

How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVIS C. KINGS, Plainfield, Conn.



Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

By the Hour.

In these days the rich and the poor both appreciate the services of the trained nurse, but until within a comparatively short time the more well-to-do member of society has not had the opportunity to enjoy one branch of her professional ministrations. Now, however, the hourly nurse is becoming an important member of society. Among the poor, says the Boston Transcript, the district nurse comes in by the day or hour, as the case demands; in the families of those in more comfortable circumstances, the ordinary trained nurse is usually engaged by the week, and she rarely cares to go for a shorter time.

The hourly nurse, who has had the same training, holds herself ready to answer calls at all times, for one, two, three or twenty-four hours, as the case may be. She assists doctors in minor operations, goes each day to change the dressings, and makes it easier for the family to care for the patient during the rest of the day.

Again, in these days of apartment-houses, there are many homes where it is inconvenient to have a nurse stay at the house. Here the hourly nurse is the right person in the right place. She comes for the necessary time, planning to meet the physician when he makes his visit, thus enabling the patient to have, at little expense, all requisite care, if not the luxury of constant attendance.

There are many aged people who are too feeble to take care of themselves. They do not need a trained nurse nor even an attendant all the time, but the assistance that a competent person can give them for an hour or two daily greatly adds to their comfort. New avenues of usefulness open for the hourly nurse in all directions.

In Italy the value of land is considered to be thirty-four times the annual rental.

PRINCE OF MISERS.

Incidents Which Illustrate the Meanness of Russell Sage.

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MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Pe-ru-na the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

"I suffered with a run down constitution for several months and feared that I would have to give up my work."

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Pe-ru-na. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."

Write Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

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OLD Favorites

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no, I can't tell what he lives, because he don't live, you see; Leastways he's got out of the habit of livin' like you and me.

Whar' have you been for the last three year?

That you haven't heard folks tell how Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks the night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers is pretty much alike—

One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, Another one here in Pike.

A keersless man in his talk was Jim, An awkward hand in a row,

But he never finked, and he never lied—I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, To treat his engine well,

Never be passed on the river, To mind the pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire— A thousand times he swore

He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank 'Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp, And her day come at last;

The Movastar was a better boat, But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed;

And so she come tarin' along that night— The oldest craft on the line—

With a nigger squat on her safety valve, And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar, And burnt a hole in the night;

And, quick as a flash, she turned and made For that willer bank on the right.

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out

Over all the infernal roar: 'Till hold her nozzle agin the bank 'Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard, And they all had trust in his cussedness,

And knowed he would keep his word; And, sure's you're born, they all got off

Afore the smokestacks fell— And Bludso's ghost went up alone

In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment I'd run my chance with Jim

'Longside of some pious gentlemen That wouldn't shook hands with him.

He seen his duty, a dead sure thing— And went for it thar and then;

And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard On a man that died for men.

—John Hay.

Story of a Woman Crusoe.

Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel Islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

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until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform.

The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for \$3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

"BOTHERATION PRIMUS."

Argumentative Youth Gave the Instructor Something to Think About.

The dignity of the old-time clergyman of a small town enwrapped him so entirely in the eyes of his people that jests concerning the follies of his youth were likely to be frowned upon rather than cherished. But of the college days of the estimable and much respected Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, Vermont, who was graduated from Princeton in 1786, N. N. Withington in a recent interesting article tells us that traditions still survive.

He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only proper hero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim.

His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.

"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

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"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

Hewitt—How many meals did you have on the voyage, Jewett—Gross or net?—Brooklyn Life.

"It seems Woody has discovered that he has a family tree." "Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."

"So the lawyers got most all the estate. Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."—Judge.

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon. Office boy—Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—Scraps.

Magistrate—You say your machine was beyond your control. Chauffeur—Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it the cop wouldn't have caught me.—New York Mail.

Poet—I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other. Editor—Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public.—Ex.

"George certainly is a man of action." "What has he done?" "Why, the very next day after the hearse accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry Club."

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood." "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."—Ex.

Kind lady—You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house. Homeless Holmes—Thanks, mum. I might bump right into it if you hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum.—Cleveland Leader.

Jones (to Brown, who has been relating his wonderful adventures in Russia)—And I suppose you visited the great steppes of Russia? Brown—I should rather think so. And walked up every blessed one of them on my hands and knees.

Office boy—Miss Keyes, please let me look at your face? Miss Keyes—What for? Office boy—Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine.—Chicago News.

The three-year-old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, where upon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

"What did you discuss at your library club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."—Ex.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Iberian visitor said to the clerk: "O! I want to tek out a pawlicy." "Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "Al three, O!m thinkin'," retorted the applicant; "O!m goin' fer a stoker in th' navy."—Puck.

Mrs. Younglove—Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient. Grocer—Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'. Mrs. Younglove—Oh, to be sure. Of course. I hadn't thought of that.—Chicago Record-Herald.

From Appearances.

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he exclaimed:

"O mamma, it hasn't any teeth! O mamma, it hasn't any hair!"

Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried, "Somebody has cheated us! It's an old baby."