AS IN YOUTH

Ayer's Hair Vigor

CORDIALLY INDORSED.

RESTORES Natural Growth OF THE HAIR —WHEN ALL OTHER Dressings FAIL.

"I can cordially indorse Ayer's Hair Vigor, as one of the best preparations for the hair. When I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, all the front part of my head—about half of it—was bald. The use of only two bottles restored a natural growth, which still continues as in my youth. I tried several other dressings, but they all failed. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best."—Mrs. J. C. Preusser, Converse, Texas.

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PREPARED BY

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Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff Joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
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All Cattle Ailments,
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All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

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SLEEP.

Sleep is a forest dark.
From its boughs that rustle and sway
Float silently down the winged dreams
That vanish by day.

Sleep is a garden old
Wherein the dream flowers grow.
Its slumbrous poppies nod in the winds
That softly blow.

Sleep is a meadow green
Wherein the dream sheep roam.
See, one by one they cross the bars,
Nearing their home.

—Ella F. Mosby in Kate Field's Washington.

PROMISING.

In the early days of my university sojourn (it would be absurd to call it a career) I was considered promising. The provost himself, when I went to breakfast with him on the last day of the summer term, was good enough to tell me so.

"The college," he remarked, "expects great things from you, Mr. Vansittart."

"I wish, sir," I rejoined, "that the college may not be wrong."

"With a little more application," he pursued, "a first class is, in the opinion of the college, well within your reach."

I believe I blushed. The young lady sitting opposite to me flung up her eyelashes for a demure, amused glance.

The provost smiled kindly.

"Yes; you are a promising young man, Mr. Vansittart," said he. "God bless my soul! It's 10 o'clock, and the vice chancellor is waiting for me."

"Oh, papa!" said the young lady opposite to me.

The provost held out his hand. I clasped it. I believe that he supposed me to be going at the same time. He went. I remained.

"It is," I observed, with a profound sigh, "the last day of term."

"Yes," said the young lady.

"If," said I, "you were to come and unlock the gate at the bottom of your garden, I could reach my rooms that way."

"Would it be the shortest?" she asked.

"It will be much too short anyhow," said I.

A few minutes later I sat down on a bench. Daisy stopped, looked doubtful, shook her head, sat down. We pursued the conversation which we had begun as we came along.

"Papa would never hear of it," she said.

"I should not wish him to—just yet," I observed, "but when I've taken my degree"—

"That's two years off at least," she interrupted.

"What do you mean by 'at least?'" I asked, rather hurt.

"People don't always get things the first time they try."

"You're thinking of the first time I"—

"No; I'm not," she cried, blushing amazingly. "I meant you'd probably be plowed."

"I'm going to get a first," said I.

"Nonsense!" said Daisy.

I drew a little nearer.

"You read the article?" I asked. "The fellow showed quite plainly that it could be done on £300—with careful management, you know."

Daisy nodded sagaciously.

"And I don't see why I shouldn't have £300 in—well, in about three years."

I spoke as though three years were a moment of time.

"I shall be 20," mused Daisy in an awe-struck tone.

"It's not a bit too old," I cried.

"N-no; I suppose not," she conceded, "but it's a terribly long time, Dick."

A pause followed. I hammered my cap against the bench.

"It's a beast of a world," I burst out. "Why the deuce can't— There's the dean just got married!"

"The dean must be 40," observed Daisy.

"He says he's 29," and we both laughed. I happen to know now that the dean spoke the truth.

"Dick," said Daisy in a wistful tone, "I wish you were rich, like Mr. Franklin Ford."

"Ford's a beast," said I.

"I didn't say he wasn't that, Dick, but"—

"Of course if money's what you want"—

"You know I don't, but I suppose there is no harm in wishing that we"—

I recovered my good temper. I always did when she said "we."

"I can make as much as he's got," said I confidently.

"Oh, can you, Dick? How soon?"

I was not going to boast. Assuming a calm and wise air, I answered:

"By the time I am 30, anyhow."

Daisy's face fell woefully.

"Oh, 30!" she moaned. Then she turned to me, with a smile, saying:

"Never mind, Dick, dear. We shan't want quite as much. Why he's got £5,000 a year!"

"How do you know?"

"Mrs. Jackson told me so. Oh, what do you think, Dick? She said that if I liked I might—she said she was sure I might— Where are you going, Dick?"

"If you're only going to tell me what that wretched old woman says, I'm going back to my rooms. What did she say?"

"I won't talk about it, if you don't"—

"Oh, what did she say?"

"Oh, well, why—that Mr. Franklin Ford—you'll break the corner of your cap in a minute, Dick—only that Mr. Franklin Ford—there, I knew you would, your cap is in an awful state, Dick, so is your gown—only that Mr. Franklin Ford—oh, how stupid you are, Dick! You know perfectly well what she said!"

I flung the battered cap upon the bench, thrust my hands into my pockets, rested my chin on my necktie and stared moodily at my toes. There was a long pause. Presently I felt the lightest touch on my arm. I took no notice. The touch grew more insistent.

"Poor boy!" said Daisy. "Dick, I told her that I thought Mr. Ford horrid."

"Did you?" I cried, my hands flying from my pockets to—elsewhere.

"Yes, and she said I should know better as I got older. I don't see what she means. Of course I couldn't tell her about you, or she'd have seen that my getting older couldn't make any difference. Oh, Dick, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," said I soberly, for a look had passed in the blue eyes that seemed to me very wonderful.

Presently Daisy said in a low tone:

"I wish papa wouldn't insist on going abroad all the long vacation. He says he can work better there."

"What does he want to work for?" cried I.

"I don't know," said she. "Dick, why don't you come abroad?"

It was a bitter moment.

"I've got no money," said I, with defiant bluntness.

Her breath caught half way through a little laugh.

"Oh, you poor dear boy!" said she. "Never mind, Dick. It's only till October."

"Only!" said I in tones a Hamlet might be proud of.

"Will it seem very long?" she asked, drooping her lashes.

"As if you didn't know!"

"Yes—but, Dick, I may like to be told all the same, you know."

So I told her, and eons and eons of weary waiting rose before us at the bidding of my words.

"And in all that time," she said, "are you sure you won't forget? Oh, well, then I believe you won't. Think, Dick, what it will be when you come back! You must look out of your window all the first day—and perhaps I may come by."

"And look up?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps you'll have forgotten."

"Oh, Dick, that is horrid of you! I never forget my friends."

"Friends!" I echoed indignantly.

"Well, you know what I mean," said she indulgently.

As she spoke the great clock in the tower struck 11. She sprang to her feet.

"Don't go," I urged. "Daisy, it's the last time."

"Oh, but I must. So must you."

She seemed resolute.

"Well, then, before you go promise!" I urged.

"But I have promised. Well, then, yes. I promise, Dick."

"You'll think of no one else the whole time?"

"No; of no one else."

"Not of that fellow, Franklin F"—

"Dick, I told you I hated him. Aren't you going to promise too?"

The garden seemed peaceful and quiet. We sat down on the bench again for a moment—or it was meant to be a moment. But such moments are endowed from heaven with blessed elasticity. I think I promised for a full quarter of an hour.

Then, at a cry from Daisy, I looked up. A tall, stout man in gold spectacles stood looking down at us, a curious, only half unkind smile on his face. It was the provost. I felt crimson all over and sat speechless.

"Pray, what's the meaning of this, Mr. Vansittart?" he asked, the mixed smile still on his lips.

I looked at him in fright for an instant. Then a pride arose in me. I cleared my throat and began, "Sir, I am promising"—

The demon of irony raked up, in the provost's mind, the memory of his last words to me. Oh, that I had found another exordium for my heroic speech!

"Upon my word," said he, thrusting one hand into his cross cut trousers pocket and pulling at his whisker with the other, "you are promising, for your age, very promising, Mr. Vansittart."

The bubble was broken. Daisy hung her head. I was red and hot again.

"Very promising!" chuckled the provost, jingling the money in his pocket. "Very promising indeed!"

I could have struck him for his mocking iteration.

"Daisy, go indoors," said he, "and, Mr. Vansittart, may I lend you my key of the garden gate? Pray be so good as to return it to the porter."

He handed it to me, with a polite bow. Daisy was in retreat, hurrying in sad shame toward the house. I took the key.

"I meant it, sir," I stammered.

"You're a young fool," said he, and held out his hand.

"Yes, a young fool," he said again, as he shook hands. I went.

He stood, watching my exit. I looked back as I reached the gate. He was there still, and, behind him, in the porch, waved a handkerchief. I passed through the gate and locked it behind me.

And was the long vacation very long? And did I forget her in the "long?"

I am willing to answer, at any cost to my own character, all material questions. But that question is immaterial. For she forgot me in the long.

Dear me, I hope she's happy somewhere!

—Anthony Hope in Idler.

Hamilton's Thirteen Trees.

Over a century ago, on the upper west side, at a spot known as Fort George, but now a part of Harlem, Alexander Hamilton, whose breath was stopped by Aaron Burr's bullet, planted 13 trees within a radius of 13 square feet. Now they are sturdy oaks, and a splendid object lesson in forestry. Although planted on the knoll of an obscure hill, this bunch of timber attracts the attention of all who pass that way, whether they know its history or not. Like Hamilton was, these trees are now—namely, eccentric. One may face them from any angle, or any range of vision, and count them, but by some hocus pocus one is sure to miscalculate their number, invariably falling short at least one tree, a round dozen alone being visible.

In order to accurately count the trees in this big trunked maze one must scale the dilapidated fence surrounding the oaks and count them one by one, marking them in order to avoid a second error. You will then find that the unlucky number is there. Harlemites, who are acquainted with the mystery, frequently lay wagers with the uninitiated. After arousing a stranger's curiosity they eagerly bet him the beer, or something stronger, that he cannot count the Hamilton oaks correctly. They always win, of course. Then they take pride in telling the loser how to play the game on others and get even. Any native up that way will tell you that this little story isn't a romance.—New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

England's Southern Bird Visitor.

A Mediterranean bird, the beccafico, common on the southern shores of Italy and Spain, Sicily and Malta, in the Grecian islands, and on the northern shores of Africa, but until recent years quite unknown in the British isles, now regularly migrates to the neighborhood of Brighton, where a large orchard of fig trees was planted some time ago, and in these trees the bird greatly delights.

These little creatures discovered in some way the fact of this plantation of their favorite trees and have ever since come over to share the spoil. How did they hear the news? It is said that in this case the nightingales were the news distributers, telling the southern birds the story of the English figs and showing them the way over. However this may be, these little birds from the warm shores of the Mediterranean seem likely to become established as naturalized emigrants to the shores of this country.—London Saturday Journal.

Accommodating.

The late Dr. Dale would not be called "reverend," and he was made a D. D. in spite of himself. His pulpit dress was the reverse of clerical. There is on this matter a good story of him in the early days of his collegueship with John Angell James. The tale goes that he presented himself one Sunday morning in the vestry in a pair of light colored inexpressibles. "But," said Mr. James, who was himself a pattern of propriety, as he surveyed, horror stricken, the offending garment, "surely you are not going up into the pulpit in those things?" "Well," was the reply, "if you greatly desire it, I can go up without them."—New York Post.

AN ANCIENT SPANISH CITY.

Picturesque Toledo—Its Great Cathedral. Vestiges of Romans and Goths.

Toledo is probably the most historically interesting city in Spain. It is also one of the most picturesque in its situation and physical aspect. It stands on a height of some 300 feet above the surrounding plateau, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea. There is a jumble of rough granite hills thrown down, as though Milton's angels had engaged in a contest here. The Tagus, the largest river in Spain, seeks for its course to the sea among them. It tumbles through a narrow defile, which separates the most conspicuous of these hills from the others, flows on three sides of it with precipitous banks and several cataracts, and then pursues its way more peaceably to find the ocean at Lisbon, in Portugal.

On this detached rock Toledo is built. The river, with its steep bluffs, defends it on the east, the west and the south. Heavy walls and frowning castles guard it on the north. The two principal entrances cross the river by massive old bridges, fortified by towers, and zigzag to the summit of the rock. Inside the walls the streets are narrow and tortuous, the houses high and substantial. The inhabitants are true Castillans—grave, haughty, but civil. They speak the purest Spanish, a language courtly and ceremonious. To speak "en proprio Toledano" has been the test of the highest form of the language since the time of Cervantes.

In the heart of the city, which is the seat of the Spanish primate, towers the great cathedral, many churches and convents clustered about it. Half of these are now as silent as tombs. The population was once 200,000; it is now little more than a tenth of that number. Foreign invaders and domestic reformers have robbed the great religious city of its glory. Men like Cardinal Mendoza, "third king," with Ferdinand and Isabella, and Cardinal Ximenes, the active agent of the Inquisition, both of whom sleep here in peace, would scarcely know the theocratic city. Where were once 110 churches about half of them are closed and in a more or less ruinous condition. Only four hospitals are left out of 34. There were a university and four colleges. The great buildings in which they were royally housed are empty or converted to base uses. There were a score of convents, but the majority of them are empty.

The curious traveler in Toledo today finds the vestiges of the Romans and the Goths side by side with the creations of the Spanish Moors and the Spanish Christians. The city was taken by the Romans, being then a place of importance, 193 B. C. It has been supposed that many Jews took refuge here when Jerusalem was captured by Nebuchadnezzar. It is certain that when the Moors seized Toledo it was filled with Hebrews, who, having been oppressed by the Christianized Goths, took part against them. When the Gothic kingdom was consolidated, after the decline of Rome, Toledo was made its capital. The Goths improved and repaired the Roman bridges and walls. The Moors took the city in 714. The avenging Christians, under Alfonso VI, recaptured it in 1085, and Alfonso called himself "emperor of Toledo."

For several centuries, or until 1540, when Charles V found the air of Madrid favorable to his gouty and phlegmatic temperament, Toledo shared with Valladolid, Seville and Grenada the honor of being the capital of Spain. It still continues to be the religious capital.—From "Picturesque Toledo" in Boston Herald.

Fees on and Off Shipboard.

On all the large transatlantic steamers the room stewardess is entitled to and expects a fee of 10 shillings ($2.50) from each passenger upon whom she waits, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in an exhaustive article on "The Art of Traveling Abroad," in The Ladies' Home Journal. The dining room steward receives the same amount. If the passenger is ill most of the journey, and but seldom at table, then the fee of $2.50 should be given to the deck steward instead of the dining room steward. Where there is a party of ladies, three or four in one stateroom, a smaller amount may be given by each to the room servant.

On land fees are optional, but usual. One receives cheerful and competent service, and a sixpence (12 cents) is the largest fee expected for actual service. The railroad guards, who hold positions similar in rank to our American conductors, will accept and expect a fee if they reserve a compartment for the traveler. One shilling (25 cents) is the usual amount for such service.

The railroad porter will meet the traveler as her cab reaches the station, take her trunk upon his shoulder, her bags and boxes in the hand which he is not using in steadying the trunk, will go with her to the booking or ticket office while she purchases tickets, will proceed then to secure the labels for her destination, will label the baggage, and then carrying it out on to the platform will put it into the goods van of the carriage in which she herself gets. For all this he is given a sixpence.

Too Much of Everything.

It is Professor Nordau who says this old world is brain weary. It is tired out, and like the individual human being it has hysteria and is suffering all the anguish of nerve exhaustion, with its attendant depression of spirits. The tension of civilization is breaking down the heart and nervous system. Men fall by the way, and almost before they have crossed the threshold of middle life exhibit a decay that should only come at the appointed threescore and ten. Shock follows shock in this modern life, and there is no escaping them. It is as though a child had set some complicated machinery in motion and was incapable of stopping it.

Professor Nordau does not say it, but the secret of this fatigue of civilized humanity lies in having too much of everything—too much of pleasure, too much of maddening work, too much of emotion, which the moderns now cultivate as if it were another form of genius and a gift from heaven. And there is also too much wealth, too much poverty. If these crimes of civilization could be abolished, man wouldn't be so fatigued.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Didn't Like Ends.

Sailing vessels in the Australian trade frequently carry only one or two passengers, who share the saloon with the captain and chief officer. Aboard one vessel recently there was only one passenger, and the captain and mate generally contrived to get the most and best of what was on the table. One day there was a rolly poly pudding, with sweetmeats in the middle. "Do you like puddin ends, sir?" asked the captain.

"No, I don't like puddin ends, sir," said the guest.

"Well, me and my mate do," said the captain, cutting the pudding in two and putting one-half on the mate's plate and the other on his own.—Household Words.

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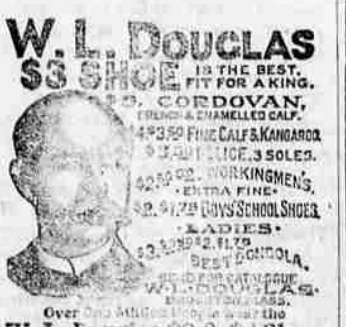

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Dated this 23rd day of May, 1895.

JAMES PARKER, Executor.

BILYEU & YOUNG, Attys.

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