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.

No Mystery at All.

"Speaking of strange and unaccountable experiences," remarked the man with the bulbous nose, "I am reminded of one that happened to a friend of mine in the summer of '93, while he was at the Columbian exposition. He was in the Fine Arts building, looking at the picture they called 'Breaking Home Ties,' when he heard a voice behind him say distinctly, 'That's what is happening at your house, over on the west side.' He turned and looked to see who it was that spoke, and there was nobody near him."

"Is that all?" asked the man with the fishy eye.

"No; the strangest part is to come. When he went home in the evening he found that his youngest brother had eloped with the hired girl and gone to St. Louis. It had taken place, too, at the exact moment when he heard the voice. How do you explain that, I'd like to know? Was it telepathy? Or what was it?"

"H'umph! Who tells that story?"

"The man himself—Ike Stringham."

"O, Stringham tells it, does he? Why, you gourdhead, that's the explanation."—Chicago Tribune.

B-r-r-r!

In summer garb, and with new straw hat,
The commuter fared forth from his flat,
As chipper as you please.
Swiftly the "dummy" bore him to town—
But swifter dropped the mercury down
Some 25 degrees.

Uncle Allen.

"My boy," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks, "it is a mighty serious thing to be a young man these days, and to have to make your choice between Opportunity and Responsibility. That's where a lot of you go wrong."

Shedding More Information.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is a pronunciamento?

Mr. Chugwater—Pronouncing amen to anything you want to indorse. I should think you could tell that by looking at the word itself.

His Idea of a Joke.

"Jones has a queer sense of humor."

"Huh?"

"He married his dead wife's sister, you know. And now he refers to the deceased as his sister-in-law."—Cleveland Leader.

The Rome newspapers comment favorably on the scheme for the erection in that city of a monument to Shakspeare.

The dowager Duchess of Abercorn, aged 92, has 150 descendants.

Too Slow.

Sir John Franklin had made up his mind to discover the northwest passage.

"I can't wait forever for the Panama canal," he said.

Glancing at the latest dispatches from Washington and ascertaining, to his disgust, that there was another deadlock as to the question of the type of canal to be adopted, and that Senator Morgan was about to make another speech, he gave orders for the immediate fitting out of the expedition.

In the Sweet Subsequent.

Reporter—It's to be a quiet wedding, isn't it?

Prospective Bridegroom (prominent ward heeler)—Yes, sir; de weddin' 'll be quiet enough, but we're goin' to have de gol-whoppinest shivaree dat ever was pulled off in de precin't!"

Single Thought.

"I think," remarked Growells the other morning at breakfast, "I'll get a divorce."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. G, "and I wish you would get one for me while you are at it."

The new administration and jobbing house building erected by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. as a part of its mammoth manufacturing plant in Brockton, Mass., was dedicated June 19. The program included open house from 11 in the morning until 8 in the evening. There was a musical program and refreshments were served all day. Fifteen thousand invitations were sent out including over 11,000 retail dealers in the United States who handled the W. L. Douglas shoes. Mr. Douglas says that his three large factories, also the new building just dedicated, will always be open to inspection and visitors from everywhere will be welcome.

The new jobbing house just dedicated will enable hurry orders for Douglas shoes to be shipped the same day they are received. The new building is 260 feet long, 60 feet wide and two stories high. The jobbing department occupies the entire lower floor and the new offices of the Douglas Shoe company occupy the entire second floor. In the new building there will be special offices occupied by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies; also by the telephone companies and there is an elaborate mailing department. The completion of this new administration building marks the establishment of a modern, up-to-date wholesale jobbing house and office building.

Mr. Douglas has long considered the advisability of a jobbing house, not only for the purpose of supplying his own retail stores more readily, but that the 11,000 dealers throughout the United States handling the W. L. Douglas shoes might be able to obtain shoes for immediate use with greater facility.

The new building is said to be the most complete and convenient of any ever built for a commercial house in the United States, so were the expressions of appreciation by the many persons who visited it for inspection sincere and of a highly congratulatory nature. Architertural beauty as well as adaptability to the uses to which it is to be put has been the aim in construction, and the result is most satisfactory, to the visitor as well as the firm.

Reasonable Enough.

"And what are you going to do when you're a man?" asked the visitor.

"I've been thinking," replied the bright boy, "of starting an elephant farm in Virginia."

"An elephant farm?"

"Certainly. Why not? They raise peanuts there."—Philadelphia Ledger.

KC BAKING POWDER

is the wonderful raising powder of the Wave Circle. Thousands of women are bringing greater health and better food into their homes by using K C Baking Powder. Costs just one-third what you always pay. If you have never used it you don't know what you've missed. Don't wait! All grocers.

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WEALTH OF THE MOST HIGH.

By Rev. Henry F. Cope.

God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us.—Eph. 2:4.

Vigorously as we may protest against the sloth that substitutes analyses and speculations concerning deity for human duties and service, it is not well to lose sight of the fact that a man's character largely is influenced by his conception of the highest form of being he may know or imagine. The trend of a man's life is determined by that which he places highest in the heaven of his ideals.

Now it is better that a man should be a pagan, saying he has no god and looking out only on the world of nature, than that he should be molded by the philosophy of a universe ruled by a dour, crabbed hearted tyrant. For a man always will find things and thoughts sweet, fair, wholesome, elevating and broadening, moving to gratitude and sympathy, when he looks out on nature, on field, and sky; but only bigotry and bitterness can come from the life whose sky is darkened by the specter of a god of wrath.

They say that the devil's most happy delusion is the persuading of men that he is dead; rather, if there be a prince of darkness with any favorite message for men, that message well may be that the god of pettishness, animosity and cheap, theatrical sovereignty is still alive and controlling the destinies of men. It always has been easy to find crabbed souled theologians who would accept that picture as a portrait because it was the only one that could lie within their experiences.

But only a vision from on high could bring to our dull hearts the great and glorious fact of one who could love us all, whose heart affections pour out, rioting in wealth like the glowing sun of summer, who abounds in all that our hearts are hungry for, the things that seem in our world as the bread from some fairer, sinless land; love and sympathy, happiness and goodness, tenderness, kindness, peace and joy.

The men who argued the existence of a creator from the wonder of his works stopped short at the vital and only permanently persuasive part of their argument which would demonstrate the goodness and tender kindness, the overflowing wealth of the Creator's love as evidenced in a world so fair and full of beauty. Strange that we should think that he so ungrudgingly would give to all the things that delight our eyes and withhold from any all that for which hearts hunger.

All through the ages this great love has been seeking men. We, because we were like spoilt children, jealous, and desirous of keeping in the tiny channel of our affections the divine heart wealth, have decided his love could not be for all; he only could love the good—such as we are; he must hate the wayward, the light hearted, and all those who could not crowd their mind into our intellectual molds.

We were blind to the bountiful, limitless affection speaking through every upspringing blade and blossoming flower, through the earth's riot of unnecessary happiness, through singing voices of seers, through strange tear commanding thoughts on starry nights. We would not learn even from our lesser love, our affections as father and brothers. Strange blindness and deafness!

And when one voice spoke, a voice that still sounds clear above all others, when he talked of one who could love publicans and harlots, then men turned on him, saying, you have a devil!

Still we set up our false gods of selfish hearted philosophies. What wonder the world is hungry with a hunger that bounteous crops and tides of prosperity cannot assuage; it is hungry for the deep things of the spirit, for the impulses, aspirations, and affections, the uplift and comfort that flow from the heart of the infinite to all his children, for the water of the river of life. Would that we might lose the scales from our eyes and see how near and how good God is, how wondrous his wealth and open his hand.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

By Rev. John J. Donlan.

I beeseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called.—Eph. 4:1.

There is no metaphor which St. Paul more frequently uses than that referring to the faithful as temples of the living God. He says to the Corinthians, "Know you not that you are the temples of God and that the spirit of God dwells in you? The temple of God is holy, which you are."

Now God is everywhere present; all creation may be properly called his temple. Since the apostle particularly dignifies human creatures with this appellation we must, in a more elevated sense and in a more perfect manner, be His temples.

The "vessel of election" explains his meaning in his letter to the Romans. The charity of God is heard abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who is given to us. Hence the spirit of God adorns and beautifies our souls with an infinite variety of precious gifts and graces; and so the soul becomes a habitation in which He loves to dwell.

Christians, therefore, should be conscious of the dignity of their vocation, and, admitted as we are in a sense to a participation of the divine nature, we should rejoice in our pre-eminence and be watchful not to descend again by depravity to original vileness. Our vocation likewise demands that God alone be worshiped and adored in our souls. All our senses and faculties must bow down before Him. This exalted vocation has brought us into fellowship with Christ Jesus and has made us co-heirs with Him to God's eternal presence. This alliance with the Deity is so supereminent in dignity that the sacred penman seem unable to choose words to convey the great conception to our intellects.

"You are," says Peter, "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people." This is the consoling thought which supports us under pressure of human calamities. It is the only anchor on which our souls can secure rest amid the boisterous waves, the raging storms and tempests of this mortal life. If the vicissitudes of human affairs disturb us, if we cannot view with composure of soul the smile and frowns of fortune, it is clear that we are unmindful of our high calling. 'Tis our passions that disturb our repose and our passions are influenced by our loves.

"Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also." If we love the things of earth our souls are agitated and ruffled. We begin to repine at being thwarted in our inclinations, we become inpatient under disappointments and are harassed by alternate hopes and fears. If we keep God's temple perfect, our souls will resemble the heavens. The firmament is always pure and serene. Clouds, indeed, arise in the lower regions of the air which often intercept the rays of the sun and obscure the face of day, but they cannot affect the beauty or disturb the serenity of the firmament.

If we wish to derive comfort from our vocation, we must walk through life in a manner worthy of it. Let the knowledge which we possess of the nature of our creation be the grand principle of our conduct. Let it direct our steps, compose and purify our thoughts, calm our passions, fill all our conversations with goodness and charity and sanctify all our actions. Therefore, cleanse God's temple, search out the cracks and rents and repair these damages of earthly warfare. Each morning look forward on the day's duties and permit God's spirit to direct us to discharge them with propriety and honor.

Then will the light of faith be diffused over our souls and enable us to penetrate the hidden things of life, of God's wisdom. Then will divine hope compel us, even while on earth, to enjoy in a measure that happiness of which the plentitude is reserved for a future world. Then will heavenly charity become the ruling passion of our hearts and establish its domination in our souls. Then will it command and impel all our powers, ennoble our views, elevate our desires and purify our natures.

In this we shall recognize our vocation to be saints, as says St. Paul, and of our souls, His living temple, we shall hear the voice of the Most High declaring: "I have chosen and have sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually."

Short Meter Sermons.

Time amends a good many prayers.

Upright walking is the strongest talking.

A deaf heart soon makes a dead conscience.

Virtue is none the worse for a few vouchers.

The ruddy eyes do not get the rosiest outlook on life.

Hearts of gold do not come by setting the heart on gold.

No man is civilized until he has learned to live with himself.

The walls of the house of happiness are built of sacrifice.

The troubles we meet are as nothing compared to those we manufacture.

It's no use talking about the way you bear the cross if you're unduly anxious to get hold of the little end of the log.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM.

Many English Towns Now Largest Employers of Labor.

Our municipal authorities have evidently determined to act the part of universal providers. The new edition of the Municipal Year Book gives an amazing record of their activities, says the London Mail.

In many instances the local authorities are now the largest employers of labor. Thus the London City Council, in one department alone, employs not far short of 4,000 men.

The scope of the activity of the bouroughs is amazing. Merthyr Tydfil not only manages a municipal farm, but reports that "a good profit is earned each year." Brighton and Chester both own race courses to the benefit of the rates. One borough does a good trade in municipal fish manure.

Lincoln proudly boasts that it is part owner of a lunatic asylum. Colchester disposes of over 1,500,000 oysters a year from its municipal fishing beds. Kingston-on-Thames, the ancient borough, is willing to instruct school children in swimming at a penny a lesson. Hull owns a large share of a railway. Several boroughs boast of their municipal Turkish baths.

The up-to-date workman to-day lives in a municipal house, lit by the penny-in-the-slot municipal electric supply. His wife cooks her meals on municipal gas, and makes her tea with municipal water. The baby is reared on municipal sterilized milk and nursed in a municipal creche. The children go to a municipal school. The father rides to his municipal employment in a municipal electric car. He spends his Saturdays on a municipal racecourse, and has his weekly swim in a municipal bath; the wife at the same time doing her weekly laundry in the municipal washhouse. When they die they are buried in a municipal cemetery.

Does all this municipal acetivity pay? An analysis of the figures shows a remarkable variation of cost for the same work in different boroughs. London loses heavily by its council lodging houses; Glasgow, with lower rates, makes them yield a reasonable return. Manchester pays over £50,000 a year from its tramway profits for relief of rates, and places a still larger amount for depreciation. Oldham, despite the fact that it allows nothing for depreciation, shows a loss of over £4,000.

London comes out badly in comparison with the great northern and Midland boroughs. The estimated "municipal trading" balance sheet of the county council for the coming year reveals a loss of about £63,000. The Thames steamboats are largely accountable for this. Much of the housing policy of the county council has been, to say the least, unfortunate. The total loss for the last year on the building schemes of the council is given as £14,566.

DEFENSE OF NEW YORK.

How the Government Is Preparing for a Possible War.

"Very new and modern are the almost automatic and entirely impregnable coast-defense forts," writes M. C. Sullivan, in the Technical World magazine. "So modern, indeed, that the installation of comparatively few of them has been completed. But so complete is the confidence of all the experts in their inviolability that $50,000,000 is to be spent at once by the United States alone in the perfection of its coast defense. Of this amount, at least $1,000,000 will be expended at Forts Hamilton and Schuyler, guarding the harbor of New York.

"In coast defense work the first necessity is to be always prepared for attack—never to be caught napping. With this idea in view, small ships of a new type and great speed are being built for scouting purposes. Telephone systems, supplementing the telegraph, are being built along the whole coastline, each station connected with the nearest fortress. Coast guards and lookouts are being furnished with portable searchlights; and each observer will carry with him a portable telephone, the receiver clamped to his ear, so that he may be in constant touch with the officer in command of the fire-control station. More remarkable still is the flying 'periscope,' a scientific combination of telescope and camera, which will automatically take snapshots showing the details of everything visible on land and water within a distance of ten or even twenty miles.

"In practice it has been found possible to locate a target five or six miles away, make the necessary calculations, aim and fire a gun, and drop a shot exactly on the specified spot, all within three or four minutes."

Worth Big Money.

Yeast—The salary paid the head of one life insurance company is said to be greater than the combined salaries of the presidents of the fourteen leading universities in the United States.

Crimsonbeak—Well, it ought to be. The presidents of the fourteen leading universities don't have to lose a lot of time being investigated.—Yonkers Statesman.

A man throws himself at a woman's feet and a woman throws herself at a man's head.