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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.

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## Bury 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 Railway 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 employes, 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 point 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 Inter-State commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our ideas 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 employes in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employes 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 yet?"

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

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

# OLD Favorites

Jim Hudson,  
Wall, no, I can't tell what he lives, Because he don't live, you see; Leastways he's got out of the habit Of livin' like you and me. What'ave you been for the last three year?

How they haven't heard folks tell How Jimmy Hudson passed in his check The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers Is pretty much alike— One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, Another one here in Pike. A keeless man in his talk was Jim, An awkward hand in a row, But he never founked, and he never lied— I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, To treat his engine well, Never be passed on the river, To mind the pilot's bell; And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire— A thousand times he swore He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Missisip, And her day come at last; The Movastar was a better boat, But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed; And so she come tarin' along that night— The oldest craft on the line— With a nigger equat on her safety valve, And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar, And burnt a hole in the night; And, quick as a flash, she turned and made For that willer bank on the right. There was rannin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out Over all the infernal roar: 'I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last galoot's ashore.'

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat Jim Hudson's voice was heard, And they all had trust in his cussedness, And knowed he would keep his word; And, sure's yo're born, they all got off Afore the smoke-stacks fell— And Hudson's ghost went up alone In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment I'd run my chance with Jim Longside of some pious gentlemen That wouldn't shook hands with him. He seen his duty, a dead sure thing— And went for it thar and then; And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard On a man that died for men.

## PRINCE OF MISERS.

Incidents Which Illustrate the Meanness of Russell Sage.

While many of the stories that are told of Russell Sage's miserly habits and eccentricities are fictitious, none of them are exaggerations. It would be almost impossible for anyone to imagine a man more economical and stingy than he, says a writer who has been looking up facts about the multi-

millionaire. Although his income is reckoned at \$5,000 a day, at least, and some people think it is twice that amount, he has lived at the rate of \$5,000 a year or less, and his personal expenses have not been \$1,000 a year. That is a very liberal estimate. He has two suits of clothes, one for week days and the other for Sunday, and he has worn them as long as anybody can remember. He has not bought a new overcoat for 15 or 20 years, and his hat is quite as old as that if not older. A few years ago he sent for a gentleman who had done him a favor, and in a confidential way said that he was going to reward him with a "tip" that he could work for a profit. Then, to the man's astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could get shoes for \$2 a pair.

To save time the Western Union Telegraph Company serves a free lunch to its operators, and Mr. Sage appeared every day at a certain hour. A seat was kept for him at a certain table up to the last day he came downtown. He never paid fare on the elevated railroad, because he was a director, and the ticket takers had instructions to let him go by without paying. He invariably helped himself to newspapers from the stand at Fifth street in the morning when on his way downtown, and did the same at Rector street when he was going home in the afternoon. He has stolen his newspapers for a generation in the same way, of the same men, and they never dared say a word about it. He has always compelled the bootblacks on the elevated stations to shine his shoes for nothing. At first, years ago, they used to remonstrate. He would climb into one of the chairs and wait

until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform. The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for \$3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

## "BOTHERATION PRIMUS."

Argumentative Youth Gave the Instructor Something to Think About.

The dignity of the old-time clergyman of a small town was wrapped in so entirely in the eyes of his people that jests concerning the foibles of his youth were likely to be frowned upon rather than cherished. But of the college days of the estimable and much respected Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, Vermont, who was graduated from Princeton in 1768, N. N. Withington in a recent interesting article tells us that traditions still survive.

He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the Jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only profero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim.

His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor. "Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

**Story of a Woman Crusoe.**  
Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel Islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early '50's. For over seventeen years the lone creature had lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when, on the days the mist-clearing north winds blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland.

And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they found marked upon the lonely sands.—Forest and Stream.

**Nature's Armored Cruisers.**  
Some of the papers are poking fun at the story which comes from the Bay of Biscay of crabs weighing sixteen pounds and possessing claws eighteen inches in circumference. The joke would have seemed the funnier, perhaps, had the crabs been described as opening and eating oysters. As a matter of fact, there is a species which does crack coconuts. As students of Darwin will remember, this extraordinary creature grows to an enormous size; so large is it that in the larger ones there is sufficient fat to yield a quart of palm-oil, derived from their diet on coconuts. These nuts they first denude of their tough fibrous covering, then with their hammer-like claws beat upon the shell until an opening is made, and the rest is simple. These giants live on land, but bathe each night in the sea.

## Ambition Gratified.

First Bookworm—Well, I'm working on a file of newspapers now and am entirely satisfied. Second Ditto—You always did have a sneaking ambition to get into the papers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We lately met a large, fine looking, assertive sort of woman. "My mother lives with us," she said. We sort of expected it.

Investigate it closely, and you will find that the successful men do not take many chances.

# JOLLY JOKER

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

Hewitt—How many meals did you have on the voyage, Jewett—Gross or net?—Brooklyn Life.

"It seems Woodby has discovered that he has a family tree." "Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."

"So the lawyers got most all the estate, Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."—Judge.

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon. Office boy—Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—Scraps.

Magistrate—You say your machine was beyond your control. Chauffeur—Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it the cop wouldn't have caught me.—New York Mail.

Post—I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other. Editor—Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public.—Ex.

"George certainly is a man of action." "What has he done?" "Why, the very next day after the address accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry Club."

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood." "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."—Ex.

Kind lady—You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house. Homeless Holmes—Thanks, mum. I might've bumped right into it if you hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum.—Cleveland Leader.

Jones (to Brown, who has been relating his wonderful adventures in Russia)—And I suppose you visited the great steppes of Russia? Brown—I should rather think so. And walked up every blessed one of them on my hands and knees.

Office boy—Miss Keyes, please let me look at your face? Miss Keyes—What for? Office boy—Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine.—Chicago News.

The three-year-old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

"What did you discuss at your library club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."—Ex.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oh, want to tek out a pawley." "Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "Al three, O'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant; "O'm goin' fer a stoker in th' navy."—Puck.

Mrs. Younglove—Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient. Grocer—Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'. Mrs. Younglove—Oh, to be sure. Of course, I hadn't thought of that.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## From Appearances.

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he exclaimed: "O mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried, "Somebody has cheated us! It's an old baby."

Geehaw and Giddap  
Farmer Geehaw—Sim Walton has got forty gals comin' to board with him this summer.

Farmer Giddap—Dew tell! How did he manage to git so many? Farmer Geehaw—He advertised that nuthin' but college students wuz employed on the farm.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The people down in their hearts admire the father who refuses to sit on the back porch for any daughter's beau.

When a young man asks for the hand of an heiress he means the one in which she carries her purse.

# 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.

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

Look.  
"You know Bradshaw, don't you?" "Jim Bradshaw? Yes." "His father, who died not long ago, provided in his will that Jim was to be cut off with \$3.50 unless he and his wife separated. In case they got divorced Jim was to inherit half a million. I understand that the lady has decided to apply for a legal separation, so that he may get the money."

"By George, the luck of some people is marvelous. If that fellow fell into a vat of boiling oil I'll bet it would at once turn into the fountain of youth."

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

The Millbrook Philosopher.  
Evasion is the tribute cowardice pays to direct falsehood. It would be much more easy to conquer fate if we but knew what fate was to be.

Always take the feed for the will—and cheat the lawyers out of a contest. It is a pity that the wheat, instead of the speculator, falls into the hopper and is ground up.

The bookworm sees but the printed page. All nature's volume is a stranger to him.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Getting at the Facts.  
He (at the show)—How I envy that man who just sang the solo. She—Indeed! I thought he had a very poor voice. He—It isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve.

Pico's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

## 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.

# Feminine Charity.

Bees—They say Maude is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Nell—Impossible! Bees—Why do you say that? Nell—Because I'm sure there isn't a man living who is that old.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Paste FREE. Write Allen S. Clanted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Paste. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitutes.

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? Liverman—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 ELY KILLER destroys all the flies and stings coming in during room, sleeping room, and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or stain anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Sowers, 120 Dekalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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