POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

THE TRAPDOOR SPIDER.

Architect and Engineer---Lives in a Cement House Constructed in the Adobe.

(New York Sun.)

POINT LOMA, San Diego, Cal., Jan. 24.—If slightly acquainted with the ways of a trapdoor spider you are reminded of that little insect every time you watch the men at work building caissons for a foundation for a new steel-ribbed sky-scraper. You think how much better the spider engineer would do that work with his home made tools than the men with shovels and hoists and buckets and all the rest.

The trapdoor spider, curiously you say at first thought, selects the hardest and firmest adobe, almost as hard as sandstone itself, into which to sink his caisson home, for his castle is built in the ground six or eight inches below the surface.

With infinite patience, grain by grain, he removes the sun-baked adobe making an opening in the surface about the size of a silver dollar, and burrowing almost straight downward until at six, seven or eight inches down he ceases his work. The main excavating work is done. The hole is beautifully rounded and ends in a smooth cul-de-sac at the bottom.

The opening made in the earth the next thing is to insure it against dampness, for when the rain comes even the dry adobe tries to drink in the water that all the surrounding land thirsts for.

What kind of cement and how it is mixed the writer does not essay to explain, but from top to bottom of that caisson is laid on a coating of cement quite as impervious to moisture as any cement ever laid by the hand of man. This is plastered on with the greatest care and more smoothly than if laid on with a brush.

And when the job is done his house is waterproofed beyond question. When the cement dries expansion and contraction are proved to have been well considered, for not a crack shows anywhere in the walls. There is no settling, no swelling, no receding of the structure.

The plastering done, the house walls are now to be tapestried, to be made snug and warm. So from top to bottom a coating of downy substance is laid on, something similar to the material that makes up the hornet's nest, but of a much finer, smoother texture. This is laid on with the greatest care and precision, and when done it is a job well done, so much so that one might well envy the spider family in its fresh, snug home.

The main structure completed and furnished, now comes not the least important part, the building of the trap door. Here is displayed the ingenuity skill and foresight of the trapdoor spider.

Water, air and dust must be kept out, and as the door is even with the ground surface and to all intents and purposes an undisturbed part of it the faculties of the spider are taxed to the utmost.

The fit of the door must be so perfectly as to exclude the air quite as perfectly as a preserved can of fruit a housewife has put up. The shoulder of the caisson is so perfectly rounded that when the trap door fits in and rests upon the curved shoulder the naked eye fails to detect the joint except upon the closest inspection. The sharpest knife-blade finds no lodgment in the crevice.

No bill of a road runner or a sickle bill thrush can make any headway in prying open that vault cover, even if the spider home is detected, which is not often the case. The trapdoor must be strong enough to resist the tapping of an inquisitive road runner who at times tests the engineering of the spider to the utmost.

Again the trapdoor is even with and a part of the earth and must bear the weight of anytyhing, animal or human, passing over. The feet of a heavy man makes no impression upon this entrance to the spider's domain. The inside of the door is rounded like the end of an egg, the strongest construction known.

The query now comes up as to how the spider gets in and out. The door is hinged, and it is a bit of nature's hardware work hard to equal, for it is a spring hinged door working as smoothly and as rapidly as a shutter on a camera. The spring tension, while amply strong to secure the door in place, quickly and easily responds to any outward pressure from inside.

The care with which the door is made to counterfeit the surrounding surface is wonderful. The door is undoubtedly made up as to the outside surface and not hewn from a solid disc of abode. Bit by bit it must have been put together, held by the underlying cement, and when all done the finishing touches upon the surface so adroitly arranged as to rival the art of any copyist who ever forged a Rembrandt or a Van Dyck.

If the adobe adjacent shows small deposits of moss the cover of the caisson is in no particular different. It would seem that the feeling of safety prompted the spider to exert his utmost ingenuity when simulating the surface of his trapdoor to the earthly surroundings.

As a copyist of nature the trapdoor spider is a master hand, for even the texture of the surrounding sun baked earth is simulated. And when this last finishing touch is put on the job is done and well done.

One thing more. The door has a hinge, and it is a spring type of hinge. When the spider sallies forth to forage he opens the door of his house wide open, and it remains open. The spring hinge in some manner is set with a hair trigger. And there is a reason.

The spider while preying upon flies and small insects knows only too well that he is ardently sought for by scorpion, centipede, road runner, sickelbill thrush and other enemies. Vigilance of the most eternal kind is the price of his life.

He must therefore keep his avenue of retreat open and his bridges in good order for a quick escape if the enemy presses too closely. It's a run for his life where every fraction of a second counts. When a long legged, fleet footed road runner spies him he must not tarry on the way. Through the thickest of the chaparral he takes his flight the better to impede or delay pursuit, and when the goal is reached, like the flash of an electric spark he has descended into his caisson, the door instantly closing snuggly upon him.

Now is the time that tries his soul. The road runner has seen his retreat, and at once sounds the ground with his sharp bill to break in and seize his prey. But it is of no use. The firm tough adobe resists the repeated blows of the horny bill of the bird and he goes to other pastures giving the spider a new lease of life.

Not content with all his provisions for safety, the spider must, like the hero of old, thrust his arm through the door fastening in lieu of a bar and hold his castle entrance against intrusion. Nests discovered and pried open with difficulty by a knife blade have disclosed the fact that the spider has thrust his arm or leg through slots in the door and wall and that the leg has actually been torn loose from his body in the forcible opening of the door.

It is impossible in a short sketch to do justice to the most wonderful of nature's engineers. Could one spare the time it would well repay a day spent with camera watching the egress and ingress of the little insect and studying its habits of life. As a caisson builder, an engineer of the first class, let the trapdoor spider be commended.

Eczema Salt Rheum.

Eczema or Salt Rheum, as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases. It manifests itself in little round blisters, which contain an extremely irritating fluid. These break and subsequently a crust or scale is formed.

The intense burning, itching and smarting, especially at night or when the part is exposed to any strong heat, are almost unbearable.

The pre-eminent success which Burdock Blood Bitters has met with in permanently curing a disease of such severity is due to its wonderful blood cleansing and purifying properties.

No other remedy has done, or can do, so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture, as our thousands of signed testimonials can testify to.

Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"For years I suffered with Salt Rheum. I tried a dozen different medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and before I had taken half a dozen doses I could see a change so I continued its use and now I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for your wonderful medicine."

For sale by all druggists and dealers.

Taste is Sure Stomach Guide

A Barometer Which Never Fails Though Seldom Believed

"Taste is the direct guide to the stomach; and the taste buds are connected by the nerves with the stomach itself, so that they represent its health or disorder. If the stomach or its juices are out of tone, the blood is fermented by a change in the alkaline or acid condition, and these reach the mouth both directly and indirectly.

"The taste buds are in the tongue, and are mounted by hairlike projections called papillae; they cover the surface of the tongue."

"When you taste these buds rise up and absorb the liquid; inform the nerves; the nerves tell the stomach, and the food is acceptable or not, just as the stomach feels."

The above remarks on taste comes from an eminent authority and simply explains why when one smells cooking or sees food one thinks he can eat, but when he tastes he learns the stomach is out of business.

To the person who cannot taste aright, who relishes no food and simply forces himself to eat, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets hold the secret of enjoyable eating, perfect digestion and renewed general health.

Most men wait until their stomachs are completely sickened before they think seriously of assisting nature.

When your taste for food is lost it is a certain sign the stomach needs attention. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure such stomachs. They restore sweetness of breath, renew gastric juices, enrich the blood and give the stomach the strength and rest necessary to general duty.

Forty thousand physicians use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and every druggist carries them in stock; price 50c. per box. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package free by mail. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

RUMFORD FALLS COUPLE NOT IN SUICIDE PACT

RUMFORD FALLS, Me, Jan. 24—The theory that Arthur Gleason and Mrs. Arthur G. Snow, whose deaths occurred on Friday of last week had entered into a suicide pact was dispelled among friends of the couple today owing to recent discoveries. Mrs. Snow committed suicide by drinking bichloride of mercury, according to the coroner's report, and from letters found among the woman's effects from her mother-in-law, Mrs. Henry Snow, and her little daughter in Pembroke, Mass., asking her to come home, it is believed she killed herself in a fit of despondency. Gleason died from the effects of wood alcohol. It is believed by his friends that he drunk this by mistake, thinking it was a stimulant. Gleason and Mrs. Snow, who were neighbors, had been friendly for some time, and when their deaths occurred at the same time, it was thought that the couple had entered into a suicide pact. Gleason was 28 years old and Mrs. Snow, who had been separated from her husband for some time, was 30 years of age.

YOUNG GIRL ASSAULTED AND MURDERED IN OHIO

Fifth Crime of This Nature Alarms the People of Dayton—Police are in the Dark.

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 24—Although two arrests were made today, the police practically admit that very little progress has been made toward solving the mystery surrounding the assault upon and murder of Mary Forschner, a fifteen year old girl, whose body was found in a shed near her home late last night.

The girl left her home on Ball Avenue about 6.15 o'clock last evening to take money to a bank to be deposited for her step-father, Chas. Geppert. The officers believe the girl did not go down town but was attacked in the immediate vicinity of her home. There was evidence of a struggle which covered a distance of nearly a hundred yards and ended in a vacant lot. The body was found in a shed on this lot, which is owned by Grafton Kennedy, by whom the dead girl's step-sister is said to be employed. The autopsy and other evidence, the police say, indicate that the girl first was attacked, that she fought and was struck on the head by a board. Evidently unconscious she was dragged to the vacant lot where she regained consciousness and where the struggle apparently was renewed. Finger marks on the girl's throat indicate that she then was choked into silence and submission which probably resulted in her death. The body then, the officials believe, was thrown in the shed across the street. Robbery did not enter into the assault as a possible motive, the officials think. The pocket-book containing the money was found near the scene.

Near midnight last night when Miss Forschner had not returned home, an investigation was made. Neighbors joined in the search. About two hours later the body was found in the shed.

The mysterious assault of Miss Forschner is the fifth of a similar character here in recent years which became the sensation of the city and country. Only on one intance has there been a conviction.

GOV'T SEEKING TO RECOVER LAND GRANTS

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 24. — The government yesterday filed thirty-five suits against the Oregon and California R. R. Company, the Southern Pacific Company, the present owners of the Oregon and California, and more than 100 other individuals and private corporations. These suits are to recover from the railroads and their grantees, who comprise the other defendants an aggregate of 353,288 acres of land within the "Old Oregon and California land grants" in this state. The lands are valued at over $15,000,000.

The suits, which were filed by B. B. Townsend, special assistant to the attorney general and are corollary to, but are entirely separate from the suit recently filed by the federal government against the Oregon and California and the Southern Pacific for cancellation of the patent to the grant on the alleged ground that the companies failed to dispose of the lands contained in them to bona fide settlers at the rate of $2.25 per acre. The present suit is for recovery from the grantees of railroads 353,288 acres which the government alleges it has sold to timber companies, lumber speculators and others.

CHAMBERLAIN BELIEVES HE IS GETTING BETTER

LONDON, Jan. 23—Joseph Chamberlain still clings to the belief that he will re-enter politics and resume the leadership of the movement for tariff reform, although his friends long ago gave up the hope of again seeing him in the arena. Mr. Chamberlain has announced to his constituents that he will again offer himself as a candidate from West Birmingham at the next general election, but he says he may have to ask to be excused from speaking during the contest. Mr. Chamberlain's family and friends encourage him in the belief that he is improving; but as a matter of fact his condition has remained practically without change for a year past.

PLANS FOR ANOTHER EAST BOSTON TUNNEL

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 23.—A bill providing for a new tunnel under Boston harbor between East Boston and Boston proper, to be constructed at a cost of $3,000,000, was filed in the house today. The bill authorizes the proposed Boston and Eastern Electric R. R. Company to construct such a tunnel for the use of its electric cars, the Boston terminal to be under Port Office Square The railroad is also authorized to construct such subways as may be necessary to connect its harbor tunnel with the tunnels and subways of the Boston Elevated R. R. The total cost of construction of the proposed railroad is to be $8,000,000.

A GUIDE SUICIDES.

AUBURN, Me., Jan. 24—Charles Webber, fifty years old, committed suicide early today by shooting himself in the head. He had been suffering from melancholia for about two years. In the hunting season he was employed as a guide and was well known among Boston and New York sportsmen. A widow and four children survive.

THE BEATIFICATION OF JOAN OF ARC

ROME, Jan. 24.—Many were present at the ceremony in the Hall of the Consistory this morning, at which the Pope read the decree approving the solemn beatification of Joan of Arc. The pope was surrounded by the lay and ecclesiastical court.

In his address the pope said that he was never so satisfied as when, through the help of God, he was able to raise to the altars those who, leaving on earth the perfume of their virtues, show with the assistance of the Almighty, the miracles of Heaven. His Holiness also took occasion to complain of the present condition of society, which, he said, is afflicted by unbelief.

FOUR CHILDREN BORN TO A FLORIST'S WIFE

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Mrs. Blackston, wife of Mr. W. T. Blackston, a gardner and florist of Goldsborough Road, Springfield Estate, Wandsworth, London, last week gave birth to four children. The first birth took place at 10 a. m. and the last at 7 o'clock the same night. They were then all living. The first died soon after the birth of the last, and the last lived till two o'clock the next morning, the other two dying meanwhile. The couple had been married eight years before they had any children, but in February a daughter was born to them and still lives. Mrs. Blackston, who is thirty-eight, was at first not expected to live, but subsequently a change for the better took place and she is now reported to be making satisfactory progress.

BRIEF DESPATCHES.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Jan. 25—Capt. Reo King, of Perth Amboy, N. J., who was overcome by coal gas in the cabin of the barge Boston, was reported to be recovering today.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Jan. 25—Mrs. Catherine Gray, who was assaulted and robbed in her store on Abbott St. Saturday morning, died at the Lawrence General Hospital this morning. She had been unconscious most of the time and was unable to give the police any description of her assailant who is at large.

SMYRNA, Jan. 25—The American battleship squadron sailed from here today for Negro Bay, Morocco, where the entire fleet will rendezvous prior to proceeding to Gibraltar. Ambassador Leishman, who has been here during the stay of the warships, returns to Constantinople tomorrow.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 25—Wm. H. Taft and Mrs. Taft and party including a small staff of distinguished civil engineers selected to inspect, with the President-elect, the Isthmian canal, sailed for Panama early today. The party will reach New Orleans on the return trip on Feb. 13.

FEBRUARY ROD AND GUN.

Varied in its contents, but redolent throughout of the many delights of the Canadian Winter, the February number of "Rod and Gun and Motor sports in Canada," published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont., brings with it the breeziness attached to this particular season of the year. The record of a fine snowshoe tramp, an Indian tale of a moose race on the ice, the story of a winter in Northern Ontario and an article on Snow blindness by Martin Hunter, an ex-Hudson Bay Factor, show how many sided are the beauties of the Canadian winter and how thoroughly the inhabitants of the Dominion appreciate and enjoy them. A fine illustrated account of the Qualification Climb of Mt. Hermit, in connection with the last meeting of the Alpine Club of Canada, is contributed by Mr. D. B. Taylor, who has been touring the west as representative of the Magazine since that event. It is evident from this article that the spirit of the mountains seized the writer and made him an enthusiast. One of the best papers written by Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, "Chief Canim Tikope of the Skagits," with the author's illustrations, tells of an old Indian chief out in Vancouver Island, who makes canoes with primitive tools and disposes of them at unheard of prices. Notes on the last deer season, a couple of grave indictments against the alleged inefficency of the Ontario Fish and Game Department, one of the Rev. A. Murdoch's capital hunting stories. Some Old Time Reminiscences of Old Ontario, intensely interesting as telling om pioneer days, and stories of camping and fishing trips, are some of the further papers making up a number strong in every departure of outdoor life with which the magazine deals. It is Canadian throughout, imbued with the spirit of the Dominion, and all good.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 25—No actual news yet has been received here of the earthquake which was recorded so extensively throughout Europe last Saturday. Apparently it occurred in the remote and thinly populated region of the Pamir, in Russian Turkestan, and that the effect was localized.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Jan. 25—Everything looking for the recovery of Paulin Cesik, 23 years old, who is at the House of Providence Hospital suffering from bullet wounds inflicted, it is alleged, by Joseph Picla, a rejected suitor on Friday night. It was expected that Picla's case would be called in court today.

LUBY'S

KEEP YOUR HAIR.
Don't let it fall out. Don't let it get dry, dull and gray. Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, restores hair to its natural shade; keeps it glossy and beautiful, and cures Dandruff. At all druggists. 50 cents per bottle.
R. J. DEVINS, Agent, Montreal.

PALATIAL OCEAN LINER SINKS AFTER COLLISION

(Continued from Page 7.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The palatial ocean steamer Republic of the White Star Line, which was in collision with the Italian liner Florida in a fog early Saturday morning off Nantucket, Mass., went down at last at half-past eight o'clock tonight. No one was lost. Her passengers, taken off many hours before, are on the steamship Baltic, which was off Sandy Hook late tonight, making for this port.

The Italian liner Florida, which ran into the Republic in the dense fog off Nantucket, Mass., early Saturday morning and gave her her death blow, is slowly steaming towards New York, convoyed by the American liner New York. Her passengers are also on the Baltic, having been transferred in the early hours of the morning along with those of the Republic.

No less than seven ocean liners—the Baltic, New York, Furnessia, La Lorraine and Lucania and the two crippled ships, Republic and Florida—are figuring in this stirring story. The 442 passengers of the Republic have undergone two transfers on the open sea, first to the crippled Florida on Saturday morning and again early today to the more commodious Baltic, which is bringing also the 900 and more passengers from the disabled Florida.

The French liner La Lorraine, the first of the many ships which participated in this remarkable marine accident, reached port today. She was 120 miles from the scene of the collision when her officers were informed of the Republic's plight by the Marconi operator at Siasconsett, Mass., early Saturday.

"C Q D," the ominous letters of the international sea code, indicating distress, had aroused the sleepy operator in his room on the French steamer and a few minutes later, came the words "Republic wrecked; wants assistance," followed by the latitude and longitude of the ships in distress.

"Tell them I am coming," responded Captain Edouard Tournier, when informed of the call for help, and for the next six hours he sent his big ship dashing through the fog at the dangerous speed of 20 knots an hour, which brought her to the scene shortly after noon. Then, and until night, La Lorraine steamed slowly about in the mist, searching for the water-logged Republic, whose bell could be plainly heard.

All this time La Lorraine was in wireless communication with the Baltic, which had also hastened to the aid of her sister-ship. Finally, as night was falling, the Baltic flashed a message to the Frenchmen that the endangered passengers of the stricken ship were safe aboard the Italian liner Florida. This, coupled with a request from the Baltic, to follow the Florida into New York, sent La Lorraine on her belated homeward way.

SHOWED SIGNS OF STRAIN.

Captain Tournier, who plainly showed signs of the strain and his long vigil, told the story of the search in simple language aboard his ship today. By his side stood Bour, the wireless man, who, no less than his captain, has been under a great strain.

"I had been on the bridge nearly all Friday night," said the captain, "because of the heavy fog. At seven in the morning, or a little before, I was handed the first wireless message telling of the Republic's distress. 'Tell them I am coming,' I said to the operator, and then I took my position as well as the fog would let me. I found that I was 120 miles from where the Republic had been rammed, and at once started full speed for the scene.

"Towards one in the afternoon we reached the vicinity of the wreck as known to us by the bearings—latitude 40.17, longitude 70 west—given us by the operator at Siasconsett, but the fog was so dense that nothing could be seen. We steamed in all directions—north, south, east and west. Meanwhile we had come very close to the Baltic, which we never actually saw, so thick was the fog. All this time I was constantly exchanging messages with her and I could hear not only her bell, but also another bell, which I took to be the Republic. I stayed in the vicinity for six hours, and then the Baltic sent me word that all the passengers were safe aboard the Florida, bund for New York, and asked me to follow her as she was in need of a convoy.

TRIED TO DO IT

"This I tried to do, as well as I could having only the Florida's whistle blasts to guide me. At about 6.30 I heard four blasts, which was the Florida's signal. I was going at slow speed and I steered in the direction from which the whistle came. I could not, however, locate the Florida in the fog, and I never heard from her again. I then stood in for New York.

"The Florida may have been anywhere from one to eleven miles away when I heard her whistle—I had no means of knowing for she carries no wireless outfit."

The only message received from the Republic by La Lorraine came directly after the latter ship had started for the scene of the collision. It came at 9.50 a. m. in response to a query: "Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position."

The answer was: "Position latitude 40.17; longitude 70 west. We are in fog."

REPEATEDLY SENT MESSAGES.

After this La Lorraine repeatedly sent messages to the Republic telling the distressed ship from time to time of the lessening distance between the searched for and the searching vessels. At 12.45, as she groped through the fog, La Lorraine flashed to the Republic: "Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight towards you. Also request him to make as much noise as possible to direct our steering because the fog is so thick."

The final message, which released La Lorraine from her fruitless search and sent her into port came from the Baltic at 6.40 p. m. It read:

"Republic says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have some one to stand by. She is blowing four blasts."

Early in the morning, when she started on her 120 mile dash, La Lorraine repeated the Siasconsett operator's message of distress to the Lucania of the Cunard line. If the Lucania replied La Lorraine failed to receive the answer.

570 FEET LONG.

The Republic was 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam, and had a draft of 24 feet. She registered 15,378 tons gross and was equipped with twin screws, giving her a speed of about 16 knots. She was fitted with a shingle funnel and with four masts. She had accommodations for 280 persons in her first cabin, 280 in the second cabin, while her steerage would hold several hundred passengers.

The hull of the Republic was extraordinarily strong and was of the cellular double bottom type. Her motive power was furnished by two sets of quadruple expansion engines, while she was also equipped with the auxiliary power machinery for the operation of her refrigerating, electric lighting and pumping systems.

The interior fittings of the steamer, while rich and ornate, were in good taste. The main dining saloon was located in a steel house on the awning deck, and the same house contained the greater portion of the first class staterooms. The second class passengers were given rooms on the deck below, while the steerage quarters were situated on the upper deck at the extreme after end of the steamer.

On her last trip to New York the Republic brought the first refugees from the Sicilian and Calabrian earthquake to land on American shores.

Today's collision is the second in which the Republic had figured within a little less than two years. On February 16, 1907, the Republic collided in the Bay of Naples, while entering port, with the Italian steamer Central America. At that time the Republic had on board 343 saloon passengers, none of whom was injured.

'YEGGS' SAID TO BE FROM BOSTON

Famous Forest Hills Cemetery Gang Operating in London

TWO KILLED

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The two Russian bandits who yesterday terrorized London in an attempt at highway robbery, when two persons were killed and twenty injured, are believed to be a portion of the gang of yeggmen who terrorized this vicinity last summer, and Chief Watts of the bureau of criminal investigation sent a long letter with photographs to Chief McNaughton of the Scotland Yard detective bureau. While one of the two bandits committed suicide, Chief Watts expressed the opinion today the survivor, identified as Paul Hefield of Riga, a sailor, is Chris Zelton, the leader of the local yeggs. Zelton is believed to have been the leader of the Jamaica Plain, Woburn and Methuen bandits, and he was traced as far as Baltimore, where he shipped as a sailor. He is known to have followed the sea previously to his outbreaks on Massachusetts soil. The methods employed by the London pair and the type of arms they used, with their attempts at escape and attempt at suicide to avoid capture, are identical with those of the Massachusetts outlaws.

Among the pictures sent to Scotland Yard by Chief Watts were those of Zelton and some of the other yeggmen taken in groups of gypsy moth hunters.

Last summer three yeggmen invaded a Jamaica Plain saloon for the purpose of robbery and in their desperation killed two men and wounded others. In a short time the large detail of police and armed citizens were in pursuit, keeping up a running fire with the bandits through the suburbs.

THREE MASTED VESSEL SINKS?

Report Reaches Boston of Disaster to Schooner Near Vineyard Haven

DOUBTS ARE CAST

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The sinking of an unknown three-masted schooner at the entrance to Vineyard Sound, between Gay Head and Cuttyhunk, is indicated in the report brought here by officers of the steamer Howard, from Norfolk, that they had passed three protruding masts and a flying jibboom while entering Vineyard Sound. Although the Howard was but a short distance from the place where the masts were sticking out of the water the dense fog prevented the discernment of any possible distinguishing marks.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Jan. 24.—The life savers at the Gay Head station, which is located but a short distance from the supposed scene of the sinking of the three-masted schooner reported to have been seen by the officers of the Howard, which arrived in Boston tonight, stated that they had not sighted the masts, nor did they have any information of the sinking of any schooner at the entrance to Vineyard Soud. It was explained, however, that the usually clear view across the Sound to Cuttyhunk has been obscured for the past few days by fog, and the schooner might have sunk without the life savers knowing of it.

Shipping men here were unable tonight to recall any three-master not reported which might have figured in a sinking. They thought it possible that the schooner was sunk in collision with another vessel and that her crew had possibly been taken off.

CONSERVATION COMMISSION

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The personal of the joint committee to represent the states and the federal government to make plans for further work for the conservatavation of the resources of the country has been announced by Gifford Pinchot. Six of the members are chairmen of State Conservation committees and three are members of the National Conservation Commission, besides the chairman, Mr. Pinchot and Secy. Thomas R. Shipp, of the National body. Among the representatives of state conservation committees are Prof. Frank W. Rane, Boston, Mass.

DON'T BLAME HER

For she cannot help it. Women are often cross, irritable, hysteric, and declare they are driven to distraction at the slightest provocation.

Men cannot understand why this should be so. To them it is a mystery because in nine times out of ten this condition is caused by a serious feminine derangement.

A remedy is necessary which acts directly upon the organs afflicted, restoring a healthy normal condition to the feminine system, which will quickly dispel all hysterical, nervous and irritable conditions. Such is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Henry Clark, Glandford Station, Ont., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years, and never found any medicine to compare with it for sick women.

"I had ulcers and a displacement of the female organs, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has cured me."

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.

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