

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time it grew long and heavy. I am now able to wear it in any style I please. I am a woman of 40 years of age, and my hair is as soft and silky as that of a young girl. I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years, and I can truly say that it is the best hair treatment I have ever used. I can recommend it to all who are troubled with falling hair, or who desire to have their hair grow long and heavy.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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SARGENT & WELCH
NEW YORK
CHERRY STREET

Commercial Excursions.

Commercial excursions from one country to another have become popular in Europe. Last year a large party of English merchants and manufacturers made a tour of France to inspect industrial establishments, trade schools, etc. The visitors were cordially received and entertained by the French authorities and business men, many of the latter of whom subsequently made a similar visit to England. About 200 British merchants contemplate a similar excursion to Germany and the visit is viewed with lively satisfaction by the German merchants, who are planning to give them "trade ambassadors" a cordial reception.

"Meetings of this sort," says Consul General together at Frankfurt in a report on the subject, "do much good. They help to engender friendly feelings among competing nations, remove false conceptions or sectional prejudices, increase business relations and afford much instruction to the excursionists. It would be well if our American manufacturers and exporters would make excursions to European countries. Trips of the kind would afford them vast opportunities for forming their views about foreign markets and how to increase commercial relations there with."

Railway Rate Legislation.

At the biennial convention of the Order of Railway Conductors recently held at Portland, Oregon, resolutions were unanimously adopted nominating the committee to the effect of proposed railway rate legislation on the 1,300,000 railroad employees, whom they in part represented. These resolutions endorse the attitude of President Roosevelt in condemning secret rates and other illegalities, and commend the attitude of the heads of American railways, who, with practical unanimity, have joined with the president in the question. They then respectfully point out to congress the "inadvisability of legislation vesting in the hands of a commission power over railway rates, now vested by law in the United States than in any other country," because such regulation would result in litigation and confusion and inevitably lead to an enforced reduction in rates, irrespective of the question of the ability of the railroads to stand the reduction, especially in view of the increased cost of their supplies and materials. They further protest against such power being given to the present Interstate commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our idea of American independence, independence of American industry, and American government, and the right to investigate, indict, try, condemn and then enforce its decisions at the cost of the carriers, pending appeal, which is manifestly inequitable."

The conductors base their demand for only such legislation, if any, as would secure and insure justice and equity and preserve equal rights to all parties concerned, "on the ground that the low cost of transportation is the result of the efficiency of American railway management and operation which have built up the country through constant improvement and development of territory, while at the same time recognition has been given to the value of intelligence among employees in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employees obtain."

In pressing their claims against legislation adverse to their interests, they point out the fact that "the freight rates of this country average only two per cent of the cost of articles to the consumer, thus making the freight rate so insignificant a factor in the selling price that numerous standard articles are sold at the same price in all parts of the country."

Sorry for Him.

The young man on the elevated was concealing a lighted cigarette in his left hand, to the obvious amusement of the young woman who was accompanying him. Every once in a while he took a surreptitious puff.

"Now, Frank," she protested, "you mustn't."

For answer he snatched her stickpin with his other hand, and held it up tantalizingly before her eyes.

"Give that right back," she exclaimed. "Put it right in here."

She held out her open shopping bag. The young man became a bit confused, and dropped something into the bag. It was not the pin. The girl hastily closed the bag without noticing the thin curl of smoke issuing from it. Several passengers rode three stations beyond where they intended to get off, in the hope of further developments, but nothing happened.

"It's sorry for that young man when she finds out," murmured one man as he departed regretfully.

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)
I will get back to Popoff, I suppose. I seem to be called to the floor of the van. My head swims.

It is true we are running toward the abyss? No, I am mad. Farouk and his accomplices would be hurried over as well. They would share our fate. They would perish with us.

But there are shouts in front of the train. The screams of people being killed. There is no doubt now. The driver and the stoker are being strangled. I feel the speed of the train begin to slacken.

I understand. One of the ruffians knows how to work the train, and he is slowing it to enable them to jump off and avoid the catastrophe. Staggering like a drunken man, I crawl to Kinko's case. There, in a few words, I tell him what has passed, and I exclaim: "We are safe!"

"No—perhaps," he replies. "Before I can move, Kinko is out of his box. He rushes toward the front door, he climbs on the tender."

"Come along! Come along!" he shouts. I do not know how I have done it, but here I am at his side on the foot plate, my feet in the blood of the driver and stoker, who have been thrown off on to the line.

Farouk and his companions are no longer here. But before they went one of them has taken off the brake levers, thrown fresh coals into the fire box, and the train is running with frightful velocity. In a few minutes we shall reach the iron viaduct.

Kinko, energetic and resolute, is as cool as a cucumber. But in vain he tries to move the regulator, he shoots off the steam, to put on the brake. These valves and levers, what shall we do with them?

"I must tell Popoff!" I shout. "And what can he do? No, there is only one way."

"And what is that?" "Rouse up the fire," says Kinko, calmly, "shut down the safety valves, and slow up the engine."

And what is the only way—a desperate way—of stopping the train before it reaches the viaduct? Kinko scattered the coal on to the fire bars. He turned on the greatest possible draught, the air roared across the furnace, the pressure rose up, and the heaving of the motion, the howling of the boiler, the beating of the pistons. We are going a hundred kilometers an hour.

"Get back!" shouts Kinko, above the roar. "Get back into the van!" "And you, Kinko?" "Get back, I tell you!" "I see him hang on to the valves and put his whole weight on them."

"I am off over the tender. I am through the van. I awake Popoff, shouting with all my strength. "Get back! Get back!"

A few passengers suddenly waking from sleep begin to run from the front of the train.

Suddenly there is an explosion and a shock. The train at first jumps back, then it continues to move for about half a kilometer.

It stops. Popoff, the major, Catera, most of the passengers are out on the line in an instant.

A network of scaffolding appears confusedly in the darkness above the pistons, which were to carry the viaduct across the Tjon valley.

and twelve hours of traveling. It was no time for musing about the town—what I saw—the four towns, indeed one within the other. Besides I had plenty of time. I was going to stop some weeks in the important thing was to find a hotel in which one could live passably.

From information received I was led to believe the Hotel of Ten Thousand Dreams, near the railway station, might be sufficiently in accord with western notions.

As to Mademoiselle Kork, I will postpone my visit till tomorrow. I will call on her before the box arrives, and even then I shall be too weak for I shall take her the news of Kinko's death.

Half an hour afterward we are installed at the Hotel of Ten Thousand Dreams. There we are served with a dinner in Chinese style. The repeat being over—toward the second watch—we lay ourselves out to sleep, and in the morning I did not wake before ten o'clock, and I might have slept all the morning if the thought had not occurred to me that I had a day to fulfill. And what a duty. To call in the Avenue Chao before the delivery of the unhappy case arranged on my behalf, and that I then returned to the cars, shouting: "Back! Back!" or whatever it was.

We are now seated at the head of the train, Major Nolitz, the German baron, Catera, Eberlein, Pan Chao. The Chinese guard, fat and to be trusted, are still near the treasure, which not one of them has abandoned. The rear guard has brought along a lantern, and by its light we can see in what a state the engine is.

If the train, which was then running at an enormous velocity, had not stopped suddenly and this brought about the destruction it was because the boiler had exploded at the top and the engine had run far enough to come gradually to a standstill of itself, and thus the passengers had been spared a violent shock.

Of the boiler and its accessories only a few shrapnel fragments remained. The funnel had gone, the dome, the steam chest, nothing but torn plates, broken twisted tubes, split cylinders, and loose connecting rods, gapping wounds in the corpse of steel.

And not only had the engine been destroyed, but the tender had been wrecked, and its load of coals scattered over the line. The luggage van, hurried to replace, had miraculously escaped without injury.

"It is only too evident," said one of the passengers, "that our driver and stoker have perished in the catastrophe. Had the switch been worked, the engine would have stopped before it reached the viaduct."

"Your fellows," said Popoff. "But I wonder how the train could have got on the Nankin branch without being noticed?"

"The night was very dark," said Eberlein. "And the driver could not see the points."

"That is the only explanation possible," said Popoff, "for he would have tried to stop the train, and, on the contrary, we were traveling at tremendous speed."

"But," said Pan Chao, "how does it happen the Nankin branch was open when the Tjon valley was shut off? Had the switch been worked?"

"Undoubtedly," said Popoff, "and probably out of carelessness."

Up to now Mr. Rockman had taken no part in the discussion. Now he interrupted Popoff, and in a voice heard by all, he asked: "Where are the ruffians?"

They all looked about and tried to discover what had become of the manager of the Transatlantic, but in vain. "Where are the ruffians?" asked Popoff. "I have just dismissed Mr. Lisium for that third ward story," said the editor.

"I heard so," replied Tompkins, "but I don't think it is my duty to do it. I know that the ruffians are still in the city, and I am sure that they will be there when the box arrives."

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PRIVATE POLICE SYSTEMS.

The Great Railroads Employ Men to Guard Their Properties.

Every one of the fifteen railroads having terminals in New York or Jersey City has its own private police force. These men are scattered along the route from there to Chicago, St. Louis of points north or south. It is their duty to protect the company's property, trace freight robberies, watch for thieves who make a specialty of stealing coal or brass fittings and iron and steel appliances, which may have dropped from trains or been piled off at stations. Few travelers realize the amount of work these independent policemen are called upon to do. The conductors and brakemen were at first inclined to look upon them with distrust, believing them to be a new species of "spotters." Now, however, the employees look upon the policemen as their chief allies in time of trouble.

An idea of the amount of work done by the railroad police may be gained from figures furnished by Gen. George J. Schofield, superintendent of police for the Erie road. His force numbers 41 men, who cover 2,250 miles of track. Last month they made 572 arrests. This was a daily average of more than 18 of every 24 persons were convicted, of whom 145 were sent to jail, 13 discharged in court and the others, 214, were held for two years. Gen. Schofield has held the office nearly 12,000 arrests have been made by his men.

The greatest number of arrests are for "train riding," as it is designated in the reports. This phrase includes hoboes, who seek transportation via the bumpers of Pullman sleepers or by hiding in freight cars, and the more respectable "beats" who try to argue the conductor into giving them free rides.

Freight robberies are frequent, despite increasing vigilance, and the railroad police are not content with recovering the property. Every road running from the coal regions loses thousands of tons of coal every year. So far this year, however, the loss has perceptibly decreased, owing to the vigilance and effective work of the railroad policemen.

THE GREAT BLESSING.

American Attitude Toward "Curse of Cain" Differs from English.

The average Englishman's mental attitude toward working for a living is not easy for the American to understand. A young aristocrat committed suicide the other day because, having run through his property, he was facing the dreadful necessity of earning his daily bread. In English novels we often encounter heroes in whose behalf our sympathies are sought because the poor fellows must either work or starve. Thackeray's "Philip" was one of these unfortunate young men. Losing his money through the dishonesty of an executor, he is compelled to take up newspaper work, and the hardships of having to work for a living, especially for one who has been brought up in idleness, are dwelt upon by Mr. Thackeray with telling pathos.

Not so, in the last chapter, the hero inherits a fortune through the romantic discovery of the customary misdeed will, do we feel that he is restored to the rank of a real gentleman, in the English parlance "trade is low."

When the grocery store and the market of candlesticks meet for a social evening with their wives, each politely ignores the fact that the others labor for their daily bread. The slightest allusion to the commercial world would be considered the deepest discourtesy.

In this country we look upon work somewhat differently. There is the same commendable aversion to "taking the money out of the pocket of an American girl," but it is not because we are ashamed of working for our living. The story is told of a young Englishman who knew some men in Pittsburgh, the busiest spot on this continent, and he had established a club in that city for a few weeks. He left town after two days, saying: "There's no fun to be had here. All my friends work in the daytime, and I can't get any one to play with me." We like work, and we are proud of it, and we realize that it is one of God's best gifts to man.

"I believe you have no leisure class in your country?" an English nobleman asked a young American girl. "Oh, yes, my lord," came the quick reply, "but we call them tramps."—Housekeeper.

Has a 1775 Shipmaster. "Have you change for 1623 cents?" Charles H. Smith, owner of the American House, told the Kansas City Journal that the question was probably asked a great many times in the early days of the colonies, as he has a piece of money of that denomination issued in December, 1775.

It is about two and a half inches wide and three inches in length. It is faded and somewhat torn. The printing is still legible, but the signatures of the government officials are almost obliterated.

"Along the edge of the bill appear the words 'one-sixth of a dollar' in large letters. In the center of the bill is: "One-sixth of a Dollar.

"This bill, one-sixth of a dollar shall entitle the bearer hereof to receive gold or silver at the rate of four shillings and sixpence sterling per dollar for the said bill, according to a resolve of the provincial convention of Maryland, held in the city of Annapolis, the 7th day of December, 1775."

Mr. Smith says he secured the bill long ago, but that he does not remember where he got it. The money is considered of great value because of its rarity.

A Fizzler. "What because of that boy you said was going to make so much noise in the world?" "Oh, he turned out to be a 'fizzer.' Has a job in the soda department in a drug store."—Detroit Tribune.

A married man often says in speaking of his children: "Well, it's their mother's notion."

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE-DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore. It refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and removed, and the patient has recovered, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer.

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying, and even the bones scraped. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. PENNIX, Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

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Words of Wisdom.

It is a pretty good indication that you are all right when you think others are.

It requires tact to convince a man you are right in an argument when you are not.

Every woman who reaches the age limit modestly admits that she might have become a good singer if she only had commenced in time.

You can't expect to cut much ice with cold storage sympathy.

There's no use in trying to fight the devil on his own ground. He owns too much of it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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

Feminine Charity. Bess—They say Maude is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Nell—Impossible! Bess—Why do you say that? Nell—Because I'm sure there isn't a man living who is that old!

Just Like a Woman. Lady—What will you charge me for the use of a carriage for a season? Livermore—It will cost you \$2 for the first hour, and \$1 for each additional hour.

Lady—Well, I'll use it for two additional hours. I've got some shopping to do and will not require it the first hour.

THE MILITARY PHOTOGRAPHER. Evasion is the tribute cowardice pays to direct falsehood. It would be much more easy to conquer fate if we but knew what fate was to be.

Always take the deed for the will—and cheat the lawyers out of a contest. It is a pity that the wheat, instead of the speculator, falls into the hopper and is ground up.

The bookworm sees but the printed page. All nature's volume is a stranger to him.—Cincinnati Commercial.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Ousted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures itching, hot, swollen, aching feet, it makes new shoes comfortable, it keeps your feet cool and light shoe easy. A certain cure for corns, bunions and all foot troubles. No charge. Don't accept any substitute.

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