son and Beebe had drawn one card each. Could you beat that for poker?

And other fellows saw Dickerson perform miracles just as wonderful as that.

Another thing that happened along about the time that Dickerson was getting toward the bottom of the Beebe and Peterson pile set me to thinking hard. I went out hunting jack rabbits one morning, and coming to one of those big stone buttes which help to make that part of the country the lonesomest on the Lord's earth, I heard voices on the other side.

One of them said: "I tell you, you ain't careful enough about your spacin'! Your 'c's' and 'r's and 'o's keep me guessin' all night.'

"All right," said the other, "give me a hundred and I'll do better."

"That's easy," said the first voice cheerfully.

Then I walked careless-like around the corner of the butte and saw—Wall Dickerson and "Silent" Smith! Dickerson was handing him a roll of bills.

Dickerson, when he saw me, looked up and smiled, his way, like ice, but he didn't say anything. Smith didn't say anything, of course. I didn't say anything myself, there or thereafter. I never was a sanctified man, but I believe in being honourable about some things.

Well, there you have the whole story up to a couple of weeks ago when I went to New York. The second night I was there one of my business friends took me to his club.

No, it wasn't the Union League, and it wasn't one of those clubs that are organized to protect a poker game or a poolroom. Kind of betwixt and between. A good enough club, but one where the investigating committee doesn't go too far back, I judge, in examining the candidates for membership.

It was a dull night at the club, and my friend and some of the others got to discussing what they called telepathy—where you think of something and the other man tells you what it is. Most of us didn't believe in it.

Finally a man they called Oglethorpe sauntered over and took part in the talk. He sided with the fellows that believed in the new-fangled science and the discussion grew so warm that he offered at last to prove by an actual test that he was right—said he could tell just what any man in the room was thinking about.

Oglethorpe, in some way, despite his fifty years, seemed to remind me of somebody that I had seen in my earlier days, and when he began trying his experiments in mind-reading the memory grew clearer and clearer. He did do some amazing feats — told my business friend the name of his grandmother, which he was thinking of, and things like that.

Yes, Oglethorpe proved his case, but when all the rest were satisfied, and so declared. I said that, if he would be kind enough, I should like to try just one small experiment with him to satisfy myself personally, you know. He readily consented, and I took his hand firmly in mine and he closed his eyes.

I watched him while I thought the thought that I wanted him to read. It wasn't half a minute before I felt his hand tremble in my grasp and saw the colour flush his face, which had been remarkably pale before. Twice or three times he attempted to speak, but failed, and finally with a great effort he dropped my hand, stammered out something about my being a poor subject and hurriedly left the room.

They tell me that he hasn't been to the club since, and they are worried about it some, because, they say, he has been one of their richest and most generous members.

Anyway, the next day after the tests I wrote to Professor Godkin. You know Professor Godkin—the thought sharp—F. R. G. D. V. S., or words to that effect (most of his initials coming after his name), and put the whole case before him. Here is what he writes. Listen:

"I have been extremely interested in your letter, and I am inclined to the opinion that your theory regarding the game of chance at Cheyenne in 1875 is correct. It is quite within the realms of psychological and scientific possibility that one player, by reading the minds of the others, may have discovered the exact character of the hands they held, or the dishonest tricks they were performing, and by means of telegraphic signals, employed as you suggest by the tapping of pencil or finger on the table, communicated his knowledge of those facts to his confederate.

"It must be obvious to the most casual observer that the tense application of the mind of the player to the character and value of his hand, or to the use of any cheating device employed by him, in a game of chance where large sums of money are at stake, creates an almost ideal condition for the successful operation of what is commonly known as mind-reading.

"I shall conduct experiments on this line myself i nthe near future. In the light of the facts revealed in your letter, it seems to me quite astonishing that mind-reading has not been extensively employed by dishonest gamesters under such circumstances as you describe."

You ask what was the thought I thought the night of the test with Oglethorpe? I made a picture in my mind of a scene in Cheyenne in 1875—of the low, dim back room in "Jim" Bishop's saloon—of the rough-looking players at the table—of Dickerson winning pot after pot—of the pale, dreamful man sitting in half a doze and tapping, t-a-p-p-i-n-g with his pencil or his finger—and over and over again as I watched the nervousness of Oglethorpe I thought this sentence—

"You are Wall Dickerson's confederate—'Silent' Smith!"

DO YOU FEAR WINTER?

How to Avoid its Perils.

Why is Winter more deadly than the milder Seasons of the year, and more unhealthy? And why do people catch cold sooner, and suffer more from colds than at any other time? The simple reason is that Winter puts a heavier strain on the system. Hence if your vitality is lowered, if you are run down, anaemic, or just convalescent after Influenza or fever, let that familiar chilly feeling, those frozen hands and feet, that slight hoarseness, and that cutting pain in your back and chest, be your danger signals. By keeping the stomach healthy and the liver active, Bile Beans enable you to defy Winter's grim attack on your system. The secret of robust health is rich red blood, the supply of which is only limited by impaired digestion. When your food is doing you no good, how can strength and bodily heat be maintained? Bile Beans practically transform the food into rich red blood, which then circulates on its mission of life and heat to all parts of the body. Mr. A. J. Breach, a Commercial Traveller, of Dunedin, N.Z., says:—"It is with pleasure I add my testimony to the many that have preceded it to the effective and curative properties of Bile Beans. I bear witness that among the many pills and mixtures which are manufactured for the ills of mankind, your Beans stand out prominently as the most effective and reliable. I may state that after many years of close confinement at office work, and having had several attacks of Influenza, my health ran down to such an extent that my work was often performed with difficulty. Hardly a week passed but my head ached, and my digestion was much impaired. After trying many professed remedies my attention was directed to the many testimonials in praise of Bile Beans. After taking about half a box I felt a vast improvement. The digestive organs were put in good trim, and a splendid appetite revived. The after-effects of Influenza have entirely left me. I am confident if an occasional dose of Bile Beans is taken, it will be the means of warding off such ailments. I always have a supply by me, and recommend them to all." Of all medicine vendors at 1/1½d, and 2/9 family box. Refuse all substitutes.