SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land

A ROMANCE

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast is anxious to fathom the mysteries of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a shield of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life or her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear. Coast assures Katherine of his protection, and she informs him that they are to abandon the island immediately. The blind man and his coolie servant overpower Coast.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"But this boat—you say you have found it—the row-boat?" Coast demanded excitedly.

"Yes. When I had called Chang, I went down to the beach. I wanted to be alone, so that I might think. Today has been dreadful to me—alone there with him, the man I was married to, knowing he was a murderer: always fearing he suspected and trying to behave as if nothing had happened—"

Coast folded her close. "I know, I know," he said softly.

At their feet the dog stirred restlessly, whimpering; and alarmed, the woman deftly disengaged herself, with a terrified glance up the straggling, deserted street. But still they were gratefully if desperately alone and unwatched.

"Then—the shock of being told we were to leave the island . . . I wanted to think. . . . I went west along the beach, without noticing—some distance beyond the western point. Then suddenly I found the boat, drawn up close under the bluff, invisible from above. . . . At first I thought it meant Mr. Power had come back, and then I saw how unlikely that was, and tried to explain it. And suddenly it came to me—the real meaning of it. And I hurried to find you . . ."

"Thank God!" said Coast.

She looked up, wondering at his tone.

"I mean it's one way out," he said soberly; "a mightily slim chance—but yet a chance: I mean, the boat. I've been puzzling all along—if worst came to worst, there was the catboat—but how to get you aboard her? You couldn't swim that far . . ." She shook her head. "I could; but even then would it be possible to work her inshore and take you aboard unobserved? For if they saw us, I'd be under fire and . . . Blackstock has my pistol," he ended lamely.

She uttered a low cry of distress; but he could only shake his head in melancholy confirmation of the tidings, detailing the way Blockstock had seized the weapon.

"But now," he wound up with a sorry show of optimism. "it's another story. With the rowboat, we can get off. As things stand, Appleyard . . . Well, we'd better not risk waiting for him. The cat lies out of easy range, and if they try to swim out to stop us, I can beat them off with a boathook or an oar. I think we can make it—at least, it's worth trying. I'll go now and have a look at that boat."

She drew a deep breath, with a nod endorsing this forlorn hope. "Very well," she said tersely. "Go, then. I must hurry back, for fear he may miss me. . . . Yes, I can brave it out; don't worry—I shan't let him suspect. . . . And there's another reason," she continued stubbornly, when he tried to object. "I can get you a revolver if I go back. Yes, my own. I have it in my trunk; I'm sure he doesn't know of it, for I never thought to show it him. It is loaded, too; and I can get it easily. . . . Now I will go."

"Very well," he consented reluctantly. "They won't miss me, that's sure; but you . . . Try to slip away about dusk. Make some excuse, and—I'll be waiting here, all prepared. And . . . make sure of that revolver, first thing you get back. Take care of yourself above all things. . . . Oh, don't worry about me; he doesn't; with my fangs drawn, I'm no longer a factor in his calculations. . . . Go, then, and—God keep you, Katherine."

He could imagine the effort that her brave smile at parting cost her. . . .

Unsmiling, somberly thoughtful, he watched her away, then hurried down to the beach.

Ten minutes of steady walking brought him to the place where he had bathed that morning—ages ago! A scant hundred feet further on, at the very foot of the bluff that arched a slightly concave face above it, lay a rowboat, bottom up, screened by a huge boulder. Hope palpitant in his bosom, leaping and dying like a candle in the wind, he hastened to it, bent over, hands beneath the thwart, and stood it on its side. A low cry of disappointment sighed out from his lips. He let the boat fall back to its original position.

There were neither oars nor rowlocks. . . .

Despair blackened the sky for him. He swung about mechanically, in a daze of frustrated hope, and started back, plodding heavily as with weighted feet.

Fifty yards away from the boat, a resounding crash behind him brought him to the about face with a start.

Whether by accident of nature or human design a portion of the overhanging bluff, just at its verge, had given way, precipitating upon the boat, in a cloud of pebbles, earth and dust, a rock several hundred pounds in weight; one entire side of the dory had been crushed in.

Coast's gaze ranged upward. Along the edge of the bluff nothing moved.

He listened intently. Not a sound . . .

A pale smile edged his troubled lips. "Check!" he said; and with a shrug resumed the backward way.

Unheeded at his heels the blind dog formidable club if it did not break with the initial blow—and moved a pace or two forward, holding himself in a position of defence.

But within a hundred yards the Chinaman swerved widely, then held on steadily toward the northern sand spit. A moment or two later he arrived at the water's edge, and while Coast stared half stupefied, stopped and stripped to his linen drawers, then took to the water, wading out until he lost footing, then swimming with long, powerful, overhand strokes, straight off for the catboat.

Watching the round, shaven poll with its coiled pigtail cut swiftly throught the glimmering silvery sheet of water, Coast lost himself in anxious speculation until recalled by a quick movement of the dog at his side, accompanied by a deep-throated growl. He wheeled then to discover Blackstock close upon them, his burly body swaying heavily as he came on at a moderate pace.

A second growl, that more resembled an angry roar, brought the man to a standstill, with a hand moving nervously toward the side pocket of his coat, in which a firearm sagged visibly.

"If you're on speaking terms with that brute," said the man brusquely, "call him off before I take a pot-shot at him."

"Keep your hand clear of that pocket," said Coast sharply, advancing, "or I'll take a chance at you myself."

"You?" Blackstock's thick lips curved, contemptuous. "Take your chance, by all means, with that silly, worm-eaten tiller, if you've got the nerve; but call off that dog, or I'll shoot him dead. I want a little talk with you."

Coast, without ceasing to watch the man, for fear of treachery, had stepped to the dog's side and caught his fingers in an aged and weather-worn strap round its throat, before he appreciated the full significance of Blackstock's words. Then his jaw dropped and his eyes widened.

. . . I Wanted to Think. . . .

dragged, muzzle and tail adroop, uttering now and them a woeful whine so faint that it seemed hardly more than a sigh. . . .

CHAPTER XVIII.

Evening was advancing in utter calm when Coast regained the beach before the deserted village. The wind had died away to mere vagrant breaths, barely strong enough to darken that dully polished, unquiet floor of water, widening in loneliness from those desolate, fog-bound shores.

Pausing beside the beached catboat Coast stared hungrily at the little vessel off shore, gently swinging at its mooring. How to reach her, how make use of her if needs must? . . . He shook his head in doubt, strongly assured now that he would set foot upon her decks only through exercise of force.

His hopes reverted now to Appleyard as the last resort. Without the little man and the Echo—or some other boat—he was powerless, a figure for the mirth of his enemies.

At his feet the blind dog crouched, motionless as stone, seeming to search the infinite with the unwinking stare of its dead, colorless eyes. . . .

Abruptly a sound of pelting feet transformed the scene. The blind dog lifted up with a jump and faced round, growls, rumbling in its throat. Coast turned, startled and apprehensive.

Down the way to the beach Chang was running at a curious, outlandish jog-trot, head low between his broad, gaunt shoulders. Apparently he was heading directly for Coast.

With a little thrill of fear the American glanced round for some means of defending himself. He had no doubt that the Chinaman had been commissioned to dispose of him even as poor Power had been done away with. In a sudden flush of anger he laid hold of the first thing that caught his eye—which happened to be the half rotted tiller of the catboat, a heavy and

"What!" he cried, astounded. His gaze was keen upon the plump, dark, brutish face that leered at him; he saw its small eyes no longer dull and fixed, but twinkling with an evil, impish glitter. The dim suspicion that more than once he had rejected from his thoughts as extravagant and idle, was suddenly resolved into conviction. "So," he said slowly, "you do see, after all!"

"The discovery," said Blackstock with a ponderous affectation of mordant wit, "does credit to your perspicuity. I congratulate you on making it—when I chose to let you."

For a moment occupied with restraining the dog, which seemed halfmad with desire to fly at Blackstock's throat, Coast made no reply. In the light of this revelation the situation was taking on a new and fairly terrifying complexion.

"Of the two of us, I must say you've been the blindest," Blackstock continued in a manner of bitting irony that seemed to amuse him. "I wondered from the first how long you'd take to find me out. Kate, of course, I'm accustomed to; I've had her hypnotized so long that she never dreams of questioning the matter, no matter how barefaced I am. But you—Lord! I thought you'd show more discrimination!" He chuckled grimly, resting an elbow on the side of the careened boat. "You, the knight-errant!" he jeered. "Blind as a bat! Good Lord!"

Coast spoke to the dog and succeeded in quieting it temporarily. "You've been faking all along?" he asked without visible resentment. "Ever since you showed up in court with those smoked glasses?"

He was talking more than for any better reason, to gain time to readjust his view point.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Other Extreme.

"I haven't enough money to startle society with my gowns." "In that case, why not go in for barefoot dancing?"

ANCIENT JAP GARDEN

Famous Temple in Flowery Kingdom 500 Years Old.

Shrubbery Surrounding Edifice Planted Ages Ago—In This Country Trees Are Regarded as Sacred Objects.

Tokio, Japan.—The Golden Temple, one of the most famous Japanese shrines, is not only 500 years old itself, but is surrounded by a garden which also has been growing for centuries. So carefully and artistically has the work been performed that the artifices of the gardener are not very pronounced, with the noticeable exception of the great old pine tree, which grows in a court surrounded on three sides by monastery buildings.

It is trained in the shape of a junk; hull, mast and sail being perfectly reproduced. For centuries the patient priests have bent, pruned, pried, tied and lopped up the limbs and twigs of this tree. And as in Japan a tree is considered chiefly for its age, form and that, and not for use, this is venerated as a beautiful and sacred object.

In the center of the garden is a lake with pine clad shores and pine covered islets. Each tree in a Japanese garden has its special landscape name, according to its position and purpose in the combination. Pines are always used for a framework in working out a foliage design, says Country Life in America. It is symbolical of unflinching purpose, and its spiny leaves are supposed to be endowed with the power of driving demons away.

The pavilion is a three storied, unpainted wooden building, with projecting roofs and galleries. There are no nails visible, its beams and posts being jointed or fastened with wooden pegs.

It derives its name from the room in the third story whose walls and ceiling and floor in halcyon days were coated with gold; even the frames of the sliding screens, the railing of the balcony, and the small projecting rafters which form the roof of the balcony, were, as careful examination showed, covered with a lacquer of the

In Golden Temple Garden.

precious metal. On top of the roof stands a bronze phoenix, or Ho-wo bird, about three feet high, with uplifted wings, an attitude of great significance.

WORLD'S OLDEST WOOD DOOR

Said to Have Been Built for Church at Rome 1,500 Years Ago—Made by Peter the Illyrian.

Rome.—The Dominican Order possesses in Rome two churches of great interest, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in the heart of the city, and Santa Sabina on the Aventine.

The latter during the closing years of St. Dominick's life was his home and headquarters. But the church was already very ancient when he took up his abode there. According to the Rosary it was built A. D. 425, during the pontificate of St. Celestine.

Its founder is commemorated still in the original mosaic inscription dating from 431, on the western wall of the church inside the entrance. The mosaic even now is a splendid relic of a very far distant age.

Remains of the second church are to be seen in the western corridor, or cloister, where are a number of early inscriptions; on one side the original twisted columns of pavonazzetto still support the roof, on the other they have been replaced by granite. It was from a window in this cloister that women were allowed to look out upon St. Dominick's orange tree.

The entrance door of the church is so ancient that it is said to be the oldest wooden door in the world; as it dates partly from the fifth century, it may be supposed to have been the original door of the church built by Peter the Illyrian.

Cat Causes Big Fire Loss.

Norwalk, Conn.—A cat rubbed against a lamp in the home of Joseph A. McElroy. The fire loss was $25,000. A trunk containing $15,000 worth of jewels was rescued.

To Have Women Conductors.

Philadelphia.—Young and pretty women as street car conductors, it is said, will be the latest wrinkle to be introduced by the Philadelphia Traction company.

486,064 COAL MINERS IDLE

President White Expects All Will Be Back at Work In 30 Days.

Anthracite coal operators believe that the suspension of work in the hard coal region which went into effect Monday will not continue long and that the coming meeting of the operators' committee and representatives of the miners on April 10 in Philadelphia will result in a basis of settlement.

This belief is strengthened, the operators say, by the fact that there have been no traces of bitterness shown on either side, and that this makes a satisfactory adjustment of differences much easier.

Just what proposition the miners will submit to the operators at the coming Philadelphia conference as a basis of discussion has not been learned, but the operators think the two points of chief issue will be the questions of increased wages and recognition of the union. Most of the operators are in favor of granting an increase in wages, while one railroad company is said to oppose an increase, claiming that it would wipe out its margin of profit.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT.—Cattle—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, $6.75@7; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, $6.75@7; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, $5.25@6; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, $4.50@5.25; choice fat cows, $5; good fat cows, $4.25@4.75; common cows, $3.25@3.75; canners, $2@3; choice heavy bulls, $5@5.25; fair to good bolognas, bulls, $4@4.75; stock bulls, $3.50@4.25; milkers, large, young medium age, $40@50; common milkers, $20@35.

Veal calves—Market 80c to $1 higher; strong with Wednesday; best, $8.75@9.50; others, $4@7.50; milch cows and springers dull.

Sheep and lambs—Market 50c to 75c higher, quality considered; market steady at Wednesday's advance; best lambs, $8@8.20; fair to good lambs, $7@7.50; light to common lambs, $5@6; yearlings, $6.50@7; fair to good sheep, $4.75@5.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Market strong, 15c to 25c higher than last week. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $7.30@7.75; pigs, $6.75@7; light yorkers, $7.40@7.50; stags, 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle—Steady; best 1,400 to 1,600 lb. steers, $8 to $8.25; good prime 1,300 to 1,400 lb. steers, $7.75 to $8; good prime 1,200 to 1,300 lb. steers, $6.75 to $7.25; best 1,100 to 1,200 lb. shipping steers, $6.50 to $6.75; medium butcher steers, 1,00 to 1,100 lbs., $5.75 to $6.25; light butcher steers, $5.50 to $5.75; best fat cows, $5.25 to $5.75; fair to good fat cows, $4.25 to 4.50; trimmers, $2.50 to $2.75; best fat heifers, $5 to $5.50; fair to good fat heifers, $4.75 to $5; to $5.50; fair to good do, $4.75 to $5; stock heifers, $3.50 to $4; best feeding steers, dehorned, $5 to $5.25; common feeding steers, $3.75 to $4.25; stockers, all grades, $4 to $4.25; prime export bulls, $5.50 to $6; best butcher bulls, $4.75 to $5.25; bologna bulls, $4 to $4.50; stock bulls, $3.25 to $4; best milkers and springers, $45 to $55; common to good, do, $25 to $35.

Hogs—Strong; heavy and yorkers, $8.10@8.20; pigs, $7.50.

Sheep—Slow; top lambs, $8.25@8.40; yearlings, $6.75@7.25; wethers, $6@6.40, ewes, $5.75@6.

Calves—$5@10.

GRAIN, ETC.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red 99 3-4c; May opened without change at $1.01 3-4 and declined to $1.01 1-2; July opened at 99 1-4c and declined to 99c; September opened at 98 1-2c and declined to 98 1-4c; No. 1 white, 97 3-4c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 73c asked; No. 3 yellow, 75c bid; No. 4 yellow, 73 1-4c bid.

Oats—Standard, 3 cars at 55c; No. 3 white, 57 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 92c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and April shipments, $2.42; May shipment, $2.47.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, 90 bags at $12.50; April, $11.75; sample, 18 bags at $12, 14 at $11; prime alsike, $12.50; sample alsike, 15 bags at $11.

Timothy Seed—Prime spot, 125 bags at $6.90.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $4.85; second patent, $4.80; straight, $5.25; spring patent, $5.90; rye, $5.20.

Feed—In jobbing lots in 100-lb sacks; Bran, $30; coarse middlings, 30; fine middlings, $32; corn and oat chop, $30; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $32 per ton.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Poultry is quiet and firm and heavy. Beans are in good demand. Demand for dressed calves is increasing and prices are higher. In other lines there is a rather quiet and steady market. Eggs are active and demand for butter is quite brisk. Potatoes are steady and in fair demand. The supply of vegetables is increasing and market shows an easier feeling.

Butter—Extra creamery, 30c; first creamery, 29c; dairy, 25c; packing, 21c per lb. Eggs—Receipts, 607 cases; current receipts, cases included, 20c per dozen.

APPLES—Baldwin, $3@3.50; Greening, $3.25@3.50; Spy, $3.50@4; Ben Davis, $2@2.50 per bbl.

POTATOES—Car lots, bulk, $1.05; sacks, $1.10 per bu.

ONIONS—$2.10@2.15 per bu; Spanish, large crates $5.50; small crates, $2.25.

HICKORY NUTS—Shellbark, 3c per lb.

DRESSED CALVES—Ordinary, 8@9c; fancy, 10@10 1-2c per lb.

NEW POTATOES—Bermudas, $3 per bu and $8.50 per bbl.

HONEY—Choice to fancy comb, 17@18c per lb; amber, 16@17c.

LIVE POULTRY—Spring chickens, 14@15c; No. 2, 11@12c; hens, 15@16c; No. 2 hens, 10c; ducks, 14c; young ducks, 15c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 16@17c.

NUTS—Almonds, 15c; California walnuts, 16@16 1-2c; Brazils, 14@16c; Filberts, 12@12 1-2c; Pecans, 12@16c per lb.

CABBAGE—3 1/2c@4c per lb.

VEGETABLES—Beets, 80c per bu; carrots, 80c per bu; cucumbers, hothouse, $1.50@$2 per doz; celery, 40@50c per doz; Florida celery, $4@4.75 per crate; and $1@1.25 per doz; green onions, 12 1-2c per doz; green peppers, 75c per basket; head lettuce, $3@3.50 per hamper; turnips, 60c per bu; watercress, 20@30c per doz; green beans, $3.50@4; rutabagas, 60c per bu; Hubbard squash, 2 1-2c per lb; parsnips, $1.50 per bu.

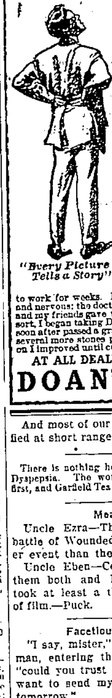
PROVISIONS—Family pork, $17.50@18.50; mess pork, $16.50; clear backs, $17@18; smoked hams, 13 1-2c; picnic hams, 9 1-2c; shoulder 10 1-2c; bacon, 12@14c; briskets, 11@12c; lard in tierces, 10c; kettle rendered lard, 11c per lb.

HAY—Carlot prices, track, Detroit; No. 1 timothy, $22@22.50; No. 2 timothy, $21@21.50; light mixed, $21@21.50; No. 1 mixed, $20@20.50; rye straw, $11.50@12; wheat and oat straw, $10.50@11 per ton.

The Moss committee investigating charges that Florida Everglades land speculators influenced the department of agriculture's reports on the drainage projects there, has agreed to close testimony when Secretary Wilson has been heard.

The immigration department's latest effort to break up the ring alleged to be engaged in bringing contraband Chinamen from Canada into the United States at Buffalo has failed through the action of the federal grand jury in refusing to return indictments against Arthur Harold and Walter Riley.

BACKACHE A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS



"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Pain in the back is the kidneys' signal of distress. If this timely warning is ignored, there is grave danger of dropsy, gravel, uric poisoning or Bright's disease.

When you have reason to suspect your kidneys, use a special kidney medicine.

Doan's Kidney Pills relieve weak, congested kidneys—cure backache—regulate the urine. Good proof in the following statement.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

C. D. Kessler, 418 E. 5th St., Mendota, Ill., says: "I became so bad from kidney trouble I was unable to work for weeks. I was thin, worn out and nervous; the doctors could not help me and my friends gave up hope. As a last resort, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and soon after passed a gravel stone. Later on, several more stones passed, and from then on I improved until cured."

AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

And most of our troubles are magnified at short range.

There is nothing heavenly about war—or Dyspepsia. The world is outgrowing the first, and Garfield Tea will conquer Dyspepsia.

Measure.

Uncle Ezra—Then you think the battle of Wounded Knee was a greater event than the reformation?

Uncle Eben—Certainly. I've seen them both and I'll bet the "battle" took at least a thousand more feet of film.—Puck.

Facetious Operator.

"I say, mister," said the cadaverous man, entering the telegraph office, "could you trust me for a telegram I want to send my wife? I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Sorry sir," said the operator, "but we are terribly rushed these days and there isn't a tick in the office that isn't working overtime as it is."—Harper's Weekly.

When to Call the Doctor.

When to summon the doctor is a point which has probably puzzled most people at one time or another, but in the case of throat and intestinal troubles there should be no uncertainty, says a medical authority. The doctor should be summoned at once, for the sore throat may be diphtheria, and the intestinal symptoms may mean peritonitis, appendicitis or any one of a dozen complaints of serious character. Valuable time and the golden opportunity may be wasted by waiting for symptoms that are severe enough to justify calling the doctor.

Sunshine.

Surround the children with every possible cheer. . . . Smiles and laughter cost nothing. . . . Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter, let them have a good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; give them to your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next day,; they cannot stand it.—Luther Burbank, in "The Training of the Human Plant."

SHE QUIT COFFEE

And Much Good Came From It.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to go around at all. Had no energy, and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day, it came over me, and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I can indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions, and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right, and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework, and have done a great deal besides.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"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.