

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

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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 Welpho 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 Vesuvius 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 Smithy 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 maybe 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 swell as the cook wears.—Philadelphia Press.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Rufus Dawes, overpowered by the revelation so suddenly made to him, had remained for a few moments motionless in his cell, expecting to hear the heavy clang of the outer door, which should announce to him the departure of the chaplain. But he did not hear it, and it seemed to him that the air in the cell had grown suddenly cooler. He went to the door and looked into the narrow corridor, expecting to see the scowling countenance of Gimblett. To his astonishment the door of the prison was wide open, and not a soul in sight.

He looked around. The night was falling silently; the wind was mounting; from beyond the bar came the hoarse murmur of an angry sea. If the schooner was to sail that night, she had best get out into deep waters. Where was the chaplain? Pray heaven the delay had been sufficient, and they had sailed without him. Yet they would be sure to meet. He advanced a few steps nearer, and looked about him. Was it possible that, in his madness, the chaplain had been about to commit some violence which had drawn the trusty Gimblett from his post? The trusty Gimblett was lying at his feet—dead drunk!

"Hi! Hoho! Hillo, there!" roared somebody from the jetty below. "Be that you, Muster Noorth? We ain't too much tiam, sur!"

From the uncurtained windows of the chaplain's house on the hill beamed the newly lighted candle. They in the boat did not see it, but it brought to the prisoner a wild hope that his heart bound. He ran back to his cell, clapped on North's wide-awake, and, flinging the cloak hastily about him, came quickly down the steps. If the moon should shine out now!

"Jump in, sir," said unsuspecting Mannix, thinking only of the fogging he had been threatened with. "It'll be a dirty night, this night! Put this over your knees, sir. Shove her off! Give way!" And they were afloat. But one glimpse of moonlight fell upon the slouched hat and cloaked figure, and the boat's crew, engaged in the dangerous task of navigating the reef in the teeth of the rising gale, paid no attention to the chaplain.

"Lads, we're but just in time!" cried Mannix; and they laid alongside the schooner, black in blackness. "Up ye go, yer honor, quick!" And the anchor was a-trip as Rufus Dawes ran up the side.

The commandant, already pulling off in his own boat, roared a farewell. "Good-by, North. It was touch and go with ye," adding, "Curse the fellow; he's too proud to answer!"

The chaplain, indeed, spoke to no one, and, plunging down the hatchway, made for the stern cabins. "Close shave, your reverence!" said a respectful somebody, opening a door. It was, but the clergyman did not say so. He doubled-backed the door, and, hardly realizing the danger he had escaped, flung himself on the bunk, panting. Over his head he heard the rapid tramp of feet. He could smell the sea, and through the open window of the cabin could distinguish the light in the chaplain's house on the hill. The tramping ceased, the vessel began to move swiftly, the commandant's boat appeared below him for an instant, making her way back; the Lady Franklin had set sail.

"That's a gun from the shore," said Partridge, the mate, "and they're burning a red light. There's a prisoner escaped. Shall we lie to?"

"Lie to!" cried old Blunt. "We'll have suthin else to do. Look there!"

The sky to the northward was streaked with a belt of livid green color, above which rose a mighty black cloud, whose shape was ever changing.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Blunt, recognizing the meteoric heralds of danger, began to regret his obstinacy. He saw that a hurricane was approaching.

Along the south coast of the Australian continent, though the usual westerly winds and gales of the highest latitudes prevail during the greater portion of the year, hurricanes are not infrequent. Gales commence at N. W. with a low barometer, increasing at W. and S. W., and gradually veering to the south. True cyclones occur at New Zealand. It was one of these rotatory storms, an escaped tempest of the tropics, which threatened the Lady Franklin.

Rufus Dawes, exhausted with the excitement through which he had passed, had slept for two or three hours, when he was awakened by the motion of the vessel going on the other tack. He rose to his feet and found himself in complete darkness. Overhead was the noise of tramping feet, and he could distinguish the hoarse tones of Blunt bellowing orders. Astonished at the absence of the moonlight which had so lately silvered the sea, he flung open the cabin window and looked out. The cabin allotted to North was one of the two stern cabins, and from it the convict had a full view of the approaching storm.

The sight was one of wild grandeur. The huge black cloud which hung in the horizon had changed its shape. Instead of a curtain, it was an arch. Beneath this vast and magnificent portal shone a dull phosphoric light. Across this livid space pale flashes of sheet-lightning passed noiselessly. Behind it was a dull and threatening murmur, made up of the grumbling thunder, the falling of rain, and the roar of contending wind and water. The lights of the

prison-land had disappeared, so rapid had been the progress of the schooner under the steady breeze, and the ocean stretched around, black and desolate. Gazing upon this gloomy expanse, Rufus Dawes observed a strange phenomenon—lightning appearing to burst upward from the sullen bosom of the sea. At intervals, the darkly rolling waves flashed fire, and streaks of flame shot upward. The tone of a woman's voice recalled him to himself. Cautiously unlocking the cabin door, he peered out. The cuddy was lighted by a swinging lamp which revealed Sylvia questioning one of the women concerning the storm. Locking the door, he proceeded hastily to dress himself in North's clothes. He would wait until his aid was absolutely required, and then rush out. In the darkness Sylvia would mistake him for the priest. He could convey her to the boat—if recourse to the boats should be rendered necessary—and then take the hazard of his fortune. While she was in danger his place was near her.

From the deck of the vessel the scene was appalling. The clouds had closed in. The arch of light had disappeared and all was a dull, windy blackness. Gigantic seas seemed to mount in the horizon and sweep toward and upon them. It was as though the ship lay in the vortex of a whirlpool, so high on either side of her were piled the rough pyramidal masses of sea. The vessel lay almost on her beam ends, with her helm up, stripped even of the sails which had been furled upon the yards. Mortal hands could do nothing for her. By 5 o'clock in the morning the gale had reached its height.

The sea, pouring down through the burst hatchway, tore the door of the cuddy from its hinges. Sylvia found herself surrounded by a wildly surging torrent which threatened to overwhelm her. She shrieked aloud for aid, but her voice was inaudible even to herself. Clinging to the mast which penetrated the little cuddy, she whispered a last prayer for succor. The door opened, and from out the cabin came a figure clad in black. She looked up, and the light of the expiring lamp showed her a face that was not that of the man she had expected to see. Then a pair of dark eyes beaming ineffable love and pity were bent upon her, and a pair of dripping arms held her above the brine as she had once been held in the misty mysterious days that were gone.

In the terror of that moment, the cloud which had so long oppressed her brain passed from it. The action of the strange man before her completed and explained the action of the convict chained to the Port Arthur coal wagons, of the convict kneeling in the Norfolk Island torture chamber. She remembered the terrible experience of Macquarie Harbor. She recalled the evening of the boat building, when, swung into air by stalwart arms, she had promised the rescuing prisoner to plead for him with her kindred. Regaining her memory thus, all the agony and shame of the man's long life of misery became at once apparent to her. She understood how her husband had deceived her, and with what base injustice and falsehood he had bought her young love. No question as to how this doubly condemned prisoner had escaped from the hideous isle of punishment she had quit occurred to her. She asked not—even in her thoughts—how it had been given to him to supplant the chaplain in his place on board the vessel. She only considered, in her sudden awakening, the story of his wrongs, remembered only his marvelous fortitude and love, knew only, in this apparently last instant of her pure, ill-fated life, that as he had saved her once from starvation and death, so had he come again to save her from despair.

The eyes of the man and woman met in one long, wild gaze. Sylvia stretched out her white hands and smiled, and Richard Devine understood, in his turn, the story of the young girl's joyless life, and knew how she had been sacrificed.

In the great crisis of our life, when, brought face to face with annihilation, we are suspended gasping over the great emptiness of death, we become conscious that the self which we think we knew so well has strange and unthought-of capacities. To describe a tempest of the elements is not easy, but to describe a tempest of the soul is impossible. Amidst the fury of such a tempest, a thousand memories, each bearing in its breast the corpse of some dead deed whose influence haunts us yet, are driven like feathers before the blast, as unsubstantial and as unregarded. The mists which shroud our self-knowledge become transparent, and we are smitten with sudden, lightning-like comprehensions of our own misused power over our fate.

This much we feel and know, but who can coldly describe the hurricane which thus overwhelms him? As well ask the drowned mariner to tell of the marvels of mid-sea when the great deeps swallowed him and the darkness of death encompassed him round about. These two human beings felt that they had done with life. Together thus, alone in the very midst and presence of death, the distinctions of the world disappeared. Their vision grew clear. They felt as beings whose bodies had already perished, and as they clasped hands, their freed souls, recognizing each the loveliness of the other, rushed tremblingly together.

In a stately home in "dear old England" a bronzed, serious-faced man knows the peace and contentment that come only with the calm after the storm

—the rare joy of love requited, the solemn satisfaction of innocence vindicated, the "glory of sunlit lawns" and "green pastures and still waters."

They who had robbed Rufus Dawes, convict, of the best years of his life could not restore their golden promise or atone for the shipwreck of youth and early manhood.

But they could tear the false veil from the past. The storm that swept the Lady Franklin to the cruel rocks drifted to a friendly shore the man and woman who, clasped in each other's arms, saw love ineffable in each other's eyes for the first time.

Rufus Dawes escaped to England, Sylvia Frere followed on the next steamer, for, at the first port, she had learned of the death of Maurice Frere, brained by the manacles of a convict he had goaded to desperation the very night of the escape of the man he had so cruelly wronged.

Then the world knew the story of the man who had twice saved her life—knew as well of his innocence, and Mr. North, reformed, repentant, from a quiet parish in Australia, supplied the final evidence that cleared his name of every black vestige of guilt.

As Sir Richard Devine, as a shipwrecked mariner safe with home, love and mother, the old Rufus Dawes became a man among men, notable for charity, probity and justice—famous as the first to lift his hand to strike from the fair, false face of Tasmania the hideous mask that had converted into a living hell an earthly paradise, the foul plague-spot of the universe to which he had been condemned "For the term of his natural life."

(The end.)

STRIKING FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

One of the Most Mysterious of the Ways of Nature.

"Shakespeare," said a scientist, "called sleep the ape of death. That is a striking name for a striking thing. Sleep is a wonderland. Let us explore it."

"Self-hypnotism is a mysterious force that we can exercise on ourselves in sleep alone. We are all self-hypnotists. We all, on certain nights, tell ourselves firmly that we must not oversleep; that the next morning—at 4, at 5 or 6 precisely we must wake up. Our sleeping selves respond to the hypnotic suggestion made the night before by our waking selves. That is mysterious and striking, isn't it? Still more mysterious and striking, though, is the fact of our keeping track of the time somehow in our slumber. How on earth do we do that?"

"It is impossible to do without sleep. Men have slept standing, even running. They have slept in battle, under fire, with guns roaring on all sides. They have slept in unendurable and deadly pain."

"There is no torture equal to that which the deprivation of sleep entails. The Chinese are the cruellest folks on earth, and the most ingenious of torturers. Well, the Chinese place the deprivation of sleep at the head of their torture list."

"Sleep is a state of rest. The heart rests in sleep. The heart is a rhythmic muscle, not one that never reposes, but one that works at short shifts, like a puddler, a moment on, a moment off. Well, when we sleep, the heart's shifts of rest are redoubled. It works then, one on, two off, getting, indeed, pretty nearly as much repose as we do."

"The brain in sleep becomes pale and sinks below the level of the skull. When we are awake the brain is high and full and ruddy."

"Not only the brain and heart, but even the tear glands rest in sleep. That is why when we awake we always rub our eyes. The rubbing is an instinctive action that stimulates the stagnant tear glands and causes them to moisten properly our eyes, all dried from their inaction."

Dust on the Ocean.

"To talk of a 'dusty' ocean highway sounds absurd, but the expression is perfectly accurate," states a writer. "Everyone who is familiar with ships knows that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed in the morning, a great quantity of dust will collect by nightfall. You say, 'But the modern steamship, burning hundreds of tons of coal a day, easily accounts for such a deposit.'"

"True, but the records of sailing vessels show that the latter collected more dust than a steamer. On a recent voyage of a sailing vessel—a journey which lasted ninety-seven days—twenty-four barrels of dust were swept from the decks! The captain was a man of scientific tastes and made careful observations, but could not solve the mystery. Some, no doubt, comes from the wear and tear on the sails and rigging, but that accounts for only a small portion. To add to the mystery, bits of cork, wood and vegetable fiber are frequently found in this sea dust. Where does it come from?"—Corea Daily News.

Where He Was.

"Major Longbeau tells such exciting stories of the civil war, doesn't he?" "Yes, he does tell some good ones." "Which side was he on during the war?"

"The other side."

"Confederate?"

"No—the other side of the Atlantic."—Cleveland Leader.

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