Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends." — MINNIE FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Turkeys Stuffed by Machine.

In England turkeys are generally sold according to the rule of weight per pound, price per pound. That is to say, if a bird weighs 12 pounds, it is sold at 24 cents per pound; if its weight is 14 pounds, at 28 cents per pound, and so on.

Naturally, all breeders endeavor to make their turkeys as plump and heavy as possible before sending them to market. Systems of fattening are extensively carried on among poultry farmers, turkeys being put into pens and fattened for a period varying from three to ten weeks, either by hand or with machine.

The machine mostly used for this purpose consists of a brass nozzle—which is inserted in the mouth of the bird—attached to a piece of India rubber tubing, and connected with a cylinder.

In this cylinder is a supply of liquid food, made of buckwheat or some other meal, milk, and a little fat, and it is so arranged that when a pedal is pressed by the foot a portion of the food, varying according to the stage of fattening—for it is increased in quantity each day until the process is completed—is injected through the tube and nozzle into the bird's crop.—Stray Stories.

Marketing Potato Crops.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale university in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad before the senate committee on interstate commerce. Nothing could better show how a railorad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad feright rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michiagn fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecontedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody eats potaotes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets then. The Boston & Maine railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine railroad had been subjected to governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

A Cutting Rejoinder.

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince, who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen.

Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed with two of its customs:

"All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed."

The baron, with smiling sang froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with a bland rejoinder:

"How fortunate you and I don't live there!"

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Who is the man in the automobile, with the rubber coat and goggles?"

"Why, he's the man who manages the machine, my boy."

"And who is the woman alongside of him?"

"Oh, that's the woman who manages the man."—Yonkers Statesman.

One-Sided.

"I am thinking of getting married."

"Indeed. And who is the lucky man?"

"I dunno. So far I haven't been able to induce any man to think the same way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Real Thing.

Young Lady—And were you ever boarded by a pirate, captain?

Captain—Only once, ma'am, an' that was at a seaside hotel. He charged me $7 a day for a hailroom on the sixth floor.

He Wasn't "Next."

Wife (reading)—Here's an account of a man who left home one evening after supper six months ago to get shaved, and he hasn't been seen since.

Husband—Huh! I suppose he is still waiting for his turn.

Truth Comes Out.

Mamma—Of course you said, "Oh, this is so sudden!" when Tom finally proposed.

Daughter—No; I fully intended to, but I was so excited I forgot and exclaimed, "At last!"

Timely Precaution.

The busy man was interviewing an applicant for the position of office boy.

"Is your grandmother living?" asked the busy man.

"No, sir," answered the youngster.

"That's good," continued the b. m. "You won't lose any time burying the old lady during the baseball season."

Sorrow of It.

Edyth—Cordelia is the most pessimistic girl I ever knew.

Mayme—Pessimistic?

Edyth—Yes. Why, ever since her engagement she has been worrying for fear she may not be able to have her own way after her marriage.

Dampening His Regeneration.

"Is your ma scolding your pa because he won't go to church?"

"No. Because he said he was going to Sunday school."

"That's funny."

"Yes. That pretty Miss Pinkly teaches my class and kisses all of us boys good-by every Sunday and pa said he was going to go with me regularly."

Willing Sacrifice.

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the poor but willing to be honest youth "I'll give you mine."

Anxiety.

"What makes Mrs. Joyner look so anxious?"

"She has gotten into a dreadful quarrel."

"About what?"

"The election of officers in her 'Don't Worry Club.'"—Washington Star.

A Rival.

"The old professor's one hobby is entomology. They say he's got the greatest collection of insects in the world."

"I don't know about that. Did you ever see my dog?"—Philadelphia Press.

Pleasing Looks.

Tess—So you have never seen her?

Dick—No. Is she good-looking?

Tess—In one way. That is, she's so plain that her looks are pleasing to all the other girls.

Gets What He Likes.

"Jones grumbles at cold weather?"

"Yes."

"And he grumbles at hot weather?"

"Yes."

"What does he like?"

"He likes to grumble."

Usual Thing.

"And do you find married life all you expected it to be?" asked the bachelor friend.

"More," replied the ex-bachelor. "I find it a whole lot of things I never even dreamed of."

A Jewel.

A young Philadelphia woman recently answered an advertisement for the position of dining-room girl and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. Before engaging her, however, she asked her some question about the work that she expected her to do.

"Suppose," said the mistress, "mind you, only suppose, that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen and by accident you should let it drop from the plate to the floor. What would you do in such a case?"

The girl looked at the lady square in the face for a moment and then asked, cautiously:

"Is this a private family or are there boarders?"

"This is a boarding house," replied the lady.

"Pick is up and put it back on the plate."

"You can start right away."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Literary Tragedy.

Of a lengthy production, entitled, "The Century's Song," the author writes:

"The poem represents the work of twenty of the best years of my life, but it has been declined by all the publishers, and I am now in poverty and despair."

No wonder. Twenty years on one poem! Just suppose he had been splitting rails, or sawing wood, at $1 a day, six days in the week, for that length of time!—Atlanta Constitution.

The Spider and the Fly.

"Well," said the spider to the fly who had acepted his invitation and walked into his parlor, "what do you think of it? Doesn't it remind you in some way of the old lines: 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive?'"—Detroit Tribune.

Where It Will Hit Him.

"Who is that husky man yonder, talking so loud and fiercely against the new canned goods trust?"

"He keeps a farm boarding house for summer boarders, where everything is grown on the farm."—Browning's Magazine.

Too Great a Strain.

"Where's the eggs?"

"What eggs, ma?"

"The eggs I sent you for. Didn't I tell you to get a dozen and not to forget to hurry back."

"Well, ma, I tried so hard to remember to hurry back that I forgot the eggs.—Omaha Bee.

Little, But, Oh, My.

"She bosses him, I hear."

"I should say she did boss him, and she's a little bit of a mite, too."

"Ah! just another case where the mite makes right."—Philadelphia Press.

Lately Acquired.

Jack—Was that your sister I saw you eating ice cream with last night?

Tom—She wasn't then. I didn't propose until later in the evening.

What He Found Out.

In the early morn the fresh city boarder met the rustic dairy maid carrying a couple of foaming milk pails.

"Ah, good morning, my dear," he said patronizingly. "How is the milkmaid?"

"Tain't made at all, kind sir," she said. "We takes it from th' cows."

Point of View.

"Justice," remarked the proverb dispenser, "is blind."

"Don't you believe it," rejoined the contrary person. "The scales are in her hand, not over her eyes."

Lost by Winning.

He—Clara Spooner lost her best friend last week.

She—Indeed! How did it happen?

He—She married him.

No Room to Retreat.

Mrs. De Style—Did you ever do any fighting at close quarters, major?

Major Wedderly—Sure. Most of my married life has been spent in a flat.

Profanity Allowed For.

If there was anything the late Senator Hoar disliked more than he did another it was profanity.

The story is told how much shocked the venerable Senator would be by the inflammatory interjections of a certain politician with whom he frequently was compelled to confer. But on all such occasions he would refrain from censuring the culprit except in the mildest manner.

One day when the politician came to the Senator's committee room on a subject of considerable importance Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him and remarked:

"Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question, we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

The Calliope.

"Ma," said Tommy Twaddles, as the circus parade went by. "You see that big thing that toots such loud music?"

"Yes, Tommy. That is the—"

"I know what it is. That's a Sound steamer."—Cleveland Leader.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Salvation.—Fellowship with Christ is emancipation. It is rescue. It is stature. It is salvation.—Rev. N. M. Waters, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Healthy Mind.—The religion of a healthy mind is simply the religion of childhood continued into nature life and glorified.—Rev. H. R. Rose, Episcopalian, Newark, N. J.

Profanity.—Strange as it may seem, to the best of my knowledge, there has never been a sermon preached in the United States on the subject of swearing.—Rev. W. E. Fetch, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Great Teacher.—Save Jesus alone, there never has been, and there never will be, a teacher to whom all the world turns at last in its longing quest for truth. Never.—Rev. R. J. Burdette, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

True Righteousness.—True righteousness is a gift; the pattern is in Christ and the power is in Christ. It is not ours, it is a gift and comes to us through Jesus Christ.—Rev. J. W. Cooper, Congregationalist, New York City.

Our Task.—A perfect engine is meant to do something in the world, and so are we if coupled to the task that God gives us. Some people don't want to pull, they want to be pulled.—Rev. M. W. Stryker, Methodist, Clinton, N. Y.

Forgiveness.—It is far more to pardon than to be avenged. It is part of the animal man to retaliate an injury. It is only God and the Son of God that have the magnanimity to forgive.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

Idlers.—It is the Christian's duty to train himself, to educate brain, hand, eye and tongue to be skillful at something. In this busy world we have no right to be idlers or to be useless.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Episcopalian, Nashville, Tenn.

Modern Sins.—So rapidly has our civilization advanced that there is a broad field of existence religion has not covered. There are many modern sins Christianity is only just beginning to condemn.—Rev. A. B. Hussey, Disciple, Baltimore, Md.

Reform Is Needed.—We need reform in the police department. We need better inspection of the commodities of life, from smoked air to adulterated milk. We need more vigorous enforcement of the law.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Absentees.—In any church the wealthy, influential and solid members are those who noticeably absent themselves from all but the morning church service; they fight shy of anything that smacks of a revival.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Refinement.—All our powers of mind and body must be trained to work harmoniously together for possible perfection in this life. Refinement is a factor of harmony; and fighting and suffering are essential to real refinement.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, Independent, Los Angeles, Cal.

Organization.—We are living in an age of organization and reorganizations. New societies are being formed all the while and older organizations are constantly improving their machinery. Methods of organization are therefore reduced to a science.—Rev. C. L. Palmer, Lutheran, Kingston, N. Y.

Money for the Church.—God throws down a challenge to us to bring the whole tithe into the storehouse; and He will pour out such a blessing upon us that we will not have room to receive it. God wants us to have enough faith in Him to risk our money in His hands.—Rev. H. Hezlep, Presbyterian, Hazleton, Pa.

Values.—We do not know what we are worth while we are young. That which we care for most may be of least worth to the world. Nature may allow that to perish to which we have given our chief effort, and may preserve that we consider nearly worthless.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver, Colo.

Waiting.—God has been waiting, and still waits, for men in the every day walks of life to be true to Him. Oh, men, that means you and that means me! God calls a few men to carry on great reforms. He calls all men to carry on a reform within their own lives.—Rev. F. F. Shannon, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Knowledge.—A man may have money and every material advantage and yet lack adaptation to acquire certain forms of knowledge. But the knowledge of Jesus Christ is available and attainable by all; none is incapacitated by lack of culture or money; it is free and accessible to all.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentleness.—In the culture of the heart we must lead on softly. I can no more believe that hard and cruel thoughts of God will be good for my children than I can believe in hard and cruel words and blows, and I have no doubt there are more so-called infidels made, and confirmed to that end, by fathers who thought they were doing God's service than there are of any other type. Such thoughts may be but theology to the father, but they are very often grim, hard, real biting torment to the tender child.—Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian, New York City.

The Artist's Hope.

"D'Auber is very careful of his canvases. His pride in them, of course, is quite fatherly—they're his offspring, as it were."

"Yes; but his fatherly interest leads to the hope that they'll all be hung."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Always.

Though a man may be a liar in half he Says, and at other times daffy;
Yet when he is dead
On the stone at his head,
What is this he is fed? Epitaffy.
—Cleveland Leader.

WILES OF THE HORSE TRADER.

Tricky Arts to Make Old Ones Young and Doctoring and "Doping."

Probably in no business are so many tricks and wiles practiced as in that of horse dealing. It is safe to affirm that thousands of horses are sold throughout the country every year under false conditions, and so skillful have "fakers" become that it takes a very clever and experienced man to detect the doctoring tricks of those who are anxious to sell a bad animal to the best advantage.

Perhaps the commonest of all faking or bishoping, as it is often called—a term derived from a man named Bishop, who during the eighteenth century obtained a great reputation for making old horses appear young—is in relation to a horse's teeth. At full age a horse has forty teeth, and not until the fifth year are they all visible. Six months later the "nippers" or front teeth become marked by a natural cavity and it is the presence or absence of these marks that certifies the animal's exact age.

As the horse gets older, these marks wear away, and it is then that the coper or faker sets to work to make fresh cavities, as found in a horse of the age he wishes to represent. The surface of the teeth is cut out with a steel tool and the black lining of the groove, which must be visible, burnt in with nitrate of silver or some other chemical. In this way horses which are often over 8 or 9 years of age are sold as 5-year-olds.

The age of a horse is often increased as well as reduced by means of faking the teeth. A 3-year-old will often be transformed into a 5-year-old by means of chiseling out the side milk teeth with which horses are furnished up to their third year, when they are supplanted by the permanent ones. The extraction of the former, of course, brings on the latter much quicker than would be the case in the natural order of things, thus making a horse appear much older than it really is.

There are various other things, however, besides the teeth, which give away the age of a horse and which have to be faked if the animal is to fetch a fair price. In old horses there is generally a certain cavity or depression of the skin in the forehead immediately above the eyes. This disfigurement is remedied by a process known as "puffing the glims." A fine-pointed blowpipe is introduced under the skin above the eye, through which the coper blows gently until the deep hollow is filled and is replaced by a perfectly smooth surface.

The faking of broken-winded horses is an art in itself, so to speak. It is generally accomplished by means of drugs, arsenic being chiefly used. The "coper" also pays strict attention to such an animal's diet previous to a show. If during the trial a horse is a little short-winded the owner will turn furiously upon the groom for giving his horse too much hay, when in all probability it has had nothing to eat or drink for hours.

The groom will thereupon explain how the animal got loose and ate a bushel of oats and half a truss of hay in the night and that he was afraid of losing his place if he said anything about it. This explanation will, in nine cases out of ten, satisfy the intending purchaser and remove any doubts which he might have had.

A singular dodge is resorted to by the "coper" when he comes into possession of a lame horse out of which he desires to make some profit. The method is called "beaning" and consists in making a horse which is lame, say, for instance, in the left fore foot, lame in the right one also.

Perhaps a small pebble is inserted between the shoe and the hoof of the latter foot, the pain of which causes the animal to limp with the right as well as the left leg, one thus counterbalancing the other and making it appear as though it was the horse's natural gait. In lieu of a small pebble a small iron wedge is sometimes driven underneath the foot corresponding with the lame one, thus causing both legs to go lame alike, which only gives the horse a different motion.

"Doping" is a term usually applied to the trick of making horses appear spirited and high-steppers by means of drugs or chemicals. An animal is often made to pick up its legs in the quick, nervous style of a thoroughbred by having the back tendons of the leg rubbed with turpentine, cow-itch and ammonia, which burns like fire and makes the animal prance with pain.

Occasionally, says a writer in the Boston Herald, the "coper" is successful in selling what is known as a "rogue" horse—one who resists all attempts to be put into harness. With a sharp razor the sides of the horse will be shaved in certain places, making it appear as though the animal was just out of harness and a thorough carriage horse.

The same performance will be gone through just below the withers, where the collar chafes, while, if the horse be a tricky one, chloral hydrate and opium will be administered. It is not until the unlucky purchaser tries to harness the horse to a carriage that he discovers the animal's temper and its unmanageable ways.

Headed Off by Eloquence.

It is generally difficult to find room for humor on the "field of honor," but the Washington Post succeeds in making the connection in a story of Senator Blackburn of Kentucky.

In the days of his youth Mr. Blackburn was asked by a friend to second a duel. He consented, and at the next sunrise the parties met at the appointed place.

It was Mr. Blackburn's duty to say the last words concerning the terms of the duel. One of the Senator's colleagues recently said at a Washington dinner that although Mr. Blackburn faithfully performed the duty, the duel never took place.

A murmur of "Why not?" went round the table at this remark.

"For a very simple reason," continued Mr. Blackburn's colleague. "When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel."

Seven out of ten married women have a look on their faces which seems to say: "If I had it to do over, I would think longer."

GOOD BLOOD TELLS ITS OWN STORY

And tells it eloquently in the bright eye, the supple, elastic movement, the smooth, soft skin, glowing with health, a body sound and well, an active brain, good appetite and digestion, refreshing sleep, energy to perform the duties and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. The blood is the most vital part of the body; every organ, muscle, tissue, nerve, sinew and bone is dependent on it for nourishment and strength, and as it circulates through the system, pure and strong, it furnishes to these different parts all the healthful qualities nature intended. When, from any cause, the blood becomes impure or diseased, it tells a different story, quite as forceful in its way. Itching, burning skin diseases, muddy, sallow complexions, disfiguring sores, boils, carbuncles, etc., show the presence, in the blood, of some foreign matter or poison. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison and Scrofula, are effects of a deeply poisoned blood circulation. These may either be inherited or acquired, but the seat of trouble is the same—the blood. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cleanses and purifies the circulation and makes it strong and clean. Under its purifying and tonic effects all poisons and impurities are expelled from the blood, the general health is built up, all disfiguring eruptions and blemishes disappear, the skin becomes soft and smooth and robust health blesses life. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice, free of charge. **SSS** THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lucky, Indeed.

"This is what I get for marrying a poet," pouted the tall brunette. "We are too poor to hire a girl, so I have to cook the beefsteak and onions."

"My dear girl," said the matron, whose husband is an editor, "you should be very proud."

"Proud of what?"

"That you should have found a poet who can really afford beefsteak and onions."

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Retort Courteous.

He—Girls are queer creatures—they marry the first fool who asks them, as a rule. I suppose you would do the same, wouldn't you?

She—Suppose you ask me and find out.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Yellow Art.

Tommy Figjam—Paw, whose picture is that feller there where you're readin'?"

Paw Figjam—Why, that's a half-tone of a second cousin of the step-brother of an aunt by second marriage of the foster sister of the chap who is suspected of being in possession of information as to who was an accomplice of the mysterious unknown who assisted in kidnaping Sloppy Sadie the Sad-Eyed Shop Girl." — Baltimore American.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Proper Word.

Clara—I was tempted to give her a piece of my mind, only I didn't want to make a scene.

Minnie—You mean, dear, you didn't want to make a production. That's the proper word nowadays.—Boston Transcript.

The Last Perry Expedition Survivor.

The newspapers chronicle the death, June 22d, of two members of the Perry expedition to Japan, 1853-54. The July Century contains the personal recollections of this expedition of John S. Sewall, who was a member of Commodore Perry's party, and who is probably the last survivor of the famous expedition.

His Hard Luck.

Brown—Jigsmith is anything but grateful to Dame Fortune.

Green—How's that?

Brown—He found a two-carat diamond in the gutter the other day, and what do you suppose he said?

Green—Give it up. What did he say?

Brown—"This is hard luck."

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Answered the Purpose.

The woman whistled at a car,
It stopped with sudden jerk;
Her whistle was a failure—but
Her face got in its work.

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