Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. Brown, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Minding His Own Business.

Wallace Cummings used to drive the old stage which ran between Bridgton and Portland. One day Wallace had as a passenger out of Portland a young city chap or dude, as Wallace called him. The scenery along the stage route was both beautiful and diversified; the young man was much interested, and as he sat on the box, or post of honor, beside Wallace literally plied him with questions as to what mountain that was and what river this was, etc.

The old driver, who detested this sort of interrogation, stood it as long as he could. Finally he blurted out: "Say, stranger, if you'll mind your business I'll mind mine."

Thus snubbed, the young man relapsed into silence.

They had driven about ten miles farther when they came to a long hill, where the driver was obliged to apply the brake. As he shoved his foot toward it he immediately noticed that the mail bag, which always lay there, was gone. Evidently it had dropped off along the road.

Wallace stopped his horses; then, breaking the long silence, he said: "Say, stranger, did you see that mail bag slide off?"

"Yes, I did; some ten miles back," calmly remarked the young man.

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me?" gasped the astonished driver.

The "dude" looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and then he drawled, imitating Wallace's tone: "Say, driver, you mind your business and I'll mind mine."

The rest of the journey was driven in cold silence.—Boston Herald.

Infant mortality is reported to be greater in Prussia than in any other country except Russia. The deaths the first year are 6 to 7 per cent in Sweden, 15 in France and 23.6 in Prussia.

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK-HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.

CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings Were Protracted and Severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Peruna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N. W., Washingotn, D. C., writes:

"I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil wars. I am by profession a physican, but abandoned the same.

"Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief.

"In desperation I began the use of your Peruna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement.

"After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder."—W. W. Jackson.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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

25 CTS 25 CTS

Jamie's Manliness.

Jamie came into the house crying like a girl. Mother sighed, for her little son was not showing the manly traits that should come with a boy's fifth birthday.

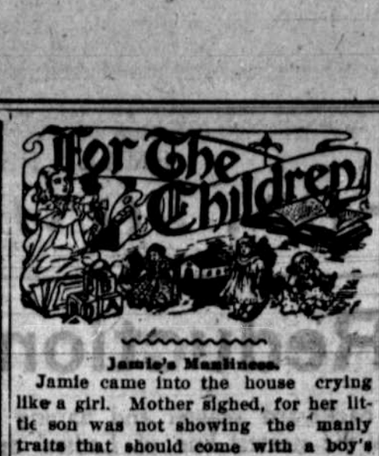
"What is the matter, Jamie?"

"The boys is pickin' on me, mamma. They're always pickin' on me, an' makin' fun. Boo-hoo!"

"There, there, son. You'll never be a man if you cry like that."

"But, mamma dearie, that's just the matter of me. Everybody thinks I'm a girl with these horrid old curls and dresses, too. The boys laugh at me and pull my hair and tell me to go play with the girls, an' they run away from me an' won't let me play with them. Boo-hoo! An' yestiddy when that lady called, she said: 'How de do, little girl,' an' she kissed me, an' I wanted to jes' slap her, an' I hate her, an' I want to be a boy! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Mother sighed. Those beautiful golden curls had been her pride, and when they were gone her baby would



be gone. But she could not have her baby and a manly boy, too, that was certain.

"Well, if I must I must. Now, Jamie, if you'll stop crying this very minute I'll have the curls cut off this afternoon."

Sunbeams broke out all over Jamie's face and dried up the tears.

"Oh, mamma! An' pants, too! Can I have pants?"

"We'll see."

That night when papa came home there was a strange boy at the gate to meet him. A boy with a crop of yellow bristles, and trousers with pockets, and a face as jolly as a harvest moon.

"Hello, pop! See me. I'm a real boy now."

Jamie's manly traits began to develop rapidly. He stamped heavily when he came into the house and threw his hat at the hall rack instead of hanging it up as he had been taught. He grew a whistle and got chummy with the boys.

Mother was startled one evening to see her baby of two weeks ago standing in front of the long mirror and thrusting his fists at his own likeness in a manner most ferocious, frowning meanwhile as if upon a hated foe.

"Why, Jamie, what are you doing?"

Her last fears for her son's manliness vanished as he looked up and stopped in the midst of a terrific upercut, and answered:

"I'm jes' practisin', mamma. I got to lick a feller to-morrow. It's about a girl."

The Wilful Kangaroo.

The little Kangaroo
(If this story is quite true)
Could not be made to bathe him in the river.
He said he never yet
Saw water quite so wet—
The mere suggestion made him shake and shiver!

His mother said, "Absurd!
You're a ninny, on my word!
What well-bred jungle creature would act so?
The little Elephants
Are glad to have the chance—
Their bath is just a frolic, as you know.

"The little Barbary Ape
Does not try to escape
When threatened with cold water and the soap;
The Hippo-potamusses
Don't make such awful fusses,
Nor the Jaguar, nor the little Antelope.

"The mild, obedient Yak
Would never answer back,
Nor does the Rhino-cino-roarer-horse;
And the baby Crocodile—
Why, the water makes him smile;
And he takes his daily plunges as of course."
—St. Nicholas.

Good Reason.

A little girl of five summers went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied.

"Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess.

"Can't you tie it yourself?" asked that lady.

"Of course I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at her elder's stupidity.

The Wren's Funny Nest.

The mother wren, with her saucy tail tilted at a saucy angle, loved to come around the lattices and porches of the house to make her home.

A gray-haired gentleman sitting quietly reading on his front porch one morning watched her with a mixture of amusement and affection till she flitted out of his view.

Presently he felt the flutter of wings around his head, and then a pair of small feet rested there. It was the wren.

A most vigorous pulling and tugging at his hair betrayed the purpose of the enterprising little bird. When she had secured what she could carry of the soft white hair she flew away, returning now and then for another supply.

After the leaves had fallen and all was brown and bare, the nest was found, with its lining of white hair, swinging among the branches of some dead hop vines on the porch.

An Interesting Experiment.

A pretty and simple experiment is to change the color of flowers. Immerse the flowers in ammonia, and you will be surprised to see white lilies change to yellow; pink roses turn a lovely light green; dark red sweet peas assume blue and rich purple tints. The change is so rapid as to suggest the presence of a magician.

Spinning an Egg.

Did you ever try to spin an egg? All you have to do is to boil the egg hard and twirl it in your fingers. Then try to spin it on its side. In this you will fail, as the egg will stand and spin on its large end.

THEIR YEARS ARE WASTED

Extravagant Habits Rob Ball Players of Benefit of Big Salaries.

The worst fault of the baseball business is that it teaches young men the habit of extravagance and high living, writes Jimmy Ryan, once one of the best. Naturally the players on each great team are lauded as heroes by their admirers; the newspapers are full of accounts of their doings; they meet hundreds of "good fellows" who want them to drink, smoke or carouse with them. They meet "sports" of wealth and they try to imitate these "sports." They spend their money for rich clothes, wines, costly cigars and diamonds, and usually when they are suddenly confronted with a ten days' notice of release the diamonds are about all that they have left to show for the earnings of years. The old-timers were more reckless in this regard than the new generation of ball players, but there are enough youngsters now wasting money.

To me it is a sad commentary on the game to see the great stars of other days toiling as day laborers. The greatest pitcher of them all is digging ditches in Indianapolis; perhaps the greatest infielder the world has known is clerking in a cigar store at $12 a week. I have seen him spend $300 in one night. I find them in cheap saloons, on police forces, in city jobs, but few in any established business and still fewer accumulating wealth. They wasted their years of time on the ball field and wasted the money that they earned.

At the end of a baseball career the player is usually left stranded in the business world. He gains a false idea of his own importance from the cheers of the crowd—and the crowd forgets him almost as soon as he gets out of his uniform. He depends upon some of his powerful "friends" to get him a position when he gets through. The end usually comes with startling suddenness. The friends that he relied upon are not so friendly to a back number as to a brilliant player. He drifts to the minors, drops out of sight, and seldom rises again.

Couldn't Be Both.

"During the taking of a religious census of the District of Columbia the past winter," relates a representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the bell rang it was answered by the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him:

"'Will you please tell me who lives here?'

"'Yessum; Mistah Johnsing,' was the answer.

"'Is he a Christian?'

"'No, ma'am. He's er congressman from Tennersee.'"

Doubts.

Governor Douglas of Massachusetts tells this of the Southern darky:

"There was a darky in southern Tennessee named Eph Friday, who died a short time ago. Eph was neither a member of a church nor of a lodge and thus had no one to deliver an address or a prayer at his burial. At last an old uncle consented to say a few remarks for the departed soul. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the old uncle said to the assembled mourners:

"'Eph Friday, we trusts you hab gone to de place whar we 'spects you ain't.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Showing It to Him.

Scout (from the city)—Where is the beautiful view you advertise?

Farmer Takemin—Why, ye jest walk over ter Pokeville an' take th' stage to Hen Lake, an' tn' steamer ter Moose Landing, an' then climb up Skeeter mountain ter what they call "Lover's Leap" and thar ye git th' view, an' it's a dandy.—Puck.

Chicago Sequence.

The Maid—What is love?

The Bachelor—Love is the prelude to matrimony.

The Maid—And what is matrimony?

The Bachelor—The prelude to alimony.

Any man who works around a mill can tell you what he weighs to-day and what he weighed yesterday. Men working around a mill do all their loafing on the scales.

Plenty used to mean enough before trusts got to hogging things.

Sax—Your new auto is sixteen horse power, isn't it? Fox—Um! Sixteen balky horse power.—Brooklyn Life.

Diner—I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered. Waiter—You have an uncommon amount of patience, sir.—Judge.

She—Is skin grafting a very late discovery? He—No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin profess.—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes a man is despised for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

"You haven't been here long," remarked the ink-well. "No," replied the new blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, its certainly absorbing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Husband—You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed! Wife—Why, John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?—Puck.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—Why did you leave your last place? Applicant—You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss Innit—You seemed bored at the theater last night, Mr. Knott. Don't you like Shakespeare? Mr. Wyse Knott—Oh, Shakespeare's all right, I s'pose, but I wisht he'd turn out something new.—Ex.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes, I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it." "What was it, dear?" "Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."

Rastus (to druggist)—Look hyah, misteh. Yo' all sole me some stuff to make Easteh aigs yestuddy. Druggist—Well? Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem hens, an' dey ain' lay no aigs—dey lay down en' die.

Mrs. Smith—Had your daughter a pleasant voyage? Mrs. Newrich—Yes, but they must have had an accident. She wrote she landed on Terra Firma, and I know the boat was bound for Liverpool.—New York Mail.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste? Growell—No. Waiter—Then what difference does it make what they are?—Illustrated Bits.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there! Freddy—Well, will you give me something else, mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?—Punch.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble." "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Gadabout—People are saying you called on Mrs. Verdigris the other day and got a setback. Mrs. Upjohn—What a wilful perversion of truth! I called on her, and got back a set of Dickens that I'd loaned her two years before.

Mrs. Nuwad—Here's the bread I started to make to-day. Isn't it too annoying? Mr. Nuwed—Why, it isn't baked at all. Mrs. Nuwed—I know it isn't; that's just it. I put plenty of baking powder in it, but it doesn't seem to have worked.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to? La Moyne—Improved ideas in building. La Montt—What has that to do with it? La Moyne—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.

A Process Reversed: "You regard campaign calculations as a distinct branch of mathematics?" "Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer, and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."

Cold Mine 8,900 Feet Deep.

The deepest gold mine in the world is said to be at Bendigo, Australia. It is called the New Chum mine, and its main shaft is sunk to a depth of three-quarters of a mile. The most difficult problem of working a mine of such depth is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work. The temperature is usually about 108 degrees, and this is, of course, greatly enervating. To make it possible for the men to work at all a spray of cold water is let down from above and kept continually playing on their bodies. They are naked from the waist up.

More Trouble.

Patience—What is that the choir is singing?

Patrice—Oh, that's called "The Battle Song."

"Gracious! Is the choir going to have another fight?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The young man who gets a good start in life doesn't always make a satisfactory finish.

A pretty girl can teach a man anything but common sense.

Railroad Rate Legislation.

Testifying before the senate committee at Washington, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give that commission the power to regulate railway rates:—

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commission or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. * * * The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the circuit court of the United States has jurisdiction under the Fourteenth amendment to restrain that. * * * I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature takes away that rate, the Fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

GETTING OFF A "HIGH HORSE"

The Experience Which a College Graduate Encountered.

Any business man of long experience, college man though he be himself, will attest to the wrinkles that have to be taken out of the average college man at the first brush, says a man in business. I had an experience with one of them a short time ago. When I first talked with him he was willing to "accept" a position if it paid $100 a month, for instance!

I turned him out in one minute and thirty seconds, asking that he call again about the middle of the next week. He came—that is the characteristic of the college man, by the way. I jumped on him before he got his breath from the walk upstairs. I asked him if he knew about how much his first three mistakes in the place he wanted would cost the house? He didn't, of course. I asked him if he knew just how much more he might be worth to me or to another employer if he could assure me or them that there would be no mistake to cost anything. He thought he did.

Then I came down to the brass tacks of the whole question:

"How long," I said, "will it take for you to forget in the first place that you belong to one of the oldest families in Virginia; how long to forget that you were the valedictorian of your class; how long to lose recollection of your having proposed 'accepting' a position at $100 a month, and to make up your mind that if I allow you to fill a place here at $60 a month for the first year you will be a fortunate young man?"

He was hurt. An old friend of mine had been an old friend of the young man's father. He said he would call the next afternoon, and he came.

"I am ready to go to work in the morning, he said, simply. He has been at work ever since, too, and if he keeps to the gait he is going I shall be stuck into paying him $80 a week instead of his present $60 a month.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Where Extremes Meet.

Modiste—What style of sleeve would you prefer, Mrs. DeStyle?

Mrs. DeStyle—I hardly know. What is the correct thing this season—too tight or too loose?

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Chip of the Old Block.

Growells—What makes the baby cry so when the nurse is trying to wash the dirt from his face?

Mrs. Growells—Oh, I suppose he takes after you.

Growells—Now what in the world do you mean by that, madam?

Mrs. Growells—He evidently wants the earth.

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Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 1½ Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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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.

A guest at a recent golden wedding in Dantzic, Germany, was the wife's mother, aged 91.

SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that blighting disease, Scrofula; for in nearly every instance the disease can be traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tuberculous poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health improves, the symptoms all pass away, there is a sure return to health, the disease is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old, and spread rapidly over her body. The disease next attacked the eyes and we feared she would lose her sight. It was then that we decided to try S. S. S. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.
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