

Im Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never falls, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

It has saved Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and it will continue to do so for many years to come. It is the best hair restorer and scalp cleanser ever made. It is sold in all drug stores.



MADE BY J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

SOLELY BY W. L. BARKER, PHARMACEUTICALS, CHICAGO, ILL.

CHERRY PECTORAL.

No Time Left.

"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street car passenger who looked like a farmer.

"Dunno," was the brief reply.

"Good deal of snow out in the country?"

"Medd."

"Price of hay gone up any?"

"Can't say."

"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"

"Yes, I'm a farmer, but this winter I've been courtin' a widder woman with \$5,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."—Chicago News.

Cannot Reduce a Rate.

It is stated in Washington, that under the Townsend rate bill, if a rate is fixed by the commission it cannot be lowered by a railroad. Should an emergency arise calling for a decreased rate, the railroads or shippers would have to appeal again to the commission, there being no latitude allowed whatever the circumstances. Hitherto a maximum rate has been the rule, but no such concession is made under the proposed legislation.

Wasted Energy.

Sometimes food and labor work well together, but it was not so in a case reported in the Yonkers Statesman. Cam, a colored man, was an hour late, and his employer asked him to explain.

"Yes, sah, I'll explain, sah," Sam replied.

"Well, what excuse have you?"

"I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam, if you were able to come at all."

"Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in dis direction," You see, he kicked me the other way."

FITS

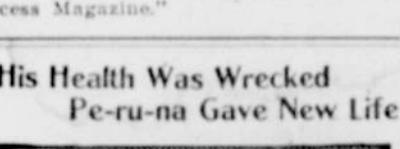
Permanently cured. No other nervousness after first day's use. Price 50c per bottle and 10c per box. Sent by mail. Write to Dr. J. H. Stone, Ltd., 214 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Each Day's Supreme Event.

Every day's work should be a supreme event in every life. We should come to it as carefully prepared as the prima donna who is trying to hold the world's supremacy in song comes before her audience. Then our work would breathe out the vigor and vitality and freshness which we put into it. Then life would be glorified, and the work of the world illuminated, transformed.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

His Health Was Wrecked

Peru-na Gave New Life



HON. JOHN TIGHE

Assemblyman Tighe's letter should be read by every train worker leading a strenuous life.

Hon. John Tighe, No. 98 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y., Member of Assembly from the Fourth district, Albany county, N. Y., writes as follows:

"Peru-na has my hearty endorsement as a restorative tonic of superior merit. At times when I have been completely broken down from excess of work, so that my faculties seemed actually at a standstill, Peru-na has acted as a healing restorer, starting the machinery of mind and body afresh with new life and energy.

"I recommend it to a man tired in mind and body as a tonic superior to anything I know of and well worthy serious consideration."—J. Tighe.

Excess of work so common in our country causes impaired nerves, leading to catarrh and catarrhal nervousness—a disease that is responsible for half of all nervous troubles.

Peru-na cures this trouble because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

PISSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

It is the best cure for consumption ever known. It is sold in all drug stores.

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XII.

In 1870 the Russians endeavored to conquer, or establish a fair at Ashkhabad, which would rival that of Nijni-Novgorod. Some twenty years later the attempt would have succeeded, and as a matter of fact the fair now exists owing to the making of the Transcaspian to unite Samarkand and Ashkhabad. We left Tashkent at precisely 11 o'clock in the morning.

As soon as we are on the move I begin to think of Kinko. His little romance has touched me to the heart. This sweetheart who sent himself off to the other sweetheart who is going to pay the expenses. I am sure Major Nott would be interested in these two little doves, one of which is in a cage he would not be too hard on this defrauder of the company, he would be in a position to betray him. Consequently I have a great desire to tell him of my expedition into the baggage van. But he is not to be told. I must not be telling that might get Kinko into trouble.

And so I am silent, and to-night I will, if possible, take a few provisions to my packing case to my seat in his shell, let us say. And is not the young Rumanian like a snail in his shell, for it is as much as he can do to get out of it? We reach Kishkan about three in the afternoon. The country is fertile, green, carefully cultivated. It is a succession of kitchen gardens, which seem to be well kept, immense fields sown with clover, which yield four or five crops a year. The roads near the town are bordered with long rows of mulberry trees, which diversify the view with eccentric branches.

Beyond Kishkan we shall run due east, and by Marghelen and Osh pass through the gorge of the Pamirs, so as to reach the Turkistan-Chinese frontier.

The train had only just started when the travelers took their seats at the table, where I failed to notice any fresh arrival.

Robertson is in his usual place. With out going as far as familiarity, it is obvious that a close intimacy, founded on a similarity in tastes and aptitudes, exists between Miss Horatio Bluet and the Yankee. There is no doubt, in my opinion, but what it will end in a wedding as soon as the train arrives. Both will have their romance of the rail. Frankly, I like that of Kinko and Zina Klorik much better. It is true, the pretty Rumanian goes not here.

The dinner lasted till rather late, and terminated in an unexpected manner by an offer from Catera to rectify a monogamy.

Our train more and more resembled a small rolling town. It had even its station, the dining car in which we were gathered at the moment. And it was thus in the eastern part of Turkistan, four hundred kilometers from the Pamir plateau, that I met my old acquaintance, the "Obsession" was given with remarkable talent by Monsieur Catera, great promoter, come, engaged at the Shanghai theater for the approaching season.

"A matter, monsieur, a matter?" said Catera.

"When you approach—"

"Respectfully—very respectfully!"

The brave lawyer on Catera had no effect on Sir Francis Trevillan, who had been occupying himself with eulogistic exclamations regarding the dinner, which he considered excellent. "He was not amused. And yet nobody took any notice of this grandiose gentleman's reminiscences."

Baron Weisschiltz-forer had not understood a single word of this little masterpiece, and had he understood it, he would not have been able to appreciate this sample of Parisian monogamy-man.

As to my old Faruskiar and his inseparable Ghangir, it seemed that, in spite of their traditional reserve, the surprising gestures, the significant postures, the comical intonations, had interested them to a certain extent.

The actor had noticed it, and appreciated this silent admiration. As he rose from the table he said to me:

"He is magnificent, this signor. What dignity! What a presence! What a type of the furthest east! I like his companion less—a third-rate fellow at the company."

"During dinner the train had passed Kaskas Station, situated in the center of a mountainous region. The road curved a good deal and ran over viaducts and through tunnels, as we could tell by the noise.

We enter Kishkan Station at 6 o'clock in the evening. The stoppage is to last two hours. As we are leaving the car I am near Major Nott, who asks young Pan Chao:

"Have you ever heard of this man, Pan Chao, whose body is being taken to Pekin?"

"Never, Major."

"But he ought to be a personage of considerable importance, to be treated with the honor he gets."

"That is possible," said Pan Chao, "but we have so many personages of consideration in the Celestial Empire."

"And so this man, Pan Chao, never heard him mentioned?"

"Why did Major Nott ask the Chinese man this question? What was he thinking about?"

Kokhan, two hours to stop. It is quiet. The majority of the travelers have already taken up their sleeping quarters in the car, and do not care to sleep.

Here am I on the platform. This is rather an important station, and from the engine house comes a more powerful locomotive than those which have brought the train along since we left Uzun Ada. These early engines were all very well as long as the line lay over an almost horizontal plain, but now we are among the gorges of the Pamir plateau, there are gradients of such steepness as to require more engine power. I watch the proceedings, and when the locomotive has been detached with its tender, the baggage van—with Kinko in it—at the head of the train.

The idea occurs to me that the young Rumanian may perhaps venture out on the platform. It would be an impudence, for he runs the risk of being seen by the police, who move about taking a good look at the passengers. What my No. 11 had better do is to remain in his box, or, at least, in his van, which will get a few provisions, liquid and solid, and take them to him, even before the departure of the train, if it is possible to do so without fear of being noticed.

The refreshment room at the station is open, and Popoff is not there. If he was there we could make purchases, but he would be astonished, as the dining car contains everything we might want.

At the bar I get a little cold meat and

some bread. The station is not well lighted. A few lamps give only a feeble light. Popoff is here, with one of the railway men. The new engine has not yet been attached to the train. The moment seems favorable. It is uncertain what will be the result. If I can reach Kinko I shall be able to sleep through the night—and that will be well enough. I admit.

I step on to the train, and after assuring myself that no one is watching me, I enter the baggage van, saying as I do so:

"It is I."

In fact, it is as well to warn Kinko in case he is out of his box. But he had not thought of getting up. I advise him to be very careful. He is very pleased at the provision, for they are a change to his usual diet.

I do not know how to thank you, Monsieur Bombardier," he says to me. "When shall we be at the frontier?"

"Tomorrow, about one in the afternoon."

"And at Gashgar?"

"Fifteen hours afterward, on the night of the nineteenth."

The danger is, Monsieur Bombardier."

"Kinko, for if it is difficult to enter the Russian possession, it is no less difficult to get out of them, when the Chinese are at the gates. Their soldiers will give us a good fighting before they will let us pass. At the same time they examine the passengers more closely than they do their baggage. And this van is reserved for the baggage going through to Pekin. I do not think you have much to fear. So, good night. As a matter of precaution, I would rather not prolong my visit."

I have come out, I have regained my couch, and I really did not hear the starting signal when the train began to move.

The only station of any importance which the railway passed before the stoppage was that of Marghelen, where the stoppage was a short one.

Beyond this station the road reaches the frontier which divides Russian Turkistan from the Pamir plateau and the vast territory of the Kara-Khirkizians.

This part of Central Asia is continually being troubled by nomadic disturbances beneath its surface. Northern Turkistan has frequently suffered from earthquakes—the terrible experience of 1887 will give us a good glimpse of the power of these commotions. In fact, minor oscillations are continually being observed, and this volcanic activity takes place all along the coast, where lay the stores of petroleum and asphalt, from the Caspian Sea to the Indian Ocean. In short, this region is one of the most interesting parts of Central Asia that a tourist can visit.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Pamir, or Pamir-Dundah, is commonly called the "Roof of the World." From it radiate the mighty ranges of the Tianshan, of the Kuen Lun, of the Karakorum, of the Himalaya, of the Hindoo Koosh. This geographic system, four hundred kilometers long, remained for so many years an impassable barrier, has been surmounted by Russian troops.

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FLASHES OF FUN

Such a Mistake!—Physician—Your alignment lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hooligan—Indeed! And me after thinking 'trot' trouble was in me throat.

Long Distance Appreciation.—Mrs. Jordan—Did you ever hear her daughter sing, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—Oh, yes, I only live five blocks from your house, you know.

Baby, the Biggest.—Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest? Answer—Baby Bigger, because he is a little bigger.

Calculator.—I say, if you are so awfully smart at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator—I can't do that, sir. Crawford—You can't? Calculator—No, I'm the lightning calculator.

A Pun!—A man driving in the country lost a nut off his wagon wheel. Meeting an Italian, he asked if he had a monkey wrench. The Italian wretchedly replied, "No, I don't keep a monkey wrench, but I keep a sheep ranch."

Convincing.—Certainly, I am sure it's a counterfeit note, said the receiving teller. "It has one very noticeable flaw, it's in the paper." "But, my dear man," protested the depositor, "in these days you can't believe everything you see in the paper."

A Hint.—Mr. Higlighte looking up from the paper—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Higlighte glancing at his nose—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.

Exemplary Punishment.—A mother brought her little son for his first time to school, and said to the teacher: "This boy of mine is very delicate, as he is rather a fit of harmonia on the stomach." "Well, well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Higlighte glancing at his nose—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."

"GRANDMA"

A Little Appreciation of a Very Lovable Old Lady.

Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert, the admirable actress who recently died, was known to her public as the most beautiful and gifted of her fellow players could make romantic youth. In the last year of her life she achieved a unique success, for she triumphantly assumed at eighty-three the part of the heroine in a play. To be sure, it was entitled "Granny," and she took the title role.

No one more than Mrs. Gilbert could have deserved such a success, for she was, in private as well as public life, from its radiant smile to its kindly and lovable old-lady looks. Through all the vicissitudes of her long career she never lost the home-loving, home-preserving, even "housekeeperly" spirit of the truest womanhood.

She herself has related how keen was her pride in her first little home before fame and fortune had come to her. It was a small, cozy white house, which she kept in spotless and shining order, inside and outside, until an unhappy sequence of dust and rain beset her nest exterior. Her husband was absent; the landlord would not repair; she could not afford to.

"I fretted over it," she avowed, and at last the bright idea came to her to wash it—the whole house! She got her young son to help, and the next morning, before the sun had risen, they were out with ladders, pails, soap, suds and water. It was a hard job, but they really did it, and she added proudly:

"It seems all over before the milkman made his morning rounds."

The same courage and persistence she put into her inside and outside, until an unhappy sequence of dust and rain beset her nest exterior. Her husband was absent; the landlord would not repair; she could not afford to.

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OLD PEOPLE

Their Pains and Ailments

Any taint of the blood quickly shows itself with people, and troubles, which a younger, more vigorous constitution holds in check, take possession of those of advanced years. A male, wart or pimple often begins to flame and fester, terminating in a sore that refuses to heal. Wandering pains of a rheumatic character are almost constant, the joints get stiff and the muscular activity of the body is not so great in old age and all the organs get dull and sluggish.

I had a severe attack of La Grippe, which left me almost a physical wreck. To add to my wretched condition, rheumatism developed. In a short time after beginning S. S. S. I was relieved of the pains and regained in flesh and strength and my general health is better than for years. I heartily recommend S. S. S. for all blood diseases.

Union, S. C. B. F. GRIMORY.

There is no reason why old age should not be as healthy as youth if the blood is kept pure and strong. S. S. S. is purely vegetable and the safest and best blood purifier and tonic for old people, because it is gentle, but at the same time it purifies the blood of all poisons and foreign matter, strengthening it and toning up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. Almost from the first dose the appetite increases, the general health begins to improve and the pains and ailments pass away.

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late Shah of Persia, a boy but yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

Swapping Compliments. "I have just invented a new sausage," said the butcher, handing some to the poet for him to try.

"Ah," exclaimed he, "it is a poem by the way, have you read my latest poem?"

"Indeed, yes," replied the butcher with a light of appreciation in his eyes; "it is a sausage."—Houston Herald.

Method in His Madness. "Caudles—I was reading in the paper this morning of a man who sleeps in the stable with his horse every night."

Mrs. Caudles—What's the matter with him—is he crazy?"

Caudles—No, I guess not. A horse can't talk, you know.

CASTORIA

The Kind You're Used to

What Castoria is a Laxative, Drops and contains neither opium nor any other habit-forming substance. It cures Colic, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, and the Children's Pain.

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