

# The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The chorus is sung by millions.

"Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very poor hair. But I continued to use the Vigor until my hair greatly improved in every way. I have used it off and on for the past ten years."—MRS. M. DRUMMOND, Newark, N. J.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

## Full of Human Interest.

Naggus—What are you working at now, Borus?

Borus—I am writing a story in which there is neither hero nor heroine, no love making, no villain, no detective, and not a particle of plot.

Naggus—That ought to be interesting. Borus—It ought to be more than that. I hope to make it touching and pathetic. It's a hard luck story, written for my landlord's exclusive perusal, and sets forth in detail the reasons why I shall have to ask him for another extension of time on my rent.

## DOES YOUR BACK ACHES?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Advice from Artemus Ward.

A certain Southern railroad was in a wretched condition, and the trains were consequently run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus Ward, who was one of the passengers, remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train; for you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, and what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"—Boston Herald.

## Pleasant.

"Now, that it's all over, darling," said the delighted bridegroom, "I must confess I never expected to win you. Even now I can't understand why you married me."

"Well, George," said the Chicago bride, "I'll tell you. Some time ago a fortune teller told me that my second marriage would make me very happy and wealthy. So, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with."—Philadelphia Press.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Discouraging Him.

"Yes, he confessed that he loved me, but I tried to discourage him in every way I knew how. Once he dared to kiss me."

"And you screamed, Jeanette?"

"Well—er—not then, but I warned him that I would the next time. Then he kissed me again."

"Surely you called for help?"

"How could I when I was so startled? Presently he slipped his arm around me."

"And you drew away?"

"No, I nestled closer—er—that is—but really, dear, I tried to discourage him; yes, I tried hard."

# Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

## CHAPTER X.

Claud Tyars walked through the narrow streets, westward, without noticeable haste. His gait was neither that of the busy city merchant nor the easy lounge of the sailor out of work. Presently he seemed to recognize some familiar landmark. He turned suddenly up a narrow passage and, pushing open a swing-glass door, climbed a flight of lead-covered steps. On the second floor he stopped before a door bearing on a small brass plate the name, "M. M. Easton." Without knocking he opened the door, and on his entrance an elderly man rose from his seat at a low table, and, after a quick glance, lowered his colorless eyes, bowing gravely. Tyars returned the salutation with a short nod.

The elderly man then turned to go into a room beyond the small, bare office. When he turned his back, this city clerk was no longer elderly. His back was that of a young man. Addressing himself to some unseen person in the inner room, he uttered two words only—the name of the visitor waiting in the outer office—without prefix or comment.

"Come in, Tyars!" called out a cheerful tenor voice, immediately; and the clerk, turning into an old man again, stepped aside to let the visitor pass through the doorway.

The man who rose to greet Tyars, holding out a thin hand across the table at which he had been seated, was singularly slight. His narrow shoulders sloped at a larger angle from the lines of his sinewy neck than is usually to be found in men of the Anglo-Saxon race. The hand held out was unsteady, very white and long. The face was narrow and extremely small; at school Matthew Mark Easton had been nicknamed "Monkey" Easton. Despite his youthful appearance it was some years since he had left school, and indeed men of his year at Harvard were mostly married and elderly, while Easton still retained his youth. In addition to this enviable possession there was still noticeable in his appearance that slight resemblance to a monkey by which he had acquired a nickname singularly appropriate. It was not only in the small, intelligent face, the keen, anxious eyes and thin lips, that this resemblance made itself discernible, but in quickness of glance and movement, in that refined and nervous tension of habit, which is only found in monkeys and all the lower animals.

By way of greeting this man whistled two or three bars of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" softly through his teeth, and pointed to a chair.

"Smith," he said, raising his voice, "you may as well go to the bank now with those checks."

There came no answer to this suggestion, but presently the door of the outer office closed quietly.

"I call him Smith," continued Easton in a thin and pleasant voice spiced by a distinct American accent, "because his name is Pavloski. That unfortunately luxuriant crop of gray hair standing straight up gives him a foreign appearance, which the name of Pavloski would seem to confirm. Besides, it takes such a long time to say Pavloski."

While he was speaking Easton's face had remained quite grave, and, consequently, very sad. There was a short silence. Both had much to say, and they appeared to be thinking and searching for a suitable beginning. Easton spoke first.

"I see," he said, "that you are trim and taut, and ready as usual. The executive keeps up to the mark."

"Yes," replied Tyars, "my department is in working order. The ship is getting on well, and I have found my first officer."

The slight, delicate man looked at his companion's large limbs and half-suppressed a sigh. His wistful little face contracted into a grave smile, and he nodded his head.

"I dislike you," he said, in his peculiarly humorous way, "when you talk like that. It seems to imply an evil sense of exultation in your physical superiority, which, after all, is fleeting. You are only dust, you know. But—but it is rather poor fun staying at home and pulling strings feebly."

"It has its advantages," said Tyars, in an unconsciously thoughtful tone, which brought the restless eyes to his face at once. "Besides," he added, more lightly, "you do not pull feebly. The tugs are pretty strong, and the strings, you must remember, reach a good distance."

"Ye-es!" Matthew Mark Easton had a singular habit of elongating the little word into several syllables, as if in order to gain time for thought. "Ye-es! I suppose it has. But," he said, rousing himself, "I have not been idle. That is to say, Smith—Pavloski Smith, you know. He has been working terrifically hard. Poor fellow! His wife is out there—at Kara."

"Yes, I know. You told me," interrupted Tyars, and his manner unconsciously implied that a fact once imparted to him was never forgotten. "Has he heard from—or of—her yet?"

"No, not for two years. He believes she is alive still, and a report came from Riga that she had been sent to Kara."

The Englishman listened without comment. His strong, bearded face was not pleasant to look upon just then, for the massive jaw was thrust forward, and there was a peculiar dull glow in his placid eyes.

"There was a child, you know," continued the American, watching the effect of his words, "to be born in prison—in a Siberian prison, where the attendants are the riffraff of the Russian army—more brutes than men. That would probably be a year ago."

He paused, his thin voice lowering to-

ward the end of the sentence in a way that rendered his American accent singularly impressive in its simple narrative.

"I wonder," he continued, "what has become of that refined lady and that helpless infant—now. It brings the thing before me, Tyars, in rather a bright light, to think that that man Sm—Pavloski, who comes here at half-past nine every morning, goes out to lunch in a small eating house next door, and goes home to his lodging at five o'clock; that that man has a wife in a Siberian prison. A wife—a woman whom he has lived with every day—day after day; whose every tone, every little gesture, every thought, is familiar to him. I surmise that it must be worse than being in a Siberian prison one's self!"

It is easy to set down the words, but to render the slight twang, the wonderful power of expressing pathos that lay hidden in this man's tongue, is a task beyond any pen. Tyars stopped him with a quick gesture of the head, as if to intimate that all this was no news to him.

"Why," he asked, curtly, "are you showering all this upon me? Do you think that I am the sort of fellow to turn back?"

"Oh, no!" answered Easton in an altered tone. Then he turned in his chair and, unlocking a drawer in the pedestal of his writing table, he drew forth several leather-bound books, which he set upon the table in front of him. "Oh, no!" he said, turning the pages. "Only you seemed to be of opinion just now that the pastime of staying at home and pulling strings had its advantages."

"So it has," was the cool reply; "but that in no way alters the case as far as I am concerned."

"Then I apologize," said Easton, raising his eyes without moving his head. "I thought, perhaps—well, never mind!"

"What do you think?"

"I had a sort of notion that some other interest had sprung up—that you were getting sick of all this long preparation."

"And wished to back out?" suggested Tyars in his high-bred indifference.

As he spoke he looked up and their eyes met. A strong contrast—these two pairs of eyes. The one, large, placid; the other quick, keen and restless. Although Easton's gaze did not lower or flinch, his eyes were not still; they seemed to search from corner to corner of the large glance that met his own.

"I am afraid," he said, ignoring the question, "that I am getting a trifle skeptical. I have had more than one disappointment. Our doctor—Phillipi, you know—has been appointed sanitary inspector of the town of Lille, or something equally exciting. He has intimated that while fully sympathizing with our noble scheme, he can only help us now with his purse and his prayers. I do not imagine that his purse will assist you materially to steer through the ice on a dark night in the Sea of Kara."

"It comes, no doubt," said Tyars, half apologizing for the French doctor's treachery, "from his failure to realize the whole thing. The nation took up the question of the slave trade without a moment's hesitation, and that was one upon which there were undoubtedly arguments upon both sides of equal weight. We are not sure now that the comparatively small proportion of the human race victimized by the slave trade has really benefited. The state of Russia and her system of government is a disgrace to the whole world—yet the whole world closes its eyes to the fact. The Siberian exiles, in my estimation, call for more sympathy than those thick-skinned, dense-brained negroes."

Easton said nothing. His father had been a slave owner, but he fact was unknown to Tyars, and he did not think it necessary to mention it. Had the slave trade never been suppressed, Matthew Mark Easton would have been one of the richest men in America. As it was, he sat daily in this little office in the city of London conducting—to all outward appearances—a small and struggling commission agent's business. It was somewhat characteristic of the man and his country that Claud Tyars should be allowed to remain in ignorance of these matters.

Easton now turned to the leather-bound books, and the two men sat far into the day discussing questions strictly technical and strictly confined to the fitting out of the small vessel lying in the London dock for an expedition to the Arctic seas. Even in the discussion of these details each man retained his characteristic manner of treating outward things. Easton was irresponsible, gay and light, while beneath the airy touch there lurked a truer, firmer grasp of detail than is possessed by the majority of men. His queer little face was never quite grave, even while speaking of the most serious matters. His manner was, throughout, suggestive of the forced attention of a schoolboy, ready to be led aside at the slightest interruption, while the relation of hard facts and the detailing of long statistics ran from his glib tongue without the least sign of effort.

## CHAPTER XI.

More conspiracies have failed from impecuniosity than from treachery. If a man has money in sufficient quantity, secrecy is easily purchased. Even if he has enough money to buy a respectable coat, he is already on the high road to success. If the conspirators assemble in swallow tail coats and white ties, they are almost free from danger. Suspicion fixes itself upon the impecunious, the unfortunate, the low in station. She haunts the area steps, and files at the luxurious sound of carriage wheels. She never enters the

front door, but if she wishes to reach the upper floor, creepeth up the back stairs. Under the respectable shade of a silk hat, gloved and washed, any of us may trespass where he with but a shabby coat and forlorn boots will call down ignominy on his head. Well dressed, we may steal horses; shabbily clad, we must not even look over walls.

There was in the temperament of Matthew Mark Easton that small seed of aggressive courage which makes conspirators, agitators and rebels of sensible men.

Under the influence of such men as Claud Tyars and Pavloski, he was capable of developing great energy, and there is little doubt that these two, unconsciously working together, forced the American to assume a gradually increasing weight of responsibility, to the dimensions of which he remained partially ignorant.

In persuading Tyars to espouse a cause of which the particulars will be hereafter narrated, Easton had, some years previously, unwittingly, cast his own lot with that cause to a greater and fuller extent than his easy going nature would ever knowingly have allowed. He had set the torch to a brand of which the flames soon enveloped him. Meeting Tyars at an international aquatic competition, a friendship had sprung up between them, both being lonely men with no sisters or cousins to admire their prowess.

These slight retrogressive explanations will serve, perhaps, to make clear the position of Matthew Mark Easton with regard to Claud Tyars in the events that follow. To some extent the outcome of these past incidents was a dinner party given by the American one November evening. Of those assembled some are living to this day, but others, though young, are now dead, leaving to the survivors the memory of a brave example, the unanswered question of a useless life, lived and lost.

There was nothing singular or remarkable about the fare provided. It was, in fact, supplied "all hot" by a neighboring confectioner, but the guests formed as unique a collection of feasters as could well be found even in the metropolis of England.

Among the first to arrive was Smith—"P. Smith," as Easton playfully called him. The old young clerk of the little office in the city, Pavloski Smith, was dressed in irreproachable swallow tail coat and white tie. He shook hands with Easton, bowing his gray head in a peculiar jerky manner, as if he had not parted at the office two hours before.

After him came at intervals three men; the first elderly and stout, the other two younger, but all alike had that peculiar repose of manner which was especially noticeable in the man called Pavloski. They were evidently foreigners. They spoke English remarkably well, and made few mistakes in grammar. Easton received them with a few words of welcome.

"Tyars," he said to each in turn, "has found a gentleman who will serve as first officer. He brings him to-night."

"Is," inquired the stout man, who was of a somewhat ceremonious habit, "is Mr. Tyars well?"

"Quite well, thanks; at least, I surmise so," was the answer.

The two younger men heard the news without comment. Without awaiting an invitation Pavloski drew a chair forward to the hearth and sat directly in front of the fire, holding his two hands out toward the warmth. In this position it became evident that he was a contemporary of the two younger men, who presently moved toward the fire and stood talking together in their peculiar English, while Easton and the stout gentleman exchanged meaningless platitudes.

The three younger men had thus grouped themselves together, and when placed in proximity there was some subtle point of resemblance between them which could not at first sight be defined. It lay only in the eyes, for in build and complexion there was no striking likeness. Each of these three men had a singularly slow glance. They raised their eyes to one's face rather after the manner of a whipped dog, and when looking up there was noticeable a droop of the lower lid which left a space of white below the pupil of the eye. It may be seen in men and women who have passed through great hardship or an unappealing sorrow. Such eyes as these speak for themselves. One can tell at once that they have at one time or other looked upon something very unpleasant. Finally Tyars entered the room, closely followed by Oswin Grace.

There were thus seven partakers of the good things provided by a neighboring confectioner—four Russians, two Englishmen and an American. There had been no secrecy about their coming; no mystery taps at the door, no strange sounding passwords. Moreover, the conversation was of a simple, straightforward nature, without dramatic relief in the way of ambiguous and irrelevant remarks respecting the length of some allegorical night and the approach of a symbolic dawn.

(To be continued.)

## What She Wanted.

Mrs. Newed—My dear, I wish you would let me have a little pin money.

Newed—All right, sweetheart. How much do you need?

Mrs. Newed—Two hundred dollars.

Newed—Great Scott! Two hundred dollars for pin money?

Mrs. Newed—Yes, dear. It's for a diamond pin.

## Other Side of It.

"Why, young man," said the stern parent, "you certainly don't think I would be foolish enough to let a penniless youth like you marry my daughter, do you?"

"Well, it's up to you," rejoined the poor but nifty youngster. "It's a cinch that no rich young man would marry a girl as homely as she is."

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