

# When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

**The best kind of a testimonial—**  
"I had for over sixty years—"  
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

**Against Her Better Judgment.**  
"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"  
"Perhaps so, ma'am; what can I do for you?"  
"Don't your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"  
"I am competent to serve you, madam, if you will make known your wants."

"Don't they know you might poison some one?"  
"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"  
"I think I better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."  
"Well, you can give me a 2-cent stamp, but it don't look right."—Houston Post.

**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 inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a tendency to shut itself, and when it is shut, 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 you One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Didn't Mind the Machine.**  
"I hope," said the renter of room No. 1197, "that the rattle of the typewriters in my office doesn't annoy you."  
"No, sir, it does not," responded the crusty capitalist whose office was No. 1199; "but their gabble does annoy me exceedingly."—Chicago Tribune.

**To Break in New Shoes.**  
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen A. Unwin, Ltd., 16 Roy, N. Y.

**No Hope of Agreement.**  
"I am sorry to hear that Wrinkles and his wife can't live together in peace. There is too much obstinacy on both sides—that's the trouble, isn't it?"  
"Yes; he's a standpatter, and she's a standpointer."

**FITS**  
Dr. Voss' Dance and All Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, J. E. Hill, Architects, Philadelphia.

**Amending the Declaration.**  
"My friends," exclaimed the candidate, in a fine burst of disinterested patriotism, "I don't want this office if you think I am unworthy to fill it!"  
Here he stopped and took a drink of water.

"And I might add," he proceeded, "that my candidacy is not the result of any corrupt political bargain."  
"Yes, you might," interrupted an old farmer in the audience; "but if you did you'd be lyin' like Sam Hill!"

**Mothers will find Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children during the teething period.**

**Wanted to Know.**  
"I had a tramp for dinner to-day."  
"Is this some of him?" asked her husband, poking his fork into the meat rather suspiciously.—Houston Post.

**Speaking in All Candor.**  
Miss Peachley—Mr. Spoonamore, have I ever given you good reason to think I preferred you to other young men and wanted to marry you?  
Mr. Spoonamore—No, to tell the truth, you never have. I learn from the other fellows that you kiss them good night when they go away, the same as you do me.

**IN CONSTANT AGONY.**  
A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.  
W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took a my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# OLD Favorites

**Two Lovers.**  
Two lovers by a moss grown spring,  
They leaned soft cheeks together there;  
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.  
O, budding time!  
O, love's best prime!

Two, wedded, from the portal step,  
The bells made happy carolings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,  
White petals on the pathway slept,  
O, pure-eyed bride!  
O, tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent,  
Two hands above the breast were locked;  
These pressed each other while they rocked,  
Then watched a life that love had sent,  
O, solemn hour!  
O, hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;  
The red light fell above their knees,  
On heads that rose by slow degrees,  
Like buds upon the lily spire.  
O, patient life!  
O, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;  
The red light shone about their knees,  
But all the heads, by slow degrees,  
Had gone and left that lonely pair.  
O, voyage fast!  
O, vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor  
And made the space between them wide;  
They drew their chairs up side by side;  
The pale cheeks joined and said "once more."  
O, memories!  
O, past that is!  
—George Elliot.

**As a Beam O'er the Waters.**  
As a beam o'er the face of the waters  
may glow  
While the tide runs in darkness and cold-  
ness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm  
sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly  
to the white.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that  
throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and  
our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter  
can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction  
no sting—  
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-  
ment will stay,  
Like a dead, leafless branch in the sum-  
mer's bright ray;  
The beams of the warm sun play round  
it in vain,  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms  
not again.  
—Thomas Moore.

**WORLD'S SUPPLY OF PINS.**  
Complicated Machine Has Greatly  
Simplified the Manufacture.  
Though the demand for pins the world over is enormous, the mills of the United States practically supply the entire demand, says the New York Herald. Formerly pins were expensive, but now they cost a mere trifle. In 1905 the 75,000,000 people in the United States used 60,000,000 gross of common pins, which is equal to 4,500,000,000 pins, or an average of about 125 pins for every man, woman and child in the country. This is the highest average reached anywhere in the use of pins. Ten years ago we used only about seventy-two pins each.

In a single year the total number of pins manufactured in the United States was 68,880,290 gross. The total number of pins manufactured in the United States during 1900, the census year, was 68,880,290 gross. There are forty-three factories in all, with 2,353 employees. The business has grown rapidly during the last twenty years, for although there were forty factories in 1880 they produced only half as much, employed only about half the capital and only 1,977 hands.

There has been a considerable increase in the number of women and children employed in pin factories of late years, which is an indication that the machinery is being improved and simplified and that its operation does not require so high an order of mechanical skill. Hooks and eyes are a by-product of pinmaking and are produced at most of the factories from material that will not do for pins. The output of hooks and eyes in 1900 was 1,131,824 gross.

The automatic machines which turn out pins and hooks has minimized the cost of their manufacture till the cost is practically only that of the brass wire from which they are made. A single machine does the whole business. Coils of wire, hung upon reels, are passed into machines which cut them into proper length and they drop off into a receptacle and arrange themselves in the line of a slot formed of two bars. When they reach the lower end of the bars they are seized and pressed between two dies, which form the heads, and pass along into the grip of another steel instrument which points them by pressure. They are then dropped into a solution of sour beer, whitening as they go, to be cleaned, and then into a hot solution of tin, which is also kept revolving.

They here receive their bright coat of metal and are pushed along, killing time, until they have had an opportunity to harden, when they are dropped into a revolving barrel of bran and

sawdust, which cools and polishes them at the same time.  
America imported \$418,004 worth of ordinary needles, most of them from England, last year. Hairpins and safety pins and other kinds of pins are manufactured in a similar manner. We made 1,180,104 gross of hairpins in 1900. Both needles and hairpins are manufactured to a greater extent in Europe than plain pins. Safety pins, however, are decidedly American, and of these we make on an average 1,000,000 gross a year.

**INJURY TO WATCH FROM FALL.**  
**Moisture Bad for Timepieces—**  
**Breaking of a Spring.**  
"Do many persons allow their watches to fall?" recently asked a customer of a well-known jeweler.  
"Half of those brought in for repair have suffered in that way," was the reply: "It is the most frequent accident. Accidents of this kind happen most frequently to men, on account of their having the watch attached to a fob. The number of watches injured by falls increases when this fashion comes in, and it declines when the mode of attaching watches is in vogue. But there are many other ways of allowing watches to fall."

"Who handle their watches most carefully, men or women?"  
"I cannot say, but women are more accustomed to attach their watches to their clothing or to a chain worn around the neck, so that they are in less danger of falling."  
"How is it with children?"  
"Girls are more careful than boys, and their watches fall less frequently. Some boys will allow a watch to fall three or four times a day; others seem to play with it as with a football."

"Does a fall always harm a watch?"  
"Most assuredly, and a little fall may be as injurious as a great one. Moisture is very bad for a watch; at times it penetrates where it could scarcely be expected. More than once a careless father, who has allowed his child to play with his watch, finds that it begins to rust. The bread of the child has affected it, or perhaps it has been taken into the mouth. A frequent cause for repair is the breaking of the spring, which will happen to the most careful person."—Horological Review.

**Bridge Has Longest Span.**  
There is now under construction across the St. Lawrence at Quebec a cantilever bridge which when completed will contain the longest span of any bridge yet erected, not even excluding the great cantilevers of the Forth bridge in Scotland.

The structure is of the cantilever type, and consists of two approach spans of 210 feet each, two shore arms, each 500 feet in length, and a great central span, 1,800 feet in length. The total length of the bridge is 4,200 feet, and although in extreme dimensions it does not compare with the Forth of Forth bridge, which is about one mile in total length, it has the distinction of having the longest span in the world by ninety feet, the two cantilevers of the Forth bridge being each 1,710 feet in length.

The total width of the floor is eighty feet, and provision is made for a double-tracked railway, two roadways for vehicles and two sidewalks. In a cantilever of this magnitude the individual members are necessarily of huge proportions, the main posts, for instance, being 325 feet in length, and each weighing 750 tons.

**Spoke Apache.**  
"When I was serving my time as 'house' on the surgical side at Dunning," said an active physician, "the county sent a man over to us to have a badly cracked skull patched up. The patient's card was a blank except for the one detail of the injury. Just what nationality the man might be none of us could imagine. When we had lifted the piece of bone that was pressing on the brain he made an address ten minutes long, and not one word could anybody comprehend. During his recovery he must have been seen by 100 visitors first and last, and no one could understand a word he said. One day we had an army surgeon visiting us who was going to show us an operation that was his particular stunt. After the operation we showed him through the wards. As soon as he came near our convalescent mystery the patient began his customary address. You can imagine our surprise when the Colonel began to jabber back. It then was learned that our patient was an Apache, the jetsam of some Wild West or medicine show."

**How the Kaffir Smokes.**  
"The Kaffir smokes on his stomach," said a tobaccoist, "using the earth for a pipe. Tobacco is beilghated savage, when the tobacco hunger seizes him, selects a piece of clayey soil about a foot square, and puts a curved twig therein, so that both ends stick out. Then he builds a fire over the place, and when the fire has sufficiently hardened the clay, he draws out the twig, and a channel, a kind of pipe stem, is left. One end of the channel he hollows into a bowl. The other end is his mouth-piece. He puts his tobacco in the bowl, drops a live coal on top, and, lying down, falls to. The Kaffir sucks away vigorously, and very black and strong are the fumes that enter his large mouth. He will not use an ordinary pipe. He likes his own way of smoking best. He is, I suppose, the only smoker whose pipe is the earth."  
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The average man has more respect for a thief than a deadbeat. And thieves are not held in high esteem.  
Any man who is completely wrapped up in himself is a bundle of conceit.

# QUEER STORIES

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the great tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

A novel excuse for stealing was given in Bucharest the other day. A woman was charged with the larceny of twelve cases of silver. Said the judge: "Come, tell us the truth." Said the woman: "The truth, my good judge, is that I have not been able to resist the temptation. Consider, your Honor—they all bore my initials."

—Huge stone slabs suitable for sidewalk construction are seldom encountered in France, and asphalt walks are equally rare. The popular material is a cement block, which is cheap, durable and satisfactory. These blocks are made in a variety of shapes and colors, and in their more expensive forms are much used in interior work.

Professor Shipley, in a lecture at the Working Men's College, St. Pancras, dealt with the relation of flies to disease. In tropical lands the mosquito and tsetse fly were responsible for malaria and yellow fever, while at home he had no doubt the common house fly, by dropping into milk and food, caused much of the diarrhea suffered by children in summer, and thereby increased the infantile mortality.

The English papers tell a story of a simple minded curate who was invited to London to spend a week at a great house. The curate, ignorant of society, asked advice of a man of the world, who told him how he should conduct himself, and wound up with the words: "I think, too, you had better take a servant with you." "I will," said the curate, and in due time the poor fellow arrived at the residence of his host with some modest luggage and a housemaid.

There has been almost a revolution in Ellenhäusen, a little village near Göttingen, Germany, over an order forbidding any young, unmarried man to escort a young woman on the streets after dark. This order was the work of the deputy town clerk, who is not a ladies' man, and had been made the butt for ill natured jokes. He thought he saw an opportunity for revenge when the reins of power came temporarily into his hands. But his action has cost him his place.

The London milkmen have a cow whose function corresponds to the "Sitzredakteur," prison editor of the German press. When a milkman is arrested for selling below legal grade he is entitled to summon his cow to his defense and have her milked before the judge, and so prove that the poor milk was the cow's fault. Many milkmen have evaded fines in this way of late, and recently it was discovered that there was one cow which was famous for her bad milk that could be hired for court purposes.

**MODERN DEVIL-WORSHIP.**  
Grotesque and Horrible Practices Still Observed in Europe.  
Vance Thompson in Everybody's makes the following remarkable revelations:  
"The dark forces which science recognizes but does not define exercise marvelous attraction on minds of a certain order. In scores of temples they are worshipped under different names. I know a little temple in Bruges where the followers of Lucifer gather, and not far from the Pantheon in Paris there is an altar to Pandemon. This may seem grotesque; perhaps it is, but it is formidable.

"It need hardly be said that the rites wherewith Lucifer is worshipped are hid in much mystery. A couple of years ago I visited one of the 'chapels'; it was in the Rue Rochechouart. The black mass, which I have no desire to describe, was celebrated. It was Friday at 3 o'clock. Over the altar was a winged figure of Lucifer, amid flames; he trampled under foot a crocodile—symbol of the church. A few days ago I found the chapel closed. Only after patient research did I find the new abode of the Satanists. Their chapel now is in a great new apartment house at No. 22 Rue du Rouleau, within the shadow of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre. As of old, Satan is worshipped; every Friday the Luciferians gather. I could name many of them—men not unknown in the learned professions. Some of them have influence enough to secure, now and then, a right of midnight entry to the catacombs; there amid skulls and bones, with orgies I do not care to describe, they have worshipped the spirit of evil—calling upon Baphomet, upon Lucifer and Beelzebub and Ashtoroth and Molech, with cries and wailing hysteria. This attempt to re-establish the worship of the fallen archangel is, I think, the most remarkable manifestation of modern occultism."

**Staunch Affection.**  
"Are you sure that man truly loves your daughter?" asked the friend of the family.  
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he has heard her sing and speak nicely, and he wants to marry her anyhow."  
—Washington Star.

**The Other Side.**  
"Did you ever get into Brown's confidence?"  
"Oh, yes, it was costly, too."  
"What was costly?"  
"To get out."—Youkers Herald.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
**NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Recipe of **DR. J. C. AYER & CO.**  
Pumpkin Seed—  
Aloes—  
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Cinnamon—  
Ginger—  
Cayenne—  
Cassia—  
Cloves—  
Mace—  
Nutmeg—  
Peppermint—  
Sage—  
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Castor Oil—  
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A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
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**35 Doses—35 CENTS**  
**EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.**

# CASTORIA

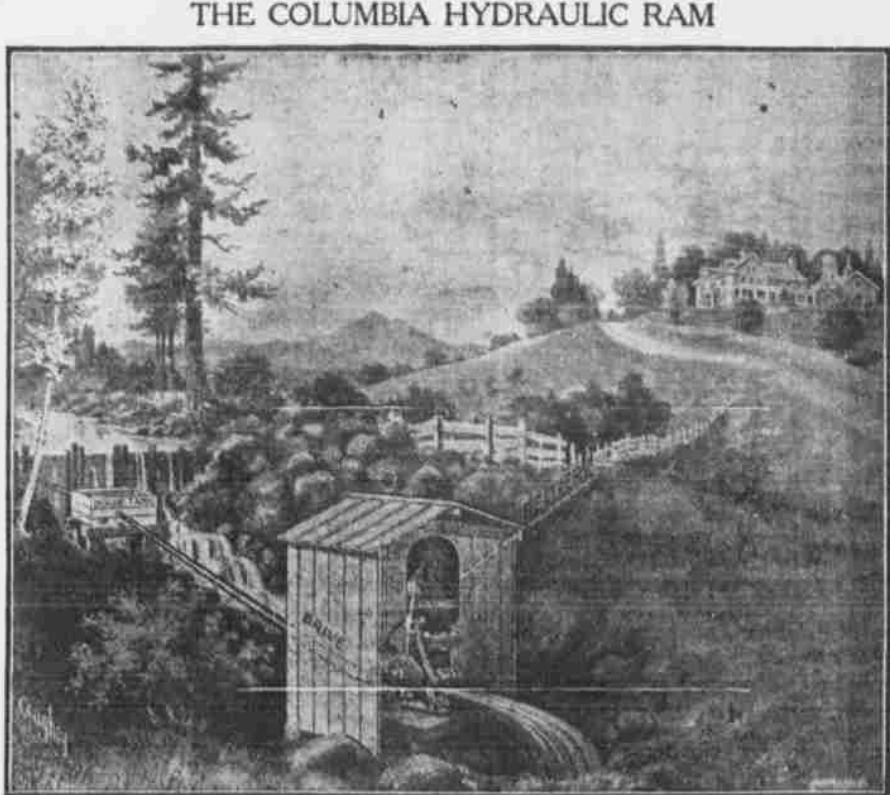
For Infants and Children.  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of**  
*Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.*  
**Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Daintily Expressed.**  
The author had been dragged fainting from a crowd of shoppers. "Almost like my last book," he murmured, recovering his senses.  
The listeners, being of delicate perception, knew then that the book had fallen dead from the press.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**The Genuine TOWER'S POMMEL SLICKER**  
HAS BEEN ADVERTISED AND SOLD FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.  
LIKE ALL TOWER'S WATERPROOF CLOTHING, IT IS MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS, IN BLACK OR YELLOW, FULLY GUARANTEED, AND SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
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