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She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know that I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His System.

"How do you dispose of your garbage here?" asked the stranger, who was gathering data for purposes of publication.

"We always throw ours in the garbage can," said the man with the chin beard; "but I don't know, of course, about the neighbors."—Chicago Tribune.

Anything but Friendly.

"You astonish me. Your engagement with Miss Welph is broken, is it? Are the relations between you still friendly?" "I should say not! The relations between us are her relations, and they're my bitter enemies."

No Longer in the Limelight.

Then old Venustus checked his rage, and straightway called a truce. "There's too much competition now," he muttered. "What's the use!"

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 500 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil war suffering tortures with kidney complaint. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil war, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and came to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Good Reason.

"Why does Smyth visit his wealthy aunt so often?" "If he didn't he might have to visit his 'uncle.'"—Houston Post.

Defines the Court's Duty.

A. G. Jewett, lawyer, politician and man of sarcastic wit, was once trying a case in the supreme court in Belfast, Me., his home city. The judge presiding, before being called to the bench, had tried many cases against Jewett, who did not entertain a very high opinion of his ability.

In his closing argument, Jewett, in defiance of the rules of the court, started in to read some law to the jury. The court pounded on the bench and said: "Mr. Jewett, you must not read law to the jury in your closing argument." Jewett kept on reading, without so much as a glance at the court. The court in thunderous tones ordered him to stop.

Jewett, who had by this time read all he intended to read, turned calmly to the judge and said: "Did your honor address me?"

"I said," roared the judge, "you must not read law to the jury in your closing argument. I will give the law to the jury. What do you suppose the court is here for?"

"What is the court here for?" responded Jewett in high falsetto. "I suppose you know, sir, to keep order with the aid of the sheriff, sir, with all due respect to the sheriff, sir."—Boston Herald.

What Noon Means in Law.

The courts of several states have dealt with an odd question, none of them agreeing upon a similar answer. When is it legally noon? Fire insurance policies expire at noon and the word is admitted to mean exactly 12 o'clock, midday. But standard time has not been adopted in all communities. Many small towns cling to sun time, which may be from a few minutes to nearly an hour earlier than standard.

In one state a fire occurred at two minutes past noon, sun time, and the insurance company held that the policy had expired before the fire. Sun time is used in that town, but the insured sued the company, holding that local customs did not rule the policy and that he was entitled to his insurance. The state courts sustained him.

In another state a similar contention was taken to the courts and just the opposite decision given. Several conflicting precedents have been established in state courts, and it is said the question can only be decided for good and all when a case has been carried into the United States courts and passed upon by the Supreme Court.—New York Press.

Dealing with Deadheads.

Willie Collier, the actor, was asked if he was much annoyed by requests from deadheads.

"I receive them in shoals," he replied; "but generally manage to put them off politely, but firmly. The other day, for instance, I received a letter from a man, who wrote that he had had the pleasure of meeting me in California sometime ago. I had never even heard the man's name before. However, he added kindly that he was much pleased with my play, and may be I could send him two seats for the next matinee."

"Did you answer the letter?" "Oh, yes! I sent him a postal-card saying maybe I couldn't."

Edited Out.

"John," said Lorna Doone, "you ought not to come and meet me by stealth. It isn't right. My family wouldn't like it."

"All's fair in love or war, Lorna," chuckled John Ridd, "and this is both."

But Mr. Blackmore, fearing that this light play of the intellect was not suited to so heavy a man as Big John, omitted all mention of the incident in writing the story.

It Was Unbearable.

Towne—I hear you've got a first-class cook now.

Browne—Yes, but I'm going to get rid of her. She's making my life unbearable.

Towne—How?

Browne—Oh, my wife is always bothering me to get her gowns as well as the cook wears.—Philadelphia Press.

POPULATION MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.



The center of population in the United States has been moving steadily westward for more than a century with remarkable regularity, both as regards distance and direction, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Since the year 1790 the exact location of this mythical point has been calculated officially at Washington for every ten years of the nation's history. When these points are plotted upon the map and connected a remarkable line of progress is obtained, in which may be read at a glance much of this country's history. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," as all the world knows, but it is probable that nowhere in history has any similar line of progress, as it may be called, proceeded westward so directly according to compass and at so even a rate of progress.

In the year 1790, when the center of population was first calculated, it was found to be at a point twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. In making this estimate the entire population of the United States of that period was, of course, considered. It was the population center of a strip extending from Maine to Florida. And since the frontier population of that early day was inconceivable the center of population was practically the same as the geographical center. To-day the geographical center of the country is, of course, considerably west of the Mississippi. In more than a century these two theoretical points have become widely separated. The center of population in the United States is at present six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.

The regularity of this line is the more remarkable when it is considered that the United States has grown, geographically, by leaps and bounds. The development of the country has not been a steady growth westward as regards its acquisition of territory. The Louisiana Purchase, for example, by adding millions of acres to the United States at one time would presumably have had the effect of drawing this line of progress sharply to the southwest. The acquisition of Alaska again would have had a similar influence in another direction. And yet the line shows little deflection at the important dates when these territories were added.

For a century again the distance covered by this point during each decade has varied very slightly. It has moved westward at the rate of about forty miles every ten years, a little more or less, whether at the beginning or the end of the century. The shortest distance traveled

was between years 1800 and 1810, when only thirty-six miles were traversed. The longest jump was between 1850 and 1860, when eighty-one miles were covered. The regularity of the movement of the center of population while the population of the country has increased at such an enormous rate is obviously very remarkable.

By reference to the accompanying map it will be seen that the digressions of this line either to the north or south have been somewhat less than fifty miles in a full century. These figures apply, however, only until the end of the last century. Since 1900 the line has shown a tendency to move southward, while at the same time its rate of progress has been abruptly checked. In other words, while the movement of the line was at the rate of about forty miles every ten years, its movement during the decade from 1890 to 1900 was but fourteen miles, a startling contrast with previous decades for a century. This abrupt check to its movement and its southward tendency indicate, of course, a rapid increase of the population in the South.

The first movement recorded, that between 1790 and 1800, was from a point twenty-three miles east of Baltimore to a point eighteen miles west of that city, a total movement of forty-one miles. Ten years later it was located forty miles northwest by west of Washington, having moved thirty-six miles in the decade. By the year 1820 it had reached a point sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va., having traveled at an even fifty miles. In the following decade it left the State of West Virginia, nineteen miles west-southwest of Moorfield, a distance of thirty-nine miles. It next traveled to a point sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, in the same State, fifty-five miles. The next decade carried it to a point twenty-three miles southeast of Parkersburg, repeating the same distance of the previous decade, fifty-five miles. In 1860 it moved into Ohio, to a point twenty miles south of Chillicothe, having traveled eighty-one miles, the longest movement in its history.

Ten years later it had reached a point eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, fifty-eight miles. The southern tendency then became obvious, for in the following ten years, between 1870 and 1880, it traveled to a point eight miles west by south of Cincinnati. It next moved to a point twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind., and in the last ten years, in 1900, it had reached its present resting place. The total distance traveled in 110 years has been exactly 519 miles.

FRIENDS.

JIM is going instead of Herman," announced Mrs. Day. "But I don't know Jim," objected Lois.

"And that's the reason," answered Mrs. Day, "that I want to tell you about him. The fact is, Jim was jilted last spring. She was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen"—Mrs. Day talked rapidly—"but none of us wanted her. She was selfish and thoughtless and exacting, but Jim never saw it. He just adored her and followed her about, and gloried in being her slave, until we were all in despair."

Jim was the brother of Mrs. Day's husband, but it was her way to take all the responsibility, even of her husband's family. "So we were all very much relieved when she jilted Jim."

Lois was listening quietly, somewhat at a loss to get the trend of these confidences.

"We were all rather glad, as I said, except"—here Mrs. Day paused, then plunged ahead—"except for the dreadful effect it has had upon Jim. He was heart-broken; he's young, you know." This is apology to Lois' smile. "And since then he has been perfectly reckless."

Mrs. Day stopped for breath. It was hard to say what she meant to say.

"Lois, my dear," she finally continued, "don't let Jim make love to you at camp. He has vowed to be revenged on the whole race of women, and that is the way he has taken to do it."

The first night at camp Lois had cause to remember Mrs. Day's warning. It was a party of lovers, all young married couples, or engaged, all except Lois and Jim, the youngest. These two started up the lake in a canoe, just as the others did; but when Jim suggested that they drift, Lois felt a misgiving. Jim must be made to understand. She stopped his half-tender compliments with a warning hand.

"Listen, Jim," she said, slowly and earnestly, "your sister has told me about your trouble. I'm not going to talk about that," she added hastily, as Jim frowned, "but I want to tell you this: Somewhere there is a man that I

love as dearly as you love this girl. For his sake and for hers, let's you and I help each other. I want to be true"—diffidently, it was hard to say—"and so, I know, do you. Let us here and now promise to be just good comrades. Nothing more."

She looked at the boy with a bright smile and held out her hand. He hesitated a minute, then grasped her hand. "It's a go, Lois," he said.

And so it became the custom for these two youngest to entertain or harass the others, as the mood seized them. On the water they sang and played on mandolins and guitars; in camp they indulged in endless games of cards, or got off jokes at the expense of the others. They earned the nickname of the "two young fellows," and all mundane matters were left in their



JUST GOOD COMRADES.

charge, such as the planning of trips, the care of the lunch.

"Let the lovers love," was their motto; "we'll have a good time." And they certainly did. They explored all the inlets and outlets of the lake, discovered the big cave, brought home the last water lilies of the season, and wandered far afield, spied out tracks unmistakably those of a bear. Lois grew brown and hardy with the long tramps which she alone of the women found time to take. The biggest berries and the fattest fish were hers, and she it was who caught the prize trout, thanks to the patience and energy with which she angled.

It was the last night. Mrs. Day looked about the table and sighed. "This is the first year we haven't had an engagement to announce," she said; "we are all getting old, I am afraid." And it was proof of the success of Lois' plan that not one of them thought to

joke about the "young fellows." There was no question of sentimentality with them.

Lois and Jim were forbidden to give a concert to spoil the last evening, so they paddled swiftly along the south shore. At length Jim broke the unusual silence. "This has been the best summer of my life," he said, "and it has all been due to you, Lois."

The girl looked up, startled at this sudden transition from bonhomie to something very like sentiment.

"I'm not going to break our promise," Jim said in answer to the look. "I want you to be as true as ever to that man. But I'm going to tell you this, that other girl was a dream."

They both laughed. "I mean she wasn't real, like you. I understand now that she never could have been a wife to me. Why, we weren't friends."

Lois was silent.

"Lois (Jim's voice faltered, so intense were his feelings), would it be unfair to the other man or to you if I tell you that you are truly the only woman I love; the only one I could possibly marry? A man ought to spend his life with a girl who is his friend," he added wistfully. "I never knew that before."

"Somewhere," remarked Lois, inconsequently, "is a very indefinite place, and you remember that's where I said the man was."

Jim was quick-witted, and association with Lois had sharpened his perception. He asked eagerly, "Was he a dream, too?"

"No," Lois laughed; "he's no dream, Jim; he's—well, he's in love, and," she drawled to keep up the suspense as long as possible, "he's in love, and so am I. We're both in the same boat, you see."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Consolation.

A minister, who has since attained prominence in New York, says a writer in the Sun, was in his earlier years called from a village church. One of the sisters expressed grief at his going.

"They will get a better preacher to take my place," he consoled her. "No, that's just the trouble," she said. "Every preacher, lately, is worse than the last."

When a man says, "I didn't eat any breakfast," ever remark his mournful way of saying it!

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