My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Barren of Life.

If the two simple tests of gravitation and temperature be applied to the habitability of the planet Mars, for example, it will be seen that it is futile to discuss the kind of life that may exist upon Mars, for the reason that the physical conditions necessary for the existence of life are not present in that very interesting planetary neighbor that revolves around our sun between the orbit of Jupiter and the earth. It has been calculated that the temperature of Mars is too low to support metabolic change. In other words, Mars is too cold for life to exist upon it.

But even were this objection surmounted, the small mass of Mars would still stand in the way. It has been calculated that the mass of Mars is not great enough to exert an attractive power capable of holding the vapor of water to the surface of the planet. The vapor of water would fly off into space from Mars, as free hydrogen flies off into space from the earth. If this be true, there is no life on Mars.

The other planets of the solar system are not seriously to be considered in this respect. If Jupiter is not yet cool; if Venus looks with but one face to the sun; if Saturn is a molten mass; if Mercury's temperature is above the boiling point, why imagine, then, that life of any kind can exist on these planets?—National Magazine.

Uncertainty of Life.

"Young man," said the clerical-looking passenger, addressing the beardless individual across the aisle, "do you ever consider when you lie down at night that you may never see the sun rise again?"

"No," replied the party at whom the query had been fired, "can't say that I do; but every morning when I wake up I realize that I may not live to see another sunset."

"You do?" queried the surprised c. i. p.

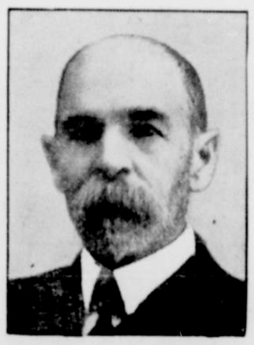
"I do," answered the young man. "You see, I'm a baseball umpire."

Stenography Ancient Art.

Recent excavations in Egypt have revealed a bond—dated A. D. 100—apprenticing a slave for two years in the "semigraph," to be taught to read and write shorthand, or "the signs that your son Dionysius knows," the teacher receiving in all 120 drachmas—about $23.

Last year 39,406 Swedes left their native land, most of them to make new homes in the United States.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefitted by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER I.

Claudius Bombarnac, Special Correspondent Twentieth Century, Tiflis, Transcaucasia."

Such is the address of the telegram I found on the 13th of May when I arrived at Tiflis.

This is what the telegram said:

"As the matters in hand will terminate on the 15th instant, Claudius Bombarnac will repair to Uzun Ada, a port on the east coast of the Caspian. There he will take the train by the direct Grand Transasiatic, between the European frontier and the capital of the Celestial Empire. He will transmit his impressions in the way of news, interviewing remarkable people on the road, and report the most trivial incidents by letter or telegram as necessity dictates. The Twentieth Century trusts to the zeal, intelligence, activity and tact of its correspondent, who can draw on its bankers to any extent he may deem necessary."

It was the very morning I had arrived at Tiflis, with the intention of spending three weeks there in a visit to the Georgian provinces for the benefit of my newspaper, and also I hoped for that of its readers.

Here was the unexpected, indeed; the uncertainty of a special correspondent's life. I had hardly arrived before I was obliged to be off again without unstrapping my portmanteau!

It was hard, but there was no way out of it. And to begin with, at what o'clock did the train for Tiflis start from the Caspian? I went to the railway station at a run, and rushed into the departure office.

"When is there a train for Baku?" I asked.

"Six o'clock to-night."

"And when does it get there?"

"Seven o'clock in the morning."

"Is that in time to catch the boat for Uzun Ada?"

The man at the trap door replied to my salute by a salute of mechanical precision. The question of passport did not trouble me. The French consul would know how to give me all the references required by the Russian administration.

At 5 o'clock, having secured my passport, I hurry to the railway station. There there is a crowd of Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Tartars, Kurds, Israelites, Russians, from the shores of the Caspian, some taking their tickets direct for Baku, some for intermediate stations.

I take a ticket for Baku, first class. I go down on the platform to the carriages. According to my custom, I install myself in a comfortable corner. A few travelers follow me, while the cosmopolitan populace invade the second and third class carriages. The doors are shut after the visit of the ticket inspector. A last scream of the whistle announces that the train is about to start. Suddenly there is a shout—a shout in which anger is mingled with despair—and I catch these words in German:

"Stop! Stop!"

I put down the window and look out. A fat man, bag in hand, traveling cap on head, his legs embarrassed in the skirts of a huge overcoat, short and breathless. He is late. The porters try to stop him. Try to stop a bomb in the middle of its trajectory! Once again has right to give place to might.

The Teuton bomb describes a well-calculated curve, and has just fallen into the compartment next to ours, through the door a traveler had obligingly left open. The train begins to move at the same instant, the engine wheels begin to slip on the rails, then the speed increases. We are off.

It is still daylight at 6 o'clock in the evening in this latitude. I have bought a time table and I consult it. Then I began to examine my traveling companions. There were four of us, and I need scarcely say that we occupied the four corners of the compartment. I had taken the furthest corner, facing the engine. At the two opposite angles two travelers were seated facing each other. As soon as they got in they pulled their caps down on their eyes and wrapped themselves up in their cloaks—evidently they were Georgians, as far as I could see.

In front of me was quite a different type, with nothing of the oriental about it; thirty-two to thirty-five years old, face with a reddish beard, very much alive in look, nose like that of a dog standing at point, mouth only too glad to talk, hands free and easy, ready for a shake with anybody; a tall, vigorous, broad-shouldered, powerful man. By the way in which he settled himself and put down his bag, and unrolled his traveling rug of bright-hued tartan, I had recognized the Anglo-Saxon traveler, more accustomed to long journeys by land and sea than to the comforts of his home, if he had a home. He looked like a commercial traveler. I noticed that his jewelry was in profusion; rings on his fingers, pin in his scarf, studs on his cuffs with photographic views in them, showy trinkets hanging from the watch chain across his waist coat. I should not have been surprised if he turned out to be an American.

If I am not mistaken, he will be just as glad to speak to me as I am to speak to him—and reciprocally. I will see. But a fear restrains me. Suppose this American should also be a special correspondent, and suppose he has also been ordered to do this Grand Asiatic. That would be most annoying! He would be a rival!

CHAPTER II.

At last I was about to open my mouth when my companion prevented me.

"You are a Frenchman?" he said in my native tongue.

"Yes, sir," I replied in his.

Evidently we could understand each other. The ice was broken, and then question followed on question rather rapidly between us.

"Wait a bit," said my American. "I'll lay ten to one that you are a reporter!"

"And you would win! Yes. I am a reporter sent by the Twentieth Century to do this journey."

"Going all the way to Pekin? So am I."

"Same trade?" said I, indifferently.

"No. You need not excite yourself. We don't sell the same stuff, sir."

"Claudius Bombarnac, of Bordeaux, is delighted to be on the same road as——"

"Fulk Ephrinell, of the firm of Strong, Bulbul & Co., of New York City, New York, U. S. A."

We were mutually introduced. I a traveler in news, and he a traveler in—in what? That I had to find out.

"Have you ever been in the United States, Mr. Bombarnac?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur Ephrinell."

"You will come to our country some day. Then you will not forget to explore the establishment of Strong, Bulbul & Co.?"

"Explore it?"

"You will see one of the most remarkable industrial establishments of the New Continent. Imagine a colossal workshop, immense buildings for the mounting and adjusting of the pieces, a steam engine of fifteen hundred horse power, ventilators making six hundred revolutions a minute, boilers consuming a hundred tons of coal a day, a chimney stack four hundred and fifty feet high, vast outhouses for the storage of our goods, which we send to the five parts of the world, a general manager, two sub-managers, four secretaries, eight under secretaries, a staff of five hundred clerks and nine hundred workmen, a whole regiment of travelers like your servant, working in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia, in short, a turnover exceeding annually one hundred million dollars! And all that, Mr. Bombarnac, for making millions of—yes, I said millions——"

At this moment the train commenced to slow under the action of its automatic brakes, and he stopped. Our conversation is interrupted. I lower the window on my side, and open the door, being desirous of stretching my legs.

As soon as the bell begins to ring I return to our carriage, and when I have shut the door I notice that my place is taken. Yes! Facing the American, a lady has installed herself with that Anglo-Saxon coolness which is as unlimited as the infinite. My French gallantry prevents me from claiming my corner, and I sit down beside this person, who makes no attempt at apology.

Ephrinell seems to be asleep, and that stops my knowing what it is that Strong, Bulbul & Co. of New York manufacture by the million.

It was nearly midnight. Weariness invited me to sleep, and yet, like a good reporter, I must sleep with one eye and one ear open.

In this way I heard the shouts of Geran, Varvara, Oudjarry, Kisordamid, Kisordane, then Karasoul, Navagi. I sat up, but as I no longer occupied the corner from which I had been so cavalierly evicted, it was impossible for me to look through the window.

And then I began to ask what is hidden beneath this mass of veils and wraps and petticoats which has usurped my place. Is this lady going to be my companion all the way to the terminus of the Grand Transasiatic? Shall I exchange a sympathetic salute with her in the streets of Pekin?

I must gradually have fallen sound asleep. Withdrawn from exterior influences, I did not even hear the stentorian respiration of the Yankee.

"Baku! Baku!"

The word, repeated as the train stopped, awoke me. It was seven o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

The boat did not start until three o'clock in the afternoon. Those of my companions who intended to cross the Caspian hurried off to the harbor, it being necessary to engage a cabin, or to mark one's place in the steamer's saloon. Ephrinell precipitately left me with these words:

"I have not an instant to lose. I must see about the transport of my baggage."

"Have you much?"

"Forty-two cases."

"Forty-two cases!" I exclaimed.

If he had had a voyage of eight days, instead of one of twenty-four hours, and had to cross the Atlantic instead of the Caspian, he could not have been in a greater hurry. He did not think of offering his hand to assist our companion in descending from the carriage. I took his place. The lady leaned on my arm and jumped—no, gently put her foot on the ground. My reward was a thank you, sir, uttered in a hard, dry, unmistakable British voice.

Twenty-five years is apparently about her age, she has an Albionesque complexion, a jerky walk, a high dress like an equinoctial tide, no spectacles, although she has eyes of the intense blue which are generally short-sighted. While I bend my back as I bow, she honors me with a nod, which only brings into play the vertebrae of her long neck, and she walks off straight toward the way out.

As eleven o'clock strikes, I make my way to the restaurant at the railway. As I am entering Ephrinell rushes out.

"Breakfast?" say I.

"I have had it," he replies.

"And your cases?"

"I have still twenty-nine to get down to the steamer. But, pardon, I have not a moment to lose. When a man represents the firm of Strong, Bulbul & Co., who send out every week five thousand cases of their goods——"

"Go, go, Monsieur Ephrinell, we will meet on board. By the bye, you have not met our traveling companion?"

"What traveling companion?"

"The young lady who took my place in the carriage."

"Was there a young lady with us?"

"Of course."

"Well, you are the first to tell me so, Mr. Bombarnac."

And thereupon the American goes out of the door, and disappears. It is to be hoped I shall know before we get to Pekin what it is that Strong, Bulbul & Co. send out in such quantities. Five thousand cases a week—what an output, and what a turnover!

When it is two o'clock I think I had better get down to the boat. I must call at the railway station where I have left my light luggage at the cloak room. Soon I am off again, hastening down one of the roads leading to the harbor.

At the break in the wall, where access is obtained to the quay, my attention is attracted by two people walking along together. The man is from thirty to thirty-five years old, the woman from twenty-five to thirty, the man already grayish brown, with mobile face, lively look, easy walk with a certain swinging of the hips. The woman still a pretty blonde, blue eyes, a rather fresh complexion, her hair frizzed under a cape, a traveling costume which is in good taste neither in its unfashionable cut nor in its glaring color. Evidently a married couple come in the train from Tiflis, and unless I am mistaken they are French.

They are too much occupied to see me. In their hands, on their shoulders, they have bags and cushions and wraps and sticks and sunshades and umbrellas. They are carrying every kind of little package you can think of which they do not care to put with the luggage on the steamer. I have a good mind to go and help them. Just as I am walking up to them, Ephrinell appears, drags me away, and I leave the couple behind.

"Well," said I to the Yankee, "how are you getting on with your cargo?"

"At this moment, sir, the thirty-seventh case is on the road."

"And what may be in those cases, if you please?"

"In those cases? Ah! There is the thirty-seventh!" he exclaimed, and he ran out to meet a truck which had just come on to the quay.

The Astara is loaded up. The hold is not big enough, and a good deal of the cargo is overflowed on the deck. The stern is reserved for passengers, but from the bridge forward to the top-gallant forecastle there is a heap of cases covered with tarpaulins to protect them from the sea.

There Ephrinell's cases have been put. He has lent a hand with Yankee energy, determined not to lose sight of his valuable property, which is in cubical cases, about two feet on the side, covered with patent leather, carefully strapped, on which can be read the stenciled words, "Strong, Bulbul & Co., New York."

"Are all your goods on board?" I asked the American.

"There is the forty-second case just coming," he replied.

And there was the said case on the back of a porter already coming along the gangway. It seemed to me that the porter was rather tottery.

"Wait a bit!" shouted Ephrinell. Then in good Russian, so as to be better understood, he shouted: "Look out! Look out!"

It is good advice, but it is too late. The porter has just made a false step. The case slips from his shoulders, breaks in two, and a quantity of little packets of paper scatter their contents on the deck.

What a shout of indignation did Ephrinell raise! What a whack with his fist did he administer to the unfortunate porter as he repeated in a voice of despair, "My teeth, my poor teeth!"

And he went down on his knees to gather up his little bits of artificial ivory that were scattered all about, while I could hardly keep from laughing.

It was for manufacturing five thousand cases a week for the five parts of the world that this huge concern existed! It was for supplying the dentists of the old and new worlds; it was for sending teeth as far as China, that their factory required fifteen hundred horse power, and nursed a hundred tons of coal a day! That is quite American!

The bell is ringing for the last time. All the passengers are aboard. The Astara is casting off her warps. Suddenly there are shouts from the quay. I recognise them as being in German, the same as I had heard at Tiflis when the train was starting for Baku.

It is the same man. He is panting, he runs, he cannot run much faster. The gangway has been drawn ashore, and the steamer is already moving off. Luckily there is a rope out astern which still keeps the Astara near the quay. The German appears just as two sailors are maneuvering with the fender. They each give him a hand and help him on board.

About a quarter of a mile out there is a sort of boiling, agitating the surface of the sea, and showing some deep trouble in the waters. I was near the rail on the starboard quarter, and, smoking my cigar, was looking at the harbor disappearing behind the point round Cape Apcheron, while the range of the Caucasus ran up into the western horizon. Of my cigar there remained only the end between my lips, and, taking a last whiff, I threw it overboard.

In an instant a sheet of flame burst out all around the steamer. The boiling came from a submarine spring of naphtha, and the cigar end had set it alight.

Screams arise. The Astara rolls amid sheaves of flame, but a movement of the helm steers us away from the flaming spring, and we are out of danger. The captain comes aft and says to me in a frigid tone:

"That was a foolish thing to do."

"Really, captain, I did not know——"

"You ought always to know, sir!"

These words are uttered in a dry, cantankerous tone, a few feet away from me.

I turn to see who it is. It is the English woman who has read me this little lesson.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION AND BODILY VIGOR.

Some Curious Tests Being Made at Yale - Men Have No Choice.

That a man with weak lungs is impelled to study Greek while a man with a strong pair of legs is apt to elect chemistry is the proposition that Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium, has set out to prove. Dr. Anderson has always held that man is inclined to seek a certain line of education by reason of the vigor of his body, and for several months past he has been studying the relative strong physical points of the Sheffield Scientific School students and comparing them with the undergraduates of the academic department to determine what data he could collect in support of his theory.

So far as has been learned, no one in this country or anywhere else has ever studied the relative physical condition of academic students as compared with scientific students to prove that the former are weaker physically than the latter, and that a man studies languages and literature, for example, because his physique is more fitted for them than for civil engineering.

The first results that Dr. Anderson has secured have been very encouraging from his point of view. After a careful examination of the academic and the scientific men at Yale this fall he has just announced that so far the results show that the scientific students are the strongest physically.

Early in the fall he began in the gymnasium to examine carefully the two sets of students in their work and to submit them to certain strength tests. Seventy-five men from the Sheffield Scientific School and more than 300 from the academic department of the university were put through a schedule of tests outlined by Dr. Anderson.

"A statistician is now at work going very carefully over the university athletic records, from which we will be able to get at the very facts that we want. It has always been a theory of mine," continued Dr. Anderson, "that many men have little chance to choose their line of college work, and that most students go into an academic course because the plans are made for them along that line, whereas their physical development and natural inclination would take them into a scientific course of study. It's quite natural that a robust young person of good physique should enjoy studies that take him out of doors rather than digging out classic roots.

"I have watched with a great deal of interest the growth and development of the scientific schools of the country, and I was interested to see here at Yale how the facts would bear me out in my theory as to physical adaptability to certain studies. With this in mind I have for some time been studying just how many proportionately from the two departments went into football or any of the other strenuous athletic diversions, and I am now at work to prove my proposition from statistics, if possible."—New York Sun.

Whalebone is found in the mouth of the whale, where it forms the substitute for the teeth, of which, otherwise the animal is destitute.

In the German Army.

The noted soldier and historian, Theodore Ayrault Dodge, was educated in Berlin, and at a dinner party, apropos of German military discipline, he once said:

"The German soldier must never appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must not, under any circumstances, wear civilian dress.

"Well, Swartz, a young lieutenant of cavalry, during my residence in Berlin was one day engaged in some adventure or other, and put on, to disguise him, if, a suit of black cloth. Dressed in this suit, he was passing down an unfrequented street when he came face to face with his colonel.

"Detected in so grave a misdemeanor, Swartz proved himself the possessor of a resourceful mind. He said to the colonel in a bass voice, different from his own:

"'Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Swartz lives? I am his brother from the country and I have come on to pay him a visit.'

"The colonel readily and politely gave the required information and passed on.

"The lieutenant congratulated himself on his escape. He hurried home and put on his uniform. Duty late that afternoon called him before the colonel again. He saluted with confidence. The colonel regarded him oddly.

"'Lieutenant Swartz,' he said, 'I wish you'd tell your brother from the country that if he pays you another visit I'll put him in close confinement for ten days.'"

The Man Who Loves Words.

"Other folks, of course, have their poor pleasures," writes Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine, "but for a man who loves words no joy the world can give equals for him the happiness of having achieved a fine passage or a perfect line. When Thackeray struck his fist on the table, as the story goes, when he had finished the scene of Colonel Newcome's death and exclaimed, 'By God, this is genius!' there was no empire he would have accepted in exchange for that moment. We often hear that your true artist is never satisfied with his work, his idea escapes him, the words seem poor and lifeless, etc., compared with the dream. Whoever started that story knew very little about the literary temperament or he would have known that the words are the dream. The dream does not exist even as a dream or only very imperfectly till it is set down in words. Yes, the words are the dream."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He Thought It Might Do.

When Patrick received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized.

"He wants a pane o' windy-glass tin inches by fourteen," said Patrick one day, as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.

In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense.

"If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."

Patrick rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked:

"He's in the great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan o' thim foorteen-by-tins, and if he turrns it sideways and oopside down, there's not a sowl would know the difference."

Figuring the Profits.

"I suppose," said the new reporter to the humorist, "you make a good thing out of your paragraphs?"

"Well, some days I make very little and other days not quite so much," replied the jokesmith. "Now, take yesterday, for example; I only penned five lines, but those five lines represented 10 large, round dollars."

"Say, that isn't so worse for one day's toil," said the pencil pusher. "By the way, what did you write?"

"An order to my grocer for interior department supplies," answered the funny party, with a diabolical grin.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself.

Columbus, Ohio. VICTOR STUBBINS, Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

Worth Winning.

"Say, Harker," began Pembleton, "did you ever win a prize by smoking cigarettes?"

"No," responded Harker, the sensible young man, "but I won a prize when I stopped smoking them."

"You did? Where is it?"

"In the hammock over there—my wife, you know."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Saving Money.

"Why do you spend all your money?"

"It's the only way I can save it."

"What nonsense."

"Not at all. If I kept it, some fellow would bunco me out of it."—Cleveland Leader.

Who Owns the Railroads.

H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,174,718 depositors in savings banks of six eastern states are directly interested in the joint ownership of $424,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold $845,889,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 24 educational institutions depend on $47,468,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other fiduciary institutions own enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars, about one-sixth of the entire capital invested in railroad property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, where investments are largely in railroad securities.

No Wonder.

"The speed limit," said the sad-faced man, "should be removed from automobiles."

"Do you own a machine?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"No," replied the gloomy party. "I'm an undertaker."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Practical View.

"Summer," remarked the bunch of feminine loveliness who was taking on a load of oysters at the young man's expense, "is my favorite season. It's so delightful to sit under the trees and listen to the concert by nature's feathered songsters."

"Isn't it, though?" exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically, "and it dosn't cost a cent, either."

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

The Brute.

Mrs. Gabbler—This health writer says that one should keep one's mouth shut while sleeping. I don't see how I can be sure my mouth is shut when I'm asleep.

Mr. Gabbler—You might get in the habit if you'd practice on it while you are awake.—Cleveland Leader.

Asked and Answered.

"Why don't you get your life insured, my dear?" asked Mrs. Newed.

"I'm afraid people might say I was afraid to take chances on your cooking," replied the gallant young husband.

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

And That's No Lie.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who asks questions on the installment plan.

"Did I ever notice what?" asked the party of the dense part.

"That the ball player who hits the most "balls" at night always hits the fewest in the next day's game?" continued he of the prologue.

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	Fine Stout Silk	Stout Silk
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We also manufacture all forms of Belts and Supporters.

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P. N. U. No. 20—1905

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