ANGEL ESQUIRE

BY EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER III-(Continued)

"We don't know," said Angel absent-; his eye was wandering up and own a column of figures on the paper

"I am inclined to fancy there is a man named Connor, who used to be a croupler or something to old Reale." He frowned at the paper, and picking up a pencil from the desk, made a rapid little calculation. "Seven stone 13," he muttered.

13." he muttered.

The commissioner tapped the table impatiently. He had sunk into a seat

impatiently. He had sunk into a seat opposite Angel.

"My dear man, who is old Reale? You forget that you are our tame foreign specialist. Lord, Angel, if you heard half the horrid things that people say about your appointment you would die of shame!"

Angel pushed aside the papers with Angel pushed aside the papers

ittle laugh,

"I'm beyond shame," he said lightheartedly; "and, besides, I've heard.
You were asking about Reale. Reale is
a character. For twenty years a proprietor of one of the most delightful
annuling plants in Egynt Rome—goodgambling plants in Egypt, Rome—goodness knows where. Education—none. Hobbies—invention. That's the 'bee in his bonnet'—invention. If he's got another, it is the common or garden puzzler, it is the common or garden puzzler.

other, it is the common or garden puz-zle. Pigs in clover, missing words, all the fake competitions that cheap little papers run—he goes in for them all. Lives at 43 Terrington Square."

"Where?" The commissioner's eye brows rose. "Reale? 43 Terrington Square? Why, of course." He looked at Angel queerly. "You know all about Reale?"

Angel shrugged his shoulders.
"As much as anybody knows,"

The commissioner nodded.

"Well, take a cab and get down at once to 43 Terrington Square. Your old Reale was murdered last night."

It was peculiar of Angel Esquire that nothing surprised him. He received the most tremendous tidings with polite interest, and now he merely said, "Dear me!" Later, as a swift hansom carried him along Whitehall he permitted him-self to be "blessed."

Outside No. 43 Terrington Square a

outside No. 32 Ferrington square a small crowd of morbid sightseers stood in gloomy anticipation of some gruesome experience or other. A policeman admitted him, and the local inspector stopped in his interrogation of a white-faced butler to bid him a curt "Good morning"

morning."

Angel's preliminary inspection did not take any time. He saw the bodies, which had not yet been removed. He examined the pockets of both men, and ran his eye through the scattered papers on the floor of the room in which the tragedy had occurred. Then he came back to the big drawing room and saw the inspector, who was sitting at a table writing his report.

"The chap on the top floor committed the murder, of course," said Angel.
"I know that," said Inspector Boyden brusquely.

brusquely.

"And was electrocuted by a current passing through the handle of the

"I gathered that," the inspector re-plied as before, and went on with his work.

work.

"The murderer's name is Massey," continued Angel patiently—"George Charles Massey."

The inspector turned in his seat with a sarcastic smile.

"I also," he said pointedly, "have seen the envelopes addressed in that name, which were found in his pocket."

Angel's face was preternaturally solemn as he continued—

"The third man I am not so sure about."

The inspector looked up suspicious—

The inspector looked up suspicious-

"Third man—which third man?"
Well-simulated astonishment sent
Angel's eyebrows to the shape of in-

"There was another man in it. Didn't you know that, Mr. Inspector?"
"I have found no evidence of the presence of a third party," he said stiffly: "but I have not yet concluded my investigations."
"Good!" said Angel cheerfully. "When you have, you will find the ends of three cigarets—two in the room where the old man was killed, and one in the safe room. They are marked 'Al Kam,' and are a fairly expensive variety of Egyptian cigarets. Massey smoked cigars; old Reale did not smoke at all. The question is"—he went at all. The question is —he went on speaking aloud to himself, and ignoring the perplexed police official— was it Connor or was it Jimmy?"

The inspector struggled with a desire to satisfy his curiosity at the expense

of his dignity, and resolved to maintain an attitude of superior incredulity. He

turned back to his work.
"It would be joily difficult to implicate either of them." Angel went on reflectively, addressing the back of the reflectively, addressing the back of the inspector. "They would produce fifty unimpeachable alibis, and bring an action for wrongful arrest in addition," he added artfully.

"They can't do that," said the inspector gruffly.

"Can't they?" asked the innocent

"Can't they?" asked the innocent Angel. "Well, at any rate, it's not ad-visable to arrest them. Jimmy

Inspector Boyden swung round in his "I don't know whether you're 'pulling my leg,' Mr. Angel. You are perhaps unused to the procedure in criminal cases in London, and I must now in-

cases in London, and I must now inform you that at present I am in charge of the case, and must request that if you have any information bearing upon this crime to give it to me at once."

"With all the pleasure in life," said Angel heartily. "In the first place, Jimmy—"

"Full name please." The instance of the case of obscenth, and you?"

Jimmy—"

"Full name please." The instance of the case, and must request that if you do not know the 'Plait' you do not know your London. It is one

"Full name please." The inspector dipped his pen in ink.

"Haven't the slightest idea." said the other carelessly. "Everybody knows Jimmy. He was old Reale's most successful decoy duck. Had the presence and the plumage and looked alive, so that all the other little ducks used to come flying down and settle about him, and long before they could discover that the beautiful bird that attracted them was only painted wood and feathers. Being in London, neither guides to the metropolis so much as mention its name. For there is a law of libel.

"There's 'Snatch' Walker," said Angel idly. "Snatch isn't wanted just now—in this country. There's 'Frisco Kate,' who'll get a lifer one of these days. D'ye know the boy in the mustard suit, Jimmy?"

Jimmy took a sidelong glance at the the menu for days on end."
Inspector Boyden threw down his pen

with a grunt.
"I'm afraid," he said in despair, "that I cannot include your parable in my re-port. When you have definite informa-

turn-table door of the Heinz, and, walking into the magnificent old rose dining room, selected a table near a window looking out on to Piccadilly.

The other occupant of the table looked up and nodded.

"Hullo, Angel!" he said easily.

"Hullo, Jimmy!" greeted the unconventional detective.

ventional detective.

He took up the card and chose his dishes with elaborate care. A half bottle of Beaujolals completed his order.

"The ridiculous thing is that one has got to pay 7s 6d for a small bottle of wine that any respectable grocer will sell you for tenpence ha' penny net."

"You must pay for the magnificence," said the other quietly, "What do you want?"

"Not you, Jimmy," said the amiable Angel, "though my young friend, Boyden, inspector of police, and a Past Chief Templar to boot, will be looking

for you shortly."

Jimmy carefully chose a toothpick and stripped it of its tissue covering.
"Of course," he said quietly, "I wasn't in it—the killing, I mean. I was there."
"I know all about that," said Angel;
"says your follow its returned." "saw your foolish cigarets. I didn't think you had any hand in the kill-

ing. You are a property criminal, not a personal criminal."

"By which I gather you convey the nice distinction as between crimes against property and crimes against the person," said the other.

"Exactly."

A pause

A pause. "Well?" said Jimmy.

"Well?" said Jimmy.

"What I want to see you about is
the verse," said Angel, stirring his soup.
Jimmy laughed aloud.

"What a clever little devil you are,
Angel," he said admiringly; "and not
so little either, in inches or devilish-He relapsed into slience, and

He relapsed into slience, and the wrinkled forehead was eloquent.

"Think hard," taunted Angel.

"Tm thinking," said Jimmy slowly.

"I used a pencil, as there was no blotting paper. I only made one copy, just as the old man dictated it, and——"

"You used a block," said Angel obligingly, "and only tore off the top sheet. And you pressed rather heavily on that, so that the next sheet bore a legible impression."

Jimmy looked annoyed.

"What an ass I am!" he said, and was again slient.

was again silent.
"The verse?" said Angel.
make head or tail of it?" "No"-Jimmy shook his head-

"Not a blessed thing," Angel frankly Through the next three courses neither man spoke. When coffee had been placed on the table, Jimmy broke

the silence. "You need not worry about the verse. I have only stolen a march of a few days. Then Connor will have it; and some girl or other will have it. Massey would have had it, too." He smiled grimly.

"What is it all about?"

Jimmy looked at his questioner with some suspicion. "Don't you know?" he demanded.

"Don't you know?" he demanded.

"Haven't got the slightest notion.
That is why I came to see you."

"Curieus!" mused Jimmy. "I thought of looking you up for the very same purpose. We shall know in a day or two," he went on, beckoning the waiter.

"The old man said it was all in the will. He just told me the verse before he died. The ruling passion, don't you know. 'Learn it by heart, Jimmy,' he croaked; 'it's two millions for you if you guess it'—and that's how he died. My bill, waiter. Which way do you go?" he asked as they turned into Piccadilly.

"To the 'Plait' for an hour," said Angel.

laughing women and young men in evening dress. A haze of cigaret smoke clouded the atmosphere, and the music made itself heard above a babel of laughter and talk. They found a corner and seated themselves.

"You seem to be fairly well known here," said Jimmy,
"Yes," replied Angel ruefully, "a jolly sight too well known. You're not quite a stranger, Jimmy," he added.

"No," said the other a little bitterly; "but we're on different sides of the house, Angel. You're in the cabinet and I'm in the everlasting opposition.

"Muffled sobs," said Angel flippantly "Pity poor Ishmael who ishes for his own pleasure! Pathos for a fallen brother! pleasure! Pathos for a fallen brother! A silent tear for this magnificent wreck who'd rather be on the rocks than floating any day of the week. Don't humbug yourself, Jimmy, or I shall be falling on your neck and appealing to your better nature. You're a thief just as another man is a stamp collector or a hunter. It's your blooming forte. Hi, Charles, do you ever intend serving me?"

serving me?"
"Yessir; d'reckly, sir."
Charles bustled up.

"What is it to be, gentlemen? Good evening, Mr. Angel."
"I'll take what my friend Dooley calls a keg of obscenth, and you?"
Jimmy's face struggled to preserve

"Full name please." The inspector of the queer hostels which in a continental city would be noted as

Jimmy took a sidelong glance at the

young man.
"No; he's new."
"Not so new, either," said Angel.
"Budapest in the racing season, Jerusalem in the tourist season; a wealthy

I cannot include your parable in my report. When you have definite information to give, I shall be pleased to receive it."

Later, at Scotland Yard, Angel interviewed the commissioner.

"What sort of a man is Boyden to work with?" asked Mr. Commissioner.

"A most excellent chap—good natured, obliging, and as zealous as the best of 'em," said Angel, which was his way.

"I shall leave him in charge of the case," said the chief.

"You couldn't do better," said Angel caught his arm. A man had entered the saloon, and was looking round as though in search of somebody. He caught Jimmy, seve and started. Then he threaded his way through the crowded room.

"Hullo, Jim—" He stopped dead as he saw Jimmy's companion, and his hand went into his pocket.

"Hullo, Connor!"—Angel's smile was

particularly disarming-"you're the man I want to see."
"What's the game?" the other snarled. He was a big, heavily-built man,

with a drooping mustache.
"Nothing, nothing," smiled Angel. "I
want you for the Lagos job, but there's

make your mind easy."

The man went white under his tan; his hand caught the edge of the table before him.
"Lagos!" he stammered. "Whatwhat-

"Oh, never mind about that." Angel airily waved the matter aside. "Sit down here.' The man hesitated, then obeyed, and dropped into a seat between the two.

Angel looked around. So far as any danger of being overheard went, they were as much alone as though they sat

in the center of a desert.

"Jimmy"—Angel held him by the arm

"you said just now you'd got a march
when you admitted you'd seen Reale's
puzzle verse. It wasn't the march you
thought it was, for I had seen the will

and so has Connor here." and so has Connor here."
He looked the heavy man straight in

the eye.

"There is somebody else that benefits under that will besides you two. It is a girl." He did not take his eyes from Connor. "I was curious to see that young lady," Angel went on, "and this afternoon I drove to Clapham to interview her."

He stopped again. Connor made no reply, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

floor.
"I went to interview her, and found that she had mysteriously disappeared this very afternoon."
Again he stopped.
"A gentleman called to see her, with a message from—who do you think, Conno?" he asked.
The easy finnent manner was gone

The easy, flippant manner was gone, and Connor, looking up, caught the steady stare of two cold blue eyes, and shivered

shivered.

"Why," Angel went on slowly, "it was a message from Inspector Angel—which is a damned plece of impudence, Connor, for I'm not an inspector—and the young lady drove away to Scotland Yard. And now, Connor, I want to ask you, What have you done with old Reale's heiress?"

Connor licked his lips and said nothing.

Angel beckoned to a waiter and paid Angel beckoned to a waiter and paid his score, then rose to go.

"You will go at once and drive Miss Kathleen Kent back to the place you took her from. I shall call tomorrow and see her, and if one hair of her head is harmed, Connor—"

"Well?" said Connor defiantly.

"I'll chance your allies and take you.

"I'll chance your alibis, and take you for the Lagos business," and with a curt nod to Jimmy, he left the saloon.

Connor turned in a fret of fury to the man at his side.
"D'ye hear him, Jimmy? D'ye hear

"D'ye hear him, Jimmy? D'ye hear the dog—"
"My advice to you," interrupted the other, "is—do as Angel tells you."
"D'ye think I'm frightened by—"
"Oh, no," was the quiet response, "you are not frightened at what Angel may do Whet he does won't matter. may do. What he does won't matter very much. What I will do is the trou-ble."

CHAPTER IV.

THE "BOROUGH LOT."

It was not a bit like Scotland Yard as Kathleen Kent had pictured it. It was a kind of a yard certainly, for the grimy little street, flanked on either side with the blank faces of dirty little houses, ended abruptly in a high wall, over which were the gray hulls and fat scarlet funnels of ocean-going steamers.

ers.

The driver of the cab had pulled up before one of the houses near the wall, and a door had opened. Then the man who sat with her in glum silence, answering her questions in monosyllables, grasped her arm and hurried her into the house. The door slammed behind, and she realized her deadly peril. She had had a foreboding, an instinctive premonition that all was not well when the cab turned from the broad thorthe cab turned from the broad thor-oughfare that led to where she had imagined Scotland Yard would be, and Third man—which third man which the space of a which party," he said as ide turning. The second on the left and the first on the right brought them opposite a brightly lit hotel. From my investigations."

"Good!" said Angel cheerfully. "Good!" said Angel cheerfully. "When you have, you will find the ends of three cigarets—two in the room where the old man was killed, and one of three cigarets—two in the room where the old man was killed, and one of cigaret smoke.

They crossed Piccadilly, and entered as ide turning. The second on the left and the first on the right brought to which the modesty of an income produced by £4,000 worth of consols had relegated her, she felt without knowing, that Scotland is a sharp pace eastward. Ignorant of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward to Walthamstow, ignorant, indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward to Walthamstow, ignorant, indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of that London which begins at Trafalgar square and runs eastward. Ignorant indeed, of tha had, taking short cuts through innum-erable mean streets, moved at a sharp

mercial road.

Then when the door of the little house slammed and a hand grasped her arm tightly, and a thick voice whispered in her ear that if she screamed the owner of the voice would "out" her, she gathered, without exactly knowing what an "outing" was, that it would be wiser for her not to scream, so she quietly accompanied her captor up the stairs. He stopped for a moment on the rickety landing, then pushed open a door.

pushed open a door. Before the window that would in the before the window that would in the ordinary course of events admit the light of day hung a heavy green curtain; behind this, though she did not know it, three army blankets, judiciously fixed, effectively excluded the sunlight, and as effectually veiled the rays of a swing lamp from outside observation.

The girl made a pathetically incongruous fligure, as she stood white but resolute before the occupants of the

(Continued Next Week.)

Value of Woodlots. The few acres of wooded land every farm should boast of are becoming more and more valuable year by year. In Michigan, for instance, which was once so heavily timbered, the farmers are beginning to consider trees as a crop. Underbrush is no longer cut down in the timber patches if the farmer realizes the destruction he is caus-ing. One farmer near Detroit, it is said, paid \$500 to have his woodlot under brushed, thinking it the right thing, and then paid \$2,000 to undo the mis-chief by setting out underbrush in the



SUCH EXPENSIVE THINGS. Bess — But what could Mr. Pierpont Morgan do with all the money in the world, even if he should corner it. Bert—Maybe he's fond of chicken.

BY ANNA COSULICH COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W.R. HEARST. GREAT BRITAIN

She was fingering her binoculars ab-

sweep of the sea forward. Every one else on the yacht was wild

with excitement over the sudden glide of the American boat, which left its contestant a good bit astern. The man who sat beside her divided his attention between the girl and the yachts. Both caused him worriment, evidently, for now and then he pulled off his dinky blue cap and ran his fingers nervously through his reddish

brown hair.
"It's fine sport, and I don't care what you say. Even if it is a battered old pewter mug without a bottom to it that we're fighting for, the game's—"
"You've said all that before, Bobby," she interrupted languidly. "I want some lemonade."

There was no putting off her wants, so he managed to bring it to her from the salon without spilling more than

"This boat has a roll and no mistake," he muttered as he threw himself beside

her.
"How awkward you can be at times, Bobby," she said quite casually, pre-paring to sip from the tall straws. He ran that nervous hand through

his tousled crop, screwing his eye to the winner's clubtopsail. "Well, you can be almost as cross, Kit, so we're quits. I wonder how long she'll keep on that tack," he added sotto voice, referring to the yacht, ob-

viously.
"Cross? Who wouldn't be cross? Here I am, supposed to be entertaining this entire boat party, simply because that patronizing Mrs. Melton gets it into her head that my presence would count."

"It does. "Stop interrupting, Bobby! And it's so much amusement to her for just so much eating and drinking to me—and hate it all, yachts, people, races,

"That rhymes, Kit—how clever."
Kit sipped a little more lemonade,
then looked up severely.
"Have I not told you not to inter-

"Yes. There she goes. the lovely bird—hurrah!"

But Bobby was not amazed since he sently, her eyes fixed reflectively in the sweep of the sea forward. knew the ways of a maid—not to speak of the ways of a yacht.

RIGHTS RESERVED.

Cotton, Woolen, Silk and Linen Mills Textile World Record: The new mills built in the United States in 1904 are a gratifying reflection of the prosperity this country is now enjoying. Although this period of twelve months preceded a presidential year, 290 mills were erected, only 14 per cent. less than in 1903, and more than in any year from 1897 to 1902 inclusive, with the exception of 1900. The south leads in cotton mill construction with 26 mills having 155,472 spindles, as compared with 22 mills and 61,184 spindles in the north. Only two of the northern mills contained spindles, the other 20 being weaving mills.

Of the southern spindles nearly 80 per cent. are credited to the Carolinas, showing the tendency of the industry to concentrate within narrow limits. The woolen industry also shows a decrease in the number of new mills as compared with the preceding year, there being 45 in 1901 as compared with 65 in 1903. Of these new woolen mills 23, or more than half of the total number of founded in Penersylvetic number, are founded in Pennsylvania. The south is a neglible factor in new woolen mill construction, only one being reported, and that from Virginia. Of the 111 new knitting mills built in 1904, nearly two-thirds are found in the middle states, seven in Maine and the remainder are divided about equally between the west and south.

The new silk mill construction for 1904 is no exception to the general rule of concentration in New Jersey and

1904 is no exception to the general rule of concentration in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, these two states claiming 39 of the 49 mills. For a number of years the United States has been the largest consumer of raw silk in the world, and the steady growth indicated by this year's report indicates that we shall retain this enviable pre-eminence. There has been a noticeable activity in the construction of these mills. In 1904 42 new mills were projected, as compared with 38 in 1903. This increase in the number of mills pro-



"It won't win. Everything's going wrong. I'd rather be near the old pond wrong. I'd rather be near the old pond at home watching you boys race your splinter boats with a piece of paper for sails than sit on board this gorgeous boat watching those splendid yachts sailing. Indeed, I would, and wearing that old blue print you used to like instead of this exquisite blue silk, at that—and say what you please now!" she blurted out, forgetting her languor and her severity.

He was surprised to see a suspicion of moisture in her usually brave eyes.
"Those were good old times, cousin mine. I can see you now, atop the rail which ran alongside the old pond. You were yelling for my boat always, but inwardly you were always wishing Dick's to win."

"But you were my cousin," she said, softly, the reminscence soothing her.
"And Dick was the nicest kid for miles around—he's just as good now, too, you'd better bet," he exclaimed unconsciously falling into the vernequier. consciously falling into the vernacular

of boyish days.
"Bobby, you're a dear, but—but years ago he wouldn't have done what he's doing now."
"Eh?"

"He's almost breaking my heart, he is, Bobby. There was more than a suspicion of tears in her eyes as she clung to him miserably.
"Oh!" Bobby was acquiring wisdom

of a sort. So this was what Dick had "There!" he cried, unburdening his pockets of about a dozen letters.
"Oh," how dared you!" she shricked furiously, hugging the thick missives to

They were all from Dick and addressed to her.
"It was Dick's orders, Kit. When I was home the last time he had learned of your social success up here. thought you too upright and sensitive thought you too upright and sensitive to wish to break the engagement, even though you ceased to care for him. He feared you might grow to love some one better and wealthier than he——"

odrwcne n,lio taistny "And he told me he would write as before, but that I must keep the letters until you showed you didn't care. Then I was to burn them up. If you

Then I was to give them to you with this." He drew a plain ring from his pocket. He slipped it on her finger.
"If you loved him I was to bring you "I want to go—I want to go!" she said under her breath, fingering the

'And you don't care which boat wins, Kit? Her unerring eye swept the water contemptuously.
"Dick's boat isn't here," she swered, indisputable finality in her

London Chronicle: To the Dick Swivellers of this or any other gener-ation Japan is the land of the blest. For credit abounds there, and cash is never demanded. In shops, hotels, severywhere, there are provided paper tablets, with tear-off leaves and a pencil. Instead of paying over money the customer is asked only for a chit—the amount of his purchase and signature. On offering to pay a barber for a shave the answer is: We can't bother the answer is: We can't bother making up cash now. Give us a chit and wait till the end of the month."

For the same simple chit ledgings, meals, drinks, clothes, etc., may be obtained. Only the railways demand cash, and among the Europeans in Yokohama only tourists carry money. Everyone else makes his way with chits. Two years are generally allowed for the fulfillment of these promises to pay, and three years is the limit. But some keep on chitting for ten years, though the custom is to pay up menthly or yearly. Despite the manifold temptations thus afforded, the number of the chits diskneyed is relatively seen. chits dishonored is relatively small.

Consulting Authority.
Chicago Tribune: Agent—Mr. Meek-un, are you carrying all the life in-Mr. Meekun (turning te his wife)—
"My dear, am I worth taking any more insurance on, do you think?



Hard on His Head. Cholly Chumpleigh (at the dinner)— Don't you know wine always goes right to my head

Miss Caustique-That shows that wine has human instinct.
Cholly Chumpleigh—How so?
Miss Caustique—Why, in looking for

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing district the same wires last only ten years and even less



Munyen's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Siz., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

FASHION HINTS



"Something Russian and something new," has a queer button and chain effect on each side of the coat. It isn't clanky and prison-like, but very dashy.

The hat shown here is of the extreme rolled type, a winter straw and rose creation for the South.

"Tout Au Contraire."
From the Manchester Guardian.
The little girl's appetite had grown languid despite—or because of—the hostess's pressing. "A little more cake; some jam sandwich," she suggested. "No, thank you," murmured the child, with a sigh, "I think I'll take the reverse."

verse. Experience is the best teacher; but it isn't every man who can afford to pay the salary for any considerable period.

Although money may not be able to buy happiness, it can buy things which sound like it.

A woman can really better afford to tell her age than to have it guessed at.

WHAT'S THE USE

Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfortf Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what did it A Mich

woman gives her experience: "I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suf-

fer any more and live. 'Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die,

but I felt I could not give it up. "However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked

it very much. "Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and taking

Postum. "A short time ago I tasted some cofee and found, to my astonishment, hat I did not care anything about it. never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from he poisonous effects of coffee.'

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 full of

human interest.

Read the little book, "The Road to