## **STORIES** OF THE SECRET SERVICE

Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

## STORY No. 1 THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted ecration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

[Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Scheitlin.] PART II.-Continued.

In its details the plot was carefully worked out. So far had Swegles the conspirators that on the night of the first of November they met in his by. While on this mission he was to night became known I immediately room to complete the details of the make his way around the base of the took up the trail of Hughes and Mulplot. Five days later I learned that Tuesday, November 7, had ben chosen as the night to commit the crime, this date being chosen on account of its being presidential election day, on the night of which, the criminals judged, the excitement incident to the receiving of the returns would serve to shield them from any attention they might attract under ordinary circumstances. Hughes, Mullen and Swegles. were to open the tomb, extract the casket and load it into the waiting wagon. Swegles' part of the preliminaries was to secure the wagon and driver, which he assured his coconspirators had been done, and after the work at the tomb had been done he was to accompany the contractor furnishing the conveyance into Indiana. It had also been decided that the trio should go to Springfield on the night of November 6, in order to be able to make such preliminary surveys and arrangements as might be found necessary.

On the theory that, with the information in hand, there could be no difficulty in preventing the conspirators from carrying out their plan, there had been no dissent among the government employes as to the wisdom of going further and permitting the tomb robbers to progress far enough with their work to enable the law officers to capture the criminals redhended. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyr president, and Leonard Swett plot and had agreed that the capture of the counterfeiters in their initial grave-robbing effort would be preferable merely to frightening them out of the attempt, a course that had been pursued in the instance of the plot of eight months before. At a conference at which Mr. Lincoln was present the services of Elmer Washburn, who had in the meantime been superseded in the chiefship of the secret service; John McDonald, who had assisted in the capture of Ben Boyd, and John McGinn and George Hay, Pinkerton men, were provided for to assist in the capture of the vandals. Owing to the importance of the case Allan Pinkerton had assigned his best two men.

Mr. Lincoln protested against the plot being allowed to proceed to the point where profane hands might actually be laid on his father's coffin. but Mr. Swett insisted that an over act must be committed by them before the vandals could be successfully prosecuted, and our plans were not changed.

This conference was held in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock the evening of the same day Mullen, Hughes and Swegles swung aboard the front plat form of the front ebach of the Alton train just as it moved out of the Chicago station. McGinn, Hay and I train, after having satisfied ourselves by careful shadowing that the professional counterfeiters, now amateur tomb robbers, were aboard. Washburn and McDonald were to go to Springfield on the next train and arrive there at four o'clock on the afternoon of the day set for the robbery. We arrived at Springfield two hours late and registered at the St. Nicholas hotel under assumed names. We found that Mullen and Hughes, also under false names, had registered at the St. Charles hotel, a small house not far from the St. Nicholas. They had retired to gain rest before entering on their bold work and had left orders to be called at ten o'clock in the morn-

An hour before that time I received call by appointment from John T. Stuart, of the Lincoln guard of honor, in whose office Abraham Lincoln had read law. We proceeded at once to the Lincoln monument, in Oak Ridge I called again and then listened. Not

Ptanding Boom Only.

reached a small eastern town one af-

ternoon and went before dinner to a

You are a stranger in the town,

"Yes, I am a stranger here," was the

"We're having a good lecture here

to-night, sir," said the barber. "A

Mark Twain lecture. Are you going

"Yes, I think I will," said Mr. Clem-

A word of the contract and the contract of the

barber's to be shaved.

sir?" the barber asked.

Mark Twain, in his lecturing days.

otery, where I was introduced to ough examination and mental survey of the monument structure and sur-rounding grounds. A spot was selected at which one of the detectives could be stationed from which he could hear the robbers at work on the sarcophagus. Custodian Power was told tions asked by them should be an-

accorded visitors to the monument. It was about three o'clock in the appeared, paid the usual fee and enswercd. Mullen, as we found later, had remained in the city to collect such tools as he thought necessary for forcing open the tomb and marble sarcophagus. At five o'clock Detective Hay was dispatched to the cemetery to inform Custodian Power that of two men whom I could not discern the other officers were coming, and clearly enough to identify them. It the hotel where the work of each man be other than Hughes and Mullen, and had been assigned to him, we reached I called out for the men below to come the monument. The day had been dark, and at six

o'clock all daylight had faded from the cemetery. Inside Memorial hall the darkness was intense. By those answered, the bullets whistling past of my readers who have seen the my head. Then one of the men shoutburial place of Abraham Lincoln it ed: will be remembered that Memorial hall is at the south end of the monument structure and the catacomb containing the body at the north end, 175 feet away. I had selected Memorial Again the excited question was asked hall as the best hiding place for our men, Swegles having promised to infom us in our hiding place when the right moment was at hand for us to and Hay, the Pinkerton men, who had appear at the door of the catacomb and thereby entrap the ghouls at their ing the ghouls hidden there. work. Swegles was to work with Hughes and Mullen until the sarco- rious and dastardly plot ever devised phagus was opened and the casket ready to be loaded into the wagon. wormed nimself into the confidence of Then he was to go for the conveyance, which was supposed to be hidden near

John C. Power, custodian of the Lin-coln tomb, with whom I made a thor-tools used by the ghouls lay scattered tools used by the ghouls lay scattered over the floor and the sarcophagus was battered to pieces in such a way as to allow the casket to be moved lengthwise toward the door. The vac-

There is but one word that adequately describes the sensation that that during the afternoon two men came over me, and that is "cheapwhose descriptions were given would ness." After weeks of careful planappear at the tomb and that any ques- ning to catch red-handed the men whose criminality had taken on so de swered with the customary courtesy praved a turn that they would resort to the theft of the body of the most beloved American, we found that they afternoon that Hughes and Swegles had outwitted us. As quickly as I could recover my presence of mind tered false names in the visitors' reg- lafter the shock of surprise over findister. Hughes asked many questions, ing the catacomb empty except for the which were fully and truthfully an- desecrated sarcophagus, I ordered my assistants to separate and scour the

shrubbery surrounding for the ghouls. Going back, it occurred to me that the ghouls might have sought concealment on the upper parts of the structure. In the shadow I saw the figures two hours later, after a conference in never occurred to me that they might

> up. I fired at them, and they returned the fire, running at the same time to the northeast corner of the terrace. I fired again and again. The shot was

> "Tyrrell, is that you?" I made no answer, believing that one of the men was Hughes and knowing he would recognize my voice. and I still kept silent. It took but a moment, however, for the pursued men to make themselves known as McGinn mounted the steps in the hope of find-

> Thus for a time was the most se turned into a farce. Our prey had escaped, and in order to justify ourselves against the ridicule that would be heaped on us when the events of the



THE FLARE OF A BULL'S-EYE LANTERN SHOT THROUGH THE BARS.

had been kept fully informed of the hill, come to the door of Memorial len. After finding they had breakhall and give the signal that the time for action had come. That there a countersign, the word "Wash," had been agreed upon.

We had been concealed in Memorial hall in almost breathless quiet for about two hours, when suddenly the flare of a bulls-eye lantern was shot through the bars of the iron door lading into the hall, and we knew that the conspiracy was rapidly being put into actual execution. From their hurried examination of the hall by the aid of the lantern the ghouls evidently satisfied themselves that no one was inside. At any rate, they departed in a moment and made around the base of the monument to the north end, where lay the body they were running such desperate risks to secure. We knew that the next few minutes would be fraught with events that might mean death to any of us. I now had more reason than ever before to believe in the truthfulness of Swegles and that he would keep his. promise to signal us when the right time arrived. So we waited for this signal, and at last it came.

If this story were a fancy of my brain instead of a narrative of facts the current of it would here take a sudden turn from the lines I am com boarded the last sleeper of the same pelled to pen. For more than a year I had plotted to outwit the shrewd and desperate criminals with whom we were dealing and, up to this point, had been successful. As soon as Swegles had given the signal we moved cautiously out of Memorial hall and I ordered the others to follow me.

> At the giving of this order every man drew his revolver, to be prepared for the fight that we all believed inevitable. In doing so Detective Hay, of the Pinkerton force, accidentally discharged a percussion cap in the old style Colt's revolver he carried. As the detonation was not loud I paid little attention to it, and ran swiftly around to the door of the catacomb with the others behind me. The staple containing the lock of the iron door had been sawed and filed off, and the

> door stood a few inches ajar. I called on whomsoever was within to surfender. There was no response.

"Have you got your ticket yet?" the

"Then, sir, you'll have to stand."
"Dear me!" Mr. Clemens exclaimed.

stand when I hear that man Twain lec

Comrades.

She-I shouldn't be surprised to

hear of another engagement-John and

He-Yes, comrades in arms -

"No, not yet," said the other.

ture."-Buffalo Enquirer.

Celia are such close friends.

barber asked.

Record.

fasted at a farmhouse about seven miles from Springfield the next mornmight be no mistake in the darkness ing, they were again lost to us. There could now be no rest till the men were run to earth. Ten days later they were located in the saloon at 294 West Madison street and arrested by Detectives Simmons, of the Chicago city

force; McGinn, of the Pinkertons, and Elmer Washburn and myself, of the secret service. They were taken to Springfield, indicted and tried on the charges of robbery and larceny, there being no specific statute at that time against grave robbing, and sent to the penitentiary for a year. Their counsel, in the trial

of the case at Springfield, raised the cry that the secret service had "put up a job" on his clients in order to get defense was too apparent to save the counterfeiters from prison. This is the true record of a plot that failed. It is not known to this day

why Hughes and Mullen left the tomb after Swegles went after the team he was supposed to have, but which, in fact, did not exist. One theory is that they heard the detonation of Hay's revolver and fled. Another is that they left the tomb to meet Swegles and the driver, and instead saw the officers rushing on them. Whatever may be the correct theory, their escape from the tomb before we reached it was merely one of the innumerable breaks in the plans of all detectivesexcept in story books.

## Story No. 2 Will Be "The Bothamley Murder Mystery."

Supply and Demand. "I tell you," said the passenger with the skull cap, "there is something wrong with a country where a prizefighter can make more money in one night than a college professor can make in five

years!" "You're right, pard," said the pa senger with the loud check suit. "There's too blamed many college pro fessors and too blamed few great prizefighters."-Chicago Tribune.

How You Can Tell. A pretty girl is one who gets a seat

on a crowded car.

Obstinate Theater Curtain. At a theater in London, one night re-

entrance money was refunded. Nearly every sort of villainy is asso-

cently, the hydraulic power that controls the asbestos curtain gave out and the curtain slowly but inexorably descended "It seems as if I always do have to a few minutes after the performance had begun. After half an hour of unavailing attempts to raise the curtain the people in the theater were dismissed and thei-

> ciated with gravity and grimpesa Look at the bumorist, for example.



The Bad Boy Tells the Groceryman About Their Trip Across-They Are Sea-Sick-Dad Meets a Widow and Loses His Heart and Pocket-Book—He Appropriates a Steamer Chair and Quarrels with the Owner.

BY HON, GEORGE W. PECK. Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Ed-itor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) 'Say, old geezer," said the Bad Boy to his uncle as he settled himself on one of the groceryman's cracker boxes. "I never wrote you about our trip across, did I. Well, I tried a dozen times to write, but the sea was so rough that part of the time the table was on top of me and part of the time I was on top, and I was so sick I seemed to have lost my mind, over the rail, with the other things supposed to be inside of me.

"Oh, old man, you think you know what seasickness is, 'cause you told me once about crossing Lake Michigan on a peach boat, but lake sickness is easy compared with the ocean malady. I sould enjoy common seasickness and



water sickness takes the cake. I was sorry for dad, because he holds more than I do, and he is so slow about givwith no sure thing that he will ever see land again, and a good prospect of and whales blowing syphons of water cuds of human gum, and porpoises

me at their leisure, than to be a dead account of sickness, a good deal. man told me that if you smoke cigarenough before.

"I prayed some, when the boat stood on its head and piled us all up in the knocking at the door of his palate, to front end, but a chair struck me on the come out the same way it went in. Dad place where Fitzsimmons hit Corbett, found a widow woman who looked and knocked the prayer all out of me, back at him kind of sassy, when he and when the boat stood on her butt braced up to her, and when the ship end and we all slid back the whole rolled and side-stepped, he took hold length of the cabin, and I brought up of her arm to steady her, and she said them out of the way for counterfeiting under the plane, I tried to sing a maybe they better sit down on deck operations, but the absurdity of that hymn such as I used to in the 'Pisco- and talk it over, so dad found a couple pal choir, before my voice changed, of steamer chairs that were not in use. but the passengers who were alive and they sat down near together, and yelled for some one to choke me, and dad took hold of her hand to see if

didn't sing any more. "Dad was in the stateroom when we were rolling back and forth in the cabin, and between sicknesses he came out to catch me and take me into the the widow. Say, you wouldn't think and no limit, and they played along funerals. stateroom, but he got the rolling habit. too, and he rolled a match with an actress who was voyaging for her health, and they got offully mixed up. He tried to rescue her, and grabbed red in the face and snuggle up, and too rich for his blood, and when he hold of her belt and was reeling her in all right, when a man who said he was her husband took dad by the neck and said he must keep his hands off or get another nose put on beside the one he had, and then they all rolled under a sofa, and how it came out I don't know, but the next morning dad's eve was blacked, and the fellow who said he was her husband had his front teeth knocked out, and the actress lost her back hair and had to wear a silk handkerchief tied around her head the rest of the trip, and she looked like a hired girl who has been out to a dance "The trouble with dad is that he

butts in too much. He thinks he is the whole thing and thinks every crowd he sees is a demonstration for him. When the steamer left New York, there were hundreds of people on the dock to see friends off, and they had flowers to present to the friends, and dad thought they were all for him, and he reached for every bunch of roses squeeze hands, and look fondly, and that was brought aboard, and was swallow your emotion, and try to wait going to return thanks for them, when patiently until it is dark enough so the they were jerked away from him, and spectators won't notice anything, and he looked hurt. When the gang in sea sickness you get pale in the face, plank was pulled in, and the boat be- and spread apart, and let go of hands gan to wheeze, and grunt, and move and after you have stood it as long a away from the dock, and dad saw the you can you rush to the rail and act as crowd waving handkerchiefs and though you were going to jump overlaughing, and saying bon voyage, he board, and then stop sudden and letthought they were doing it all for him, 'er-go-gallagher, right before folks. and he started in to make a speech, and after it is over you try to look as thanking his fellow countrymen for though you had enjoyed it. I will say coming to see him off, and promising this much for dad, he and the widow them that he would prove a true rep- never played a duet over the rail, but

New Expression of honor in Student Life

By C. ALPHONSO SMITH. Dean Graduate Dept. University of North Caroling

owners living near the college. In both these respects there has been a significant change for the better, college rebellions as well as conflicts between gownsmen and townsmen being now comparatively rare. Student honor has still, however, its inconsistencies, the two nerve centers now being athletics and examinations. The popularity of base-

ball and football has grown faster than the means devised to control the abuses connected with them. Methods of safeguarding intercollegiate athletics are yet in an experimental stage. The duty of the hour is to educate public opinion in and out of the college so that it will despise the doctrine of victory at any price. This is the slogan that is most responsible for deception both on examinations and in athletics. The faculties of colleges and universities have here a high duty and a rare opportunity.

The honor system of conducting examinations is better than the espionage system. The former trains the student for responsible citizenship and, from the testimony of those who have tried both systems, gives occasion for less cheating.

There is no reason for pessimism. The responsibility for a high standard of student honor rests with the faculties of colleges and universities. Student honor needs neither praise nor blame so much as recognition, enlightenment, and cooperation.

point with pride to your father.'

"I said 'rats' and dad said he o the republic, on Bedloe's island, dad engers, but one of the officers of the he was loaded for a speech, and I knew both hands and left dad and rushed init was only a matter of time when he would have to fire it off, but I thought when we got outside the bar, into the ocean, his speech would come up with the rest of the stuff, and I guess it did, for after he began to be sick he ing up meals that he has paid for, that had to keep his mouth shut, which was it takes him longer to commune with a great relief to me, for I felt that he nature, and he groans so, and swears would say something that would get some. I don't see how a person can this country into trouble with other swear when he is seasick on the ocean, nations, as there were lots of foreigners on board.

"I heard that J. Pierpont Morgan going to the bottom, where you got to was on board, and I told everybody I die in the arms of a devil fish, with a got in conversation with that dad was shark biting pieces out of your tender Pierpont Morgan, and when people beloin and a smoked halibut waiting gan to call him Mr. Morgan, I told dad around for his share of your corpse, the passengers thought he was Morgan, the great financier, and it tickled and kicking because they are so big dad, and he never denied it. Anyway, that they can't get at you to chew the captain put dad and I at his own table, and he called me "Little Pierp," combing your damp hair with their and everybody discussed great finanfine tooth comb fins, and sword fish cial questions with dad, and everything and sawtooth piscatorial carpenters would have been lovely the whole trip, only Morgan came amongst us after "Gee, but it made me crawl. I once he had been seasick for three days, saw a dead dog in the river, with bull and they gave him a seat opposite us, heads and dog-fish ripping him up the and with two Morgans at the same taback, and I kept thinking I had rather ble it was a good deal like two Uncle be that dog, in a nice river at home. Toms in an Uncle Tom's Cabin show, with bullheads that I knew chewing so dad had to stay in his stateroom on

boy miles down in the ocean, with "Then dad got to walking on deck out of his chair, and dad said whose strange fish and sea serpents quarrel- and flirting with the female passening over the tender pieces in me. A gers. Say, did you ever see an old man who was stuck on hisself, and thought ettes and get saturated with nickoteen, that every woman who looked at him, and you are drownded, the fish will from curiosity, or because he had a smell of you, and turn up their noses wart on his neck, and watch him get and go away and leave your remains, busy making 'em believe he is a young a chance to clean up enough Englishso I tried a cigarette, and, gosh, but I and kitteny thing, who is irresistible? had rather be et by fish than smoke Gee, but it makes me tired. No man another, on an ocean steamer. It only can mash, and make eyes, and have a added to my sickness, and I had love scene, when he has to go to the rail every few minutes and hump hisself with something in him that is she was nervous, and he told me could go and play mumbletypeg in the beat the Englishman by drinking two cabin, and I went in the cabin and high balls to his one. Then dad set looked out of the window at dad and into a poker game, with ten cents ante. two chairs could get so close, and dad for a while until dad got four jacks, was sure love sick, and so was she.



be true to the stars and stripes wher- and when he got her back to the -Westminster Gazette.

ever fortune might place him, and all steamer chair he stroked her face and that rot, when the boat got so far put camphor to her nose, and acted away they could not hear him, and like an undertaker that wasn't going then he came off his perch, and said: to let the remains get away from him. "'Hennery, that little impromptu They were having a nice convalescent demonstration to your father, on the time, just afore it broke up, and hadn't eve of his departure from his native either of them been sick for ten minland, perhaps never to return, ought utes, and dad had put his arm around to be a deep and lasting lesson to you, her shoulders, and was talking cunand to show you that the estimation in ning to her, and she was looking lovwhich I am held by our people, is ingly into dad's eyes, and they were worth millions to you, and you can talking of meeting again in France in a few weeks, where she was going to rent a villa, and dad was saying he wouldn't wonder if the boat was full would be there with both feet, when I of rats, and then we stood on deck, opened the window and said, 'The and watched the objects of interest steward is bringing around a lunch, down the bay. As we passed the and I have ordered two boiled pork statue of Liberty, which France gave sandwiches for you two easy marks.

A few 'years ago,

noted primarily the stu-

dent's bearing to-

student honor

"Well, you'd a dide to see 'em jump. started to make a speech to the pas- What there is about the idea of fat pork that makes people who are sea oat told dad this was no democratic sick have a relapse, I don't know, but caucus, and that choked him off, but the woman grabbed her stummix in



TOOK DAD BY THE COAT COLLAR AND MADE HIM QUIT.

to the cabin yelling 'enough,' or some thing like that, and dad laid right back in the chair and blatted like calf, and said he would kill me dead when we got ashore.

"Just then an Englishman came along and told dad he better get up chair you talking about, and the man said the chair was his, and if dad didn't get out of it, he would kick him out, and dad said he hadn't had a good chance at an Englishman since the revolutionary war, and he just wanted men for a mess, and dad got up and stood at "attention," and the Englishman squared off like a prize fighter. and they were just going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill over again, when I run up to an officer with gold lace on his coat and lemon pie on his whiskers, and told him an old crazy Yankee out on deck was going to murder a poor sea sick Englishman, and the officer rushed out and took dad by the coat collar and made him quit, and when he found what the quarrel was about, he told dad all the chairs were private property belonging to the passengers, and for him to keep out of them, and he apologized to the Englishman and they went into the saloon and settled it with high balls, and dad and he bet five dollars, and a French-The difference between love sick and man raised him \$5,000, and dad laid sea sick is that in love sick you look down his hand and said the game was reached in his vest pocket for money to pay for his poker chips he found that his roll was gone, and he said he would leave his watch for security until he could go to his stateroom and by coffee, says: get some money, and then he found the Englishman said he would be good | times a day. for it, and dad came out in the cabin and wanted me to help him find the widow, 'cause he said when she laid nervous headache and general nervher head on his shoulder, to recover

> knew she had robbed him. "Say, dad and I looked all over that that afternoon, and dad waited for the wouldn't do a thing to her. I guess not. "Some day I'll tell you if dad got his. as he went out.

> from her sickness, he felt a fumbling

The Khedive.

The khedive is a strict Mohammedan, and as such eschews both wines and spirits. His abstinence goes even further, for in a country where everybody smokes he will have nothing to do with the fragrant weed. Like his father, he is a monogamist, although his religion allows him four wives. He is known to be greatly attached to his consort, who was a Circassian lady of the khedival household before her marriage. resentative of his beloved country in they took turns, and dad held her as In fact, he is essentially a domestic his travels abroad, and that he would tenderly as though they were engaged man, and is very fond of his children.

## M BLOOD—WEAK NERVES

ward the property ady use of a particular set of ends to chronic fatigue, which produces faulty or difficult motion, trembling, cramps and even paralysis. Writers, telegraphers, tailors and seamstresses are among the classes most threatened in this way with the loss of their power to earn a living. The following instance shows that nerve power may be recovered after it seems entirely lost, if the right means are taken. Mrs. O. S. Blacksten, of No. 584 North Bowman street, Mansfield, Ohid, says:

"For years my hands would become so numb at times that I would drop anything I attempted to lift. Lates they became so bad that I could not sew any longer, and at last I could scarcely do anything at all with my hands. At night the pricking sensations would come on worse than ever, and my hands

night the pricking sensations would come on worse than ever, and my hands and arms would pain so that I dreaded to go to bed. My family doctor gave me some nerve tablets. They helped me a little, but only for a short time after I had taken them and if I happened to be without them for a day or two I would be as bad as ever or even worse. Finally I got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began to take them.

and began to take them.
"The result was surprising. By the time I had taken the last pill in my first box I could see a gain. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am now all right.

United States of Porreligies the American States of Pour Bours I have been as well as ever."

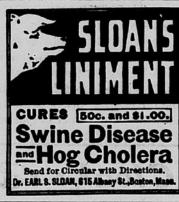
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed the nerves by making new, rich blood and in this way have cured nervous diseases of every description from simple restlessness to paralysis. They have bandwhat the testings of neuroless, the ished the tortures of neuralgia, the weakness of nervous prostration, the disability and awful pain of locomotor ataxia. They are sold by all druggists or direct by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

On the Traff On the Trail

with a Fish Brand

spith a Fish Brand

Richer, used for Pommel Slicker when windy, a rain cost when it rains and for a cover at night if we got to be and I will say that I have gotten mo comfort out of your alicker than any 6th one article that I ever owned." (The name and address of the wri Wet Weather Garments for Riding, Walting, Working or Sporting. HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904 A. J. TOWER CO. TOWER CANADIAN



FACTS ABOUT HOREA.

The people are miserably poor The country is aristocracy ridden. Game abounds: the soil is very fertile. All the people are timid and peaceful. The Korean men are tall and handsome.

The women are squat, shapeless and ugly.

Its landscapes are gems, winter or summer. The peasant is bled to the limit of

endurance. The king's retinue is gorgeous in silk and colors. Justice is bought and sold. Officials

buy their places. The country is healthy and delightful all the year round.

Seoul's mayor was chosen because of his skill in sorcery. It is considered, in natural beauty.

the Italy of the orient. Taxes are farmed out like in France before the revolution. Korea has no religion. Buddhism was

disestablished years ago. The better class of women are never allowed to appear in public. Seoul, the capital, is mean and

squalid beyond description. Merchants who appear prosperous are tortured until they make "loans" to the

nobility. The king orders displays of devils and performances of magicians for royal

COFFEE NEURALGIA Leaves When You Quit and Use

Postum. A lady who unconsciously driftee into nervous prostration brought on

"I have been a coffee drinker all that his watch had been pinched, and my life, and used it regularly, three

"A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of ous prostration which not only incapacitated me for doing my house around his vest, but he thought it was work, but frequently made it necesnothing but his stomach, but now he sary for me to remain in a dark room for two or three days at a time.

"I employed several good doctors, boat for the widow, but she simply had one after the other, but none of them evaporated. We landed at Liverpool was able to give me permanent relief. "Eight months ago a friend sugwidow at the gang plank, and said he gested that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles and that I try noney and watch back," added the old kind. I am glad I took her ad-Bad Boy, giving the dog a parting kick vice, for my health has been entirely restored. I have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solitary headache in all these eight months. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months, and I am once more a happy, healthy woman. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek,

Mich. There's a reason. Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient. All gro-