

## A New Delight

Libby's Chili Con Carne

With real Bony beans, or plain. Made after the real and famous Libby's formula. The winning is yours. — a real dish anywhere — any time.

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ROUGH ON RATS

MACHINE TO PEEL PEACHES

Industry in California Will Be Revolutionized by Remarkable Invention, Growers Predict.

There has been quietly and secretly installed at the California Peach Growers' Plant No. 2, which is better known as the Fresno Home Packing Company's plant, a peeled peach machine which promises to revolutionize the peach industry and make it profitable to market peeled peaches at the low price of 8 or 9 cents per pound.

With the advent of the peeled peach machine, which can cut a perfect peach at less cost than can be peeled by hand, it is predicted that there will be a big demand for the peeled peaches, and this will form one of the important outlets for the peach industry.

Putting It Up to Father. After several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation at a restaurant, the wife discovered the cause of his abstraction to be a beautiful girl dressed in black at a nearby table.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow," agreed the husband enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife. "I wish I were one."—Ladies Home Journal.

That's What. "What is an ultimatum, pa?" "It's when your mother says she wants a new hat."

Adds to the Joy of Living—

It isn't alone the deliciously sweet nut-like taste of Grape-Nuts that has made the food famous, though taste makes first appeal, and goes a long way.

But with the zesty flavor there is in Grape-Nuts the entire nutriment of finest wheat and barley. And this includes the rich mineral elements of the grain, necessary for vigorous health—the greatest joy of life.

Every table should have its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS.

Young Hugh Whitaker's doctors tell him he has but a few months to live, and he swears that he will live. His friend, Peter Stark, finds him disconsolate and proposes a new venture.

Can you imagine a more tragic figure than a young girl deserted in a ratty hotel by the man with whom she eloped, and given no word of her life and she must shift for herself? One little maiden in such a plight thought there were but two courses ahead for her. One was dishonorable. So she emptied a little black bottle into a glass of water—and well what happens is told in this installment with dramatic effect.

CHAPTER II

"Mrs. Morton."

It was three in the morning before Peter Stark, having to the best of his endurance and judgment tried Whitaker out with talking, took his hat and coat and went to the door. He had his departure from the hotel, shut the hall door and turned back wearily into his living-room. It was three in the morning; his body ached with fatigue, and he made no move toward his bedchamber.

Picking his way across a floor littered with atlases, charts, maps and guidebooks, he went to the bathroom and took a bottle of chloral from the medicine chest.

What he took brought him three hours of oblivion. He rose at eight, ordered his breakfast up by telephone, and then he came to the door. Among other things there was one letter in which he read:

Dear Hugh: I can call you that, now, because you're Peter's dearest friend and therefore mine. I'm telling you first of all of great happenings. Peter and I found out that we loved one another only yesterday, and we're going to be married the first of June and...

Whitaker read no more. He could guess the rest, and for the moment he felt too sick a man to go through the end. Indeed, the words were blurring and running together beneath his gaze.

After a long time he put the letter aside, almost indifferently swallowed a cup of lukewarm coffee and rose from an otherwise uneventful night.

"That settles that, of course," he said quietly.

Whitaker-packed a hand-bag with a few essentials, not forgetting the bottle of chloral. He was not yet quite ready to put himself out of Peter Stark's sphere of influence, but he hadn't much doubt that the drug was destined to play a most important part in the ultimate solution, and would as readily have thought of leaving it behind as of going without a toothbrush or railway fare.

Leaving the bag in the parlor-room, he went to the Grand Central Station, he went down to his office. Happily his partner, Drummond, was out of town for the day. He worked expeditiously, and when he came to the door he had no callers waiting to leave. Then he was obliged to admit one who desired to make a settlement. He took Whitaker's receipt for the payment in cash, left behind him a few hundred-dollar notes. Whitaker drew his personal check for the right amount and left it with a memorandum under the paper-weight on Drummond's desk; put a match to a gas-burner on the wall, and caught a train at the Grand Central at one-thirty.

Not until the cars were in motion did he experience any sense of security from Peter Stark. He had been apprehensive until that moment of some unforeseen move on the part of his friend; Peter was capable of wit but sure casts of intuition on occasion, and now Whitaker felt free, free to abandon himself to meditative despair. Cold horror crawled in his brain like a delirious fever, or that morbid body unit to shew the clear fire of life.

At about four o'clock the train stopped to drop the dining-car. Wholly swayed by blind impulse, Whitaker got up, took his hand-bag and left the car.

On the station platform he found himself pelted by a pouring rain. He imprisoned himself in the shelter of a leather-bound glass of brandy; a little of which would go far toward shattering his syncope, he fancied.

It did in fact; a few drops between his half-parted lips, and she came to with disconcerting rapidity, opening dazed eyes in the middle of a spasm of coughing. He stepped back, stopping the flask.

"That's better," he said pleasantly. "Now lie still while I fetch you a drink of water."

As he turned to the washstand his foot struck the tumbler she had dropped. He stooped short, frowning down at the great, staring, wet, yellow stain on the dirty and threadbare carpet. Together with this discovery came a new and a new acid-sweet effluvia that spelled "Oxalic Acid-Poison" as unmistakably as did the

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