A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

The Dieting Nuisance.

The dieting fad prevails to such an extent in England that numbers of well known hostesses have put their heads together and drawn up a declaration of independence. This sent out with all invitations to country houses reads thus: "I am sorry to appear inhospitable, but my housekeeper and cook cannot arrange to cater for any guest who is obliged to diet." The food faddist, it seems, has become no end of a nuisance in other people's houses, and though the hostesses might be willing to endure it, the servants have risen in revolt. Complications arise when it is necessary to feed at the same table the carnivorous, the grammivorous and the frugivorous.—Buffalo Commercial.

Returning Proofs of Love.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.

"Did you?" replied his friend. "I had no idea you had ambitions to shine as an author."

"Not exactly that," said Titmarsh. "You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

Liberty Gone.

Mrs. Asker—The leading man in the show we saw last week got married. After that he left the show and now he advertises in the dramatic paper that he is "at liberty."

Mr. Asker—Hm! I can't see how he can be "at liberty" if he is married.

POLAND CHINA HOGS

Pigs old enough to wean to bred sows of up-to-date breeding. Pedigree furnished with every pig sold. Write me your wants.

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Will be glad to give you particulars about its beautiful Ceramic, Mosaic, Enameled and Encaustic Tile, wholesale and retail. Write today.

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EXAMINATIONS FREE
Gold Crowns, $4; Bridge Work, per tooth, $3; Plates, $5; Silver Fillings, 50c; Gold Fillings, $1.

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A. B. CHASE PLAYER-PIANO

Does not enlarge the instrument or change style of case; mechanism all below keyboard; operates piano action abstract direct, and precisely as regular piano keys do, securing the same expression as the artist can by hand; can be entirely removed from the piano in five minutes's time, and that without the use of a screw driver.

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SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

SPOKANE, Wash. SEATTLE, Wash. PORTLAND, Oregon

THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

When they say a blizzard's blowin',
An' they're prophesyin' snowin'—
That the country will be freezin', te a man,
Jest git yerself tergether—
Prepare fer summer weather—
Git a lengthy linen duster an' a fan!

Fer weather—this weather—
Is fickle as a feather,
It's built upon a mighty curious plan;
An' when they talk o' blizzards,
Look out fer spring an' lizards—
Git a lengthy linen duster an' a fan!

When you hear the watchman callin':
"Thermometers air failin',
An' they're freezin' up from Beersheba ter Dan,
An' the pipes in which you trusted,
'Fore the mornin' will be busted"—
Jest buy a linen duster an' a fan!

Fer weather—this weather—
Is fickle as a feather,
It's built upon a mighty curious plan;
So, never min' the blizzards,
But look fer spring and lizards,
An' keep yer linen duster an' yer fan!

PINK CHIFFON AND TEARS

"I love him—I do, and I will love him!"

Lady Peggy stood by her mirror, thinking about a cabinet minister.

Then she brushed back the strands of curly brown hair that never long kept the decorous temple waves into which her maid trained them, and added, in her thoughts:

"Other girls marry boys, or ordinary menfolk, and are happy enough, I suppose; I've forfeited all that sort of prospect by caring for Lord Montleithon; but I'm glad, and proud—not sorry!"

The last two mental words were accompanied by a stamp of a small right foot; then Lady Peggy tripped downstairs into the hall, a triumph of sweetness, complexion and pink chiffon.

She patted her mother's knee as they sat in the hired motor-brougham.

"Aren't I nice, mummie? It's marvelous how I found such a new uncrushed bargain as this frock. Messrs. Oakley & Lemercier have never before offered anything so good!"

There were hundreds of minute ruchings, with lace insertions, and the wild rose shade was quite rapturous.

"I wish I could make a great success to please you, mums, but if I can't,

AN ANGEL OF GOODNESS.

why I can't. You know it mustn't be for position only."

"No, little daughter."

"Though it is hard to be so poor, especially for the descendants of kings. If, in future years, I should take Jack after all, because I don't love him, you must not be unhappy about me. A secondary sort of liking would please him well enough, poor boy; we should just be married cousins, not cousins who wanted to marry. I don't think I've the leastest, weeniest hope of anything beautifuler."

Lady Melrose sighed.

Directly they entered the ballroom Peggy saw Lord Montleithon; he was bending over cynical Mrs. Groombridge and the expression on his clear-cut features was, as usual, enigmatic.

The minister, looking up, saw the entry of the girl in pink chiffon. For a second his gaze lingered well pleased, then he frowned. Nevertheless, he came to talk to her later.

A frank smile greeted him.

"You are wonderful. How can you spare time for scenes of this sort?"

"I have a boy's liking for pretty pictures."

Then the minute ruchings on her sleeve puffs caught his eye, banishing his indulgent smile.

"Sometimes my favorite crusade—my craze, as my colleagues call it—can be furthered even in a ballroom. Let me ask you—are you a sympathizer?"

"With poor working women?"

"Yes."

"I would be, if I knew what to do; mere sentiments are not real sympathy. I only play with children some Saturday afternoons and make woolly animals for hospitals. Oh, it's so difficult to be philanthropic, when one is poor, Lord Montleithon!"

He placed her hand on his arm, and led her out into the dimly lighted corridor.

It was a lace-edged frill he touched.

"No, not at all; it was a bargain."

"My afternoon has been spent in getting up facts for the commission—down in Lambeth slums, face to face with the results of bargains. Yet, but for woman's carelessness, woman's luxury in dress might be gloriously helpful."

His voice, that could thrill Parliament even in the calm upper chamber, went deep into the soul of Peggy.

"Teach me," she pleaded.

"I found a woman ill, probably dying, of low fever—merely a nerve collapse, brought on by worry acting upon an emaciated body and brain; her baby girls were playing on her mattress with old tins snatched from some gutter. She told me she had dropped down suddenly, after finishing the last of half a dozen chiffon robes. A message had come for them, but she could not go for payment."

Peggy gasped.

"The wage would represent not a farthing a score of tucks, yet some of this was to be deducted, since, her baby having died, she had let tears fall upon a frill of chiffon."

Peggy caught his arm with both her hands.

"Who were her employers?"

"Messrs. Oakley & Lemercier."

She gave a cry, and the minister understood.

Breaking away from him she leaned against a pillar, beneath a bust of justice, and there she sobbed, in schoolgirl-like abandon.

The minister did not forget the wearer of the pink chiffon; her sweet, tearful face came between his thoughts and all statistics. Once, indeed, he contemptuously thrust away the profound figure proofs that were to convince his colleagues of the necessity for legislation.

"It is woman's soul that must win this cause—or crush it," was his reflection.

When he next visited the woman of whose case he had spoken there was a fire in the room, the baby girls played with dolls, the mother sat up in bed, supported by the strong, young arms of a girl, the descendant of kings, who had nursed her back to life.

"Lady Peggy!"

"Oh, my lord, she be an angel of goodness!"

* * * * * *

The girl and man came out of the house together into the squalid alley. Lord Montleithon had a cab waiting, and helped her in without a word. Indeed, the scene had changed to Bond street before he asked:

"We spoke of tears and misery, but you have created smiles within that home—is there the remotest hope that you will smile for me, in mine, Peggy?"

"Do you truly wish so?"

It did not seem to him so unnatural a desire.

"I am an awful number of years your elder—a serious enthusiast—but I love you, dear."

"How beautiful—for I lost my heart to you, oh, long ago!"

* * * * * *

Peggy Malcolm's wedding gown cost a big sum, but never before had such wondrous needlecraft been shown by any frock. Gratitude had guided every stitch, and blessings, not tears, had been shed over the chiffon.—Manchester Chronicle.

Hair Statistics.

Mrs. Bacon—I see some statistician has discovered that the average woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair on her head.

Mrs. Bacon—He ought to have gone a little further and stated that about a quarter of a mile of it is her own.—Yonkers Statesman.

If a boy earns ten cents, he wants it; he isn't willing to trust the best man alive.

METHOD OF CURING FEVER AMONG BEDOUINS.

SAND AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE.

Bedouins that wander in the desert have many rough and uncouth ways, but perhaps the most unique of these is the way they doctor fever patients. They have a rough and ready method of attempting to cure fever caused by the wounds they have inflicted on those they have captured for sale as slaves. Ice baths being out of the question, the patients are buried up to their necks in sand in the hope that the cool soil will allay the raging fever. The victims remain buried for several days until, indeed, it is said they are either killed or cured. Statistics obtained by those who have investigated the matter say that fully 80 per cent of the prisoners succumb to the treatment. The use of medicines is almost unknown among the tribesmen who inhabit the deserts.

BIT OF SWITZERLAND IN IOWA.

Rugged Beauty of a Home on the Bluffs of the Mississippi.

One of the most picturesque spots in the vicinity of Burlington, and probably in all Iowa and the Mississippi valley, is the Scholer home, says the Burlington Correspondent of the Des Moines Register. It is known far and wide as the "Swiss chalet," and is in fact a perfectly constructed Swiss dwelling place. In every detail the idea is carried out in the unique dwelling, not only on the exterior, but within, where those who have visited Switzerland and been entertained in the homes of that country may see that same arrangement of rooms and conveniences as in the original structures among the Alps.

Mr. Scholer, who was born in Switzerland, and received a good education in the institutions of that country, came to Burlington fifty-three years ago, and bringing with him an intense affection for the rugged fatherland sought to maintain the inspiration in his surroundings. He selected one of the most rugged portions of land just south of Burlington at that time, and on the steep side, overlooking the broad expanse of the Mississippi River, he erected the Swiss home. He did not disturb the wild surroundings of the place except to tidy it up in the good old Swiss way, and to train some vines around the house.

To-day it presents the same rugged and natural beauty that attracted the eye of the mountain climber fifty-three years ago, and is one of the pleasantest views to be obtained from the brow of Crapo Park. Indeed, from the most frequented spots in the park this beautiful old home appears like a picture of Switzerland, with the sweep of the river beyond appearing as one of the beautiful Swiss lakes. Mr. Scholer died the other day full of years and good works and possessing the regard of all those who knew him. He left his picturesque home to his sons, and it will long remain as one of the attractive features of this locality.

A Fine Discrimination.

A Chicago lawyer tells how the most popular man in a Nevada town got into difficulty with a disreputable tough—for a long time the terror of the place—and proceeded to "do him up" in a manner entirely satisfactory to the community at large. It becoming necessary, however, to vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The case soon went to the jury. When they had been out about two minutes they returned.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," asked the judge in a familiar, off-hand way, "what have you to say?"

"If it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of strikin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, an' he done it."

So the prisoner was acquitted amid applause.—Lippincott's.

Campaign B's and V's.

"Is it true," asked the interviewer, "that you have the political bee in your hat?"

"No," said the prominent man sagely; "but I have the campaign V in my pocket."

For the prominent man knew well that the fond hopes of his friends were as nothing to the fund dopes of his party.—Judge.

"Misquotations."

When Louis XVI. laid his head beneath the guillotine, his confessor, Abbe Edgeworth, dismissed him from the world, so history tells, with "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" yet in reality he said nothing of the sort.

The brave defiance, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," attributed to Cambronne when, at Waterloo, the imperial guard were ordered to throw down their arms, has been shown to have been the fanciful creation of some historian's mind; and the saying, "Providence favors the stronger side," or, as it has been corrupted, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery," which has been attributed to Napoleon, really originated with writers of antiquity. Cicero alludes to it as an "old proverb."

It would take volumes to contain all the blunders, small, large and indifferent, that historians have made, and the lamentable part of it is that the old blunders are constantly being made over again.

Carrying It Along.

An elderly and most respectable-looking man was recently brought before a magistrate, says the London Telegraph, charged with unbecoming and hilarious conduct.

When he was asked what he had to say for himself, he mumbled something about "doing as the Romans do."

"Very good," returned the magistrate. "Continue to do as the Romans do. Pay seven shillings sixpence!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Too Much.

"That man Reicerndoirt is the most conceited, insufferable, vain, arrogant, insolent, purseproud individual that trammels the earth," said the man with the automobile goggles.

"Why, I heard that he towed your runabout in for you yesterday," said the man with the gasoline on his coat.

"Towed it in! Darn it! he happened along in his big touring car when my little machine broke down and I'll be hanged if he didn't rig up a derrick of some sort and swing my runabout into his tonneau and haul it in!"—Judge.

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

Shocked.

"Did you meet Miss Homer from Boston?" asked the hostess at the swell musicale. "She is such an intellectual young lady."

"I really can't see where it comes in," replied Mrs. Justrich. "She mixes things up horribly."

"Gracious! In what way?"

"Why, she asked me what I thought of the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy. The idea of linking a great poet with the meat market!"

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.

Strong.

"Yes," said the guard, "I was able to detect the enemy long before they arrived on the spot.

"Ah, you could scent danger at a distance?" said the interviewer.

"Easily. They came in gasoline automobiles."

Got What He Wanted.

Pat—Oi wint on a sthroik fer shorter hours last week.

Mike—An' did yez get 'em?

Pat—Faith, an' Oid di thot. It's mesilf as ain't workin' at all now.

A brochure is a small book, stitched, not bound, so named from the French "brocher," to stitch.

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The Osprey.

Allusion is often made, especially in fashion journals, to "osprey" feathers. Few words have been more loosely bandied about than this bird name. The Roman author Pliny's "ossifraga" (bone breaker) has been identified with the lammergeyer, a vulture that is reputed to break up bones too big for it to devour whole by dropping them from a height upon rocks. But both "ossifrage" and "osprey," a newer form, came to be applied to quite another bird, the fish hawk, which is now the true "osprey." Yet the "osprey" feathers—more properly egret feathers, or aigrettes—do not come from this bird, but from the egret, or lesser white heron.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worthy your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

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The only tracts on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten trains a day. Abundance of water. Price $150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.

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WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.
C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

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PURELY VEGETABE