

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 in every way. I have used it off and on for the past ten years."—Mrs. M. DRUMMOND, Newark, N. J.

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

Full of Human Interest.
Naggus—What are you working at now, Borus?

Borus—I am writing a story in which there is neither hero nor heroine, no love making, no villain, no detective, and not a particle of plot.
Naggus—That ought to be interesting.
Borus—It ought to be more than that. I hope to make it touching and pathetic. It's a hard luck story, written for my landlord's exclusive perusal, and sets forth in detail the reasons why I shall have to ask him for another extension of time on my rent.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?
Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Advice from Artemus Ward.
A certain Southern railroad was in a wretched condition, and the trains were consequently run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus Ward, who was one of the passengers, remarked:
"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"
The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.
"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train; for you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, and what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"—Boston Herald.

Pleasant.
"Now, that it's all over, darling," said the delighted bridegroom, "I must confess I never expected to win you. Even now I can't understand why you married me."
"Well, George," said the Chicago bride, "I'll tell you. Some time ago a fortune teller told me that my second marriage would make me very happy and wealthy. So, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with."—Philadelphia Press.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Discouraging Him.
"Yes, he confessed that he loved me, but I tried to discourage him in every way I knew how. Once he dared to kiss me."
"And you screamed, Jeanette?"
"Well—er—not then, but I warned him that I would the next time. Then he kissed me again."
"Surely you called for help?"
"How could I when I was so startled? Presently he slipped his arm around me."
"And you drew away?"
"No, I nestled closer—er—that is—but really, dear, I tried to discourage him; yes, I tried hard."

PASSING OF CHINATOWN.

Nature Solved the Problem Which Has Puzzled San Francisco.
For many years the law abiding and decent element of San Francisco has urged the blotting out of its Chinatown. Nature has solved the problem. It was too involved for human solution, but the earthquake and the fire accomplished it so thoroughly that no doubt remains. There may never be another San Francisco Chinatown on the old site. When the new city rises out of the desolation which has fallen upon the old one there will be little to recall the alien, albeit alluring glimpse of Asiatic life that once stood out so vividly amid the rush and insistence of Western progress.

The earthquake and the fire revealed to the shuddering world the depth of the infamy that had found lodgment there. Thirty thousand Chinese inhabited this unsavory quarter, ten city blocks, only six squares from what was known as Newspaper corner. They had converted the frame buildings which covered the district into plague spots, in which they lived the strange, discordant lives of the Oriental lower classes. Their daily walk was fashioned after a pattern quite unknown to those of the West, and they gave allegiance to laws and customs entirely distinct from those of their near neighbors. For years they have been a mystery even to those whose business it was to know them intimately. They have defied successfully all the efforts



MARKET IN CHINATOWN.

of San Francisco's police force to find them out. It has taken nature to penetrate the mask, to make positive the dreadful suspicion.

When the high winds which came after the fire scattered the piles of ashes that covered the surface of Chinatown the mouths of numerous yawning tunnels were disclosed. The entrances to these subterranean passages had been concealed so carefully that the existence of a Chinatown underworld was not known to many San Franciscans. It is certain that very few white men have ever explored these underground lanes.

In this underground Chinatown hundreds of men and women went to their deaths yearly without an inkling of the manner of their taking off being known to the police. Some of the tunnels were 100 feet below the surface, and it was easy to conceal all evidences of crime committed in them. Members of the constantly warring gangs, or secret societies, who were slain left friends who sought revenge in these secret and far-away chambers of horror. Men who were suave and discreet Chinese merchants above ground conducted dens of infamy and slave markets in the lower regions. Gambling in its most depraved forms was the chief occupation.

It will never be known how many human beings perished in this underworld during the earthquake upheaval. It is certain that there were scores of men overcome by opium, women incarcerated in their noisome dungeons and helpless children who were overtaken



A VEGETABLE PEDDLER.

by the sudden tremor and the shock which tumbled the structures overhead into a shapeless dust heap. No attempt will be made to investigate the matter. The gaping mouths of the tunnels will be filled with earth, and further exploration of the subterranean plague spot will be left to future generations.

But the external Chinatown that has helped so unmistakably to make San Francisco one of the places which the traveling American must see will not be forgotten soon. It was one of the most unforgettable spots under the sun. It was the very treasure house of color. The tiny shops, both inside and out, were fairly ablaze. The decorations

were lavish and wholly Oriental, and the wares in them were even more than that. It was a strange and heatbenish aggregation—vases inwrought with fanciful pictures in gold and silver, carvings of ivory that rivaled the delicate



IN A SWELL RESTAURANT.

work of the patient Hindoo, grotesque moldings of bronze and figures of brass beaten with the cunning skill known only to the Cantonese. There were argosies of silk such as a queen might wear and lace that was fit to garnish it.

This San Francisco Chinatown was a complete city within itself. Its inhabitants acknowledged no allegiance to any other municipality and had no interest in the "foreign devils" outside that was not strictly commercial. They issued from their burrows in the early morning and went soberly in pursuit of their various callings of houseservants, laundrymen, vegetable and fruit peddlers and all the other things that they do so well, returning to their cramped and sin infested quarter at nightfall. There the real living day of Chinatown was just dawning, and the narrow lanes were beginning to gleam alluringly beneath the soft light of colored lanterns, and the shops, theaters, joss houses and restaurants were making ready for the daily harvest.

The old Chinatown will never be restored, writes G. H. Picard. The flat has already gone forth, and hereafter all Celestials in the vicinity of the Golden Gate will be urged to settle only at the southern extremity of the county on the bay shore, near Fort Mason.

WEARY WITH THEIR INCOME.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Would Prefer Thousands to Millions.
Mrs. John D. Rockefeller shrinks even more from personal notoriety than her



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

husband. Although she might easily spend \$5,000 a day if she chose, Mrs. Rockefeller does not spend \$50, and says that even to do that is a burden to her, says a Philadelphia newspaper.

She can't understand what in the world anybody should want with so much money as her husband possesses. "Every wish I have in life could be gratified with a fortune of \$100,000," she once said. "I don't care for more than \$100,000. Anything above that amount is merely a trouble and an annoyance."

Mrs. Rockefeller never goes to a theater, never rides in an automobile, or plays golf, or cards, or tennis. She has given up trying to spend her income, and says, wearily: "Take it away. Don't bother me with it."

Episcopal Approbation.

Bishop Meade of Virginia was opposed to the adornment of churches, and also to the adornment of the persons of his clergy.

"Good morning, Brother Brown!" he said to a young deacon. "Who curled your hair to-day?"

"The Lord," replied the young man, with offended dignity.

"Indeed!" said the bishop. "It is very well done."

The Early Eras.

In the early days of Christianity many styles of dating were in vogue, and eras were established with the announcement, the birth, the transfiguration, the ascension and other events in the history of Christ as starting points.



Knicker—Few girls keep up their music after they are married. Bocker—And yet some persons say that marriage is a failure.—New York Sun.

His Wife—Have you had a bad day, dear? The Financier—Yes, I lost over \$250,000. And the worst of it is that nearly \$100 of that was my own money!—Life.

Uncle—How do you like your employer? Tommy—I think he's bigoted. Uncle—In what way? Tommy—Well, he thinks dat words oughter be spelt his way all de time.

Molly—He is a student at one of the big colleges. Polly—Nonsense! He talked with us for an hour when he was here yesterday and never used a bit of slang.—Somerville Journal.

"Is it expensive sending your girls to college?" "I should say so! My wife takes advantage of their absence to dress about twenty years younger than she really is."—Brooklyn Life.

"This flower is strictly up-to-date," said the florist. "What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer. "Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is she pretty?" they asked of the young man who was speaking of his fiancée. "Well, I don't want to boast," he replied, "but she always gets a seat in a crowded street car."—Stray Stories.

If the sweet girl graduate of last June hasn't got a school or an engagement ring yet, it is high time for her to study shorthand and hustle around to get a job at typewriting.—Somerville Journal.

Ferd—Really, Patrick, I'd rather ride Stagers than take a spin in the touring car. The Groom—Sure, 'tis strange ye faie that way, sor, considerin' dat Stagers is ownly a wan-hoss-power boss.—Puck.

"He claims that he built the first passenger elevators used in this country." "Nonsense! The Mississippi steamboats were running and blowing up regularly long before he was born."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—Come now, Will, if you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Willie—No'm; I won't be good for less'n five cents. Mother—Why, you were good yesterday for a penny. Willie—I know, but yesterday was bargain day.—Philadelphia Press.

First Girl—What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella? Second Girl—I don't know whether to say "Ever yours, with truest love," or simply "Yours affectionately." You see, I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!—Tit-Bits.

"See here!" snapped the landlord, who had responded to the tenant's hurry call for a plumber, "I thought you said the water in your cellar was two feet deep. 'It's only a few inches.' "Well, that's as deep as my two feet," retorted the tenant, "and that's too much."

Clara—Did the papers notice your father at the great banquet? Johnny—Yes. Clara—Well, mamma said she could not see his name on the list. Johnny—No; but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.—Illustrated Bits.

Magistrate and M. P.—After mature and careful consideration of your case, I have come to the conclusion that you are a lazy, good-for-nothing rogue. May I ask if you ever earned a shilling in your life? Prisoner—Oh, yes, I have, yer 'onor. I voted fer yer 'onor once.—The Sketch.

Tom—Look at that crowd of women trying to get in that department store. Dick—Yes, it's a regular crush. Tom—But it's so early. Why, the doors aren't open yet. Dick—Yes, they're the women who followed the line of advice in the advertisement: "Come early and avoid the rush."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The desperate man, weary of life, opened an upper window in the skyscraper and threw himself out. He landed on top of a load of mattresses with which a teamster happened to be driving along at the moment. "Hang the luck!" he exclaimed, as he rose to him feet, shook himself, and found that he was practically uninjured. "I might have known this would be the result of jumping from the thirteenth floor!"

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighboring town entrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon. "It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied, promptly—"nothing in it at all." Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got on. "Oh, very well," was the reply. "I didn't have time to prepare any sermon, so I preached one of your unused sermons."

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