

Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It serves me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."—Miss MAGGIE COOK, Divide, W. Va.

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

Restless Infants.

First Baby (to itself)—I wish mamma an' papa wouldn't wake me up a tissin' each other.

Last Baby (years later)—I wish mamma an' papa wouldn't wake me up a jawin' at each other.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

Too "Bossy."

She—You don't love me as you used to. Before we were married you considered me absolutely perfect—

He—Yes, and now you're perfectly absolute.—Philadelphia Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Asked and Answered.

"What is the average weight of women?" asked the typewriter boarder.

"The average wait of women," answered the bachelor dentist, "is until they are asked to marry."

For forty years' Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second.

MALARIA A Poison Breathed into the System

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever," but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it.

SSS
S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alterative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

To Prognosticate Storms.

By means of a delicate instrument called the ceranograph, Rev. Frederick L. Odersbach, professor of chemistry in St. Ignatius' College, in Cleveland, Ohio, is able to foretell many hours the numerous summer storms which come up, often on bright, warm, clear days, with startling rapidity, and with dire results to the small craft along the sea coast and on inland waters.

The action of the ceranograph is simple and easily understood by any one acquainted with an ordinary telegraph system with relay. The initial action precedes the advent of the storm from one to thirty-six hours. As the electric disturbance advances the coherer is very busy, soon producing a continuous band record, while the decoherer keeps up a constant clatter, which finally becomes deafening.

A Heavy Fine.

Under the Elkins law, any railroad company which pays rebates in any form, or any shipper who accepts them, is liable to a fine of from \$1,000 to \$20,000, upon conviction. It also prohibits the carrying of freight at less than the published tariffs. The Interstate Commerce commission is empowered to detect and prosecute violators of this statute. President Knapp of the commission states that since this law was passed, rebate paying has been as rare as forgery.

English Lawyers' Robes.

The English bar still clings devotedly to its robes. A solicitor who for some reason was not prepared with his professional costume asked permission of a London judge the other day to appear without it, but the judge declared that he could give no such sanction. However, to avoid delay, he resorted to a fine legal distinction: "I do not give you permission, but if the other professional gentlemen present raise no objection I will consent to hear you." He was heard, and it may be trusted that no sacred precedent was damaged.

Take It Easy.

'Bout the time you get to thinkin' that you're gittin' on a bit.

An' you jingle of your money as you stroll and strut about.

Better keep your peepers open, for your life ain't over yet.

An' there's always lots of danger when the chest is swellin' out.

'Bout the time you git to lookin' at your neighbors with su'prise,

An' a-feelin' sorry fer 'em cuz you've left 'em in the press.

Then's the time fate's lookin' fer you with a club of mighty size.

An' you'll feel the rungs a-breakin' in the ladder of success.

—Detroit Tribune.

Why should a housekeeper never put the letter M into her refrigerator? Ans.—Because it will change ice into mice.

ROOSEVELT CUTS LOOSE.

Has Time of His Life in Reunion with Cowboys.

Before dinner the President held a reception, standing out under one of the big trees that line the gravel walk, says the San Antonio correspondent of the New York World. The rough riders came up one by one. The President called most of them by their first name. Occasionally he called a "Bill" a "Jim" or thought "Hank" was "Tom," but usually he knew them before they were presented to him by Lieutenant Fortescue, who stood beside him.

"Hello, 'Ben!'" he shouted, as "Ben" Daniels sidled up. "If you hadn't been here I never would have forgiven you."

"Colonel," said George McCabe of Arizona, "do you remember when I stole that mess of green corn for you?"

"Do I remember it!" exploded the President, slapping McCabe on the back. "Why, George, that was the best mess of green corn I ever had."

"I guess you don't remember me, do you?" asked Henry Bardshaar, of Prescott, bashfully.

"Why, sure!" exclaimed the President. "It's Henry, isn't it?"

Then he turned to those around him and said: "Henry stole for me. He stole provisions from the quartermaster and one night he stole a poncho and a Spanish blanket. Say, Henry, we didn't sleep that night, for it rained, but we'd have been much colder if we hadn't had the blanket and the poncho."

Several of the troopers had been waiting for a chance to make a request.

"Colonel," said one, "we've got some of our women folks here. Can we present them?"

"Present them? Well, I should say you can. Bring them up."

The ladies were brought forward—a tittering, embarrassed bunch. There were wives, daughters, mothers and sweethearts.

"Ladies," said the President, after he had shaken hands with all of them, "you are the only ones I put before my Rough Riders."

Then he turned to the tickled men.

"Boys," he continued, "I congratulate you on your good taste in selecting your wives and other female relatives. I certainly am proud of you."

Meanwhile Henry Bardshaar had been standing around, first on one foot and then on the other. The President's eye fell on him.

"By Godfrey, Henry," he said, as he wrung the trooper's hand again, "I am glad you are here. You see," he explained, "Henry was my orderly for a time, and every time I was on the firing line he was there. Every time I stood up Henry stood up, too. He seemed to think that if I got shot it was his duty to get shot, too."

There was half an hour of this sort of greeting, all personal, and then the party sat down to dinner. It was a camp dinner, cooked in camp ovens and served with camp dishes. There were a pot roast of beef, corn, peas, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

The President fell to with an appetite that apparently was voracious. He had two helpings of beef, and ate so much bread and butter that Secretary Loeb was obliged to replenish the plate three times.

There are snicky people, not to say, pernickety, who think the word "bully" is vulgar. He said he was "bully" when a rough rider asked him how he felt, how he liked his reception, what he thought of the city, the State, the country or the universe. Everything was "bully," and so was he. He laughed like a schoolboy on vacation. He let down in every way. The sentries around the fence were deaf to the pleadings of the crowd who wanted to get in, and the President, as he said himself, "played hookey" from being President for three hours, and had the time of his life.

Prefers Heavy Tombstone.

Mrs. Hanks—What sort of tombstone shall we get for dear mother—something elaborate or a plain one?

Mr. Hanks—Well, I think something good and heavy will be best.—Cleveland Leader.

Billiards on the Brain.

Mrs. Youngbride (sobbing)—I'm going home to my mother's—you have deceived me!

Mr. Youngbride—Why, what on earth is the matter?

Mrs. Y.—Wretch! You went to a dance last night and escorted a young English woman. Oh! I know all!

Mr. Y.—Now will you kindly tell me what this all means?

Mrs. Y.—You needn't deny it—I heard you talking in your sleep when you got home so late last night. You said: "That blamed Miss Q. made me miss one ball altogether. I don't understand the English." Now can you deny it?—Cleveland Leader.

A Born Diplomat.

Mrs. Gotrox—So you wish to marry my daughter, do you?

Charlie Short—With your permission.

Mrs. Gotrox—And you are quite sure you love her for herself alone?

Charlie Short—No. I—er—cannot truthfully say that I do.

Mrs. Gotrox—What! Do you mean to tell me that you are a fortune hunter?

Charlie Short—Not at all. You see, I wish to marry her for the sake of having you for a mother-in-law as much as anything else.

Why is bread like the sun? Ans.—Because it rises from the yeast.

MISS MARIA DUCHARME.

Every Woman in America Is Interested in This Young Girl's Experience.



MISS MARIA DUCHARME,
182 St. Elizabeth St.,
Montreal, Can.

PELVIC CATARRH WAS DESTROYING HER LIFE—PERUNA SAVED HER.

Miss Maria Ducharme, 182 St. Elizabeth street, Montreal, Can., writes:

"I am satisfied that thousands of women suffer because they do not realize how bad they really need treatment and feel a natural delicacy in consulting a physician.

"I felt badly for years, had terrible pains, and at times was unable to attend to my daily duties. I tried to cure myself, but finally my attention was called to an advertisement of Peruna in a similar case to mine, and I decided to give it a trial.

"My improvement began as soon as I started to use Peruna and soon I was a well woman. I feel that I owe my life and my health to your wonderful medicine and gratefully acknowledge this fact."—*Maria Ducharme.*

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.