

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me as I am almost without any hair."—Miss J. H. FRYER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured at
SARASOTA, FLA.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Sorry for Him.

The young man on the elevated was concealing a lighted cigarette in his left hand, to the obvious amusement of the young woman who was accompanying him. Every once in a while he took a surreptitious puff.

"Now, Frank," she protested, "you mustn't."

For answer he snatched her stickpin with his other hand, and held it up tantalizingly before her eyes.

"Give that right back," she exclaimed. "Put it right in here."

She held out her open shopping bag. The young man became a bit confused, and dropped something into the bag. It was not the pin. The girl hastily closed the bag without noticing the thin curl of smoke issuing from it. Several passengers rode three stations beyond where they intended to get off, in the hope of further developments, but nothing happened.

"I'm sorry for that young man when she finds out," murmured one man as he departed regretfully.

Railway Rate Legislation.

At the biennial convention of the Order of Portland Conductors recently held at Portland, Oregon, resolutions were unanimously adopted voicing their sentiments as to the effect of proposed railway rate legislation on the 1,300,000 railroad employees, whom they in part represented. These resolutions "indorse the attitude of President Roosevelt in condemning secret rebates and other illegalities, and commend the attitude of the heads of American railways, who, with practical unanimity, have joined with the president on this question." They then respectfully pointed out to congress the "inadvisability of legislation vesting in the hands of a commission power over railway rates, now lower by far in the United States than in any other country," because such regulation would "result in litigation and confusion and inevitably tend to an enforced reduction in rates, irrespective of the question of the ability of the railroads to stand the reduction, especially in view of the increased cost of their supplies and materials." They further protested against such power being given to the present Interstate commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our idea of American jurisprudence, inasmuch as it contemplates that a single body shall have the right to investigate, indict, try, condemn and then enforce its decisions at the cost of the carriers, pending appeal, which is manifestly inequitable."

The conductors base their demand for only such legislation, if any, as would "secure and insure justice and equity and preserve equal rights to all parties concerned," on the ground that the low cost of transportation "is the result of the efficiency of American railway management and operation which have built up the country through constant improvement and development of territory, while at the same time recognition has been given to the value of intelligence among employees in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employees obtain."

In pressing their claims against legislation adverse to their interests, they point out the fact that "the freight rates of this country average only two per cent of the cost of articles to the consumer, thus making the freight rate so insignificant a factor in the selling price that numerous standard articles are sold at the same price in all parts of the country."

Peace After the Battle.

The wife of a well-known Western Senator is a Southern woman who was married to the Senator late in life. While still a young girl she left her native State and came North to live; but from time to time she would revisit her old home.

On one of these occasions shortly before her marriage she happened to meet the old colored "mammy" who had been her nurse, and who was vastly surprised to find that "Miss Mary" still was unwedded.

"Lan', Miss Ma'y!" she exclaimed, "ain't yo' married yit?"

"No, not yet, Aunt Sally," was the answer.

"My, my! Who'd a-thought it? An' yit," she mused, determined to soften this disgrace, "aftah all, dey does say dat ol' maida has de bappies' life; dat is, aftah dey quits strugglin'."

PISO'S CURE FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.

OLD Favorites

"The Ninety and Nine."
There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away from the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "Tis of mine
Has wander'd away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain track?"
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder rived,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"
—Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls,
I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride,
I had riches too great to count; could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
But I also dreamt, what pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand;
That knights upon bent knees,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand
Pledged their faith to me,
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
But I also dreamt, what charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.
—From "The Bohemian Girl."

WE DESTROY SECRETS.
Queer Business of Man Who Reduces Account Books to Pulp.

"I have just paid a few cents a pound for old books and papers for which some one in this town would give thousands of dollars," said a downtown paper manufacturer a few days ago to the New York Sun, and he told the truth.

A large part of his business consists of destroying confidential papers for business houses, banks, brokers or any one else who can furnish enough to bother with.

The paper man pays for this valuable old paper only a few cents a pound. That is all it is worth to him for reduction into pulp. His rates are a bit lower, perhaps, than those of the junkman, but with his purchase he gives a guaranty that nothing he buys shall ever be read or examined.

A list of his customers which he gives for reference is pretty good proof that he keeps his word and that the secrets of the waste-paper bags never leak out. The reference list shows that the manufacturer has destroyed books, papers, etc., for about twenty banks, half as many insurance companies, a dozen bankers and brokers, several of the big wholesale dry goods firms and a large number of retailers.

"How do you destroy this valuable paper and make sure that nobody gets hold of it?" the manufacturer was asked.

"It isn't allowed to pass through very many hands," was the answer, "and the men who do take care of it are ignorant. Some of them cannot read, but they would not have a chance to glean much out of our waste if they could."

"When we get an order from a firm to destroy its books and papers we send a man up with a lot of big bags. The bindings are ripped off the books, their pages are torn apart and they are stuffed into bags along with letters and any other waste the firm may have to offer."

"The bags are sealed and put aboard a freight car. Next day they arrive at our factory in Connecticut, and the seals are not broken until the bags are dropped beside a big vat filled with strong chemicals."

"The papers are dumped into this, which reduces them to a pulp. Another process cleans the ink from the pulp, and then it goes into new paper. You see, there isn't very much chance for any one to get hold of any information set down on our waste paper, and I'm dead sure that our guaranty has never been broken."

"Do we do a big business in destroying documents? Well, I should say yes."

"Before we took hold of that new branch of the paper business it was a good deal of a problem for some firms to know how to get rid of their old

books and papers. It is harder to burn a book than it is to burn a log. Papers are also easily carried up a chimney by a strong draught, and burning didn't solve the problem.

"Junk dealers would buy the stuff, but they didn't give any guaranty as to privacy, and were always on the hunt for anything they could turn into money."

"I know of a case where a junkman bought a lot of letters from a dry goods firm, sorted them all out by States and found that they gave the key to the identity of the firm's customers. A rival firm bought the letters and paid pretty well for them."

"Then there are lots of things on the books of almost any firm that a competitor would like to see—price lists, discounts, trade relations and all that sort of thing. It wasn't safe to hand books containing that information to junkmen and that's why we started in the destruction business."

GOLDEN COW IS DEAD.
And a Whole Town Is in Mourning for the Costly Animal.

Mrs. Rice's cow is dead and the entire population of Goldfield, Nev., is in mourning, says a correspondent to the St. Paul Pioneer Press. She was the only cow in the gold-bearing district. As not a spear of grass nor a herb of any description grows in this desert region that would furnish fodder to even a goat Mrs. Rice's cow subsisted exclusively on hay that costs \$100 a ton. Even the milk which reaches the burg from Reno, two days old, sold for \$1 a quart; so this fountain right "in their midst" was a cherished institution.

When Mrs. Rice decided to risk nearly all she possessed in the importation of this cow she realized that she was risking it for a big prize. The journey of "Bossy" was long and tedious, partly by rail on slow freights, part of the distance tied to the rear end of mule freighters, trudging over the alkali desert. But the enterprising widow was rewarded one day about three months ago when her cow was delivered safely in Goldfield.

That was a gala day in the town. The cow was only an ordinary Jersey, long horned and red, but was an object of greater curiosity than if it had been a specimen of some prehistoric age. The demand was so great for a sight of the gentle creature that Mrs. Rice consented to allow her treasure to be paraded through the main thoroughfares shortly after its arrival. Never did a circus parade in a country village create more real enthusiasm. Business was practically suspended during the hour of the ceremony. The miners followed in the wake of the cow, cheering wildly. Merchants ran from their tented stores with ribbons and flags, until her cowship was decorated more gaudily than a May day queen.

Following close on this incident a new tent appeared on the main street, in front of which was a crude sign with inscription:

"Fresh ice cream and milk shakes from Mrs. Rice's cow."

It was business acumen worthy of genius. Mrs. Rice was the envy of every merchant in town. Her establishment was thronged day and evening. The supply inexhaustible, yet no one had the temerity to question openly the genuineness of the delicacies served.

When Mrs. Rice failed to put in an appearance as usual one morning inquiry developed that the cow had died suddenly during the night. There was consternation in the camp.

No reason for its death could be assigned. It was suggested that some jealous rival among the saloon men, whose business was affected by the cow's supply, might have poisoned the beast, but this was shouted down as too infamous for Goldfield.

A Curious Advertisement.
An old London paper contains the following curious advertisement:

"Wanted, a man between twenty and thirty years of age to be a footman and underbutler in a great family. He must be of the Church of England and have had the smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fashion and fortune. The woman must be of the Church of England, have had the smallpox in the natural way, very sober, steady, and well behaved and understand dress, getting up lace and fine linen and doing all things necessary for a young lady that goes into all public places and keeps the best company. Inquire of the printer of this paper.—Oct. 1, 1774."

Postponement Inevitable.
"If yoh husban' beats yoh, mabbe yoh kin hab him sent to de whippin' pos," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson.

"If my husban' ever beats me," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin' pos' if dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

In After Years.
Old Fogey Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, late dinners and the like.

Up to Date Son—Oh, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

An Audience at Fault.
"We haven't the orators we once had," said the man who is habitually regretful.

"Yes, we have," answered Senator Sorghum, "the trouble is that the public nowadays is too busy to listen to 'em."—Washington Star.

The great doctrine is: The better you behave, the better you will get along.

Humorous

He—So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire? She—Oh, no. He asked me what I imagined I saw.—Life.

Gracy—Maude asked George to kiss her. Gladys—Well, I like her cheek! Gracy—So, did George.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Don't know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you." "Yes, but she's not in the same circle."—Cleveland Leader.

Miss Pert—Which half is it that doesn't know how the other half lives? Miss Caustique—The better half.—Philadelphia Record.

Judge—I'll give you thirty days in jail. Prisoner—Good! My wife will be through cleaning house when I get out.—Kansas City Times.

Brother—You can't think how nervous I was when I proposed. Sister—You can't think how nervous she was until you did.—Town and Country.

Jack—Why do you girls spend so much time and money on dress? Nell (candidly)—To interest the men and worry other girls.—Philadelphia Press.

"What reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?" "He says that marriage is a lottery, and hence alimony is a gambling debt."—Collier's Weekly.

"You say you are not afraid of the trusts?" "Not a bit," answered Senator Sorghum; "some of 'em have been the best friends I ever had."—Washington Star.

She—Freddie and Clara are engaged, but they have decided to keep their engagement a secret. Clara told me so. He—Yes, I know. Freddie told me.—Pittsburgh Courier.

"Walter, these are mighty small oysters." "Yes, sir." "And they don't appeal to be very fresh, either." "Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it, sir?"—Cleveland Leader.

Nell—Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Belle—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Don't you ever go to school, Jimmie?" "Well, yer see, it's dis way, kid—ma gives me a nickel a week ter go to school an' de teacher gives me a dime ter stay away.—Judge.

She—I have a new milliner, Jack. Don't you think my hats are more becoming than they used to be? He—Yes; and your bills are becoming more than they used to be.—New York Mail.

"Charles, have you ever considered going into any business?" "Naw. The governor wanted me to last year, but I told him, duntcherknow. It was enough to have one tradesman in the family."—Puck.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business. The Applicant—Don't I, though? I keep company with your typewriter.—Chicago Journal.

Stage manager (Interviewing children with the idea of engaging them for a new play)—Has this child been on the stage? Proud mother—No; but he's been on an inquest, and he speaks up fine!—Lunch.

Physician (looking into his anteroom, where a number of his patients are waiting)—Who has been waiting the longest? Tailor (who has called to present his bill)—I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Mrs. Brickrow—How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets? Mrs. Topfalte—I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home.—New York Weekly.

Lecturer on the French Revolution—It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned—confusion and anarchy everywhere. In our more peaceful conditions we cannot even imagine such a state of things. Man at the back of the hall—Yes, we can, mister. Come up to our house; we're movin'—Plek-Me-Up.

"Yes," said he, letting her out another notch beyond the speed limit, "the automobile has come to stay." Then the machine slowed down, gave a shudder or two and a dry, rasping cough, and stopped. "You were right," said his guest a few hours later as they trudged wearily into town.—Houston Post.

A Western paper tells of a confused clerk who, asked by a young lady for a certain number of yards of muslin, looked at the cloth for a minute, meanwhile fumbling for the end. Finally he said disgustedly, "Dick must have sold both ends of this; yes, I'm sure he did." And with that he pushed his shears across the piece, and from the end thus made sold the quantity desired.

One day in a crowded street car, Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, got up to give his seat to a woman. Much to the Jewish divine's disgust a young man scrambled into it before the lady could take it. For some moments the rabbi glared at the offender in silence. Finally the rude young man, growing restless, said: "Wot are you staring at me for? You look as if you would like to eat me!" "I'm forbidden to do that," answered Hirsch. "I'm a Jew."—Ex.

How people who can't keep one foot looking well in town, love to ride in the country and speak disparagingly of the weeds on a farm!

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore that refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer.

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. FUNDUS, Wheeling, W. Va., May 25, 1903.

Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with any medical advice wished, without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SSS
Kerosene oil and a soft rag will keep mahogany furniture in fine condition.

Just Like a Woman.
Lady—What will you charge me for the use of a carriage for a few hours? Liveryman—It will cost you \$2 for the first hour, and \$1 for each additional hour.

Lady—Well, I'll use it for two additional hours. I've got some shopping to do and will not require it the first hour.

THE DAILY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home in dining room, sleeping room, and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and if not kept by you will never be without them. Dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 124 Dekalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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P. M. U. No. 30-1905
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Words of Wisdom.
It is a pretty good indication that you are all right when you think others are.

It requires tact to convince a man you are right in an argument when you owe him money.

Every woman who reaches the age limit modestly admits that she might have become a good singer if she only had commenced in time.

You can't expect to cut much ice with cold-storage sympathy.

There's no use in trying to fight the devil on his own ground. He owns too much of it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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