

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends."—MIRIAM FAYE, Ypsilanti, Mich.

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

Yellow Act.

Tommy Figlam—Paw, whose picture is that fellow there where you're readin'?

Paw Figlam—Why, that's a half-tone of a second cousin of the step-brother of an aunt by second marriage of the foster sister of the chap who is suspected of being in possession of information as to who was an accomplice of the mysterious unknown who assisted in kidnapping Sloppy Sadie the Sad-Eyed Shop Girl.—Baltimore American.

His Hard Luck.

Brown—Jigsmith is anything but grateful to Dame Fortune.

Green—How's that?

Brown—He found a two-carat diamond in the gutter the other day, and what do you suppose he said?

Green—Give it up. What did he say?

Brown—"This is hard luck."

The Last Perry Expedition Survivor.

The newspapers chronicle the death, June 22d, of two members of the Perry expedition to Japan, 1853-54. The July Century contains the personal recollections of this expedition of John S. Sewall, who was a member of Commodore Perry's party, and who is probably the last survivor of the famous expedition.

A Minister's Chart.

The Rev. Dr. Herick Johnson was president of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. A chart hung in his library, showing by pyramids the amount of money spent in various countries of the world for alcohol. Corresponding pyramids on the same chart showed the sums spent by all denominations for missionary work in the world. At the bottom of the chart in large type were the words: "How God Is Robbed."

One evening while Dr. Johnson was walking in the business portion of his city he was stopped by a man who asked him for ten cents. Dr. Johnson told the man that he would give him the money if he would tell him honestly what he wanted it for.

The man replied: "I want to rob God."

He formerly had been employed about the seminary and had seen the chart referred to, and of course he knew Dr. Johnson. He got the ten cents.

Feathered Mason and Potter.

Among the birds of the Western Hemisphere the best mason is a potter as well. This is the oven bird of the pampas in South America. It is called the "casara," a housebuilder, by the Spaniards. The nest is made of mud and bits of straw, practically the same as the material used for most buildings in Mexico. The walls are very thick and there is a partition wall inside, reaching so high as to form an ante-chamber.

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destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen, and graduates everywhere. This Institute has a Western Branch at Portland with a very large class of pupils in attendance—men and women, girls and boys—all ages, ten to sixty. Many have been cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks is the time usually required. Will close in Portland on October 15th. Will accept pupils until September 1st. A POSITIVE, ABSOLUTE CURE GUARANTEED. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send a cent in stamps, to cover postage, I will send you our cloth bound, 300 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," free of charge. Address WILLIAM T. LEWIS, Western Representative, Associate Principal, B. W. Cor. 19th and Raleigh Streets, PORTLAND, OREGON. Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Turkeys Stuffed by Machine.

In England turkeys are generally sold according to the rule of weight per pound, price per pound. That is to say, if a bird weighs 12 pounds, it is sold at 24 cents per pound; if its weight is 14 pounds, at 28 cents per pound, and so on.

Naturally, all breeders endeavor to make their turkeys as plump and heavy as possible before sending them to market. Systems of fattening are extensively carried on among poultry farmers, turkeys being put into pens and fattened for a period varying from three to ten weeks, either by hand or with machine.

The machine mostly used for this purpose consists of a brass nozzle—which is inserted in the mouth of the bird—attached to a piece of India rubber tubing, and connected with a cylinder.

In this cylinder is a supply of liquid food, made of buckwheat or some other meal, milk, and a little fat, and it is so arranged that when a pedal is pressed by the foot a portion of the food, varying according to the stage of fattening—for it is increased in quantity each day until the process is completed—is injected through the tube and nozzle into the bird's crop.—Stray Stories.

A Cutting Rejoinder.

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince, who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen.

Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed with two of its customs:

"All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed."

The baron, with smiling sang froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with a bland rejoinder:

"How fortunate you and I don't live there!"

Marketing Potato Crops.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale university in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad before the senate committee on interstate commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecedentedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody eats potatoes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets then. The Boston & Maine railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine railroad had been subjected to governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

Natural Deduction.

"You should stable your cows in wet weather," remarked the customer who never overlooked an opportunity to register a kick.

"How do you know but what I do?" queried the owner of the village dairy. "Because your milk has a rain flavor," explained the party of the first part.



He—I hope you don't make a fool of your husband?

She—No; I don't have to.—Yonkers Statesman.

Appropriate.—A Southern cornetist, named Burst, has three children—Alice May Burst, James Wood Burst, and Henry Will Burst.

So Natural.—Mrs. Cassidy—"Twas very natural he looked. Mrs. Casey—Aye, shure he looked for all the world like a love man layin' there dead.

Breaking the News.—Mistress—If you want eggs to keep you must lay them in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hens at wanst, mum.

His Experience.—

"Regarding a woman," said Henpeck, "To this said conclusion I've come: When man puts a ring on her finger He puts himself under her thumb."

Awful.—Uncle Hiram—They say that the sun never sets on the British Empire. Aunt Hannah—Doesn't it now? And we have such lovely sunsets over here!

Very Likely.—"Have you any taste for Thackeray?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, I can't say that I have," replied her hostess; "is that anything like this paprika they're puttin' in everything now?"

Correct.—"Pa," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?" "A bucket shop, my son," said the father, feelingly, "is a modern coo-perage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

Insinuation.—Patron (in restaurant)—What are you bothering me for?

Head Usher—The gentleman at the next table wanted me to ask if you wouldn't please face the other way. He says he was nearly eaten by an alligator once and can't bear to see you eat."

The Realist.—Alexis came home one night with his clothes full of holes. "What has happened to you?" exclaimed his mother. "Oh, we've been playing shop ever since school closed," Alexis replied. "Shop?" echoed his mother. "Yes. We opened a grocery, and everybody was something," Alexis explained. "I was the cheese."

Could Do Without It.—"You remember that I gave an order for a pound of liver a while ago?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, I find that I do not need it, and you need not send it." Before she could put down the telephone receiver she heard the market-man say to some one in the store: "Take out Mrs. Blank's liver. She says she can get along without it."

Recommendable.—"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other days. "Poor dear!" interrupted a good-natured looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his j'intz with hartshorn liniment, mum? That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of."

The Secret of Harmony.—Young Mrs. Mead had just engaged two servants, a man and his wife. "I am so glad you are married!" she said to the man. "I hope you are very happy, and that you and your wife never have any difference of opinion." "Faith, ma'am, I couldn't say that," replied the new servant, "for we have a good many; but O! don't let Bridget know of thim, an' so we do be getting along well."

Generals Saved Him.—When General Robert E. Lee was fighting Grant in "the last days" an old dandy besieged headquarters with requests to see "the gin'ral." "Well, where do you belong?" demanded General Lee. "I b'longs to y'r company, gin'ral," returned the dandy. "No, you don't," declared the General, sharply. "Everybody in my company has been shot. How is it that you haven't been?" The dandy scratched his head. Then from his twisted mouth came a confidential whisper: "Well, y' see, gin'ral, it's this a-way. I ain't been shot 'cause when dey's a fight goin' on I always stays with the gin'ral's."

Tridacna Shells.

Tridacna shells are very commonly used in churches in Europe for holy water basins and even fonts. The largest, perhaps, are those in use at St. Peter's, Rome. These shells attain a weight of 500 pounds (the two valves together), the animal itself sometimes being twenty pounds in weight. The word "Tridacna" is from the Greek "tridaknos," eaten at three bites; but who could eat a twenty-pound animal at three bites!—St. Nicholas.

Metaphorical Murder.

"I wonder why time is said to fly?" "Probably it is because so many people are trying to kill it!"

When you think yourself over in the middle of the night, you give mighty poor satisfaction.

GOOD BLOOD TELLS ITS OWN STORY

And tells it eloquently in the bright eye, the supple, elastic movement, the smooth, soft skin, glowing with health, a body sound and well, an active brain, good appetite and digestion, refreshing sleep, energy to perform the duties and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. The blood is the most vital part of the body; every organ, muscle, tissue, nerve, sinew and bone is dependent on it for nourishment and strength, and as it circulates through the system, pure and strong, it furnishes to these different parts all the healthful qualities nature intended. When, from any cause, the blood becomes impure or diseased, it tells a different story, quite as forceful in its way. Itching, burning skin diseases, muddy, sallow complexions, disfiguring sores, boils, carbuncles, etc., show the presence, in the blood, of some foreign matter or poison. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison and Scrofula, are effects of a deeply poisoned blood circulation. These may either be inherited or acquired, but the seat of trouble is the same—the blood. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cleanses and purifies the circulation and makes it strong and clean. Under its purifying and tonic effects all poisons and impurities are expelled from the blood, the general health is built up, all disfiguring eruptions and blemishes disappear, the skin becomes soft and smooth and robust health blesses life. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SSS

Retort Courteous.

He—Girls are queer creatures—they marry the first fool who asks them, as a rule. I suppose you would do the same, wouldn't you?

She—Suppose you ask me and find out.

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The Proper Word.

Clara—I was tempted to give her a piece of my mind, only I didn't want to make a scene.

Minnie—You mean, dear, you didn't want to make a production. That's the proper word nowadays.—Boston Transcript.

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Lucky, Indeed.

"This is what I get for marrying a poet," pouted the tall brunette. "We are too poor to hire a girl, so I have to cook the beefsteak and onions."

"My dear girl," said the matron, whose husband is an editor, "you should be very proud."

"Proud of what?"

"That you should have found a poet who can really afford beefsteak and onions."

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

Now They Don't Speak.

Helen—Jack declared last night that one little word of mine had made him the happiest of men.

Mildred—Indeed! Then you must have said "No" to his proposal.

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