

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!

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"Sold for over sixty years."

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SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

A Farmer's Irrigation.

Under above caption in a recent issue of The Furrow, the following article appeared:

"There is at least one man in the rain belt region of the United States who has solved the drouth problem, and in overcoming his drouth nightmare he has somewhat unexpectedly discovered that every year brings a drouth, to a greater or less extent. 'I have put in, as you see,' he said to me, 'a simple plan of irrigating some of my land from a little stream running through the place which I thought would give me crop insurance during dry years; but it has taught me that never a year goes by that there is not some period or periods of greater or less extent that a watering does not greatly increase the crop. I can observe accurately, because I have my irrigated crops growing practically alongside those which get only rainfall for their watering.'

"This farmer's discovery of the efficiency and ease of irrigating was in a measure accidental. A little stream which showed a capacity—in July—of about six cubic feet per second, or say, 2,500 gallons a minute, which is a much smaller stream than the figures would indicate to the unwary, runs with a slight fall through a piece of rich bottom land and at one point near its lower end had been dammed by the boys to form a bathing pool. Several years ago, while in the midst of a destructive drouth which was burning up the crops even on this usually moist bottom land, the farmer raised this dam by throwing in earth with the help of a plow and scoops, and crudely flooded several acres of cabbages, melons and some recently planted late corn. The result was so satisfactory and the idea of overcoming nature so fascinating, that the next year, after the spring high water season, a more substantial dam was put in at the head of the field which enabled the flooding of the entire bottom, with a little rough surveying to find the levels. The yield is stated to have been enormous, and while the farmer's tendency has been to over-irrigate, he is learning more than he ever knew before about the great productive capacity of land which has enough water at the right time, and also the great response which comes from heavily manured soil when

well supplied with water. His dam is a cheap affair, built entirely by labor on the farm, and largely reconstructed each year. It has no storage capacity, the irrigation depending entirely upon the regular flow."

With the loss of no time or labor and at considerably less expense could this farmer have secured the same, and even better, results by the hydraulic ram. It works automatically after once being started, both nights and Sundays, too, just the same as interest and just as safely. It requires no attention whatever, and need not be rebuilt every year as does the dam. It does more than merely to furnish water for irrigating purposes. Pure water for the house and barn is also supplied. Every enterprising farmer should investigate this ram subject if it is only with the view of supplying water to the house to make it easier for his wife.

Didn't Write to Her.

Little Dorothy came hurrying home from school to tell in glowing terms about her new teacher, says the New York World.

"What's her name?"
"I don't know," said Dorothy.
"Why, then, how do you address her?"
"Why," answered Dorothy, "we do not write to her."—New Orleans Picayune.

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.

Indianapolis Banking Facilities.

There are in Indianapolis, where the National Editorial association convenes in June, seven national banks with a total capital of \$5,000,000 and total deposits of \$33,400,000. The total surplus and undivided profits are \$2,725,000. In addition there are six trust companies with a total capital of \$2,475,000; the surplus and undivided profits, \$1,210,000, and total deposits, \$10,300,000. All the banks of Indianapolis are in excellent condition, earning fair dividends and entirely worthy of all confidence.

Queens Taller than Kings.

There is hardly a king in Christendom to-day whose wife does not overtop him by a head.

King Edward is quite six inches shorter than Queen Alexandra.

The Czar is overtopped a full head by the Czarina.

Kaiser Wilhelm is of the medium height, but the German Empress is tall, and that is why the proud Kaiser will never consent to be photographed beside his wife, unless she sits while he stands.

The King of Italy, short and squat, hardly comes up to the shoulders of the tall, athletic Queen Helena.

The King of Portugal, though father, is less tall than his Queen.

Even the Prince of Wales is shorter a good four inches than the Princess.

The young King of Spain is several inches shorter than his new bride.

The Queen of Denmark towers above her royal spouse.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XIX.

The mutineers of the Osprey had been long since given up as dead, and the story of their desperate escape had become indistinct to the general public mind. Now that they had been captured in a remarkable manner, popular belief invested them with all sorts of strange surroundings. They had been—according to report—kings over savage islanders, chiefs of lawless and ferocious pirates, respectable married men in Java, merchants in Singapore, and swindlers in Hongkong. Their adventures had been dramatized at a theater, and the popular novelist of that day was engaged in a work descriptive of their wondrous fortunes.

John Rex, the ringleader, was related, it was said, to a noble family. He had every prospect of being satisfactorily hanged, however, for even the most outspoken admirers of his skill and courage could not but admit that he had committed an offense which was death by the law. The already crowded prison was rechristened with half a dozen life-sentence men, brought up from Port Arthur to identify the prisoners. Among this number was stated to be the "notorious Dawes."

This statement gave fresh food for recollection and invention. It was remembered that "the notorious Dawes" was the absconder who had been brought away by Captain Frere, and who owed such fettered life as he possessed to the fact that he had assisted Captain Frere to make the wonderful boat in which the marooned party escaped. It was remembered, also, how sullen and morose he had been on his trial five years before, and how he had laughed when the commutation of his death sentence was announced to him.

Miss Sylvia Vickers also received an additional share of public attention. Her romantic rescue by the heroic Frere, who was shortly to reap the reward of his devotion in the good old fashion, made her almost as famous as the villain Dawes, or his confederate monster, John Rex. It was reported that she was to give evidence on the trial, together with her affianced husband, they being the only two living witnesses who could speak to the facts of the mutiny. It was reported, also, that her lover was, naturally, most anxious that she should not give evidence, as she was affected deeply by the illness consequent on the suffering she had undergone, and in a state of pitiable mental confusion as to the whole business. These reports caused the court, on the day of the trial, to be crowded with spectators, and as the various particulars of the marvelous history of this double escape were detailed, the excitement grew more intense. The aspect of the four heavily ironed prisoners caused a sensation which, in that city of the ironed, was quite novel, and bets were offered and taken as to the line of defense which they would adopt.

Mr. Meekin, sitting in the body of the court, felt his religious prejudices sadly shocked by a sight of John Rex. "A perfect wild beast, my dear Miss Vickers," he said, returning. In a pause during the examination of the convicts who had been brought to identify the prisoner, to the little room where Sylvia and her father were waiting. "He has quite a tigerish look about him."

"Poor man!" said Sylvia, with a shudder. The major tapped his fingers impatiently. "Come here, Poppet," he said, "and look through this door. You can see them from here, and if you do not recognize any of them, I can't see what is the use of putting you in the box."

The raised dock was just opposite to the door of the room in which they were sitting, and the four manacled men, each with an armed warder behind him, were visible above the heads of the crowd.

"No, papa," she said, with a sigh of relief; "I can't recognize them at all."

As she was turning from the door, a voice from the witness box behind her made her suddenly pale, and pause to look again. The court itself appeared, at that moment, affected, for a murmur ran through it, and some official cried, "Silence!"

The notorious criminal, Rufus Dawes, the desperado of Port Arthur, the wild beast whom the newspapers had judged not fit to live, had just entered the witness box. He was a man of thirty, in the prime of life, with a torso whose muscular grandeur not even the ill-fitting yellow jacket could altogether conceal, with strong, embrowned and nervous hands, and upright carriage, and a pair of fierce black eyes that roamed over the court hungrily.

Not all the weight of the double irons swaying from the leathern thong around his massive loins, could mar that elegance of attitude which comes only from perfect muscular development. Not all the frowning faces bent upon him could frown an accent of respect into the contemptuous tones in which he answered to his name, "Rufus Dawes, prisoner of the crown."

"Come away, my darling," said Vickers, alarmed at his daughter's blanched face and eager eyes.

"Wait," she said, impatiently, listening for the voice whose owner she could not see. "Rufus Dawes! Oh, I have heard that name before!"

"You are a prisoner of the crown at the penal settlement of Port Arthur?"

"Yes."
Sylvia turned to her father with breathless inquiry in her eyes. "Oh, papa, who is that speaking? I know the name! I know the voice!"

"That is the man who was with you

in the boat, dear," says Vickers, gravely. "The prisoner."

The eager light died out of her eyes, and in its place came a look of disappointment and pain. "I thought it was a good man," she said, holding by the edge of the doorway. "It sounded like a good voice."

And then she pressed her hands over her eyes and shuddered. "There, there," says Vickers, soothingly, "don't be afraid, Poppet; he can't hurt you now."

The colloquy in the court went on. "Do you know the prisoners in the dock?"

"Yes."
"Who are they?"

"John Rex, John Shiers, James Lesly and, and—I'm not sure about the last man."

"You are not sure about the last man. Will you swear to the three others?"

"I was in the chain gang at Macquarie Harbor with them for three years," Sylvia, hearing this hideous reason for acquaintance, gave a low cry, and fell into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa, take me away! I feel as if I was going to remember something terrible!"

Amidst the deep silence that prevailed the cry of the poor girl was distinctly audible in the court, and all heads turned to the door. In the general wonder no one noticed the change that passed over Rufus Dawes. His face flushed scarlet, great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, and his black eyes glared in the direction from whence the sound came, as though they would pierce the evasive wood that separated him from the woman whose voice he had heard.

Maurice Frere sprang up and pushed his way through the crowd under the bench. "What's this?" he said to Vickers, almost brutally. "What did you bring her here for? She is not wanted. I told you that."

"I considered it my duty, sir," says Vickers with stately rebuke.

"That ruffian Dawes frightened her," said Meekin. "A gush of recollection, poor child. There, there, calm yourself, Miss Vickers. He is quite safe."

"Frightened her, eh?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, faintly, "he frightened me, Maurice. I needn't stop any longer, dear, need I?"

"No," says Frere, the cloud passing from his face. "Major, I beg your pardon, but I was hasty. Take her home at once. This sort of thing is too much for her." And so he went back again to his place, wiping his brow, and breathing hard, as one who had just escaped from some near peril.

Rufus Dawes had remained in the same attitude until the figure of Frere, passing through the doorway, roused him. "Who is she?" he said, in a low, hoarse voice, to the constable behind him.

"Miss Vickers," said the man, shortly, flinging the information at him as one might fling a bone to a dangerous dog.

"Miss Vickers!" repeated the convict, still staring in a sort of bewildered agony. "They told me she was dead."

The constable sniffed contemptuously at this preposterous conclusion, as who should say: "If you know all about it, animal, why did you ask?" And then, feeling that the fixed gaze of his interrogator demanded some reply, added: "You thort she was, I've no doubt. You did your best to make her so, I've heard."

The convict raised both his hands with sudden action of wrathful despair, as though he would seize the other, despite the loaded muskets, but, checking himself with sudden impulse, wheeled round to the court. "Your honor! Gentlemen! I want to speak."

The change in the tone of his voice, no less than the sudden loudness of his exclamation, made the faces, hitherto bent upon the door through which Mr. Frere had passed, turn round again. To many there it seemed that the "notorious Dawes" was no longer in the box, for in place of the upright and defiant villain who stood there an instant back was a white-faced, nervous, agitated creature, bending forward in an attitude almost of supplication, one hand grasping the rail, as though to save himself from falling, the other outstretched toward the bench.

"Your honor, there has been some dreadful mistake made. I want to explain about myself. I explained before, when first I was sent to Port Arthur, but the letters were never forwarded by the commandant. Of course, that's the rule, and I can't complain. I've been sent there unjustly, your honor. I made that boat, your honor. I saved the major's wife and daughter. I was the man; I did it all myself, and my liberty was sworn away by a villain who hated me. I thought until now that no one knew the truth, for they told me that she was dead." His rapid utterance took the court so much by surprise that no one interrupted him. "I was sentenced to death for bolting, sir, and they repleved me because I helped them in the boat. Helped them! Why, I made it! She will tell you so. I nursed her, I carried her in my arms, I starved myself for her. She was fond of me, sir. She was, indeed. She called me 'Good Mr. Dawes.'"

At this a coarse laugh broke out, which was instantly checked. The Judge bent over to ask, "Does he mean Miss Vickers?" and in this interval Rufus Dawes, looking down into the court, saw Maurice Frere staring up at him with terror in his eyes.

"I see you, Captain Frere, coward and liar! Put him in the box, gentlemen, and make him tell his story. She'll con-

tradlet him, never fear. Oh, and I thought she was dead all this while!"

The judge had got his answer from the clerk by this time. "Miss Vickers had been seriously ill, had fainted just now in the court. Her only memories of the convict who had been with her in the boat were those of terror. The sight of him just now had most seriously affected her. The convict himself was an inveterate liar and schemer, and his story had been already disproved by Captain Frere. Rufus Dawes, still endeavoring to speak, was clanked away with amidst a buzz of remark and surmise.

The trial progressed without further incident. The defense set up by Rex was most ingenious. He was guilty of absconding, but his moderation might plead an excuse for that. His only object was his freedom, and, having gained it, he had lived honestly for nearly three years, as he could prove. He was charged with piratically seizing the Osprey, and he urged that the brig Osprey, having been built by convicts at Macquarie Harbor, and never entered in any shipping list, could not be said to be "piratically seized," in the strict meaning of the term. The court admitted the force of this objection, and, influenced doubtless by Captain Frere's evidence, the fact that five years had passed since the mutiny, and that the two men most guilty had been executed in England, sentenced Rex and his three companions to transportation for life to the penal settlements of the colony.

At this happy conclusion of his labors, Frere went down to comfort the girl for whose sake he had suffered Rex to escape the gallows. He found Vickers in the garden, and at once begged him not to talk about the "business" to his daughter.

"You saw how bad she was to-day, Vickers. For goodness' sake, don't make her ill again!"

"My dear sir," says poor Vickers, "I won't refer to the subject. She's been very unwell ever since. Nervous and unstrung. Go in and see her."

So Frere went in, and soothed the excited girl, with real sorrow at her suffering. "It's all right now, Poppet," he said to her. "Don't think of it any more. Put it out of your mind, dear."

"It was foolish of me, Maurice. I know, but I could not help it. The sound of—that man's voice seemed to bring back to me some great pity for something or some one. I don't explain what I mean, I know; but I felt that I was just on the verge of remembering a story of some great wrong, just about to hear some dreadful revelation that should make me turn from all the people whom I ought most to love. Do you understand?"

"I think I know what you mean," says Frere, with averted face. "But that's all nonsense, you know."

"Of course," returned she, with a touch of her old childish manner of disposing of questions out of hand. "Everybody knows it's all nonsense. But then we do think such things. It seems to me that I am double, that I have lived somewhere before, and have had another life—a dream-life."

"What a romantic girl you are!" said the other, dimly comprehending her meaning. "How could you have a dream-life?"

"Of course, not really. But in thought, you know. I dream such strange things now and then. I am always falling down precipices and into cataracts, and being pushed into great caverns in enormous rocks. Horrible dreams! And in these dreams," continued Sylvia, "there is one strange thing. You are always there, Maurice."

"Come, that's all right," says Maurice.

"Ah, but not kind and good as you are, Captain Bruin, but scowling, and threatening, and angry, so that I am afraid of you."

"But that is only in a dream, darling." "But you looked just so to-day in the court, Maurice, and I think that's what made me so silly."

"My darling! There! Hush—don't cry!"

But she had burst into a passion of sobs and tears that shook her slight figure in his arms.

"Oh, Maurice, I am a wicked girl! I don't know my own mind. I think—sometimes I don't love you as I ought—you who have saved me and nursed me."

"There, never mind about that," muttered Maurice Frere, with a sort of choking in his throat.

She grew more composed presently, and said, after a while, lifting her face: "Tell me, Maurice, did you ever, in those days of which you have spoken to me—when you nursed me as a little child in your arms, and fed me, and starved for me—did you ever think we should be married?"

"I don't know," says Maurice. "Why?"

"I think you must have thought so, because—it's not vanity, dear—you would not else have been so kind and gentle and devoted."

"Nonsense, Poppet!" he said, with his eyes resolutely averted.

"No, but you have been; and I am very pettish, sometimes. Papa has spoiled me. You are always affectionate, and those worrying ways of yours, which I get angry at, all come from love for me, don't they?"

"I hope so," said Maurice, with an unwonted moisture in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

A Knock.

"He wants me to buy his claim," said the newcomer in Alaska; "says it's the best in this district."

"Huh!" snorted Chilkoot Charlie, "he's trying to throw gold-dust in your eyes."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Music.

"Those people are very good, aren't they?"

"Good! They're so good they wouldn't have anything in their house but an upright piano."—Baltimore American.

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