

Stupendous Railway Enterprises. If the information conveyed in a dispatch from Paris prove correct, a beginning is about to be made in the most stupendous enterprise of its kind ever undertaken. The report from the French capital is to the effect that the syndicate represented by Baron Locq de Lobel has been authorized, by an order issued by the czar of Russia, to start operations on the Trans-Siberian-Alaska railroad project. This involves nothing less than the construction of a railroad line from Siberia to the American territory of Alaska by bridging and tunneling the intervening waters, including Bering Strait. Previous statements that the work is to be financed to the extent of \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 by American and European capitalists are repeated, and the story has every indication of being put forth in good faith. As has already been shown says the Troy Times, should the projected line be carried through it would mean the possibility of riding without change of cars from any railroad center in the United States to the capitals of Europe. With the tunnel under the English channel and the completion of the "three Americas" system in this hemisphere, one will be able to go by rail from remote points in South America directly to London. And with the carrying out of the "Cape to Cairo" scheme in Africa there may be a through route from "the Horn" to Good Hope. Who knows?

Buying an Island. The man who buys a mine rarely gets so deeply taken in as to have nothing at all that he can show for his money. There's commonly a place somewhere and a hole in the ground at least. Not so, however, with a Mr. Tutt, who is reported from Colorado Springs as having lately purchased an island off Washington state which he has since been unsuccessfully trying to find. His deeds call for ten acres in the San Juan group off British Columbia, and he fondly hoped to build a summer home there. Alack and alas! He sailed out in his yacht to where he supposed the island to be, but not a scrap of land could he find. This might be considered sufficiently provoking, but it was not the worst. The seller now claims that the island was there when he sold it, but that it sank into the sea at the time of the earthquake which destroyed San Francisco. All this is no joke to Mr. Tutt, but, says the Boston Herald, it strongly suggests the case of the curious people who flocked to a tent and paid their way in to see the wonderful gyascutus. They didn't see him, but were glad to escape with their lives at the alarming cry that the ferocious gyascutus had broken loose.

Prison Reform. A notable reform in prison administration is contemplated by Gov. Folk and the advanced penologists of Missouri, and at the governor's suggestion the Rev. E. A. Fredenhagen, of Topeka, Kan., is engaged in the preparation of a bill on the subject, which will be introduced at the next session of the Missouri legislature. Its chief features will be the payment to the convict's wife and children of an appreciable percentage of his earnings; the use of a graduated uniform instead of the usual striped clothing; the substitution of a military double file for the abhorred lockstep and regular instruction for prisoners five nights a week. The whole tendency of the changes suggested is in the line of reformation as distinguished from vindictive punishment, and a main purpose is to relieve the misery of the innocent dependents upon the criminal.

Is the class pipe to become a feature at coeducational institutions? In a description of the Class day exercises of the Northwestern university at Evanston, Ill., is this mention of the pipe of peace smoking, a ceremony not commonly practiced in coeducational Methodist institutions: "Lewis R. Horton, president of the senior class, filled the pipe, touched a match to it, and it went slowly from one pair of lips to another. Giving off an odor of mild tobacco it passed from one coed to another. None refused her 'pull.' A few coughs were heard at the end of the ceremony. The men took their turn and the pipe passed back to Horton, who, after a long 'drag,' handed it to Miss Sarah Shute, president of the junior class."

Truancy is defined as a disease by a Chicago school sharp who has ordered truants on a diet of protein. The average boy would rather take his chances with the school than fly to the arms of protein, a punishment whose nature he imperfectly comprehends.

The servant girl, thinks Upton Sinclair, needs uplifting. The can of terosene on the morning has been known to operate successfully in that direction.

The causes of juvenile delinquency which are repeated with greatest frequency are: 1. Lack of proper home restraint and training. 2. The habit of truancy. 3. Lack of proper outlet for normal physical activities. 4. Social training in disregard for law and order.

The German emperor is getting ready for another Mediterranean cruise. Naturally there is renewed nervousness among other European powers.

The Age of Machinery. We live in the age of machinery. The thinking, directing mind becomes daily a mere accessory. This, many brains fully comprehending in value from day to day. That eccentric philosopher, Elbert Hubbard, says in one of his essays, "where a machine will do better work than the human hand, we prefer to let the machine do the work."

It has been but a few years since the cotton gin, the "spinning Jenny" and the power loom displaced the hand picker, the spinning wheel and the hand loom; since the reaper and binder, the rake and tedder, the mowing machine took the place of the old cradle, scythe, pitchfork and hand rake; since the friction match superseded the flint and tinder; since the modern paint factory replaced the slab and muller, the paint pot and paddle.

In every case where machinery has been introduced to replace human labor, the laborers have resisted the change; and as the weavers, the sempstresses and the farm laborers protested against new-fangled looms, sewing machines and agricultural implements, so in recent times compositors have protested against type-setting machines, glass blowers against bottle blowing machines, and painters against ready mixed paints. And as in the case of these short-sighted classes of an earlier day, so with their imitators of to-day, the protest will be in vain. It is a protest against civilization, against the common weal, against their own welfare.

The history of all mechanical improvements shows that workmen are the first to be benefited by them. The invention of the sewing machine, instead of throwing thousands of women out of employment, increased the demand to such an extent that thousands of women have been employed, at better wages, for shorter hours and easier work where hundreds before worked in laborious misery to eke out a pitiable existence. It was so with spinning and weaving machinery, with agricultural implements—in fact, it is so with every notable improvement. The multiplication of books in the last decade is a direct result of the invention of linotype machinery and fast presses.

The mixed paint industry, in which carefully designed paints for house painting are prepared on a large scale by special machinery, is another improvement of the same type. The cheapness and general excellence of these products has so stimulated the consumption of paint that the demand for the services of painters has correspondingly multiplied. Before the advent of these goods a well-painted house was noticeable from its rarity, whereas to-day an ill-painted house is conspicuous.

Nevertheless, the painters, as a rule, following the example set by the weavers, the sempstresses and the farm laborers of old, almost to a man, oppose the improvement. It is a real improvement, however, and simply because of that fact the sale of such products has increased until during the present year it will fall not far short of 90,000,000 or 100,000,000 gallons.

Hindsight is always better than foresight, and most of us who deplore the short-sightedness of our ancestors would do well to see that we do not in turn furnish "terrible examples" to our posterity. P. G.

FINDS VIRTUE IN OLD CLOTHES.

Men's Garments Shaped to the Figure by Age Catch Artist's Eye. To the eye of the artist the garments of the modern man are only tolerable when age has adapted them somewhat to the lines of the figure; to the average artist a new suit of clothes is a blemishment.

"It is not only that new clothes are more ugly than old," said a knight of the palette who discussed the question; "to my mind no one can be properly easy or graceful in them. I never feel that I properly know a man until I have met him wearing an old suit. Certainly no man can possibly be his natural self in evening dress."

I have noticed again and again how different the same people are when wearing different clothes. I went, for instance, to a large family gathering some time ago, and for some reason everybody had donned full evening dress. What a difference it made! We were all on terms of intimate friendship, but somehow the clothes brought in an element of coldness and formality. We all felt it—the women, although, of course, the fair sex are not easily persuaded of the merits of well-worn garments. But no man who has discovered the ease and comfort of them will readily give them up. As for the artistic side of modern clothes, it only comes when they have mellowed by use!"

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents. A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee. I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results. "When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain, I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice. "In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases, I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in page "There's a reason."

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYND, AUTHOR OF "THE CRAFTERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued. She turned upon him quickly. "Was it an accident, Mr. Jastrow?" "How could it be anything else?" he inquired, mildly. "I don't know. But there was an explosion; I heard it. Surely Uncle Somerville wouldn't—" The secretary shook his head. "No; I think you may exonerate Mr. Darrah, personally; in fact I am quite sure you may."

"But someone planned it. You knew it was going to happen—you were out here watching for it." "Was it?" The secretary's smile was a mere harping of the teeth. His blood was in the syphonic lymph which flows in the veins of those who do murder at a great man's nod. "It is horribly unfair," she went on. "I understand the sheriff is here. Couldn't he have prevented this?" Jastrow's reply was an evasion. "Oh, it's all legal enough. That bare place up there is a placard claim. Supposing the owners found it necessary to put in a few sticks of dynamite to loosen the frozen ground. It is Mr. Winton's misfortune if his railroad happens to be in the way, don't you think?"

"But it was planned beforehand, and you know of it," she insisted. Her eyes were flashing, and the secretary's desire for possession warmed into something like admiration. "Did I?" "Yes, you did." "It would be impolite to contradict you." "It is more impolite not to answer my question. Couldn't the sheriff have prevented it?" "Supposing he didn't want to prevent it? Supposing he brought the men who did it over on his train last night?" "Then I say again it is horribly unfair."

The secretary's rejoinder was a platitude: "Everything is fair in love or war." "But this is neither," she retorted. "Think not," he said, coolly. "Wait and you'll see. And a word in your ear, Miss Carteret: you are one of us, you know, and you mustn't be disloyal. I know what you did yesterday after you read those telegrams."

Virginia's face became suddenly wooden. Until that moment it had not occurred to her that Jastrow's motive in showing her the two telegrams might have been carefully calculated. Though she would have disavowed it emphatically, Miss Carteret was an aristocrat of the aristocrats; and the conviction that the secretary had deliberately gone about to establish a confidential relation filled her with cold anger. "I have never given you the right to speak to me that way, Mr. Jastrow," she said, with the faintest possible emphasis on the courtesy prefix; and with that she turned from him to focus her field glass on the construction camp below.

At the Utah stronghold all was activity of the fiercest. Winton had raced back with his news of the catastrophe, and the camp was alive with men clustering like bees and swarming upon the flat cars of the material train to be taken to the front. While she looked, studiously ignoring the man behind her, Virginia saw the big octopus engine come clamoring up the grade, shoving the flats before it, losing itself quickly in the doubling of the gulch loop to reappear presently on the scene of the disaster. In a twinkling the men were off and at work, and the frosty morning air rang with the battle shout of labor triumphant—or meaning to be.

Virginia's color rose and the brown eyes filled swiftly. One part of her ideal—her masculine ideal—was courage of the sort that rises the higher for reverses. So the prompt counterstroke filled her with joy, and at the moment Winton was as near gaining a partisan as the Rajah was to losing one. But at the heart-thrilling instant she remembered the cold-eyed secretary, and, lest he should spy upon her emotion as he had upon her sympathy, she turned quickly and took refuge in the car. In the open compartment of the Rosemary the waiter was laying the plates for the early breakfast, and Besse and the Reverend William were at the window, watching the stirring industry battle now in full swing on the opposite slope. Virginia joined them. "Isn't it a shame!" she said. "Of course, I want our side to win; but it seems such a pity that we can't fight fairly."

came forward by the landlady, that the window went up in the Rosemary and Winton saw Virginia. What a moment! she gave him his best word, while she looked on his worst fight to win, and that without violence. "We are a down Winchester to your one, Mr. Decker, and we shall resist force with force. Order your men back or there will be trouble."

Winton stood out on the edge of the cutting, a solitary figure, where a few minutes before the earth had been flying from a hundred shovels. The sheriff's reply was an order, but not for retreat. "He's one of the men we want; cover him!" he commanded; and Virginia caught her breath. Was she to see him shot down before her eyes? Happily the tragedy was only potential. Unless the public occasion appeals strongly to the sympathies of the passions, a picked-up sheriff is not likely to have very good metal in it. Winton was covered by three or four of the guns, pointed awkwardly, and Peter Biggin laughed. "Don't be no ways nervous," he said in an aside to Winton. "Them professional vealry chumps couldn't hit the side o' Pacific Peak."

Winton held his ground, waiting the turn of events and looking on, not without interest, while the sheriff tried to drive his men up a bare slope commanded by 200 rifles to right and left. The attempt was a humiliating failure. Being something less than soldiers trained to do or die, the deputies hung back to a man, hugging the background shelter of the Rosemary as if they were shackled to the private car by invisible chains. Virginia, standing at the open window and trembling with excitement, could not forbear a smile. It was too much for the sheriff, the added straw, and his exhortation to his foot-posses burst into caustic profanity. Whereupon Mr. Peter Biggin rose up in his place, took careless aim, and sent a bullet to plow a little furrow in the ice and frozen snow within an inch of Decker's heels.

"Ex-cuse me, Bart," he drawled, "but no cuss words don't go in this here highly moral show. They pains us extreme."

Under ordinary circumstances the sheriff would have replied to Mr. Biggin's salutation in kind. As it was, "Hello, Crapo! What's up?" called Radcliff, coming down the steps. "Why, Rad," said Crapo, cheerfully, "I'm trying to place a fine line of butter beans, just picked from the vines. My folks are away and I thought you could use them. How about it?"

"Mighty good of you to think of us," said Radcliff. "I'm awfully fond of fresh vegetables. But, the fact is, we all leave to-morrow morning for across the lake. Come up and have a cigar, won't you?" "Hello, Crapo! What's up?" called Radcliff, coming down the steps. "Why, Rad," said Crapo, cheerfully, "I'm trying to place a fine line of butter beans, just picked from the vines. My folks are away and I thought you could use them. How about it?"

"No one was visible at the Sheldon mansion but their ten-year-old incorrigible. "Charley," said Crapo, in a tone of authority, "just run and ask your mother if she doesn't want a mess of beans." The youngster looked at him and then at the succinea. "Aw, they're no good. They look old and stringy to me. I don't like beans anyhow." "Will you ask your mother or not?" "Aw, ma ain't home. She don't like beans neither."

Crapo turned away with a muttered malediction. In desperation he dashed across the street and into Tom Magilton's dooryard. Tom was a vegetarian and had no garden. But Tom's yellow cur saw him first and made a jump for him. Crapo dodged, but the dog came back and grabbed him by the foot. Crapo took both hands to the succinea and brought it down on the animal's back with a force that distributed the beans over a wide area, but sent the dog howling into the house. —Chicago Daily News.

Punishment for Middy. In the recent British naval maneuvers a midshipman who had rammed the admiral's ship with a steam launch had to make a trip around the fleet in a launch, while she was hung all around with fenders and labeled "Not Under Control."

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HIS KIND ACT

UST when Crapo's vegetable garden had begun to look particularly fine the rest of the family went east for two months, leaving him sole inhabitant of the house. Crapo didn't mind being alone, but he did feel grieved at the prospect of his vegetables going to waste after all the care he had taken in their cultivation and the pleasure he had experienced in watching them mature. He couldn't eat them, for the only meal he took at home was his simple breakfast, which he prepared himself. Happy thought! He could give them to his neighbors.

His beans were the first to ripen—butter beans. How their yellow pods shone as he turned over the green leaves! He decided on coming home one very warm evening, that there were enough of them for a good mess and he hurried into the house for something to put them in. He finally selected a long-handled saucepan as a receptacle of a convenient size. While he was picking the beans he decided that he would step across the street and give them to the Badgers. He was without his coat, vest or collar, but of course, he would return at once and they would understand it and excuse his appearance.

As he sauntered carelessly across to the Badgers he remembered that Badger's wife was inclined to be rather haughty at times and he felt that the gift of the beans would have a tendency to strengthen their neighborly relations. The Badgers were all out on the porch. "As you perhaps know," said Crapo, "my family has left me to shift for myself and I thought you would accept these beans, the first of this season's product of my farm."

Mr. Badger lifted her eyes from the book she was reading and glanced languidly in his direction. "Why—ah—thank you," said Badger. "Won't you come up? Fact is, I have so many beans in my own garden that we can't eat half of them. Just as much obliged, I'm sure."

Crapo backed off with an apologetic "Oh, I see," chagrined over the refusal, even though politely given. It hadn't occurred to him that the Badgers had a garden. Perhaps Radcliff could use them. The Radcliff piazza was full of people, mostly strangers to him. Crapo halted an instant as he saw the array, but he was recognized and did not dare retreat. "Hello, Crapo! What's up?" called Radcliff, coming down the steps. "Why, Rad," said Crapo, cheerfully, "I'm trying to place a fine line of butter beans, just picked from the vines. My folks are away and I thought you could use them. How about it?"

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PAID TO A SHADOW

Word Down by Five Years of Suffering from Kidney Complaint. Mrs. Mamie Myers, of 139 South Tenth St., Ironton, O., says: "I have worked hard in my time and have been exposed again and again to changes of weather. It is no wonder my kidneys gave out and I went all to pieces at last. For five years I was finding ways and finally so weak that for six months I could not get out of the house. I was nervous, restless and sleepless at night, and lame and sore in the morning. Sometimes everything would whirl and blur before me. I bloated so badly I could not wear tight clothing, and had to put on shoes two sizes larger than usual. The urine was disordered and passages were dreadfully frequent. I got help from the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and by the time I had taken four boxes the pain and bloating was gone. I have been in good health ever since."

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

How Rhodes and Beit Met. Mr. Rhodes once told a circle of friends after dinner the story of his first meeting with Beit. "I called at Forger's late one evening," he said, "and there was Beit working away as usual. 'Do you never take a rest?' I asked. 'Not often,' he replied. 'Well, what's your game?' said I. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' he answered, as he got off his stool. 'That's funny,' I said. 'I have made up my mind to do the same; we had better join hands.'" Beit and Rhodes did. Beit's small patience with arithmetical details. Once this characteristic detail, a balance sheet into the pile of papers before Beit, he exclaimed desperately, "Here, you understand things; for heaven's sake tell me how I stand."

Natural Color of Pure Water. It was long ago discovered that the natural color of pure water is blue, and not white, as most of us usually supposed. Opinions have not agreed on the cause of the green and yellow tints; these, it has been discovered by W. Spring, are due to extraneous substances. Dissolved calcium salts, though apparently giving a green tint, due to a fine invisible suspension, have no effect on the color of the water when adequate precautions are taken. The brown or yellow color due to iron salts is not seen when calcium is present. The green tint is often due to a condition of equilibrium between the color effect of the iron salts and the precipitating action of the calcium salts.—Scientific American.

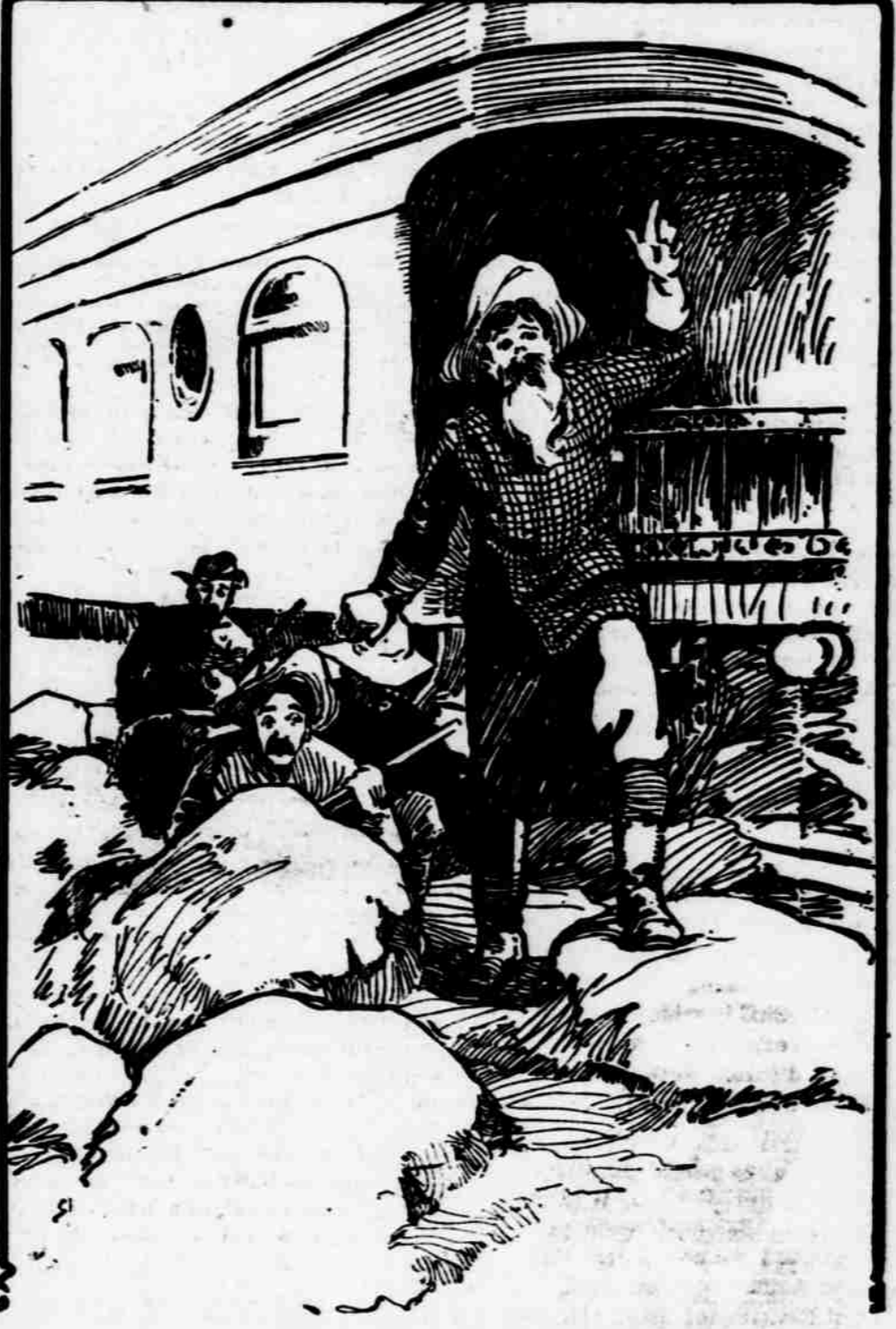
Habits of Wild Bees. There are about five thousand species of the wild bees, all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable amazons, and carry more and better weapons than the males. These are the "zucok" bees, who deposit their eggs in the nests of others, the progeny of both living peacefully together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with her scissor-like jaws, and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into her cave-shaped nest.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. 30,000 testimonials of cures. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Occasionally a man spends a lot of time at his club because there's no place like home.

WOMEN'S NEGLECT SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY. Health Thus Lost Is Restored by Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound. How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"

Miss Kate McDonald. More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, or other female weakness. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound. Miss Kate McDonald of Woodbridge, N. J., writes: "Restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling about it for the sake of other suffering women. "For a long time I suffered untold agony with a female trouble and irregularity, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought of my restoration but Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel fit my duty to tell others about it, and that a woman's medicine it is."



"COME DOWN!" HE BELLOWED.

he ignored Peter Biggin as a person who could be argued with at leisure and turned his attention to Winton. "Come down!" he bellowed. Winton laughed. The tide had turned, and he knew it. "Let me return the invitation. Come up, and you may read your warrants to us all day."

The crisis was past. Decker withdrew his men, and at Winton's signal the track layers came in and the earth began to fly again. Virginia sighed her relief, and Besse plucked up courage to go to the window, which she had deserted in the moment of impending battle. "Oh-h-h! I wish Uncle Somerville would take us away!" she gasped. "Can't you persuade him, Virginia?" "I'll try," said Virginia, gravely, foreseeing future tragic situations too terrifying to be witnessed. "Breakfast is served," announced the waiter as calmly as if the morning meal were the only matter of consequence in a world of happenings.

They gathered about the table, a silent trio made presently a quartette by the advent of Mrs. Carteret, who, from having her stateroom on the peaceful side of the Rosemary, had never seen nor heard anything of the warlike episode with which the day had begun. Having weighty matters to discuss with Sheriff Decker, Mr. Darrah was late, so late that when he came in Virginia was the only one of the quartette who remained at table. She stayed to pour his coffee and to bespeak peace, knowing full well that the time was unpropitious, but believing that the crisis was its own best excuse. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

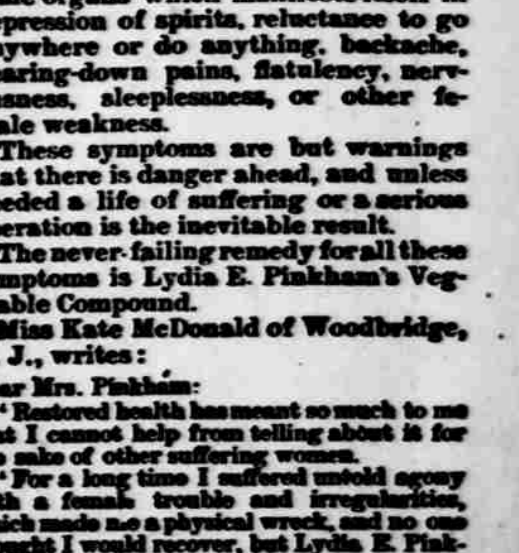
What Willie Asked. "And he rest his garments and went upon his way," quoted the teacher. "Now, which little boy or girl can tell me where he was going?" The little wisp boy lifted his hand. "You may answer, Willie." "Why, if he rested his garments, he must have been going to a masquerade ball."—Judge.



The Little Yellow Cur Saw Him First.

"Aw, ma ain't home. She don't like beans neither."

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