The MAN in LOWER TEN

10

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KEITNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Alison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, puts it in his pocket. He returns home and learns from his landlady of strange happenings.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Is she talking still? or again?" he asked, just before the door closed. There was a second's indecision with the knob, then, judging discretion the better part, Mrs. Klopton went away.

"Now, then," McKnight said, settling himself in a chair beside the bed, "spit it out. Not the wreck—I know all I want about that. But the theft. I can tell you beforehand that it was a woman."

I had crawled painfully out of bed, and was in the act of pouring the egg-nog down the pipe of the washstand. I paused, with the glass in the air.

"A woman!" I repeated, startled. "What makes you think that?"

"You don't know the first principles of a good detective yarn," he said scornfully. "Of course, it was the woman in the empty house next door. You said it was brass pipes, you will remember. Well—on with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

So—I told the story; I had told it so many times that day that I did it automatically. And I told about the girl with the bronze hair, and my suspicions. But I did not mention Alison West. McKnight listened to the end without interruption. When I had finished he drew a long breath.

"Well!" he said. "That's something of a mess, isn't it? If you can only prove your mild and childlike disposition, they couldn't hold you for the murder—which is a regular ten-twenty-thirty crime, anyhow. But the notes—that's different. They are not burned, anyhow. Your man wasn't on the train—therefore, he wasn't in the wreck. If he didn't know what he was taking, as you seem to think, he probably reads the papers, and unless he is a fathead, he's awake by this time to what he's got. He'll try to sell them to Bronson, probably."

"Or to us," I put in.

We said nothing for a few minutes. McKnight smoked a cigarette and stared at a photograph of Candida over the mantel. Candida is the best pony for a heavy mount in seven states.

"I didn't go to Richmond," he observed finally. The remark followed my own thoughts so closely that I started. "Miss West is not home yet from Seal Harbor."

Receiving no response, he lapsed again into thoughtful silence. Mrs. Klopton came in just as the clock struck one, and made preparation for the night by putting a large gaudy comfortable into an arm chair in the dressing room, with a smaller, stiff-backed chair for her feet. She was wonderfully attired in a dressing gown that was reminiscent, in parts, of all the ones she had given me for a half dozen Christmases, and she had a purple veil wrapped around her head, to hide heaven knows what deficiency. She examined the empty egg-nog glass, inquired what the evening paper had said about the weather, and then stalked into the dressing room, and prepared, with much ostentatious creaking, to sit up all night.

We fell silent again, while McKnight traced a rough outline of the berths on the white tablecover, and puzzled it out slowly. It was something like this:

12	10	8
AISLE		
11	9	7

"You think he changed the tags on seven and nine, so that when you went back to bed you thought you were crawling into nine, when it was really seven, eh?"

"Probably—yes."

"Then toward morning, when everybody was asleep, your theory is that he changed the numbers again and left the train."

"I can't think of any thing else," I replied wearily.

"Jove, what a game of bridge that fellow would play! It was like finessing an eight-spot and winning out. They would scarcely have doubted you had the tags been reversed in the morning. He certainly left you in a bad way. Not a jury in the country would stand out against the stains, the stiletto, and the murdered man's pocket-book in your possession."

"Then you think Sullivan did it?" I asked.

"Of course," said McKnight confidently. "Unless you did it in your sleep. Look at the stains on his pillow, and the dirk stuck into it. And didn't he have the man Harrington's pocket-book?"

"But why did he go off without the money?" I persisted. "And where does the bronze-haired girl come in?"

"Search me," McKnight retorted flippantly. "Inflammation of the imagination on your part."

"Then there is the piece of telegram. It said lower ten, car seven. It's extremely likely that she had it. That telegram was about me, Richey."

"I'm getting a headache," he said, putting out his cigarette against the sole of his shoe. "All I'm certain of just now is that if there hadn't been a wreck, by this time you'd be sitting in an eight by ten cell, and feeling like the rhyme for it."

"But listen to this," I contended, as he picked up his hat, "this fellow Sullivan is a fugitive, and he's a lot more likely to make advances to Bronson than to us. We could have the case continued, release Bronson on bail and set a watch on him."

"Not my watch," McKnight protested. "It's a family heirloom."

"You'd better go home," I said firmly. "Go home and go to bed. You're sleepy. You can have Sullivan's red necktie to dream over if you think it will help any."

Mrs. Klopton's voice came drowsily from the next room, punctuated by a yawn. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," she called with the suspicious lisp which characterizes her at night, "somebody called up about noon, Mr. Lawrence. It was long distance, and he said he would call again. The name was"—she yawned—"Sullivan."

CHAPTER XII.

The Gold Bag.

I have always smiled at those cases of spontaneous combustion which, like fusing the component parts of a seidlitz powder, unite two people in a bubbling ephermeral ecstasy. But surely there is possible, with but a single meeting, an attraction so great, a community of mind and interest so strong, that between that first meeting and the next the bond may grow into something stronger. This is especially true, I fancy, of people with temperament, the modern substitute for imagination. It is a nice question whether lovers begin to love when they are together, or when they are apart.

I Knew That Bit of Chain.

Not that I followed any such line of reasoning at the time. I would not even admit my folly to myself. But during the restless hours of that first night after the accident, when my back ached with lying on it, and any other position was torture, I found my thoughts constantly going back to Alison West. I dropped into a doze, to dream of touching her fingers again to comfort her, and awoke to find I had patted a teaspoonful of medicine out of Mrs. Klopton's indignant hand. What was it McKnight had said about making an egregious ass of myself?

And that brought me back to Richey, and I fancy I groaned. There is no use expatiating on the friendship between two men who have gone together through college, have quarreled and made it up, fussed together over politics and debated creeds for years; men don't need to be told, and women cannot understand. Nevertheless, I groaned. If it had been any one but Rich!

Some things were mine, however, and I would hold them: The halcyon breakfast, the queer hat, the pebble in her small shoe, the gold bag with the broken chain—the bag! Why, it was in my pocket at that moment.

I got up painfully and found my coat. Yes, there was the purse, bulging with an opulent suggestion of wealth inside. I went back to bed again, somewhat dizzy, between effort and the touch of the trinket, so lately hers. I held it up by its broken chain and gloated over it. By careful attention to orders, I ought to be out in a day or so. Then—I could return it to her. I really ought to do that; it was valuable, and I wouldn't care to trust it to the mail. I could run down to Richmond, and see her once—there was no disloyalty to Rich in that.

I had no intention of opening the little bag. I put it under my pillow—which was my reason for refusing to have the linen slips changed, to Mrs. Klopton's dismay. And sometimes during the morning, while I lay under a virgin field of white, ornamented with strange flowers, my cigarettes hidden beyond discovery, and Science and Health on a table by my elbow, as if by the merest accident, I slip my hand under my pillow and touch it reverently.

McKnight came in about 11. I heard his car at the curb, followed almost immediately by his slam at the front door, and his usual clamor on the stairs. He had a bottle under his arm, rightly surmising that I had been forbidden stimulant, and a large box of cigarettes in his pocket, suspecting my deprivation.

"Well," he said cheerfully. "How did you sleep after keeping me up half the night?"

I slipped my hand around; the purse was well covered.

"Have it now, or wait till I get the cork out?" he rattled on.

"I don't want anything," I protested. "I wish you wouldn't be so darned cheerful, Richey." He stopped whittling to stare at me.

"'I am saddest when I sing!'" he quoted unctuously. "It's pure reaction, Lollie. Yesterday the sky was low; I was digging for my best friend. To-day—he lies before me, his peevish self. Yesterday I thought the notes were burned; to-day—I look forward to a good cross-country chase, and with luck we will draw." His voice changed suddenly. "Yesterday—she was in Seal Harbor. To-day—she is here."

"Here in Washington?" I asked, as naturally as I could.

"Yes. Going to stay a week or two."

"Oh, I had a little hen and she had a wooden leg
And nearly every morning she used to lay an egg—"

"Will you stop that racket, Rich! It's the real thing this time, I suppose?"

"Well," he said judicially, "since you drag it from me, I think perhaps it is. You—you're such a confirmed woman-hater that I hardly knew how you would take it."

"Nothing of the sort," I denied testily. "Because a man reaches the age of 30 without making maudlin love to every—"

"I've taken to long country rides," he went on reflectively, without listening to me, "and yesterday I ran over a sheep; nearly went into the ditch. But there's a Providence that watches over fools and lovers, and just now I know darned well that I'm one, and I have a sneaking idea I'm both."

"You are both," I said with disgust. "If you can be rational for one moment, I wish you would tell me why that man Sullivan called me over the telephone yesterday morning."

"Probably hadn't yet discovered the Bronson notes—providing you hold to your theory that the theft was incidental to the murder. May have wanted his own clothes again, or to thank you for yours. Search me; I can't think of anything else." The doctor came in just then.

"Pretty good shape," he said. "How did you sleep?"

"Oh, occasionally," I replied. "I would like to sit up, doctor."

"Nonsense. Take a rest while you have an excuse for it. I wish to thunder I could stay in bed for a day or so. I was up all night."

"Have a drink," McKnight said, pushing over the bottle.

"Twins!" The doctor grinned.

"Have two drinks."

But the medical man refused.

"I wouldn't even wear a champagne-colored necktie during business hours," he explained. "By the way, I had another case from your accident, Mr. Blakeley, last yesterday afternoon. Under the tongue, please." He stuck a thermometer in my mouth.

I had a sudden terrible vision of the amateur detective coming to light, note-book, cheerful impertinence and incriminating data. "A small man?" I demanded, "gray hair—"

"Keep your mouth closed," the doctor said peremptorily. "No. A woman, with a fractured skull. Beautiful case. Van Kirk was up to his eyes and sent for me. Hemorrhage, right-sided paralysis, irregular pupils—all the trimmings. Worked for two hours."

"Did she recover?" McKnight put in. He was examining the doctor with a new awe.

"She lifted her right arm before I left," the doctor finished cheerily, "so the operation was a success, even if she should die."

"Good heavens," McKnight broke in "and I thought you were just an ordinary mortal, like the rest of us! Let me touch you for luck. Was she pretty?"

"Yes, and young. Had a wealth of bronze-colored hair. Upon my soul, I hated to cut it."

McKnight and I exchanged glances.

"Do you know her name, doctor?" I asked

"No. The nurses said her clothes came from a Pittsburg tailor."

"She is not conscious, I suppose?"

"No; she may be to-morrow—or in a week."

He looked at the thermometer, murmured something about liquid diet, avoiding my eye—Mrs. Klopton was broiling a chop at the time—and took his departure, humming cheerfully as he went downstairs. McKnight looked after him wistfully.

"Jove, I wish I had his constitution," he exclaimed. "Neither nerves nor heart! What a chauffeur he would make!"

But I was serious.

"I have an idea," I said grimly, "that this small matter of the murder is going to come up again, and that your uncle will be in the deuce of a fix if it does. If that woman is going to die, somebody ought to be around to take her deposition. She knows a lot, if she didn't do it herself. I wish you would go down to the telephone and get the hospital. Find out her name, and if she is conscious."

McKnight went under protest. "I haven't much time," he said, looking at his watch. "I'm to meet Mrs. West and Alison at one. I want you to know them, Lollie. You would like the mother."

"Why not the daughter?" I inquired. I touched the little gold bag under the pillow.

"Well," he said judicially, "you've always declared against the immaturity and romantic nonsense of very young women—"

"I never said anything of the sort," I retorted furiously.

"'There is more satisfaction to be had out of a good saddle horse!'" he quoted me. "'More excitement out of a polo pony, and as for the eternal matrimonial chase, give me instead a good stubble, a fox, some decent dogs and a hunter, and I'll show you the real joys of the chase!'"

"For heaven's sake, go down to the telephone, you make my head ache," I said savagely.

I hardly know what prompted me to take out the gold purse and look at it. It was an imbecile thing to do—call it impulse, sentimentality, what you wish. I brought it out, one eye on the door, for Mrs. Klopton has a ready eye and a noiseless shoe. But the house was quiet. Downstairs McKnight was flirting with the telephone central and there was an odor of boneset tea in the air. I think Mrs. Klopton was fascinated out of her theories by the "boneset" in connection with the fractured arm.

Anyhow, I held up the bag and looked at it. It must have been unfastened, for the next instant there was an avalanche on the snowfield of the counterpane—some money, a wisp of a handkerchief, a tiny booklet with thin leaves, covered with a powdery substance—and a necklace. I drew myself up slowly and stared at the necklace.

It was one of the semi-barbaric affairs that women are wearing now, a heavy pendant of gold chains and carved cameos, swung from a thin neck chain of the same metal. The necklace was broken: In three places the links were pulled apart and the cameos swung loose and partly detached. But it was the supporting chain that held my eye and fascinated with its sinister suggestion. Three inches of it had been snapped off, and as well as I knew anything on earth, I knew that the bit of chain that the amateur detective had found, blood-stain and all, belonged just there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Census Returns Show Lure of City

WASHINGTON.—The census bureau has made public figures concerning enough localities to indicate certain interesting trends in the growth of American population. What stands out first is, of course, the general increase in population all over the country. While this growth is perhaps more striking in the middle west, or even in the far west, the east is little behind those sections. Increases in city population rarely fall below 20 per cent. for the last ten years. Often the increase is considerably in excess of 50 per cent.

This growth has been expected, but there will probably be some surprise to find how far the growth of the cities exceeds that of the rural districts. Here, save in a few localities, there is an increase, but generally it is below ten per cent.

Some spot in Illinois may mark the center of population for another ten years. It is worth while to emphasize the word "may," because there is not available at this time much definite information on which to make speculation as to where the center of population will be.

The remarkable increase in the population of Oklahoma must be taken into consideration in a speculation as to where the center of population is likely to "light." A fact worth bearing in mind is that the increases in population in the east particularly have been in the larger cities.

The center of population has moved almost due westward since 1790, when it was at a point 23 miles east of Baltimore. From 1790 to 1800 it moved almost due west to a point 18 miles west of Baltimore. In the next ten years, from 1800 to 1810, it moved westward and slightly southward to a point about forty miles northwest by west of Washington.

During the ten years between 1890 and 1900 the "center" moved westward a little over 14 miles and southward a little less than three miles, and halted at a point six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. This movement between 1890 and 1900 was the smallest in 100 years.

The "center" will have to travel something like 70 miles to get beyond the borders of Indiana this year.

Figures available show only five communities that have actually lost in population. Montgomery, Cal., has fallen from 2,206 to 1,789; Bonham county, Texas, has dropped from 5,042 to 4,844; Lamar county, Texas, from 48,627 to 46,544; in Wisconsin the village of Pine River has lost 65 of her population in ten years, and Madison county, Indiana, shows the greatest loss, falling from 70,470 to 65,224. These reductions come, it will be noted, either in rural districts marked out by counties or in small villages.

Uncle Sam Watching Aeroplane Men

THE experts in both the army and the navy are watching with keen interest the development of the heavier-than-air craft. While the officials are not willing to say much publicly about the possibilities of the use of airships in time of war, they are saying privately that the probability is that when the next great war comes the airship will play a more effective part than battleships, land batteries, or great masses of troops.

The prediction is freely made by army and navy officials in private that not a dollar will ever be spent in fortifying for the protection of the Panama canal. They have arrived at this conclusion because they think they foresee that within a few years the airship will be brought to a stage of perfection that will enable it quickly to destroy any fortifications that might be erected along the route of the canal.

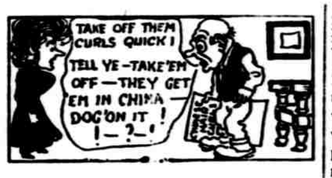
Congress at the recent session declined to appropriate money for the fortification of the canal. No public reason for this failure to make an appropriation was ever announced, but it is now pretty well understood that the experts in both the war and navy departments suggested that it would be well to defer action until the government understands better what to expect of the airship.

Officials in the army and navy departments are greatly impressed with the performances of Glenn Curtiss with his aeroplane at Atlantic City recently. Those performances were not under the auspices of either the war department or the navy department, but agents of each of the fighting arms were present, and were deeply impressed with what Curtiss was able to do. They have reported to their respective departments that from a height that would have protected him reasonably well from a fire directed at him from either land or water, he dropped small articles on boats and on objects on land with remarkable precision.

Some of the experts from the departments who saw the Curtiss performances came back firmly convinced that if war should come on tomorrow the aeroplane would be able to do destructive work.

In spite of the possibilities presented by the rapid development of air craft, the United States government is really doing nothing toward taking advantage of the situation.

Coy Curls Are Coming in From China



VICE-CONSUL General Stuart J. Fuller of Hongkong sheds light on a problem which has vexed the brain of man for many moons—where all the hair comes from which goes to make up the wide expanse of coiffure which adorns the head of woman.

Much as he would like to believe that all womankind has suddenly come into the secret possessed by the Seven Sutherland Sisters, detached wisps, curls and occasional plaits, to say nothing of startling variation in texture, has forced upon the most unobservant suspicion that she bedecks herself with a foreign product. Our representative at Hongkong clinches the evidence with brutal statistics. He gives the following data of the quantities and value of hair shipped from that port in the last three years:

Year.	Pounds.	Value.
1907	56,132	$ 14,880
1908	297,283	92,309
1909	445,733	327,589

Note how the price has soared. In 1907 hair was worth only about twenty-five cents a pound, wholesale, and we imported only 56,132 pounds of it, while in 1909 we brought in 445,733 pounds, with the price at something more than seventy cents. Such a rate of growth in face of so rapid an increase in price is almost unprecedented in other lines of commerce and is another illustration that woman wants what she wants when she wants it and is going to have it—expense be hanged!

Our diplomatic representative leaves us in the dark as to what woman in China is doing for hair. If the trade keeps on, she will certainly be bald in course of time. He pays a compliment, however, to the genius of the Chinese artist by remarking that "Chinese hair is treated at home in various ways so as to match almost any texture desired," leaving us to conclude that the diversity of color not infrequently noted on the same head is due to lack of circumspection on the part of American women.

Overhauling the Treasury Building

THE treasury building is undergoing another overhauling, which this time costs $180,000. The renovators have been at work on the treasury building for a good many years. Not very much has been done to the inside of the great pile of masonry, where the United States money is kept, but more or less work is all the time going on on the outside. All of the original sandstone or soft limestone that faced the outside of the building has been at last removed, and granite has been put in its place. The principal change that will now be made will be to eliminate the huge granite entrance steps on the Fifteenth street side. Several new passenger elevators will be installed. Lockers will be furnished sufficient for all of the clerks; the money-handling divisions will be segregated on the ground floor; supplies will be shipped from the west entrance instead of the Fifteenth street; frieze windows will be placed on the third floor, and a general adjustment of bureaus and divisions will be made to facilitate the work. The treasury department has been seriously overcrowded for a number of years. One of the very first improvements was the elimination from the building of the branch printing office, with its combustible inks, oils, etc. With the great Fifteenth street steps removed, a fine entrance at grade will be provided for the employes, and a count will be kept of the people entering and leaving the building, which at the present time seems to be impossible. At the present time the employes are obliged to carry their clothing, hats, rubbers, umbrellas and everything of that character into their working rooms, so that lockers are imperative. It will certainly be $180,000 mighty well expended, for in the present condition of the treasury department it is impossible to keep it clean or to run it on business-like methods with departments of the various bureaus widely separated, so that the chief of one of these spends most of his time traversing the corridors in his attempt to keep track of his clerks and of his work.

The treasury department has discontinued the coining of the $2.50 gold pieces. There is an accumulation of approximately $2,000,000 worth of them in the treasury vaults at the present time. Altogether 36,000,000 of them have been coined, and there is little or no demand for them, so it is thought best not to make any more of them at the present time.

Daring Feats of Swimmers

Two Remarkable Aquatic Performances That Have Aroused the World's Admiration.

The aquatic feat performed by Jules Gautier recently is one of the most remarkable on record. With hands and feet manacled and his movements hampered by a rope attached round his waist to a waterman's skiff, he swam over the varsity boat race course from Putney to Mortlake, London, England., a distance of four and a quarter miles, in an hour and a half. He finished quite fresh and clambered into a boat without assistance at the end of the swim.

It is not the first time, however, that Gautier has swum a long distance with hands and feet tied. Five years ago he swam from Putney Pier to Tower Bridge, a distance of nine miles, in just over two hours, with wrists and hands manacled together, and has dived from London bridge at high water similarly handicapped.

Particularly daring, however, was the feat of a certain music hall artist, who in October last, jumped from Westminster bridge into the river while manacled with an iron band round his neck, linked with an iron chain to leg-irons, and five handcuffs stretched across his arms. He could not swim a stroke, but was quickly hauled into a boat waiting for him after he had struck the water.

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Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most skin eruptions.

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If you have Dyspepsia, or any liver trouble, use Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood. — MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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STRANGE.

"Is the proprietor in? I want to get some screen doors."

"He's in, but he's out o' doors."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Does Engineering Work.

Mlle. Bandurin is superintendent of an engineering firm in Russia. She was graduated from the Women's Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, and has had practical experience in engineering. She built a steel warehouse for an army co-operative society, has been assistant engineer in building a bridge across the Neva and has done other important work.

Outlining Treatment.

"I want you to take care of my practise while I'm away."

"But, doctor, I have just graduated. Have had little experience."

"You don't need it with my fashionable patients. Find out what they have been eating and stop it. Find out where they have been summering and send 'em somewhere else."

Not Impregnable.

Horace Avory, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day cross-examining a recalcitrant witness he asked:

"What are you?"

"A retired gentleman," proudly asserted the ex-cheesemonger.

"Well," snarled Avory, "when you achieved the position of gentleman, why did you retire from it?"

A Business Transaction.

"So Mr. Penniwise married his typist!" said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes."

"I wonder whether she gains an allowance or he merely saves a salary?"—Washington Star.

Misdirected Energy.

"How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull?"

"He did; but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Christian Advocate.

PRESSED HARD.
Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

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