BLINDFOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY MALCOLM

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp, to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles Dudley firing. Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles for his part in saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley lay discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang," including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by hdrsback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

There was none of the sounds of riot I had expected to hear as we drew up before it. The lantern blinked outside with its invitation to manifold cheer within. Lights streamed through the window and half-opened door, and quiet and order reigned.

I found the explanation of the change in the person of a policeman, who stood at the door.

"Has there been trouble here, officer?" I asked.

"Oh, is it you, sor?" said Corson's hearty voice. "I was wondering about ye. Well, there has been a bit of a row here, and there's a power of broken heads to be mended. There's wan man cut to pieces, and good riddance, for it's Black Dick. I'm thinking it's the morgue they'll be taking him to, though it was for the receiving hospital they started with him. It was a dandy row, and it was nineteen arrists we made."

"Where is Mother Borton?"

"The ould she-divil's done for this time, I'm a-thinking. Whist, I forgot she was a friend of yours, sor."

"Where is she—at the receiving hospital? What is the matter with her?"

"Aisy, aisy, sor. It may be nothing. She's upstairs. A bit of a cut, they say. Here, Shaughnessy, look out for this door! I'll take ye up, sor."

We mounted the creaking stairs in the light of the smoky lamp that stood on the bracket, and Corson opened a door for me.

A flickering candle played fantastic tricks with the furniture, sent shadows dancing over the dingy walls, and gave a weird touch to the two figures that bent over the bed in the corner. The figures straightened up at our entrance, and I knew them for the doctor and his assistant.

"A friend of the lady, sor," whispered Corson.

The doctor looked at me in some surprise, but merely bowed.

Mother Borton turned her head on the pillow, and her gaunt face lighted up at the sight of me.

"Eh, dearie, I knew you would come," she cried.

The doctor pushed his way to the bedside.

"I must insist that the patient be quiet," he said with authority.

"Be quiet?" cried Mother Borton. "Is it for the likes of you that I'll be quiet? You white-washed tombstone raiser, you body-snatcher, do you think you're the man to tell me to hold my tongue when I want to talk to a gentleman?"

Mother Borton had raised herself upon one elbow; her face, flushed and framed in her gray and tangled hair, was working with anger; and her eyes were almost lurid as she sent fierce glances at one after another of the men about her. She pointed a skinny finger at the doctor, and each man as she cast her look upon him went out without a word.

"Shut the door, honey," she said quietly, lying down once more with a satisfied smile. "That's it. Now me and you can talk eye-like."

"You'd better not talk. Perhaps you will feel more like it to-morrow."

"There won't be any to-morrow for me," growled Mother Borton. "I've seen enough of 'em curved to know when I've got the dose myself. Curse that knife!" and she groaned at a twinge of pain.

"Who did it?"

"Black Dick—curse his soul. And he's roasting in hell for it this minute," cried Mother Borton, savagely.

"Hush!" I said. "You mustn't excite yourself."

"There's maybe an hour left in me. We must hurry. Tell me about your trouble—at Livermore, was it?" said she.

I gave her a brief account of the expedition and its outcome. Mother Borton listened eagerly, giving an occasional grunt of approval.

"Well, honey; I was some good to ye, after all," was her comment.

"Indeed, yes."

"And you had a closer shave for your life than you think," she continued. "Tom Terrill swore he'd kill you, and it's one of the miracles, sure, that he didn't."

"Well, Mother Borton, Tom Terrill's laid up in Livermore with a broken head, and I'm safe here with you, ready to serve you in any way that a man may."

"Safe—safe!" mused Mother Borton, an absent look coming over her skinny features, as though her mind wandered. Then she turned to me impressively. "You'll never be safe till you change your work and your name. You've shut your ears to my words while I'm alive, but maybe you'll think of 'em when I'm in my coffin. I tell you now, boy, there's murder and

"I TELL YOU NOW, MY BOY, THERE'S MURDER AND DEATH BEFORE YOU"

death before you. Do you hear? Murder and death."

She sank back on her pillow and gazed at me with a wearied light in her eyes and a sibyl look on her face.

"I think I understand," I said gently. "I have faced them and I ought to know them."

"Then you'll—you'll quit your job —you'll be yourself?"

"I can not. I must go on."

"And why?"

"My friend—his work—his murderer."

"Have you got the man who murdered Henry Wilton?"

"No."

"Have you got a man who will give a word against—against—you know who?"

"I have not a scrap of evidence against any one but the testimony of my own eyes," I was compelled to confess.

"And you can't use it—you dare not use it. Now I'll tell you, dearie, I know the man as killed Henry Wilton."

"Who was it?" I cried, startled into eagerness.

"It was Black Dick—the cursed scoundrel that's done for me. Oh!" she grasped in pain.

"Maybe Black Dick struck the blow, but I know the man that stood behind him, and paid him, and protected him, and I'll see him on the gallows before I die."

"Hush," cried Mother Borton trembling. "If he should hear you! Your throat will be cut yet, dearie, and I'm to blame. Drop it, dearie, drop it. The boy is nothing to you. Leave him go. Take your own name and get away. This is no place for you. When I'm gone there will be no one to warn ye. You'll be killed. You'll be killed."

Then she moaned, but whether from pain of body or mind I could not guess.

"Never you fear. I'll take care of myself," I said cheerily.

She looked at me mournfully. "I am killed for ye, dearie."

I started, shocked at this news.

"There," she continued slowly. "I didn't mean to let you know. But they thought I had told ye."

"Then I have two reasons instead of one for holding to my task," I said solemnly. "I have two friends to avenge."

"You'll make the third; yourself," groaned Mother Borton, "unless they put a knife into Barkhouse first, and then you'll be the fourth bellke."

"Barkhouse—do you know where he is?"

"He's in the Den—on Davis street, you know. I was near forgetting to tell ye. Send your men to get him tonight, for he's hurt and like to die. They may have to fight. No—don't leave me now."

"I wasn't going to leave you."

Mother Borton put her hand to her throat as though she choked, and was silent for a moment. Then she continued:

"I'll be to blame if I don't tell you—I must tell you. Are you listening?"

Her voice came thick and strange, and her eyes wandered anxiously about, searching the heavy shadows with a look of growing fear.

"I am listening," I replied.

"You must know—you must—know —I must tell you. The boy—the woman is—"

On a sudden Mother Borton sat bolt upright in bed, and a shriek, so long, so shrill, so freighted with terror, came from her lips that I shrank from her and trembled, faint with the horror of the place.

"They come—there, they come!" she cried, and throwing up her arms she fell back on the bed.

The candle shot up into flame, sputtered an instant and was gone. And I was alone with the darkness and the dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.
A Link in the Chain.

I sprang to my feet. But before I had covered the distance to the door, it was flung open and Corson stood on the threshold. At the darkness he wavered and cried:

"What's the matter here?"

"She is dead."

I shuddered as I stood beside him, and brought the lamp from the bracket in the hall.

Mother Borton lay back staring affrightedly at the mystic being who had come for her, but settled into peace as I closed her eyes and composed her limbs.

"She was a rare old bird," said Corson when I had done, "but there was some good in her, after all."

"She has been a good friend to me," I said, and we called a servant from below and left the grewsome room to his guardianship.

"And now, there's another little job to be done. There's one of my men a prisoner down on Davis street. I must get him out."

"I'm with you, sor," said Corson heartily. "I'm hopin' there's some heads to be cracked."

I had not counted on the policeman's aid, but I was thankful to accept the honest offer. In the restaurant I found five of my men, and with this force, I thought that I might safely attempt an assault on the Den.

The Den was a low, two-story building of brick, with a warehouse below, and the quarters of the enemy approached by a narrow stairway above.

"Stay quietly," I cautioned my men, as we neared the dark and forbidding entrance. "Keep close to the shadow of the buildings. Our best chance is in a surprise."

There was no guard at the door that stood open to the street, and we halted a moment before it to make sure of our plans.

"It's a bad hole," whispered Corson. "A fine place for an ambush," I returned dubiously.

"Well, there's no help for it," said the policeman. "Come on!" And drawing his club and revolver he stole noiselessly up the stairs.

We were not two-thirds the way up the flight before a voice shot out of the darkness.

"Who's there?"

There was no more need for silence, and Corson and I reached the landing just as a door opened that let the light stream from within. Two men had sprung to the doorway and another could be seen faintly outlined in the dark hall.

The two men jumped back into the room and tried to close the door, but I was upon them before they could swing it shut. Four of my men had followed me close, and with a few blows given and taken the two were prisoners.

"Tie them fast," I ordered, and hastened to see how Corson fared.

I met the worthy policeman in the hall, blown but exultant. Owens was following him, and between them they half-dragged, half-carried the man who had given him alarm.

"Aren't there any more about?" I asked. "There were more than three left in the gang."

"If there had been more of us, you'd never have got in," growled one of the prisoners.

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked.

"Find him!" was the defiant reply.

We began the search, opening one room after another. Some were sleeping rooms, some the meeting rooms, while the one we had first entered appeared to be the guardroom.

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed Corson, tapping an iron door, such as closes a warehouse against fire.

"It's locked, sure enough," said Owens, after trial.

"It must be the place we are looking for," I said. "Search those men for keys."

The search was without result.

"It's a sledge we must get," said Owens, starting to look about for one.

"Hold on," said Corson, "there's a near forgetful man I've got a master-key that fits most of these locks. It's handy for closing up a warehouse when some clerk with his wits a-wandering forgits his job. So like enough it's good at unlocking."

It needed a little coaxing, but the bolt at last slid back and the heavy door swung open. The room was furnished with a large table, a big desk and a dozen chairs, which sprang out of the darkness as I struck a match and lit the gas. It was evidently the council room of the enemy.

"This is illigant," said the policeman, looking around with approval; "but your man isn't here, I'd say."

"Well, it looks as though there might be something here of interest," I replied, seizing eagerly upon the papers that lay scattered about upon the desk. "Look in the other room while I run through these."

A rude diagram on the topmost paper caught my eye. It represented a road branching thrice. On the third branch was a cross, and then at intervals four crosses, as if to mark some features of the landscape. Underneath was written:

"From B—follow 1½ m. Take third road—3 or 5."

The paper bore date of that day, and I guessed that it meant to show the way to the supposed hiding-place of the boy.

Then, as I looked again, the words and lines touched a cord of memory. Something I had seen or known before was vaguely suggested. I groped in the obscurity for a moment, vainly reaching for the phantom that danced just beyond the grasp of my mental fingers.

There was no time to lose in speculating, and I turned to the work that pressed before us. But as I thrust the papers into my pocket to resume the search for Barkhouse, the elusive memory flashed on me. The diagram of the enemy recalled the single slip of paper I had found in the pocket of Henry Wilton's coat on the fatal night of my arrival. I had kept it always with me, for it was the sole memorandum left by him of the business that had brought him to his death. I brought it out and placed it side by side with the map I had before me. The resemblance was less close than I had thought, yet all the main features were the same. There was the road branching thrice; a cross in both marked the junction of the third road as though it gave sign of a building or some natural landmark; and the other features were indicated in the same order. No—there was a difference in this point; there were five crosses on the third road in the enemy's diagram, while there were four in mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

William Knew His Fault.

But Perhaps the World Might Not Agree With Him.

In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin, keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin's gift in this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings therein.

Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Husks," was the laconic response of Boss.

Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop, and again asked, what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said Boss.

"Straw! You told me husks was the best!"

Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. "I've always rolled myself by talkin'," said he.—Harper's Weekly.

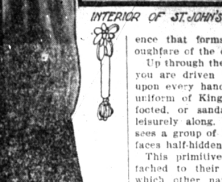
Scarcity of Princesses.

By the birth of the little son and heir to Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck the number of unmarried English princes is now increased to 11, and if to these are added the two sons of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg there may be said to be 13 princes for whom wives will have to be found at some time. It is noteworthy that at the present time Europe is suffering from a dearth of young princesses. Of late boy brides have appeared in all the royal families, and, even as matters now stand, it is difficult to see how these little princes are to be mated.

WHEN the FLEET GETS to MALTA

ODD SIGHTS WHICH WILL GREET THE AMERICAN SAILORS THERE

INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S CONVENTUAL 93



MALTESE LADY

Not the least interesting of all the places at which the American fleet will touch in its sail 'round the earth will be the little island of Malta, in the Mediterranean sea, south of Sicily. There the great fleet of battleships will stop on its way home from the Pacific to the Atlantic via the Suez canal. Outside of diplomatic, naval and military circles, little is known of this mere speck upon the map of Europe.

Students of history will perhaps recall the story of how Napoleon I, who subdued the knights, stripped them of their gold and silver, and shipping the booty away to Paris, his vessel foundered in a gale and lost it all. Today the churches are solid silver gates, and candlesticks were overlooked by the emperor's men for the reason that they were painted black to deceive the eye of the vandals.

On the northwestern coast of this island is St. Paul's bay, clearly identified with the apostle's shipwreck and made the subject of many famous paintings, adorning the walls of the churches in Valletta, the principal city of the island.

The stirring history of the Knights of Malta is forcefully present in all its romance, and the island is rich in relics of these valiant men. To the feminine mind, Maltese lace, that ever popular fabric, is suggested, although this material is not directly connected with the island of Malta, the lacemakers living upon the adjoining island of Gozo.

Most important of all—England has these islands, making Malta the base of supplies, coaling station, garrison and rendezvous of the Mediterranean squadron. From the British, the American admiral and his officers will receive attention. The sailors will view the island in its simple life, explore catacombs and visit the ancient Citta Vecchia. At San Antone the officers will be entertained by the duke of Connaught, who is at present commander-in-chief of the military forces of the Mediterranean.

On the fourth day after leaving Gibraltar, the traveler to the east finds himself in the Malta channel, a strip between Sicily and Malta. Upon bright days the snow-clad peak of Etna makes itself visible. At the south the rocky shore of Gozo is outlined. Eastward, bright in its orange color, lies Malta.

One is first impressed with its snow-white buildings, low and solid, and with the spires of the churches. In the distance the huge dome of Musta church, the third largest in the world, stands like a sentinel, guarding the people of the old city in the center of the island. This church, with its huge dome, was built by natives who worked only upon Sundays and holidays and without wages, the labor covering a period of 27 years. No scaffolding was used in its construction.

The two great harbors spread their arms invitingly and within there is ample anchorage for the "big 16" fleet of Uncle Sam. The huge breakwater, poking its nose into the channel, speaks of the enterprise of the English in protecting this wee spot from tempest.

The buildings skirt the shore of the harbor, rising abruptly to the eminence that forms the principal thoroughfare of the city of Valletta.

Up through the narrow stone streets you are driven in the hotel, passing upon every hand men who wear the uniform of King Edward. The barefooted, or sandaled, native trudges leisurely along. Here and there one sees a group of Maltese women, their faces half-hidden beneath the faldette.

This primitive race is deeply attached to their national usages for which other nationalities sometimes show lack of consideration. The faldette is a peculiar mantilla of black silk worn by the women. It is sometimes called onega. In shape it resembles a huge poke bonnet or skirt turned over the head. It is gathered in on one side and kept in place by an arched whalebone. This is operated very skillfully by the women, and gives them the sun-like effect remarked by the visitor.

The ovens of the knights still supply the garrison. The present position of Strada Mercant, formerly the Palazzo Parisio, was occupied by Napoleon as his headquarters when he was at Valletta. A tablet marks the spot for the tourist.

Strada Santa Lucia, or, as it is known by the tourists, the "street of sea," is a decided novelty. It leads from the water front of the bay to the main street of Valletta, Strada Reale. This glimpse is lined with shops and here also are found at the corners the quaint shrines, before which burn the candles placed there by the devout.

The governor's palace is all that one could picture as typical. Here is the long hall in rich tapestry in which the house of assembly for the local parliament meets. Here Italian is spoken, this language also being used in the courts of justice on the island. It is declared by the commercial classes that the use of English as a supplement to Maltese and Italian would be desirable.

St. John's Conventual church is next in importance to the palace. Within, from floor to ceiling, it is one blaze of memorial antiquity. The floor is paved with tombstones of more than 400 chevaliers. With the heraldic emblazonment in marble mosaic, and the sculpture, bronze and paintings, a wealth of history is unfolded. This wonderful church has its chapels, each devoted to the nationality of men who have figured in the stirring history of the island, each chapel having art in oil and marble.

No visitor to Malta ever leaves without first visiting the Chapel of Bones, beneath the Hospital of Incurables, which adjoins the burial place of the knights who died in hospital and who were buried in mantels a bee with their white cross. This chapel's architecture is rendered in every detail by the bleached bones of humanity. At the base of the altar is a tablet bearing an inscription. The following is a translation:

D. O. M.
THE WORLD IS A STAGE.
OUR LIFE A TRAGEDY.
ALL IS ILLUSION; ALL A FICTION.
DEATH THE CLOSE OF ALL THINGS.
IT UNMASKS AND SOLVES ALL.
THOU, WHO LIVEST, PONDER ON THIS.
PRAY THAT PERPETUAL LIGHT MAY SHINE ON THOSE WHO REST HEREIN.
GO IN PEACE; REMEMBER THAT THOU SHALT DIE.

The mortuary connected with the hospital has a singular effect. It is a place where the body is left 24 hours after death, with straps fastened to the hands and feet. The slightest motion would set a bell ringing and thus prevent any likelihood of being buried alive.

Both the Islands of Gozo and Malta are honeycombed with caves which date from the period of Phoenician occupation. These catacombs are attractive in their gruesomeness. One entire town at Citta Vecchia, where native guides are always waiting to earn a few pennies for the privilege of escorting you through the mazelike corridors extending in all directions.

The Sultan's Name.

American and English newspapers have a way of mangling the name of the sultan of Turkey. Often he is called simply "Abdul the Terrible." Sometimes it is "Abdul the Artful," "Abdul the Wary." The proper way to write the name, according to the London Chronicle, is "Abd-ul-Hamid," or as some would transliterate it, "Abd-l-Hamid." This means "Servant (or slave) of the praised one," i. e., God, or Allah. The "ul" or "l" merely represents the Arabic definite article, which in writing is always joined to the following word.

"Abd" is the very common first name with Mohammedans, as in Abd-ul-Kadir, Abd-ul-Latif, Abd-ul-Aziz. "Abdul," with or without the Hamid makes nonsense, but no one seems to notice it.

On this principle George du Maurier might be called "Georgedu" for short, and T. P. O'Connor would lose his nationality under the Italian looking disguise of "Thomaso."

The number of sugar factories in operation last year in Russia was 278.

How to Avoid Cramps.

"You often hear of people dying from cramps while in swimming," said a physician, "but the fact is that a very small percentage of persons really die from cramps while bathing. Be the bather a good swimmer or otherwise, he or she usually gets more or less water in the ears and, when a large quantity of the fluid finds its way there it floods the ear drums and causes the nerves leading to the brain to become paralyzed. This naturally forces other vital nerves to cease performing their duty and the result is death. If people who go in swimming would, as I save done for the past 40 years, put a piece of cotton in each ear to prevent the flooding of that organ.

The New Arithmetic.

Boggs—How much is two times one, plus one?

Joggs—Why, three, of course.

Boggs—No; a man, wife and baby; two and one to carry.—Half-Holiday.

Different Then.

"First come, first served," is true enough unless you make a practice of never tipping the waiter.

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AND SHE LEFT HIM GUESSING.

Woman's Directions of Little Help to Traveling Lawyer.

A New York lawyer was called recently to a hamlet in Berks county, Pennsylvania, in the interest of a large coal corporation, and now he is telling this story on himself:

He was driving along a country road and feared he might have lost his bearings. The village he wanted to reach seemed elusive, so he halted in front of a farmhouse to make inquiries.

"Madam," he called out to a broad German woman, who stood looking at him from beneath a "poke" bonnet, "can you tell me how far it is to the next village?"

"Oh, yust a leedle vays," came the response.

"But, my good woman, how far is it?" is it two, four, six or eight miles? That's what I want to know."

"Yah, I tinks so."

And the Wall street lawyer drove on a wiser man.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured —Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. The lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

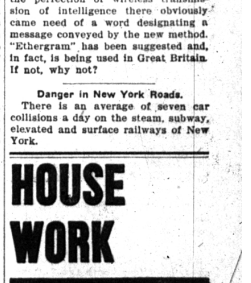
Ethergram.

Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a century ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a message conveyed by the new method. "Ethergram" has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

Danger in New York Roads.

There is an average of seven car collisions a day on the steam, subway, elevated and surface railways of New York.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. F. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.