaling orders to men who howled bids and plunged wildly into the crowd that surrounded his rival.

The bids and offers came back and forth with shouts and barks, yet they made but a murmur conpared to the whirlwind of sound that had arisen from the pit at the former struggles I had witnessed. There seemed but a few blocks of the stock on the market.

"This is great," chuckled Wallbridge, taking post before me. "There hasn't been anything like it since Decker captured Chollar in the election of '73. You don't remember that, I guess?"

"I wasn't in the market then," I admitted.

"Lord! Just to hear that!" cried the stout little man, mopping his glistening head frantically and quivering with nervous excitement. "Doddridge Knapp bids 1,500 for the stock and only gets five shares. Oh, why ain't I a chance to get into this?"

I heard a confused roar, above which rose the fierce tones of Doddridge Knapp.

"How many shares has he got to-day?" I asked.

"Not 40 yet."

"And the others?"

"There's been about 2,000 sold."

I gripped the rail in nervous tension. The battle seemed to be going against the King of the Street.

"Oh!" gasped Wallbridge, trembling with excitement. "Did you hear that? There! It's 1,700—now it's 1,775! Whew!"

I echoed the exclamation.

"Oh, why haven't I got 10,000 shares?" he groaned.

"Who is getting them?"

"Knapp got the last lot. O-oh, look there! Did you ever see the like of that?"

I looked. Decker, hatless, with hair disheveled, had leaped the rail and was hurrying into the throng that surrounded Doddridge Knapp.

"There was never two of 'em on the floor before," cried Wallbridge.

At Decker's appearance the brokers opened a lane to him, the cries fell and there was an instant of silence as the kings of the market thus came face to face.

I shall never forget the sight. Doddridge Knapp, massive, calm, forceful, surveyed his opponent with unruffled composure. He was dressed in a light gray-brown suit that made him seem larger than ever. Decker was nervous, disheveled, his dress of black setting off the pallor of his face, till it seemed as white as his shirt bosom, as he fronted the King of the Street.

The foes faced each other, watchful as two wrestlers looking to seize an opening, and the Board-room held its breath. Then the crowd of brokers closed in again and the clamor rose once more.

I could not make out the progress of the contest, but the trained ear of Wallbridge interpreted the explosions of inarticulate sound.

"Phew! listen to that! Two thousand, 2,100, 2,150. Great snakes! See her jump!" he cried. "Decker's getting it."

My heart sank. Doddridge Knapp must have smothered his brain once more in the Black Smoke, and was now paying the price of indulgence. And his plans of wealth were a sacrifice to the wild and criminal scheme into which he had entered in his contest against the Unknown.

The clang of the gong recalled me from the reverie that had shut out the details of the scene before me.

"There! Did you hear that?" groaned Wallbridge. "Omega closes at 2,600 and Decker takes every trick. Oh, why didn't you have me on the floor out there? By the great horn spoon, I'd 'a' had every share of that stock, and wouldn't 'a' paid more than half as much for it, neither."

I sighed and turned, sick at heart, to meet the King of the Street as he shouldered his way from the floor.

There was not a trace of his misfortune to be read in his face. But Decker, the victor, moved away like a man oppressed, pale, staggering, half-fainting, as though the nervous strain had brought him to the edge of collapse.

Doddridge Knapp made his way to the doors and signed me to follow him, but spoke no word until we stood beside the columns that guard the entrance.

"That was warm work," said Doddridge Knapp after a moment's halt.

"I was very sorry to have it turn out so," I said.

A grim smile passed over his face.

"I wasn't," he growled good humoredly. "I thought it was rather neatly done."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Oh, I forgot that I hadn't seen you," he countinued. "And like enough I shouldn't have told you if I had. The truth is, I found a block of 4,000 shares on Saturday night, and made a combination with them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

Dairy Product Is So Sold in City of Cambridge, England.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Deftly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose, and thus conveyed to market. The butter women who, in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice and experienced eyes enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped product. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for being served to the students in the daily "commons." Cut in conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergaduates for use at breakfast and tea.—The Sunday Magazine.

How the Judge Viewed It.

Even a judge on the bench likes his joke. A man whose name is Waters was arraigned in Bilville court on a charge of assault and battery. "What did you do to him," asked the judge, to make him assault you?" "We wuz at dinner," was the reply, "an' we got into a dispute, an' all I did wuz to hit him 'side the head with a corndodger, an' a week arterward, he come back an' beat me shameful!" "Well," said the judge, "you know what the Scripture says: 'Bread cast upon the waters will return to you after many days!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

To get even with a shipmate wot has done ye dirt give him a pretty wife.

Musings of the Metropolis

News of New York Town Outlined in Brief Form.

"Storkville" Other Name for New York

NEW YORK.—New York's population is increasing at the rate of more than 50,000 a year through the natural cause of birth. In other words, there are 50,000 more births annually in this city than there are deaths—and even if there were no immigration to swell the population, New York still would advance amazingly in the matter of inhabitants.

These facts have been developed in view of a recent finding by the Officiel of Paris, the government gazette of the French republic, in which the startling spectacle was presented of a death rate in excess of the birth rate. The figures took in the five countries of France, Germany, England and Wales, Belgium and Italy, and were based on every 10,000 of population. Whereas in Germany, at the last count, there were 150 more births than deaths to every 10,000 inhabitants there were in France five fewer births than deaths.

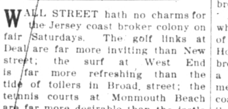
At the offices of the board of health in this city it was cheerfully stated that there is no apparent danger of New York becoming depopulated, and the figures for the 30 weeks of 1908 bear out this view. A study of the reports for the seven months of the year shows that the city is steadily gaining in inhabitants through natural causes, and that never in all the 30 weeks has the death rate approximated the birth rate.

There have died in New York—and this includes all the boroughs of the greater city—since the 1st of January, 44,695 persons of varying ages, and against these there have been births to the number of 72,274. This leaves a balance of 29,579 on the birth side of the ledger for the 30 weeks, or an average of an excess of births of 985.96 a week. Carrying this out to the 52 weeks of the year, it is seen that the excess of births is not less than 51,270.23. And thus, left to its own resources, and with no outstanding augmentation, New York city would steadily appreciate in population.

The highest number of births registered during the year was in the very babyhood of the year itself, the week ending January 4 developing no fewer than 3,321 births in the greater city. Manhattan, of course, led in this honor list, the stork depositing 1,632 babies on hearthstones of this borough.

The board of health officials say they can't see any signs of race suicide in the records the first 30 weeks of 1908 have produced.

Wall Street Is Deserted for Resorts



WALL STREET hath no charms for the Jersey coast broker colony on fair Saturdays. The golf links at Deal are far more inviting than New street; the surf at West End is far more refreshing than the tide of toilers in Broad street; the tennis courts at Monmouth Beach are far more desirable than the jostle round Temple court, in Exchange place.

With the substitution of the Monmouth for the Asbury Park as the Saturday Wall street boat one sees few familiar financial faces on board during the trip to the city.

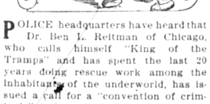
Wall street in Jersey spends its Saturdays in many ways. The swimming pool at Deal Beach is one of the favorite haunts of the brokers who spend the season down that way. At the next resort, Allenhurst, automobiling and fishing trips are the order of Saturday.

Yachting and motor boating have many devotees. The races at Elkwood also share in the favor of the brokers on Saturdays.

At Monmouth polo is approved, while at Seabright tennis claims most of the attention. The dog show at Hollywood drew several hundred brokers from neighboring resorts and a considerable number of 'Change men who are living along the Jersey coast. The horse show proved a similar attraction in keeping Wall street at the seashore.

What business the stay-at-the-shore brokers must attend to is looked after either by long distance telephone, by telegraph, or at one of the numerous branch offices that dot Ocean boulevard. In fact, Long Branch's "Little Wall" street is not an unlively district during the Saturday morning market hours.

"Convention of Criminals" Is Called



POLICE headquarters have heard that Dr. Ben L. Reitman of Chicago, who calls himself "King of the Tramps" and has spent the last 20 years doing rescue work among the inhabitants of the underworld, has issued a call for a "convention of criminals" to meet in this city next month.

To that part of Dr. Reitman's program which is directed toward the obtaining of safe conduct and immunity from arrest of delegates while they are in this city inspector McCafferty, in charge of the detective bureau, made strong objection the other day.

"I'll order the arrest of every criminal who arrives for the convention," said Inspector McCafferty, "and I am not yet sure that I won't arrest those persons who are getting up the affair. We want no assembly of criminals in thi scity."

"Dr. Reitman said," it was suggested, "that all of the criminals will agree to do no criminal act while they are in this city.

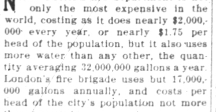
"Dr. Reitman may believe what these fellows tell him," said the inspector, "but I won't. We can and will arrest all of them as suspicious persons and the chances are that we'll find that many of them are fugitives from justice, escaped prisoners, men under indictment or men wanted in connection with various crimes. We'll throw out the dragnet and gather them in."

According to the prospectus of the convention, criminals from all parts of the country are to meet here to discuss their relations to society, to the police and to one another. "Brotherhood" is the watchword of the convention.

The titles of some of the addresses to be delivered at the convention, if the police forget to go around and arrest everybody connected with the gathering, are: "Twenty-One Years a Criminal, Twenty Years a Prisoner," "Dope and Booze," "Do the Police Give the Criminal a Fair Deal?" "Easier to Commit Crime Than to Find a Job," "What Society Owes the Criminal" and "The Average Income of the Criminal."

Inspector McCafferty laughed when he came upon the last named topic. "They'll all fatten their averages if we let them collect in New York," he said. "This is a hospitable city, but we have to draw the line somewhere. In this case we'll draw it before the temporary chairman of the convention begins his opening remarks. It does seem a shame, though, to stop it before the committee on resolutions gets its report ready. I'd give a month's salary to get a look at that report."

City Fire Department Most Expensive



NEW YORK'S fire department is not only the most expensive in the world, costing as it does nearly $2,000,000 every year, or nearly $1.75 per head of the population, but it also uses more water than any other, the quantity averaging 32,000,000 gallons a year. London's fire brigade uses but 17,000,000 gallons annually, and costs per head of the city's population not more than ten cents.

In point of numbers, Paris comes first with nearly 2,000 "laddies," St. Petersburg next with 1,250, Berlin 1,200, New York 1,100, Chicago 1,000, Hamburg about 900. The last-named city supplies more than 300 firemen for every 100,000 head of population, while London supplies only 13 for the same number. The bell prevails for a warning signal as the fire-chariots dash through the streets in all cities except London. There the brigade career through the crowded thoroughfares to the hoarse yells of "Hi! Hi!" coming from the lusty lungs of the gallant laddies.

It is not generally known in America that one of King Edward's foibles, when prince of Wales, was attendance at big fires. He was always especially notified by the fire chief of any big blaze in the English metropolis, where he was as well known to firemen as Capt. Shaw himself, the Chief Croker of the London fire brigade. It is said that he always assisted the men as far as he could, and on one occasion it is certain that a spouting hose took so active an interest in his royal highness that the prince looked anything but princely when the men had got him disentangled. It will be remembered that Charles II of England took an active fireman's part in the great fire of London.

Cut on the Head.

At the Saturday matinee of "The Three Twins," an imposing young woman wearing a pongee creation of the near-sheath type swept down the aisle, drawing all eyes after her, says the New York Times. It was not her gown, however, that was the attraction, even in this era of hectic interest in everything directoire, but as it was during an intermission and she had doffed her hat her coiffure eclipsed every other feature of her toilet. Her hair was all swept into an enormous pompadour which, however, draped the back of her head instead of crowning her brow.

A mild little country visitor, whose own locks were trimly combed together and screwed into a tight little knob on top of her head, stared long at the receding young woman's coiffure, and then remarked to her neighbor, who, by the way, was a total stranger to her: "My goodness gracious! If she were born with a thing like that on her head she'd have it operated on!"

Shy.

Wallie—Next to a woman, what is the most nervous thing you know?

Willie (ungrammatically—Me—next to a woman.—Half-Holiday.

SHE WAS NO HASBEEN.

Smoking Car Just the One Old Woman Was Looking For.

"Madam," said the brakeman as the train stopped at a village station and a little old woman started to enter the smoking car, "the car back is the one you want."

"How do you know?" she tartly asked.

"Because this is the smoking car."

She pushed past him and climbed up the steps, and after taking a seat she pulled out and filled a pipe, struck a match on the sole of her shoe, and after drawing a few puffs she said to a man smoking a cigar across the aisle:

"That young feller out there don't know half as much as he thinks he does."

"How so?" was asked.

"He took me for an old woman that had never rode on the cars before, and told me this was the smoking car."

"And you wanted this car?"

"Why, I never ride in any other—not unless my pipe is broke, my tobacco all out and none o' you menfolks will lend me a cigar."

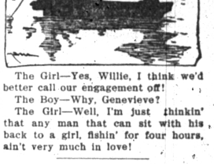
ECZEMA FOR 55 YEARS.

Suffered Torments from Birth—In Frightful Condition—Got No Help Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I had an itching, tormenting eczema ever since I came into the world, and I am now a man 55 years old. I tried all kinds of medicines I heard of, but found no relief. I was truly in a frightful condition. At last I broke out all over with red and white boils, which kept growing until they were as big as walnuts, causing great pain and misery, but I kept from scratching as well as I could. I was so run down that I could hardly do my work. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Resolvent, and Pills for about eight months, and I can truthfully say I am cured. Hale Bordwell, Tipton, Ia., Aug. 17, 1907."

"I cheerfully endorse the above testimonial. It is the truth. I know Mr. Bordwell and know the condition he was in. Nelson R. Burnett, Tipton, Ia."

LUKEWARM LOVER.



The Girl—Yes, Willie, I think we'd better call our engagement off!

The Boy—Why, Genevieve?

The Girl—Well, I'm just thinkin' that any man that can sit with his back to a girl, fishin' for four hours, ain't very much in love!

Her Reserved Seat.

It was raining and the car was sopping wet. Most of the passengers stood, but there are always exceptions.

One big pink man with a snowy beard defied rheumatism and wet cloth by plumping himself down on one of the drippy seats. His presumable wife, with a laughing explanation that she was tired, seated herself in his lap. And when the conductor came along to collect fares she inquired, with the earnestness of one who seeks knowledge:

"Do I have to pay extra for a reserved seat?"

The conductor spoke no words that could go resounding down the corridors of time. He just grinned, and the passengers grinned with him.

Deaths of Presidents.

Washington's death was due to acute laryngitis; Adams, Madison and Monroe, practically to old age; Jefferson, chronic diarrhea; John Quincy Adams, paralysis; Jackson, dropsy; VaVn Buren, catarrhal affections of the throat and lungs; William Henry Harrison, pleurisy; Tyler, cause of death not given by biographers; Polk, cholera; Taylor, cholera morbus, combined with a severe cold; Fillmore, paralysis; Pierce, dropsy; Buchanan, rheumatic gout; Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, assassinated; Johnson, paralysis; Grant, cancer at the root of the tongue; Hayes, neuralgia of the heart; Arthur, heart trouble and Benjamin Harrison, pneumonia.

FRIENDLY TIP

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous, but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help, I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts, stop drinking coffee, and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. 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.