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—"Gold for over sixty years."

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

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 inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, 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 One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Didn't Mind the Machines.

"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, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Hope of Agreement.

"I am sorry to hear that Wrinklins 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 standpouter."

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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 Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use 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 to 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.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

Indian Prodigal's Return.

Solomon Homer, the brilliant Choctaw Indian, said at his home in Caddo that he needed to be a very intelligent and industrious Indian who would go out into the world and make a name.

"Many Indians," he said, "go out into the world, and some of them, of course, succeed. Those who fail return home; and that is a sad returning, for every one sneers at the young man whom the world has conquered and driven back.

"It is not much of a welcome that the returned Indian gets, even in his father's house.

"There was Black Eagle, a Choctaw. He went to Chicago, failed and came back home. But he was afraid to go to his father's house till an old man said:

"'Are you going to your father's house, Black Eagle?'

"'I don't know,' answered the youth.

"'Go there,' said the old man, 'for you will be very welcome. There is no doubt of it.'

"Heartened a little, Black Eagle did go to his father's, and the next day he met the old man again.

"The old man smiled kindly.

"'So the prodigal returned,' he said. 'And did your father kill the fatted calf?'

"'No,' Black Eagle answered. 'he didn't kill the fatted calf, but he nearly killed the prodigal.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Dividing the Spoil.

The lion, jackal, wolf and fox
Went out among the hills and rocks
To hunt—so Aesop says—and caught
A fine young deer. At first they thought
Of how they fairly might divide
So fine a meal. Who should decide
What share to each would rightly fall,
Since some were large and others small?

The lion was the first to speak,
For all his comrades looked so meek:
"Divide this deer in four," said he.
"Oh, wise judge," cried the other three.
"Thanks, loyal friends; since I am king,"
The lion said, continuing,
"Each one, I know, will call it fair
To grant to me, your king, first share."

The three bowed low. The lion then,
With dignity, remarked again:
"As judge, one quarter falls to me."
And bowed once more, less low, the three.
"As one who helped to catch the deer
I'll have to take a share, I fear;
Now, let him take the rest," said he,
"Who wants me for his enemy."

And thus the jackal, wolf and fox
Learned wisdom there among the rocks.

The Crown of Gold.

"The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet," said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. I heard the address. It was delightful. An odd incident happened, though, at its end, an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us.

"Dunbar, toward the close of his remarks, said:

"'And, my little friends, if you do all these things some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown.'

"A little chap in the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped:

"'My fader wears one now.'

"'No!' said the poet.

"'Yes, he does—on his toof,' said the little chap."

A Tongue-Twister.

If you stick a stick across a stick.
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
How will you stick a cross across a crossed stick?

An-ti-podes or An-tip-o-des?

The pronunciation of this word involves a very nice point in the study of our language. The word was taken directly from the Latin, and its natural prounciation, therefore, is an-tip-o-des, with the accent on the second syllable. In Latin it has no singular number, but good usage has made one in English, antipode, and as that is generally pronounced an-ti-pode, with the accent on the first syllable, there is a growing tendency to accent the plural form in the same way. Both methods, however, are sanctioned by good authority.

A Threat.

Henry had been so continuously and persistently naughty that, says the New York World, his aunt, who had charge of him in his mother's absence, did not know what to do with him. In despair she said, weakly:

"If you will not behave, I shall put you in one of grandpapa's hen coops."

"Well," said Henry, sturdily, "before you put me in, I want to tell you that I will not lay any eggs."

My Lucky Brother.

I have a brother not so tall—
I haven't any other—
So he's what you may really call
A very lucky brother;
For when my trousers get too small
For me to wear, our mother
Just "takes them in," seams, legs and all,
And gives them to my brother!

VOTES A MIXED TICKET.

Colorado Woman Gives Her Reasons for Picking Certain Candidates.

A Coloradan, a man of course, has this to say of the way some women vote in that State: "A few days after the election of November, 1904, for example, I was talking with a young married woman of more than average intelligence, who was living in one of the smaller cities of Colorado and who declared 'she never voted a straight ticket because she always voted for the men.'

"I applauded and asked if she would mind telling me how she voted and why. 'Not at all,' she replied earnestly. 'I didn't know much about Roosevelt or Parker, but in his pictures Parker is much more handsome than Roosevelt, so I voted for the Democratic electors. I don't like Governor Peabody's wife, so I voted for Alva Adams. The Republican candidate for County Clerk wants to marry a friend of mine and could right away if elected, so I voted for him.

"'The Republican running for Assessor got my vote because he is a dear old man and needed a nice easy position. The Republican candidate for State Treasurer was a Swede and I don't like Swedes, so I voted for the Democrat. One of the candidates for County Commissioner on the Democratic ticket, they say, used to run a saloon, so I voted for the Republican. I voted against the Republican candidate for Sheriff because his wife got a divorce from him. I took my husband's advice regarding the other candidates because I didn't know anything about them myself.'

"I mildly asked if she knew of the special qualifications of any of these men to perform the duties of the several offices for which they were candidates. She replied that she had not troubled about that because the reasons she had stated were sufficient for her."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TAG TOLD IT WAS NEW.

Card on Man's Hat Affords Amusement to State Street Throng.

State street was crowded with shoppers yesterday afternoon, when a young man came out of a popular hat store wearing a new crush hat. There was not only the conscious look upon his face which indicated that fact but he carried his head in the peculiar way—that only the possession of a new and stylish hat can produce in the average young man. Everybody that looked at him saw at a glance that he wore a new hat.

It was not alone from the signs already mentioned that the circumstance was apparent, and the young man, of course, did not give himself away by carrying his discarded hat tied up in brown paper under his arm. No; but on the band of his hat was the shop ticket, bearing the price mark and some other cabalistic characters intelligible to no one outside of the hat store.

On he went, all unconscious of the attention he was attracting and of the remarks his hat was calling forth. Young women looked at his hat and giggled, but he did not imagine for a moment that anything in his appearance was the cause of their mirth, least of all the new hat which proudly adorned his head. But alas! the young man was soon to be rudely awakened by a friend calling his attention to the adornment of his hat.

The telltale ticket was soon removed and the young man went his way sadder and wiser. He carried himself humbly and looked neither to the right nor left, but boarded the nearest street car in order to escape as quickly as possible from the scene of his humiliation. Something in his eye indicated that it would be a long time before he patronized that hat store again.—Chicago Tribune.

A Later Consideration.

"How long do you think it will take to build the Panama canal?" said the inquisitive person.

"I haven't begun to figure on that," answered the expert. "What I am trying to ascertain now is how long it will take to get the building actually started."—Washington Star.

Men are so naturally wicked that they have no use for a parrot unless it swears.

ODD WATER WHEELS.

Some Float on Streams—Huge Ones Make a River Lift Itself.

The people of Syria and Tiflis make their streams do things that Americans do not seem to have learned the secret of persuading the water courses of this country to perform, says the New York Tribune.

At Tiflis the natives have learned how to utilize the power of the current of the River Kur without building dams. What they have accomplished possibly might be done by an American farmer living on the banks of a rapidly moving stream and desiring a small, cheap power. The Caucasians build floats on the surface of the river. Into them are set water wheels. The whole affair is fastened to the bank in such a way that it will rise and fall with any change in the level of the surface of the river, so that the power is about constant all the time.

In Hama the ancient "entering in of Hamath," the Syrians have accomplished a feat that makes one think of lifting one's self over a fence by tugging at one's boot straps. They have harnessed the historic Orontes, or Nahr el Asi, as the Syrians call it, into the work of lifting itself many feet toward the zenith and trained it thus to water their fruitful gardens and orchards.

As for size the water wheels which do this work are as to other water wheels what Niagara is to other waterfalls. As one stands by one of these great wooden frames revolving upon its wooden axle and looks up at its perimeter forty feet above one thinks it large and is astonished when he turns his gaze upstream to see that relatively it is not a great wheel, for in the distance looms up one sixty feet in height. Even then he is not prepared for the spectacle of one ninety feet in diameter, grunting around on its cumbersome axle just outside the town.

Life in Hama for some people is like the liking of others for olives, an acquired taste, because of these very water wheels. According as one feels about it, it is a musical city or one filled with nerve-racking groans. Day and night without ceasing these massive, slow revolving structures utter speech. For those who have acquired a taste for their companionship the never-ceasing tones are soothing, resembling the ocean roar or a slow fugue played on some cyclopean organ. The diapason tones are deeper and louder than the deepest organ stop. Now they are in unison, now repeating the theme, one after another, now for a brief moment in a sublime harmony never to be forgotten, according to one traveler, then once more together in a tremendous chorus. The sounds are described as a slow movement up the scale, followed with a heavy drop to the keynote as: Do mi sol, do do do; do sol la, do do do. This unceasing Sisyphean music, it is said, has been going on for a century at least.

ACTRESS HALF A CENTURY.

Ellen Terry is still the idol of the British play-going public, which recently celebrated her fiftieth artistic anniversary with a huge banquet to her. The great actress' first appearance on the stage took place on April 28, 1856, when she played the little Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale" at the Princess Theater, London. She was then 8 years old. The fact that she is now a grandmother has not affected her popularity, nor her remarkable vivacity nor her popular title of "Miss."

ELLEN TERRY.

Curb Put on Smoking.

Recently the Italian government issued an order that there was to be no smoking in business hours by officials whose duties brought them into contact with the public. For those whose duties do not it is left to the discretion of heads of departments to allow or to forbid smoking. But their discretion is limited to the cigar and the cigarette. No pipes are to be allowed.

A Flat Sort of Existence.

"I suppose you are getting thoroughly 'city broke' now that you've moved to town and are living in a flat?"

"Yes, we're getting city broke fast enough and Henry says it's only a question of time until he'll be flat broke, too."—Kansas City Times.

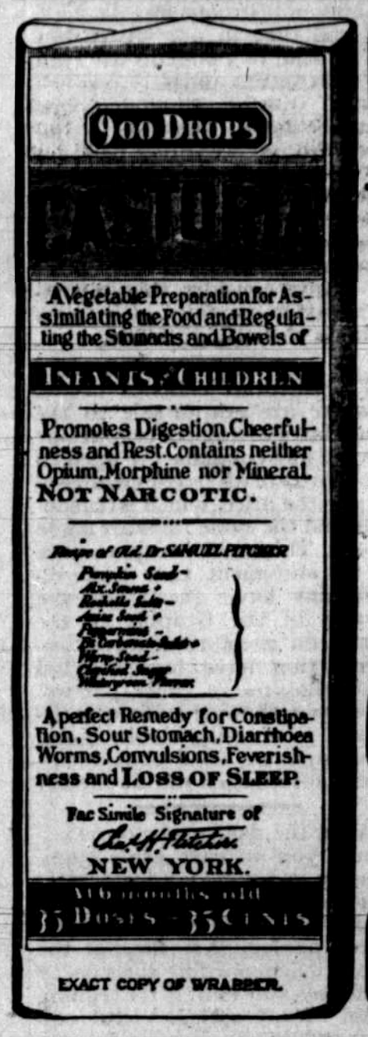
Financial.

Mrs. Watkyns—Henry, I want a dollar this morning.

Mr. Watkyns—Great Caesar, woman! Do you think I am made of money? When you want large amounts, you ought to let me know twenty-four hours in advance."—Somerville Journal.

You have probably met the bore, who, no matter what the attraction, always recalls a better one.

The original rule of three is that of faith, hope and charity.



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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.

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