

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The chorus is sung by millions.

—Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very poor hair. But I continued to use the Vigor until my hair greatly improved. My hair was I have used it off and on for the past ten years.—Mrs. M. DUMMOND, Newbury, N. H.



Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Very Proper. "Now, madam," said the photographer after expending about half an hour getting the lady ready to pose, "please look at me and smile sweetly."

Natural Sequence. Mrs. Jolliboy (to sick husband)—The doctor has arrived. Jolliboy—Then you had better telephone for the undertaker, my dear. Mrs. Jolliboy—Why, Tom, what do you mean? Jolliboy—Well, coming events cast their shadows before them, you know.

Helen Keller With a Rose. (Picture in January, 1905 Century.) Others may see the: I behold thee not; Yet most I think thee, beautiful blossom, mine: For I, who walk in shade, like Prosperpine— Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot— Seem by some tender miracle divine, When breathing thee, apart, To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I! Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek, Thon feelest all the voiceless things I speak, And to my yearning makest mute reply: Yet a more special good of thee I seek, For God who made—oh, kind!— Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the blind! —Florence Earle Coates in July Century

The Invisible Supply. Mr. Astorbill—I wish a genuine imported cigar. Boy—Very sorry, sir, but the boss is out. "I don't want the boss; I want an imported cigar. Haven't you any?" "Yes, sir; we've got two, but they're in the safe."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 67 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 28 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Exact Definitions. Young Hopeful—Father, what is a "traitor in politics"? This paper says Congressman Jaworsky is one. Veteran Politician—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one. Young Hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours? Veteran Politician—A convert, my son. —Boston Transcript.



MISS GENEVIVE MAY CATARRH OF STOMACH CURED BY PE-RU-NA

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes: "Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It is skillfully prepared. "I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition."—Genevive May.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR CATARRH OF STOMACH AND CONSUMPTION

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

The tantalizing third we beat the birds to bed at night And roared the roosters on the Day to greet the morning light The cannon, loaded weeks before, was "ready to salute; " "Captain," touched her off and shouted "Huzzah, fellows, accout!" But we, who scorned discretion, stood around the piece of ordnance, Each holding, if the captain felt to fill the glorious gap.

Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fathers faced the powder; Nor could their blunderbusses raise a racket nor could their bayonets ever draw a sword from sheath Than he who fired his crackers while he held them in his teeth? And, since nobody dared to "take a stump," I've often prayed A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's go to the per-rade!"

And then we heard the orator (though much against our will) Who said, "The blood our fathers bled, thank God! is bleeding still; He bled so long he greatly feared he never would run dry. And some one read "the grand old words," we really wondered why. But, heaven be praised! a monster gun was there to make a noise And a gallant life-and-drum corps under-stood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gaily forth at us, Till antiseptic enamel lined each boy's esophagus. All day, as long as all our wealth could afford to purchase the price, We chilled our ardent stomachs with canary-colored ice. How could that coal-tar dye compel the flavor of a dream? How could that starch of corn produce so heavenly a cream?

I wonder why The Day is never celebrated now. They try to celebrate it, but they plainly don't know how. And would I do it in the way we used to, if I could? Of course, I—well, no, come to think, I don't believe I would! You see, I'm just a human man and lack a boy's endurance. Nor do I want the company to pay my life insurance! —Edmund Vance Cook, in Puck.

OCEAN MEREDITH'S FOURTH

OCEAN MEREDITH had always lived in a large city. She was a patriotic lassie, and every year on the Fourth of July she used to decorate the house with flags, play "Yankee Doodle" and all manner of patriotic tunes on the old piano, and then, dressed in patriotic colors, with a flag in her hat, one planned to her dress and in one in her hand, go to some of the several celebrations of the day.

This year Ocean was away from the city, in a little town where it was quiet at noon that she used to be at midnight in her city home. Ocean rather liked it. She thought that when the procession went by on the Fourth of July she could see the whole of it, and not be crowded by so many hurrying people.

As Ocean became acquainted with the boys and girls in the little town she asked them what they did on the Fourth; but they were shy of the city girl, and she could not find out much about it.

The day before the holiday Ocean was very busy all day. "What are you up to, lassie?" asked her mother. "I'm getting all ready for to-morrow, mother."

"It will not be the same here, dear, that it was at home."

"But we're Americans, aren't we, mother? They'll celebrate, won't they?" "I suppose they will, child."

Ocean's home was on the principal street of the little town. When the little woke up on the morning of the Fourth, what should they see but flags waving from the four front windows of the Merediths' little cottage, the posts of the porch twined with bunting, and the red, white and blue wound about the trunks of the trees just within the paling fence. Before the morning dew was off the grass, there on the porch was Ocean herself, a sweet little vision in white, with red and blue ribbons in her hair and around her waist, and was waving her hand to the children who were passing children stared at her and at the house. She ran out to the gate several times, and peered eagerly up and down the street. There was not a flag in sight, nor a sound of life and drum. Then Ocean found her way tearfully to her busy mother's side.

"Don't you think, mother, if their grandfathers had been soldiers, and their brothers had belonged to the Volunteers, they'd celebrate?" "I think they would, Ocean, dear."

"Mother, may I celebrate?" Ocean's mother always let her little girl do anything that was right, so she said "Yes," and thought no more about it. In half an hour there stood before her a little soldier lassie, with a cap perched on her curls and a drum slung over her shoulder. "I'm going to celebrate, mother; I just can't stand it!"

"All right, sweetheart. Have as good a time as you can. Perhaps we can have a little picnic in the woods this afternoon."

The people of the town heard the sound of a drum, and peered out their doors. There, marching all alone through the dusty street, beating her drum as her brother had taught her, and singing "Hail! 'Round the Flag, Boys," was a little girl in white.

"For gracious sakes!" cried Tom Peterson, an old member of the Grand Army, coming out of his house to see. "What are you doing, little one?" Ocean saluted gravely. "I'm celebrating. Don't you know about the Fourth here? My grandfather was a soldier. My brother is one, too. I was watching for the procession, but it didn't come."

"So you thought you'd celebrate? Well, I think 'em here, wife!" Ocean walked while a woman in a sunbonnet came out. Then the man went into the house and came back with an old sife and a tattered flag.

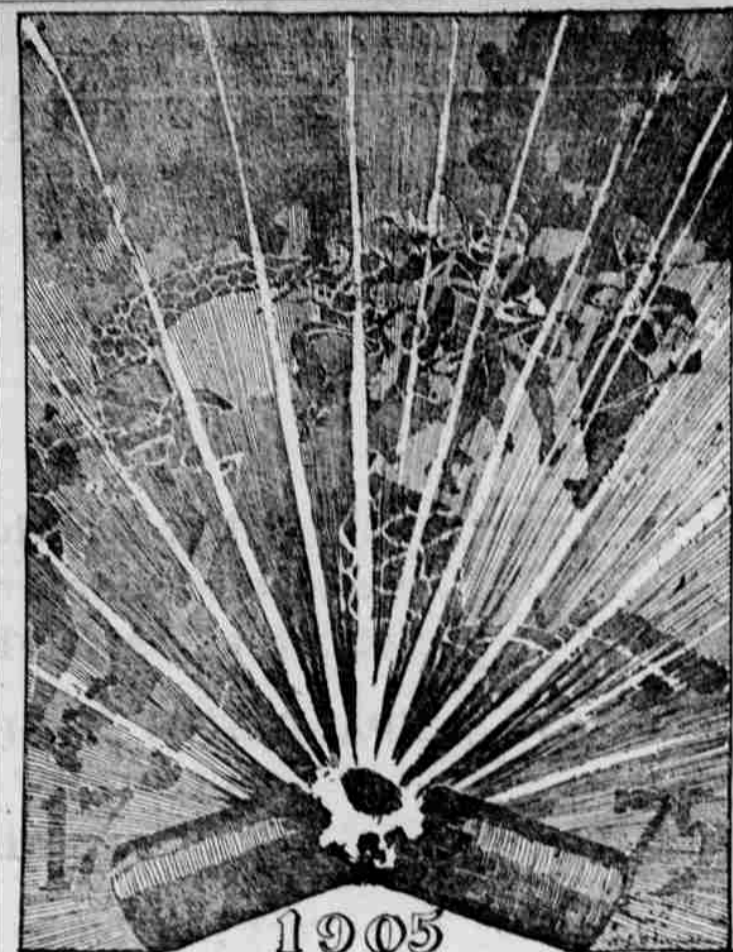
"I reckon your grandfather and me were comrades, little one. Suppose we go see your mother a bit. Then we'll celebrate some more."

Ocean's heart beat high as she walked by the old soldier's side back to her mother's gate.

"If you will let us have your little girl for a while, ma'am, we'll take care of her. Actually we've forgotten how to be patriotic in this town. There isn't a flag in town besides yours. It's a shame."

The next thing Ocean knew she was seated in state in a tiny bit of a carriage drawn by two ponies. In this, with her new friend beside her, she was taken from house to house. She hardly understood what was going on, but in a few hours her carriage, decorated with flags, led a good-sized procession of men and boys. There were nine old soldiers and their flags, sifes and drums. They were Ocean's bodyguard. The procession marched up and down the quiet streets, singing, drumming, cheering. People got out old flags and streamers. It was a splendid Fourth of July.

When the parade was hot and tired and weary, they stopped at Ocean's door, and there stood her mother with great pails of lemonade and a heaping



Why We Celebrate

COME here, son. Let's talk. You smell of powder and burning punk. That rag on your finger hides a burn. It is possible you will set fire to the house before the day is done. The one thing that seems good to you is noise—NOISE—in big letters, with an explosion every second and joyous whoops in between. Do you know what it is all about?

Do you know why thousands of tons of gunpowder are burned? Why 80,000,000 of people take a holiday? Why flags are flying, bands play "The Star Spangled Banner," and from the Florida Keys to the coast of Maine the folks feel a splendid burst of patriotism, and are glad that they belong to this beautiful country?

You don't just understand, and you are not to blame. We have a few men in the country who couldn't tell the President's name, and other men who have been so busy making money that they have forgotten the birth of freedom and the devotion, heroism and self-sacrifice that made it possible for the United States to become the first nation in the world.

Your great-granddaddy was a lad like you when the people decided to be free. They were governed by a king. He ruled a country he had never seen. He was not a good king. He oppressed the people. He would not read their petitions for justice. The Americans were no more to him than cattle. He was rich and big and powerful. He claimed, as kings do, that his right to rule came from God.

There were no millionaires in the United States then. Nearly everybody was poor and had to work. Very often many of them were hungry. Sometimes they were shot down by Indians while tilling their fields. Life in the country was hard, and cities were few and far between. The people didn't care about hardships. They were willing to go hungry, wear homespun and go without hundreds of things that we think we must have, but they would not be slaves.

They wanted to be free; to govern themselves; to make their own laws. They thought about it, they prayed about it, and one day they defied the king.

Then came war and suffering. It would make you cry to even think about it. There wasn't much money, powder, medicine, clothing. There was a world of courage. History has never known braver men than those Continental soldiers, who loved George Washington as you love your father, and left bloody footprints as they marched.

Sometimes they won battles, sometimes they lost them. Mothers mourned for dead husbands and sons. There were graves everywhere. There were traitors, too; and it took stout hearts to keep on fighting, when the odds were so great. "Liberty or death" was the cry. They meant it. They really were willing to die for their country. They were unselfish. They wore rags. They fought for love. They saw their homes burned and their possessions destroyed. And yet in the breasts of these men was a fire that couldn't be quenched. They fought with scythes and clubs and axes, as well as guns. When there were no cannon balls they shot stones, and they did not think that their homes, their money, their possessions, legs, arms, even their lives were too big a price to pay for liberty.

One day it was all over, because right was stronger than wrong. A nation was bleeding from a thousand wounds, but it was free. The people were no longer slaves of an unjust king, and America was what God intended men should make it—the land of the free, the home of the brave.

And that, son, is why we celebrate Independence Day. It is to mark the birth of liberty, to arouse love for the finest flag that was ever lifted by a breeze, to make you and millions more care more for your country; to make you remember the grandness of the men who died that you, too, might be free and share in the glories of a republic.

When you and the other millions of boys who are shooting firecrackers grow up to be men, pray that you will not forget; that you will be as true and loyal and brave and as unselfish as was that grand race of oaks that burst the shackles forged by a king over a century ago.

Get your firecrackers! Start the pinwheels, shout as loud as you can, let's celebrate hard, and when the smell of gunpowder is in the air, and fiery stars are gleaming, and the boom of cannon almost drowns the music of the band, we'll salute the flag that we love—that George Washington loved—because of the things that happened when your great-granddaddy was a little boy.—Cincinnati Post.

tray of cookies. You ought to have heard them cheer. They cheered the flag and George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the President, the Grand Army of the Republic—and last, but not least, they cheered dear little Ocean Meredith, whose patriotism waked them all up on the Fourth of July.—Farm and Fireside.

Pyrotechnology. "They're off in a bunch," said the sporty Red Light, as he saw a little fellow light a pack of firecrackers at once.

"Go chase yourself!" said the Pistol to the Nigger-Chaser. "Shoot the cap!" said a Piece of Punk to the Pistol.

"It's all up with us!" said the Sky-Rockets, as they went whizzing into the air.

"One good turn deserves another," chirped in the Pinwheel.

"You carry a big watch with you," smilingly spoke the giant Firecracker to the old Masket.

"I guess I'll powder and go off somewhere," croaked the vain little Firecracker.

"I don't care much for that Roman Candle; he's too sporty; he's got too many high-balls in him," said another.

"That's what I call light work," remarked a Torpedo, commenting on the boy who was setting off the fireworks.

"He's no match for me," whistled the Piece of Punk as he noticed the boy hopelessly searching through his pockets for a sulphur stick.

"You're full of hot air," slangily said some one to the Balloon.—Sunday Magazine.

Fourth of July in the Philippines. On the Fourth of July the Filipino "outcasts" the most patriotic Yankees that ever lived. He has taken the day to his heart, and he is as joyous over it as a boy over his first firecracker; and while perhaps he is yet a treacherous boy to the exact importance of the event in American history, he is perfectly clear on the subject of flags, and he is perfectly aware of the good times possible for a kid swiped all my fireworks! Another kid swiped all my fireworks!

QUEER STORIES

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The best language for making love is said to be the Manx, because it has twenty-seven ways in which to say "my sweetheart." The Irish language is a close second in the number of endearing terms, however, and has the added advantage that most of these words are extremely soft and euphonic.

A wondering tortoise has been recovered through the ingenuity of the sister of its owner, a boy living at Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire, England, who painted the lad's name and address on the animal's back.

After an absence of several weeks the tortoise, which was much prized, has just been sent home. It had traveled a distance of 14 miles.

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York, he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Col. George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretences.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which also never sleep.

The total coal production of the United States is now at the rate of one million tons per day, and the consumption of coal by railroads is equal to forty per cent of this, or four hundred thousand tons per day. The fuel bill of a railroad contributes about ten per cent of the total expense of operation and thirty to forty per cent of the total cost of running the locomotives. A locomotive will consume on an average of \$5,000 worth of coal per annum, and for a road having an equipment of one thousand locomotives the coal bill is approximately \$5,000,000.

In the summer of 1902, for the first time, the whirl of reaping machines was heard in the grain fields of the ancient land of Syria. The machines came from Chicago, and when a little later, a steam-thrashing machine, made in Indiana, was set to work in Coele-Syria, there was some excitement among the native farmers. Before the reapers appeared on the plain of Esdras, American windmills had been introduced, and later in the year a flour mill, with machinery and an off-motor engine from Indianapolis, began grinding wheat in Lebanon. So the year 1902 is a notable one in the advance of practical science over the old Bible lands.

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY.



The ancient hip roofed dwelling shown in the cut is still standing, although it is the birthplace of a man who was Washington's private secretary. It is in Portsmouth, N. H., and in 1790 Tobias Lear, who later became the amanuensis of the Father of His Country and the tutor of his two adopted children, was born in it. Tobias was liberally educated and was graduated from Harvard in 1783. He was so highly esteemed by the Washingtons that he remained with them for sixteen years, until the general died.

Following Instructions. A British officer, in his expense list on government service, put down, "Porter, 2d." The war office, in a verbose and high-flutin' letter, pointed out that refreshments, while in the execution of public duty, were not chargeable to the nation. The officer replied that the item did not represent refreshments, but a fee to a carrier. The office replied: "You should have put 'Porterage.'" The officer treasured the hint. Next time he had occasion to take a hackney coach he put down in his accounts, "Cabage, 2s."

The Boy. McCall—Who is that youngster? Merchant—Merely our new office boy.

McCall—Oh, I see. His face seemed familiar.

Merchant—Perhaps it is, but his manner is more so.—Philadelphia Press.

Washerwoman Honor Alexandra. Among the things most admired by Queen Alexandra upon her recent visit to Gibraltar were two wonderful triumphal arches of clothes baskets erected by the washerwomen of the town.

Good letter writers, the same as good conversationalists, have to exonerate occasionally.

The poorest thing you can offer a friend is an excuse.

THE BEST TONIC

When the system gets debilitated and in a run-down condition it needs a tonic and there has never been one discovered that is the equal of S. S. S. It is especially adapted for a systemic remedy, because it contains no strong minerals to derange the stomach and digestion, and affect the liver and bowels. It is made entirely of roots, herbs, and barks selected for their purifying and healing qualities, and possesses just the properties that are needed to restore to the body and possess robust health. When the blood becomes impure and clogged with waste matters and poisons the body does not receive sufficient nourishment and suffers from debility, weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of appetite, bad digestion, and many other disagreeable symptoms of a disordered blood circulation, and if it is not corrected some form of malignant fever or other dangerous disorder will follow. S. S. S. builds up the broken down constitution, clears the blood of all poisons and impurities and makes it strong and healthy. The nerves are restored to a limpid state, refreshing sleep is had again, the appetite returns and the whole system is toned up by this great remedy. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic and acts promptly in this run-down depleted condition of the system. Book on the blood and medical advice furnished by our physicians, without charge.

I have used your S. S. S. and found it to be an excellent tonic to build up the general health and give tone and strength to the system. I have used other things highly recommended, but S. S. S. did me more good than everything else combined. As to its tonic properties it gives a splendid appetite, refreshing sleep, and the system undergoes a general building up under its invigorating influence.

548 Woodland Ave., Warren, O. Mrs. KATE RICE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

An Off Day. Miss Newage—What was done at the New Woman's International Progressive Club today? Bachelor Girl—Nothing. You see, Mrs. Sweetie happened to come in with her baby, and before we all got through kissing the little cherub, it was time to adjourn.

Fixing Railroad Rates. Making railroad rates is like playing a game of checkers or chess. Communication to be benefited, producers, manufacturers or shippers to be aided, represent the pieces used. Every possible move is studied for its effect on the general result by skilled traffic managers. A false move in the making of freight rates may mean the ruin of a city, of a great manufacturing interest, of an agricultural community. Railroads strive to build up all these so that each may have an equal chance in the sharp competition of business. So sensitive to this rivalry are the railroads that in order to build up business along their lines they frequently allow the shipper to practically dictate rates. Rate making has been a matter of development; of mutual concessions for mutual benefit. That is why the railroads of the United States have voluntarily made freight rates so much lower in this country than they are on the government-owned and operated railways of Europe and Australia that they are now the lowest transportation rates in the world.

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ST. HELEN'S HALL

A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opens September 18, 1904

THE DAINY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and other insects that annoy the house, sleeping room, dining room, and places where flies are troublesome. It is safe and will not injure the furniture. Try them once and you will never be without them. Harold Somers, 100 South 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A STAR LED THE WISE MEN

Another STA is leading the wise men to the star. It's a first class. A waiting list is being made for the new STA. It is a most desirable and staying quality. Write for catalogue. Made since 1880. Best of the Mill made them see with picture of good work.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO. Portland, Oregon

Write for catalogue. Made since 1880. Best of the Mill made them see with picture of good work.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

Wonderful Home Treatment

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without the use of medicine which are given up to die. He cures all the diseases that are entirely unknown to the West.

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Gray Torpedo Craft. The British admiralty has decided that gray is the best all-around color for torpedo craft, and a change to it is to be made from black.

Female Enthusiast. Each evening now my good wife Fondly greets me at the door; And this query she prop