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Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—Mrs. J. H. FIFTH, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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Darwin estimates that there are 100,000 earthworms quietly at work for the advantage of the upper six feet of every acre. They continually turn over the soil and drag down leaves and grass, and thus they loosen the soil and fertilize the ground, so that necessary air can reach the roots that spread and grow.

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

Fortune's Wheel.

"See that old chap?" remarked the clubman, pointing out the window to an old peddler, who carried a basket of shoe laces. "Well, he came to this country from Russia ten years ago. He borrowed some money to purchase a basket and began to peddle shoe laces. How much do you think he's worth to-day? Just make a guess."

Several large sums were mentioned expectantly.

"Wrong," said the clubman. "He isn't worth a cent and he still owes for the basket."—Puck.

Encouraging Him.

The Young Man (ardent, but bashful)—Miss Hope, I shall try to show you that I am not—er—so big a fool as I seem. You mustn't judge me by appearances.

The Young Woman—Certainly not, Mr. Wrightsott. You don't make your appearances here often enough for that.

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Protection of American Birds.

The movement for the protection of birds in America has long since assumed formidable proportions, says American Homes and Gardens. Much of the credit for the work accomplished is due to the Audubon societies, which exist in thirty-five States, and which for a number of years have carried on an active work for the conserving of bird life. The results accomplished are considerable. A "model law" drawn up by the American Ornithologists' union is now in force in thirty States and the District of Columbia. The Lacey law excludes from interstate commerce all birds killed illegally in any State, and makes those legitimately killed subject to the law of the State in which they are bought.

Laws prohibiting the sale of game out of season, even when killed in season, look toward the same end of conserving bird life. Public attention has been aroused on the subject, and even the manufacturer of air rifles no longer calls attention to the fact that they will kill small game within short distances. Absolute protection has not yet been given the birds everywhere, but a great and important work has been well begun and is being carried forward.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE CREAM.

Cottonseed Oil Used Instead of the Ordinary Ingredients.

"When Prof. Stillman of Stevens institute gave a dinner to two friends, at which most of the viands were made artificially by chemical means," writes Lawrence Perry in the Technical World magazine, "he had small idea of the furore his efforts would produce. But he has received hundreds of letters asking how different dishes were produced—so many that he has not had time to answer many of them."

"The chemical processes which he employed were some of them simple and some quite complicated. To make vanilla ice cream by artificial means, for instance, the alchemist took some triple refined cottonseed oil and placed it in a centrifugal machine which revolved at a velocity of 3,000 revolutions a minute. A beautiful emulsion was thereby produced, which was then frozen, chemically, of course. The flavor was obtained by the addition of vanilla, glucin and nitrobenzol. Above that ice cream composed as above is sold in many Southern States where cottonseed oil is more plentiful and consequently cheaper than milk or cream. It is far from harmful, tastes good and does not melt as quickly as the genuine ice."

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"Sell North End House!" cried poor Mr. Wade, in bewilderment. "Why, the carvings by Grinling Gibbons are the finest in the world."

"I can't help that," laughed Mr. Richard. "I want cash, and cash I must have."

"Then what do you propose doing, sir?"

"To buy my mother's life interest as provided, realize upon the property, and travel," said Mr. Richard.

"You amaze me, Richard. You confound me. Of course you can do as you please. But so sudden a determination. The old house—scattered—vases—coins—pictures—I—really— Well, it is your property, of course—and—and—and I wish you a very good morning!"

A knock at the door made Richard start. "Come in! What's that? Letters? Give them to me. He began to open his correspondence before his servant.

"When did this come?" asked Mr. Richard, holding out a letter more than usually disfigured with stampings.

"Lars night, sir. It's bin to 'Amstead, sir, and come down directed with the hothers." The angry glare of the black eyes induced him to add, "I 'ope there's nothing wrong, sir?"

"Nothing, you idiot!" burst out Mr. Richard, white with rage, "except that I should have had this instantly. Can't you see it's marked urgent? Can you read? Can you spell? There, that will do. No lies. Get out!"

Left to himself again, Mr. Richard walked hurriedly up and down the chamber, wiped his forehead and finally sat down and re-read the letter. It was short, but terribly to the purpose:

"The George Hotel, Plymouth.
"My Dear Jack—I have found you out, you see. Never mind just how at present. I know all about your proceedings, and unless Mr. Richard Devine receives his wife with due propriety, he'll find himself in the custody of the police. Telegraph, dear, to Mrs. Richard Devine at above address. Yours as ever, Jack,
SARAH."

The blow was unexpected and severe. It was hard, in the very high tide and flush of assured success, to be thus plucked back into the old bondage. Despite the affectionate tone of the letter, he knew the woman with whom he had to deal. For some furious minutes he sat motionless, gazing at the letter. He did not speak—men seldom do under such circumstances—but his thoughts ran in this fashion: "Here is this woman again! Just as I was congratulating myself on my freedom. How did she discover me? Small use asking that. What shall I do? I can do nothing. It is absurd to run away, for I shall be caught. Besides, I've no money. My account is overdrawn two thousand pounds. If I bolt at all, I must bolt at once—within twenty-four hours. Rich as I am, I don't suppose I could raise more than five thousand pounds in that time. These things take a day or two, say forty-eight hours. In forty-eight hours I could raise twenty thousand pounds, but forty-eight hours is too long. It's a bad job. However, she's not inclined to be gratuitously disagreeable. How lucky I never married again! I had better make terms and trust to fortune. After all, she's been a good friend to me. Poor Sally!—I might have rotted on Eaglehawk Neck, if it hadn't been for her. She is not a bad sort. Handsome woman, too. I may make it up with her. I shall have to sell off and go away, after all. It might be worse. I dare say the property's worth three hundred thousand pounds. Not bad for a start in America. And I may get rid of her yet. Yes, I must give in. Smithers! A telegraph form and a cab! Stay. Pack me a dressing bag; I shall have to go away for a day or so. I'd better see her myself."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Time rolled on, and some years after the escape of Rex, the office of commandant at Norfolk Island became vacant. It was offered to Maurice Frere, who, much against the wishes of his wife, accepted it. On his arrival he found Mr. North occupying the position of chaplain there, having been transferred from Port Arthur some time previously. He found also Rufus Dawes, who had been sent there by the authorities as a last resource.

Though the house of the commandant was comfortable and well furnished, and though, of necessity, all that was most hideous in the "discipline" of the place was hidden, the loathing with which Sylvia had approached the last and most dreaded abiding place of the elaborate convict system, under which it had been her misfortune to live, had not decreased. The sights and sounds of pain and punishment surrounded her. She could not look out of her windows without a shudder.

"I wish, Maurice, we had never come here," she said, piteously. "These unhappy men will do you some frightful injury one of these days."

"Stuff!" said her husband. "They've not the courage. I'd take the best man among them, and dare him to touch me. Jenkins, I say!" The convict servant entered. "Where is the charge book? I've told you always to have it ready for me. Why don't you do as you are told? Give me the book." Taking it and running his finger down the leaves, he commented on the list of offenses to which he would be called upon in the morning to mete out judgment.

"Miles Byrne, not walking fast

enough—We must enliven Mr. Byrne. Thomas Twist, haxing a pipe and striking a light. W. Barnes, not in place at muster; says he was 'washing himself'—I'll wash him! John Richards, missing muster and insolence. John Gateby, insolence and insubordination. James Hopkins, insolence. Rufus Dawes, gross insolence, refusing to work. Ah! we must look after you. You are a parson's man, are you? I'll break your spirit my man, or I'll—Sylvia! Your friend Dawes is doing credit to his bringing up."

"What do you mean?"

"That villain and reprobate, Dawes."

She interrupted him. "Maurice, I wish you would not use such language. You know I dislike it." She spoke coldly and sadly, as one who knows that remonstrance is vain, and is yet constrained to remonstrate.

"Oh, dear! My Lady Proper! How refined we are getting!"

"There, I did not mean to annoy you," said she, wearily. "Don't let us quarrel, for goodness' sake."

The insubordination of which Rufus Dawes had been guilty was insignificant. It was the custom of the newly felled constables of Captain Frere to enter the wards at night, armed with cutlasses, tramping about, and making a great noise. The men in Dawes' gang were often searched more than once in a night, searched going to work, searched at meals, searched going to prayers, searched coming out, and this in the roughest manner.

Now, Rufus Dawes, holding aloof, as was his custom, from the majority of his companions, had made one friend—if so mindless and battered an old wreck could be called a friend—Blind Mooney.

One of the many ways in which Rufus Dawes had obtained the affection of the old blind man was the gift of such fragments of tobacco as he had himself from time to time secured. Troke knew this; and on the evening in question hit upon an excellent plan. Admitting himself noiselessly into the boat shed, where the gang slept, he crept close to the sleeping Dawes, and counterfeiting Mooney's mumbling utterance, asked for "some tobacco." Rufus Dawes was but half awake, and Troke felt something put into his hand. He grasped Dawes' arm, and struck a light. He had got his man this time. Dawes had conveyed to his fancied friend a piece of tobacco almost as big as the top joint of his little finger.

One can understand the feelings of a man entrapped by such base means. Rufus Dawes no sooner saw the hated face of Warder Troke peering over his hammock than he sprang out, and, exerting to the utmost his powerful muscles, knocked Mr. Troke fairly off his legs into the arms of the incoming constables. A desperate struggle took place, at the end of which the convict, overpowered by numbers, was borne senseless to the cells, gagged and chained to the ring bolt on the bare flags. While in this condition he was savagely beaten by five or six constables. To this maimed and manacled rebel was the commandant ushered by Troke the next morning.

"Ha! ha! my man," said the commandant. "Here you are again, you see. How do you like this sort of thing?"

Dawes, glaring, makes no answer.

"You shall have fifty lashes, my man," said Frere. "We'll see how you'll feel then!"

The fifty were duly administered, and the commandant called the next day. The rebel was still mute. Frere gave him fifty more lashes, and sent him the next day to grind cayenne pepper. This was a punishment more dreaded by the convicts than any other. The pungent dust filled their eyes and lungs, causing them the most excruciating torments. For a man with a raw back the work was one continued agony. In four days Rufus Dawes, emaciated, blistered, blinded, broke down.

"Captain Frere, kill me at once!" he said.

"No fear," said the other, rejoiced at this proof of his power. "You've given in; that's all I wanted. Troke, take him to the hospital."

The next day Frere visited him, complimented him on his courage, and offered to make him a constable. Dawes turned his scarred back to his torturer, and resolutely declined to answer.

"I am afraid you have made an enemy of the commandant," said North the next day. "Why not accept his offer?"

Dawes cast on him a glance of quiet scorn. "And betray my mates? I'm not one of that sort."

North pityingly implored the stubborn mind to have mercy on the lacerated body, but without effect. His own wayward heart gave him the key to read the cipher of this man's life. "A noble nature ruined," said he to himself. "What is the secret of his history?"

One day this bond was drawn so close as to tug at both their heart strings. The chaplain had a flower in his coat. Dawes eyed it with hungry looks, and, as the clergyman was about to quit the room, said, "Mr. North, will you give me that rosebud?" North paused irresolutely, and, finally, as if after a struggle with himself, took it carefully from his button hole and placed it in the prisoner's brown, scarred hand. In another instant, Dawes believing himself alone, pressed the gift to his lips. North turned abruptly, and the eyes of the pair met. Dawes flushed crimson, but North turned white as death. Neither spoke, but each was drawn closer to the other,

since both had kissed the rosebud plucked by Sylvia's fingers.

Since the "tobacco trick," Mooney and Dawes had been placed in the new prison, together with a man named Bland, who had already twice failed to kill himself. When old Mooney lamented his hard case, Bland proposed that the three should put in practice a scheme in which two at least must succeed. The scheme was a desperate one, and attempted only in the last extremity. It was the custom of the "ring," however, to swear each of its members to carry out to the best of his ability this last invention of the convict disciplined mind, should two other members crave his assistance.

The scheme was simplicity itself. That evening, when the cell door was securely locked, and the absence of a visiting jailer might be counted upon for an hour at least, Bland produced a straw, and held it out to his companions. Dawes took it, and tearing it into unequal lengths, handed the fragments to Mooney.

"The longest is the one," said the blind man. "Come on, boys, and dip in the lucky bag."

It was evident that lots were to be drawn to determine to whom fortune would grant freedom. The men drew in silence, and then Bland and Dawes looked at each other. The prize had been left in the bag. Mooney—fortunate old fellow—retained the longest straw. Bland's hand shook as he compared notes with his companions. There was a moment's pause, during which the blank eye-balls of the blind man fiercely searched the gloom, as if in that awful moment they could penetrate it.

"I hold the shortest," said Dawes to Bland. "The tie that must do it."

"I'm glad of that," said Mooney.

Bland, seemingly terrified at the danger which fate had decreed that he should run, tore the fatal lot into fragments, and sat gnawing his knuckles in excess of abject terror. Mooney stretched himself out upon his plank bed. "Come on, mate," he said. Bland extended a shaking hand, and caught Rufus Dawes by the sleeve.

"You have more nerve than I. You do it."

"No, no," said Dawes, almost as pale as his companion. "I've run my chance fairly. 'Twas your own proposal."

The coward who, confident in his own luck, would seem to have fallen into the pit he had dug for others, sat rocking himself to and fro, holding his head in his hands.

"I can't do it," he whispered, lifting a white, wet face.

"What are you waiting for?" said fortunate Mooney. "Come on; I'm ready."

"I—I—thought you might like to—to—pray a bit," said Bland.

The notion seemed to sober the senses of the old man, exalted too fiercely by his good fortune.

"Ay!" he said. "Pray! A good thought!" And he knelt down, and, shutting his blind eyes—'twas as though he was dazzled by some strong light—unseen by his comrades, moved his lips silently.

It was quite dark now in the cell; but as Bland advanced his face was like a white mask floating upon the darkness. Dawes pressed his lucky comrade's hand, and withdrew to the furthest corner.

When Troke came in the morning, he saw what had occurred at a glance, and hastened to remove the corpse of the strangled Mooney.

"We drew lots," said Rufus Dawes, pointing to Bland, who crouched in the corner furthest from his victim, "and it fell upon him to do it. I'm the witness."

"They'll hang you all for that," said Troke.

"I hope so," said Rufus Dawes.

The scheme of escape hit upon by the convict intellect was simply this: Three men being together, lots were drawn to determine who should be murdered. The drawer of the longest straw was the "lucky" man. He was killed. The drawer of the next longest straw was the murderer. He was hanged. The unlucky one was the witness. He had, of course, an excellent chance of being hanged also, but his doom was not so certain, and he therefore looked upon himself as unfortunate.

(To be continued.)

Helping Him.

"I wish," said the bashful sultor, desperately, "I wish—that is, I would like—I'd give a good deal to know—to find out whether—whether you could care for me."

"Well," said the weary maiden, with thinly veiled sarcasm. "Of course, there's only one person to go to for such information—you must go to New York and consult a good clairvoyant."—Cleveland Leader.

Sufficient Reason.

Hoogley—Yes, I'm mighty glad I ain't got no children.

Pepprey—It's just as well.

Hoogley—Sure it is.

Pepprey—Yes, for in these days of free education they wouldn't be able to escape some knowledge of grammar, and they'd be forever correcting you.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Questions.

"I've got something important to do," said the practical young man, "and I just don't know how to go about it. I'd like you to help me."

"Yes?" replied Miss Pechis. "What is it you propose to do?"

"That's not the question. It's 'what is it you do to propose?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Cats can swim if they only care to exert themselves sufficiently. The ancient Egyptians used to fish with them on the Nile, according to the representations on walls, and so forth, that have come down to us.