

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair, so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.



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

Barren of Life.

If the two simple tests of gravitation and temperature be applied to the habitability of the planet Mars, for example, it will be seen that it is futile to discuss the kind of life that may exist upon Mars, for the reason that the physical conditions necessary for the existence of life are not present in that very interesting planetary neighbor that revolves around our sun between the orbit of Jupiter and the earth. It has been calculated that the temperature of Mars is too low to support metabolic change. In other words, Mars is too cold for life to exist upon it.

But even were this objection surmounted, the small mass of Mars would still stand in the way. It has been calculated that the mass of Mars is not great enough to exert an attractive power capable of holding the vapor of water to the surface of the planet. The vapor of water would fly off into space from Mars, as free hydrogen flies off into space from the earth. If this be true, there is no life on Mars.

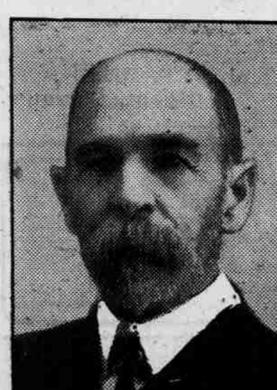
The other planets of the solar system are not seriously to be considered in this respect. If Jupiter is not yet cool; if Venus looks with but one face to the sun; if Saturn is a molten mass; if Mercury's temperature is above the boiling point, why imagine, then, that life of any kind can exist on these planets?—National Magazine.

And That's No Lie.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who asks questions on the installment plan. "Did I ever notice what?" asked the party of the dense part. "That the ball player who hits the most 'balls' at night always hits the fewest in the next day's game?" continued he of the prologue.

Last year 39,496 Swedes left their native land, most of them to make new homes in the United States.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows: "Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna. "I have been particularly benefitted by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack. "Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR... CONSUMPTION

Humorous

Passing It On.—Elise—There's a man at the door, ma, who says he wants to "see the boss of the house." Pa—Tell your mother. Ma (calling down stairs)—Tell Bridget.

Fashionable—First Lady—I'm taking four kinds of medicine. How many are you taking? Second Lady—Oh, medicines don't count. Operations are all the go now. I've had three.

How It Is Done.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "when one of the big battleships runs aground, how do they get it off?" "They pull it off with a tug of war," answered Mr. Chugwater.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne school girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."—Ex.

The "Swallow's" Home.—School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is? Bobby—I kin. School Teacher—Well, Bobby? Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummock.

Twins.—"Quite an interesting thing happened at Nupop's house last night." "There were two interesting things." "I only heard of one; the arrival of a son and heir. What was the other?" "The arrival of another son and heir."

Trying to Explain.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Cortotssel, "what is these negligay shirts I see advertised in the bargain sales?" "Well, they ain't quite so prim an' scratchy as a b'iled shirt—that is to say, a reg-lar hard-b'iled shirt. I reckon a negligay is what you might call a soft-b'iled shirt."

Good invention?—Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. It is a church contribution box. Friend—What good is that? Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and halves, quarters and dimes land on velvet, but the nickels and pennies drop on a Chinese gong.

Lamb Renewed.—The proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially, how long these animals had lived together, he answered: "Ten months; but the lamb has had to be renewed occasionally."

Beats Them All.—Singleton—Dr. Pellet is certainly the most absent-minded man I ever saw. Wedery—Is that so? Singleton—Yes; he was married last week, and during the ceremony, when he should have placed a ring on the bride's finger, he actually felt her pulse and asked her to put out her tongue.

Imperialism.—It happened at a meeting of club women, who were settling various complicated international, national and civic affairs with their usual facility. "Do you believe in imperialism?" asked the speaker. Mrs. Strongmind rose instantly. "In the family," she said, "I do." The applause was deafening.

Profitable Tree.—"No, sir," said Dr. Mixture, "I would not have that tree cut down for any money." "But you never get any fruit from it," argued Mr. Brown; "the boys steal all the apples from it before they are half ripe." "That's just it," replied the doctor with a benignant smile, "that tree brings me in a clear \$1,000 every year."

Reciprocity.—"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you fifty cents just the same." "What for?" "Well, sir, you charged me five dollars the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with 'em."

Sad-looking Man—I see you have a sign out, "Maker of Women's Habits." Do you mean it? Ladies Tailor—Certainly I do. Sad-looking Man—Well, since my wife's been going to the club she's lost all the good ones she had, and I wish you'd make her a complete new set regardless of expense. And please include the habit of staying at home once in a while and mending my clothes.

Always a Citizen.—He was very fond of traveling, and took great delight in lionizing different cities which he visited; but in one respect he was a stanch John Bull—no power on earth could persuade him that when he resided in Florence, for example, he could possibly be called a foreigner. "No, ma'am," he used to say, "the Italians are foreigners, but I am an Englishman!"

Uncle Gabe (addressing the crowd)—No, sub, gentlemen! The men in my family are men. Don't none of 'em write poetry as I know of. Young Gentleman Poet—What is your objection to men who write poetry, may I inquire? Uncle Gabe (surveying the anaemic questioner contemptuously)—You wouldn't understand 'em if I tole you, son. But hit's like peddling perfume fer a fivin', when a man might be plowin'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

American Petroleum Best. The Greek government has again ordered a considerable quantity of American petroleum. From time to time there have been complaints in regard to the Russian petroleum furnished of late by the monopoly, and it can not be denied that the American article is of a better quality.

Men who have no regard for their friends may be regarded as friendless.

THE HORNE OWL'S NEST.

In One Case a Crow's Nest, Only Slightly Remodeled, Was Used. Work had been going on all day in the sugar bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling-place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch-bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came up from the swamp.

Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree, and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Who-o-hoo-hoo-hoo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting-call of the great horned owl. The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the great horned owl. It was now the first week in March. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nest of the bobolink and meadow lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The boy stopped for lunch and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well, for, the spring before, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see what condition it was in after the storms of winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between fifty and sixty feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise when about thirty feet from the nest to see a great horned owl silently glide off and wing its way through the tree tops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the great horned owl had really used the old crows' nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodeled, and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the great horned owl is two, and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer-looking birds, seeming to be nearly all head and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest down.

The young birds grew very slowly, although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from twelve to fifteen days, and the woodcock, bob-white and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.—St. Nicholas.

GIPSIES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

Local authorities in England have had a lively time of late with a band of Macedonian Gipsies that, as a contributor to Smith's Weekly of London rather cynically puts it, landed on these hospitable shores to swell the merry ranks of unemployed.

First the Herts police turned them into Essex; then the Essex police turned them into Cambridgeshire; then the Cambridgeshire police hustled them along on their own account, and so on. I rather reckon this is exactly what the Macedonian or any other kind of Gipsy wants. All he doesn't much care about is to be kept long in the same place.

I remember when on the Continent last winter running against a party of Tziganes, or Gipsies, from Hungary, who had found themselves so harried by the police of Austria, Germany, and other countries, that they had been driven over into poor little Denmark, scores of them, wives, children, and all the rest, who passed the time of day stealing and telling fraudulent fortunes in languages understood by none of their customers.

But when they arrived at Copenhagen, thinking themselves in for a nice quiet time among the harmless Danes, they were surprised to be met at that station by a body of polite policemen. These officials escorted the Gipsies from the arrival platform, across the station to the departure platform, on which was waiting another train back to the German ferry boat. Into this train the gipsies were politely packed, and in half an hour were merrily steaming back again to Germany.

Germany in turn refused to land them, so the Gipsies spent many pleasant days and nights going to and fro on board the Baltic ferry steamers. What became of them finally I have no idea. They may be on those steamers to-day—unless, of course, Germany or Denmark kindly shipped them over to England.

When a woman can't think of any other way to get rid of her money she hunts up a dentist and gets her teeth renovated.

Some dramas might be improved by putting on the final act first.

In the German Army.

The noted soldier and historian, Theodore Ayrault Dodge, was educated in Berlin, and at a dinner party, apropos of German military discipline, he once said: "The German soldier must never appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must not, under any circumstances, wear civilian dress.

"Well, Swartz, a young lieutenant of cavalry, during my residence in Berlin was one day engaged in some adventure or other, and put on, to disguise himself, a suit of black cloth. Dressed in this suit, he was passing down an unfrequented street when he came face to face with his colonel.

"Detected in so grave a misdemeanor, Swartz proved himself the possessor of a resourceful mind. He said to the colonel in a bass voice, different from his own: "Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Swartz lives? I am his brother from the country and I have come on to pay him a visit."

"The colonel readily and politely gave the required information and passed on. "The lieutenant congratulated himself on his escape. He hurried home and put on his uniform. Duty late that afternoon called him before the colonel again. He saluted with confidence. The colonel regarded him oddly. "Lieutenant Swartz," he said, "I wish you'd tell your brother from the country that if he pays you another visit I'll put him in close confinement for ten days."

Who Owns the Railroads.

H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,174,718 depositors in savings banks of six eastern states are directly interested in the joint ownership of \$424,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold \$845,889,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 74 educational institutions depend on \$47,468,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other fiduciary institutions own enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars, about one-sixth of the entire capital invested in railroad property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, where investments are largely in railroad securities.

No Wonder.

"The speed limit," said the sad-faced man, "should be removed from automobiles."

"Do you own a machine?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"No," replied the gloomy party "I'm an undertaker."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

He Thought It Might Do.

When Patrick received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized. "He wants a pane o' windy-glass tin inches by fourteen," said Patrick one day, as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded. In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense.

"If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten." Patrick rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked: "He's in the great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan o' thim fourteen-by-tens, and if he turns it sideways and oppside down, there's not a sow! would know the difference."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allowed no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself. Columbus, Ohio.

VICTOR STUBBINS, Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

The latest and most fascinating method of teaching children to read is to put them at work on a typewriter.

Swollen Veins, Sprains, Strains and Weak Joints. Relieved and Cured with our Silk Elastic Stockings. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. WOODARD, CLARKE & CO. Portland, Oregon.

BEST BY TEST

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Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish Boston, U.S.A. TOWER'S FISH BRAND TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Canada. Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

Wonderful Home Treatment. This wonderful Chinese doctor is called because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, bark and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 50 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. He has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write to banks and mail. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 251 1/2-253 ALDER ST., PORTLAND, OREGON. 25c Mention paper.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50. THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER. W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD. \$10,000 REWARD to any one who can improve this statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. "The Best I Ever Wore." "I write to say that I have worn your \$3.50 shoe for the past few years, and find them the best I ever wore."—Rev. Frank T. Ripley, 608 East Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes. W. L. Douglas uses Corona Colton in his \$2.50 shoes. Corona Colton is considered to be the finest patent leather produced. Fast Color Eyelets will not wear drabby. W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. 25c extra prepay delivery. If you desire further information, write for illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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