Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends." — MINNIE FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Lies Low.

"Of course she doesn't like discussions about ages."

"No. Usually when she's queried about hers she just says nothing, but lies low."

"Yes, or if she says anything she lies low."—Philadelphia Press.

In Medias Res.

"What are you working at now, Garrels?"

"For the last three days I have been working under the head of 'unfinished business.'"

"Hey? What?"

"Just moved into a new house."

Better Still.

"Can you recommend this phonograph?" queried the prospective purchaser.

"I can, but it isn't necessary," replied the dealer. "It speaks for itself."

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

Hospital Horror.

First Interne—What a funny little appendix that last patient had!

Second Interne—Yes; regular comic supplement.

"Frighted by False Fire."

"I'm afraid to take fencing lessons, for 'tis such an exhausting exercise."

"Not a bit of it. Who told you so?"

"Maizie is taking them, and she always is talking about how she feints so often while she's practicing."—Baltimore American.

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.

Few Climbers.

"Dis am a lazy world, deacon," remarked Bruddah Sunflower.

"'Deed et am," replied Deacon Dedberry.

"Yeas, sah. Ef you was to tell some people dey cud reach de seventh heben free of charge dey would ask you when de elevator was going up."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Coldly Calculating.

"You should see what he writes to me," said the sentimental girl.

"Yes," rejoined Miss Cayenne; "but the question is, will he show as much enthusiasm in drawing a check for the grocer's bill as he does in composing a love letter?"—Washington Star.

Some New York Climbers.

When all has been said there is no city on earth where merit is so quickly recognized and rewarded as in New York. A boy enters the service of a railroad corporation and at the age of 28 he is general manager of a great traction system. True, he has a distinguished lawyer and statesman for an uncle, but he starts at the bottom, and his promotion is due to his own exertion. Such is the career of Oren Root.

H. H. Vreeland, a brakeman without pull, raises himself in a short period to the presidency of the Metropolitan Railway Company. Within two generations all the spectacular fortunes of New York have been made from nothing.

Reward of merit comes quickly in other fields. Charles E. Hughes, a comparatively obscure lawyer, is selected to conduct an important investigation in which the whole country is interested. Without having previously held office, a very novice, he is made a governor.—Broadway Magazine.

Change in Cotton Growing.

Flat cultivation of cotton, as introduced by the Arkansas experiment station, is finding favor with the lint growers of that state over the old method of hill tillage, the advantage being in the saving of labor and economy of seed, and, it is declared, a better yield.

Under old practice, says Southwest Magazine, the soil was thrown up in a furrow and the seed sown continuously in a drill. Later the plants were thinned to a single stand by hoeing the entire surface of the cotton row and cutting away nineteen of every twenty stalks.

Flat cultivation consists of thoroughly preparing the seed bed and planting the cotton in checks eighteen to twenty-four inches apart in a drill, to enable cultivation in both directions, a method that will naturally lessen the work of the chopper and save a greater part of the seed.

A Sure Way.

First Author—Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it all. Would that I might completely disappear for awhile.

Second Author—Then why don't you marry a famous woman?—Judge.

The Test of Love.

"Your husband says he would walk on hot plowshares for you," Mrs. Luckie," said an envious neighbor.

"Yes, because he knows he doesn't have to," retorted the wife, bitterly. "But just watch his expression when I ask him to bring up a scuttle of coal."—Baltimore American.

Soon Be Eclipsed.

"Is Jimmy, de porch climber, a star?" asked the green-goods man.

"Naw!" replied the safe cracker. "He used to be a star, but now we call him de sun."

"And why de sun?"

"Because he is always getting spotted."

Where 15 Languages Are Spoken.

Winnipeg is where they do things. This is really the place where the frontier was abolished by the real estate regicides. A kingdom is sold daily in Winnipeg, an army is marched in by rail to occupy it over night.

The yards of the Canadian Pacific railway alone in Winnipeg have over 120 miles of trackage, and they need it. The immigrants come by battalion—Englishmen in caps, Scotchmen in bonnets, Breton French in blue coats, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Austrians, Mennonites, Galicians—all manner of furtive folk and wild.

There are fifteen known languages in the Winnipeg schools, and a lot too late to classify. When you see a stranger you cannot tell whether or not he is within the range of human speech. You bitterly reflect only that he is one of those who have wiped out the old frontier, lost it forever to those who love the wilderness. —Outing Magazine.

BABY TALK.

Have you ever heard a precious pinkey-whitey baby talk?
Oh, the months before he condescends to try to learn to walk;
Have you heard him crow and chuckle? Have you heard him laugh and coo?
And can it be these sage remarks were wholly lost on you?
"Da-da; goo-goo,"—
And this you say had no supreme significance to you?

When you saw his blue eyes looking, staring, blinking all the while,
When you watched his face illumined with a rapt, angelic smile,
When he babbled till he seemed to be with something overcome,
Did it strike you it was only at the movement of his thumb?
"Yah-yah; mah-mum,"—
Did you think him lost in wonder at the marvel of his thumb?

Perhaps "da-da" means "dear father," and "good-goo" means "I will,"
And "mum-mah" is for "mother, dear," or maybe "peace, be still!"
There are beatific visions in those baby eyes of blue,
And it's what he still remembers that he wants to tell to you;
"Yah-yah; goo-goo,"—
They are little words from heaven that he's passing on to you.
—Stuart Maclean.

Unconsciousness.

A person who is found unconscious may be suffering from any one of a great variety of conditions, some comparatively trivial, others very serious; some requiring little or no treatment, others calling for very skillful and painstaking care in order to save life.

Such being the case, it can be readily seen that it is a matter of the first importance to determine the cause.

Usually the first and most uncharitable assumption, especially if the unconscious person is unkempt and rough-looking, is that he is intoxicated. This belief will be strengthened if the breath smells of liquor, yet it may be entirely erroneous, for the sufferer may have felt his trouble coming on, and have taken a drink of whisky in the hope that it would give him strength.

Excluding intoxication, the unconscious state may be due to concussion of the brain resulting from a sharp blow on the head, or to compression of the skull from apoplexy or a fracture of the skull. It may be one stage of an epileptic fit or a purely hysterical manifestation; or caused by opium or some other narcotic poison, including illuminating gas or charcoal fumes; or the result of an electric shock; or a simple fainting spell, or the coma associated with Bright's disease or diabetes; or shock from a severe injury, such as a blow on the abdomen, or from some internal disorder, such as the sudden perforation of the wall of the stomach or the intestine by corroding action of an ulcer; in summer a case of sunstroke, or in winter the stupor that precedes freezing to death. Finally, it may be a pure case of simulation—"throwing a fit," as the slang phrase has it, in order to excite sympathy in the practical form of a drink of whisky, or a quarter, or to get a night's rest in a comfortable hospital bed.

A correct diagnosis often taxes the skill of the physician, but the appearance of the patient is a good guide. If the face is congested it may be apoplexy, or compression of the brain, epilepsy, drunkenness, or possibly hysteria; if the skin is pale and clammy the condition is more probably due to concussion or shock; in the usual form of sunstroke the skin is hot and dry; a weak, rapid pulse points to shock; a slow pulse points to opium or compression of the brain; in simple fainting the pulse is hardly perceptible.

An unconscious persons should be disturbed as little as possible, although he should be removed from a gathering crowd. The clothing should be loosened and he should have all the fresh air possible. No stimulant should be given until the physician comes.—Youth's Companion.

Bid Adieu to Home-Made Bread.

Home-made bread will soon be as much a relic of the past as home-spun clothing, and home-made soap, we are told by Carol A. Stewart in the Technical World Magazine. There are a million and a-half loaves of machine-made bread baked in New York City every day, according to this writer, which does not include the rolls, buns and biscuits also baked. Ten thousand sacks of flour are used daily, and ten thousand men are employed in this great industry.

MRS. DE PASSE OF NEW YORK CITY

"I Consulted Several Physicians, but They Did Me No Good. Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin Helped Me.

MRS. ALINE DePASSE.

Mrs. Aline DePasse, 776 E. 15th St., New York, N. Y., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the curative qualities of Peruna and Manalin.

"I was afflicted for over seven years with **catarrh of the head, throat and digestive organs.** I consulted many physicians, but they did me no good.

"One day I happened to read some testimonials in your Peruna almanac. I decided to try Peruna and Manalin. I bought a bottle of each, and after taking them for a week I noticed a change for the better. So I kept it up, and after using twelve bottles I was **perfectly cured.**

"I also gave the medicine to my children and they had the same beneficial result. I would never be without these remedies in the house.

"I highly recommend Peruna and Manalin to all my friends, and in fact to everybody."

Miss Mildred Grey, 110 Weimer St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to recommend Peruna for catarrh of the stomach. I had this disease for a number of years, and could not enjoy a mouthful of food that I ate. It was indeed a great relief when I hit upon Peruna, and obtained decided results from the first. I took six bottles before I felt entirely cured of my trouble, but I had an aggravated case."

In Legal Circles.

A plea of insanity met a plea of self-defense.

"Well," said the first, "I'm not so crazy I don't know you have no business monkeying in a case with me."

Thereupon they clinched and an unwritten law that had been loafing around in hopes of a job took to the woods for safety. — Philadelphia Ledger.

A motor driver was fined $115 in the town of East Wolseley, England, the other day for passing a cart on the wrong side.

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Remarkable Success

The great house of Sherman, Clay & Co., pioneer Pacific coast piano dealers, purchased the entire system of stores of the Allen & Gilbert-Ramaker company, July 1, 1906. The first year has just closed and it has been a year of marked success. The people of the Northwest have become wearied by the numerous, almost continual, "special," "fake," and spectacular piano sales, in which they were supposed to be able to buy a $500.00 piano for $238.00, etc.

Sherman, Clay & Company came into this territory without blare of trumpets, inaugurated no opening or special sale, but simply stated that they were ready for business. Every piano and organ was marked in plain figures and thus a child could buy any instrument as cheaply and safely as could a state senator, or any one, anywhere, could order by mail and secure the same price and terms as he could by visiting the store.

The results have shown that the people appreciate such a policy. The business came—sales increased in number—orders came from far and near by letter, telephone and telegraph. The business grew by leaps and bounds. We understand that even Sherman, Clay & Company were surprised at the rapid development of trade.

Doubtless the great success was largely due to the fact that Sherman, Clay & Company's reputation had preceded them, for they have been selling pianos at the conrner of Kearney and Sutter streets, San Francisco, for over thirty-five years and every Californian will vouch for the integrity of the house and the reliability of their pianos. Such pianos as the world celebrated Steinway, Knabe, Everett, Packard, and such player pianos as the Angelus, A. B. Chase, and the many other reliable makes which they sell would mark any concern as "The House of Quality." This is the name by which their stores are recognized everywhere. They have a perfect chain of stores from Canada to Mexico.

If you want a piano, write them for catalogue and prices. They will send you full information. Their principal Northwestern stores are located at Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Everett, and Bellingham.

A TROUBLESOME ROOSTER.

Holds Up Car Line, Delays U. S. Mail and Crows Over It.

It was nothing more than a common or garden variety of rooster, yet its escape from a coop on one of the wagons of the Adams Express Company caused enough excitement to tie up the United States mail for fifteen minutes and delay several hundred business men getting to their offices, says Philadelphia North American.

Just as one of the express wagons was driving out of the station at 18th and Market streets about 8 o'clock the rooster wriggled through the slats of the coop, and made a dash for an eastbound trolley car crossing 18th street.

The motorman brought the car to a stop with a jerk, which threw the passengers out of the seats, and then left the platform to see if the rooster was killed. The rooster wasn't. It crowed twice, and in a jiffy was perched on the axle of the front truck.

"Hey, there! Don't you start that car until I get that bird!" the driver of the express wagon shouted to the motorman, who was about to go on.

"Get a move on," one of the fat men in the car called the motorman. "I want to get to my office."

"I'm responsible for that there bird, and I'm not going to get docked $1.50," retorted the expressman. "You wait till I get that rooster."

"All right. Go as far as you like," the motorman replied, as he took the lever off the motor.

In three minutes a crowd of several hundred men and women gathered around the car, while the driver was poking a stick at the rooster to dislodge it. Meanwhile a mail car, bound to the postoffice, was held up, as well as a rapidly extending line of Market street cars. The crowd grew denser.

"It's a man killed," a leather-lunged youngster shouted along Market street, and this brought two policemen to the scene.

"Get the hook for the rooster," suggested one of the crowd.

"You get funny and I'll punch you in the mouth," said the expressman, who was purple in the face, as he wriggled under the car after the bird.

"I mean the switch-iron. Poke it off the axle with the switch-iron."

"Yes, kill the darned thing," the motorman of the mail car shouted. "I'm about twelve minutes late now, and all for a danged rooster."

"No, you won't kill it," an agent for the Woman's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals called back as the driver tried to dislodge the rooster with the hook.

When it seemed as though the rooster was going to delay traffic indefinitely some one remarked that if the car was run to the bar on the return trip the rooster could be taken off the axle from the pit in the barn from which men fix the trucks of the car.

That suggestion was acted upon, in spite of the expressman's protest, and as travel was resumed fifteen minutes late, the car started off with the rooster still clinging to the axle bearing.

IN A NEW CLASS.

Mrs. Baker, a well-to-do lady in one of the suburbs of a large Eastern city, was fortunate in having an excellent servant. Maggie was capable, quick and good natured. Most of the lady's friends were less fortunate; in fact, few of them were without their distinct trials. At all the fashionable gatherings the conversation turned, like a needle to the pole, straight to the subject of servants.

Mrs. Baker said very little, for she had often noticed that an announcement of perfect satisfaction in the domestic line was frequently followed, later on, by a second announcement to the effect that the perfect maid had been offered higher wages by Mrs. So-and-So, and had gone to get them. Therefore Mrs. Baker followed "Brer Rabbit's" tactics of "laying low."

More than this, she decided to be very diplomatic. She would offer Maggie more wages herself, and thus secure her before anyone else had a chance. She was pleased with her plan.

"Now, Maggie," she said, the next morning, "you've been very faithful and cheerful during this hot summer and through Dorothy's illness, and I like your work so well that I'm going to raise your wages from five dollars to six."

Maggie thanked her, and Mrs. Baker smiled at the thought of her own astuteness.

On Monday morning, a few days later, she had occasion to visit her kitchen after breakfast. Instead of encountering the usual smell of suds and steam, she found Maggie seated at the table.

"Why, where's the washing?" she asked. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, mum," replied Maggie, airily, "I ain't sick; but none of the girls as gets six dollars does any washing. The six-dollar girls has it done for 'um, you know."

Mrs. Baker has not tried any more diplomatic plans.

Curiosity.

An Irishman saw an anchor lying on the ground in a ship yard. He hung about the place all day, and when night came a watchman at the yard asked him what he was there for. "Begorry, I'm waitin' to see the man what can use that pick," answered Pat.

Most people were baptized and vaccinated when they were very little.

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LILLY'S BEST LICE KILLER

Instantly kills lice on Poultry by its fumes. It is very powerful—the strongest of all lice killers. It is a necessary remedy, because lice-infected poultry cannot lay or thrive. Sold by dealers. Made only by Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco.

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Breakers, Washington

CATARRH BLOOD DISEASED AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous dropping back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do. M. MATSON, Lapeer, Mich.

S.S.S.

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