The Carbon Advocate.

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THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Hot these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquest reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall;
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Hot these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well-worn wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
Than a clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unknown by the triumph of labor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labor!

Two Mothers and Two Sons.

BY MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

The last war in which our country was engaged, and which happened before some of our readers were born, was a civil war; and civil wars have ever been the most dreadful of any in the world's history.

For civil war never arises except from a bitterness of feeling between members of one great family, as it were, and in it father is arrayed against son, brother against brother. Such wars are a thousand times more intense and full of fierce resentments than are wars between different nations.

In some respects, ours was the saddest and most dreadful of all civil wars; but of these sad and dreadful things it is better not to speak. They are past. Let us bury forever everything that would call up a shadow of the old feelings that wrought such disaster and sorrow in so many communities and homes.

One spring day, when soft winds came sighing up from the desolated South, and our war in the North was at its gloomiest period, a skirmish took place between two reconnoitering parties of Northern and Southern soldiers, on the banks of a Southern river. But hardly had they met, and exchanged a few volleys, when the troops retreated—very willing, I suspect, to let each other alone, unprepared as they were for an encounter.

They left the green grass all trampled to death—the poor little buttercups that had lifted each bright, laughing faces by the roadside, beaten beneath horses' hoofs, and drowned in blood; while the sweet white daisies, that had danced in the wind ever since winter, as simple, as happy, and as sweet in the time of war as in the time of peace, would never again lift their pale faces from their golden graves.

After the skirmish, each party carried away its wounded; not without jeering cries at each other as they departed—rather swiftly, it may be said—such as—

"Good-bye, Yank!"

"Come again, Johnny Reb!"

Some quarter of a mile away, perched upon a green knoll, and surrounded with blossoming peach trees, whose fragrance drew bee and bird from afar, was a ruined home.

Once, this home had been a charming country-house. Up and down the road that led to it many guests had ridden, in laughing, singing cavalcades. On its wide verandas daintily-robed figures had flitted to and fro, and the wide open doors and windows had given glimpses of the generous and stately hospitality that was a household custom in the South.

But now it was glassless, with shattered chimneys, unhinged doors and broken verandas—silent, ruined, although not wholly deserted.

The din, the danger, the wrong of war had raged about it many a time, and had robbed it not only of its beloved only son, but of its sweet content, its merry guests, its servants, its cattle, its horses—everything except the careworn mistress and two frightened little girls, who only stayed until it became impossible for them to get away, because they could not make up their minds to desert their home, endeared to them by such associations.

"Oh, mamma! they are fighting again in the road!" cried Annie, running into the once beautiful parlor, where, over a few burning sticks, the mother was trying to reduce the fibrous tenacity of "Old Ben."

This was the second day that she and her small fire had struggled thus with Old Ben's post mortem stubbornness, and the end was evidently not yet.

Old Ben, the venerable patriarch of the barnyard, had cackled and crowed around the house before the troops occupied this part of the country. He had survived all his family, for the simple reasons that he had more discretion than valor, and was too wise an old cock to fly shrieking into the peach trees when pursued by uniforms, blue or gray, as his flock always did.

No: Old Ben knew a secret worth two of that, and always hid himself silently under his mistress bed, thus reserving himself for a better fate than that of feeding roaring soldiers, bragging of hen-roost prowess over the camp-fire.

The noise of the skirmish filled the air as the mother went to the window. Across the fields, where the river usually shone like a silver and azure ribbon, there was a great cloud of dust and smoke, that shut the horrid description of a familiar scene from her sight.

"Poor creatures! Ah me, poor boys!" she sighed. "How many hearts of those who can only watch and pray at home will bleed for this!"

Then she added, more loudly, "We will put the 'chicken' away, children, till we see if anybody will need it more than we do."

It was long since the little girls had tasted meat, and their vigorous young appetites had been singing happy little songs of anticipation about Old Ben for two days.

They looked wistfully from the cloud of battle across the fields, to the stew pan, and then Jeannette said, hopefully:

"P'raps they'll bring somebody here who isn't quite killed, but too much killed to care for Old Ben."

Just at twilight, when the deadly clamor had been stilled for some hours, and only the south wind sang and cried among the fragrant peach blossoms, there came crawling to the house a pale creature in a uniform so dusty and blood-stained that one could not tell if it had been blue or gray.

His white lips could only move enough to say, that having been wounded by the first volley of the skirmish, he had crawled away from the tumult and hidden behind a large rock in a neighboring field, where he had lost consciousness till "Impo" had brought water and revived him.

"Impo" was a dwarfed and crippled negro, whose infirmities had kept him from escaping to freedom as well as from serving in the war.

It could be no worse to die by the hand of a vengeful rebel householder, the wounded man had thought, than alone amid the chill dews and under the unpitying stars; so he had crept to their and they could do with him what they would. He was a Union soldier, he said, and he would rather die than disown that he had fallen while fighting under the "old flag!"

Late the next night Jeannette and Annie were gnawing, for perhaps the fiftieth time, two highly-polished drumsticks. There could have been very little of the original flavor left to these drumsticks, and even Old Ben's ghost would never have recognized them by the sense of smell as a portion of his earthly habitation. Nevertheless, they were of value to those under-fed children, as magic wands with which to summon up unlimited, entrancing visions of stewed rooster and delicious gravy, that needed only salt to make it fit for a king or President Davis.

It was evident that these little girls were very patriotic, and that, above the lofty charity to all men which their mother's example taught them, towered the love of their "Cause," for Annie flourished her rooster-bone skyward, with the air of "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," as she heard voices in the chamber above, and said:

"He ate only a spoonful of the gravy. I'd go up stairs this minute and give him this, if he'd only hurrah for the beautiful Stars and Bars."

A low murmur of voices came from the room above. The wounded man seemed to be talking, with frequent pauses of exhaustion. Sometimes these pauses would be so long that the children would have thought the sick man slept, did not their mother's soft voice murmur till he spoke again.

"P'raps mamma's telling him 'bout darling Arthur gone to the war," said one of the children.

Just then the feeble voice above was saying to the sweet, pitying face bent over the pillow:

"After I am dead, add to the letter that I died, praying that your boy may never die without some blessed hand and voice as tender as yours, to smooth his way down the dark valley."

The next day the dead soldier was buried under the pink cloud of the peach trees, and as the earth was thrown down upon his enshrouded form, the mother's tears flowed almost as if the dead were her own son, rather than one whose dying breath had blessed the enemy's flag; for she knew that not many miles away to the north, so near the great battle-ground that its horrible tumult often reached her also, was the dead man's mother, with heart aching for her boy "gone to the war."

"And she does not know that she has no son on earth, as I do not know but that these little girls are all that I have left," she sobbed, as the last shovelful of earth fell upon the grave.

Months had gone by. The peach blossoms had long ago fallen and covered the grave beneath, with a fleecy veil the color of a dawn-cloud.

The grave itself, now that the summer winds had borne away its fleecy veil, was green and soft as velvet. The children, with broken case-knives, had cut turf from the fields and covered it with care, and watered it, till the broken grass-roots had fastened themselves into the earth, and covered it with thick, glossy blades, amid which a late buttercup or two shone like stars.

At the head of the grave was a bit of white pine that had once been Dinah's moulding-board, but now, split in two, served to tell who slept beneath. Upon it was scorched with a hot iron:

"Henry Lee, Co. A, 11th Reg. Penn. Vols. Aged 24 years."

While the summer sunshine was shimmering through the tremulous leaves upon the quiet grave where slept one for whom strife and tumult were hushed forever, a great battle was raging not very many miles to the north.

From dawn to sunset the fair day grew sick with the smell of powder, the groans of the dying, the booming of cannon, the horror of brother killing brother. The smoke and dust shut the valley, where the frightful carnage raged, from the sight of those on the hilltops, who watched to see if friend or foe prevailed.

That night over the battle-field lanterns wavered to and fro, as friend sought friend that the overcrowded ambulance had not yet carried to the hospitals in the rear.

In the very centre of the valley, where the front of the battle had raged, and where the soaked earth was carpeted with gray and blue mixed inextricably together, two officers searched for a friend who wore the blue with a silver bar.

As they sought, a glimmer of the dim lantern fell upon a white young face upturned to the starless sky. Lieut. Will Law uttered a cry.

"Arthur Lasso!" he exclaimed. "Poor boy, you here!—and wearing the grey, too!" he added, half angrily, even in that moment.

Only a moan answered him.

"What can I do?" demanded Will Law, excitedly, of his fellow-officers, as he bent over the wounded boy. "I cannot leave him here to die. He was my friend and school-fellow once."

Later two men knocked at a farm-house on a neighboring hill. They bore between them a burden wrapped in a United States army cloak, but with no uniform beneath.

"Lieut. Law sent us here with this boy and this note," they said to the lady who admitted them. The sad-faced woman read:

"DEAR MADAM: This man was a school friend of mine whom I loved. Will you care for him as you would for me, and not ask whether he is with or against us?" WM. LAW.

For days and nights in that modest farm-house the wounded rebel was nursed and tended as if he had been the son of the woman who dwelt there.

"I have given one brave boy—my only one—to this dreadful war," she said to him, as she gently nursed him, "and every sorrowing mother's son is my own for his sake. Only how could you raise your hand against the dear old flag?"

One day an orderly knocked at the farm-house door. The invalid boy, not yet nineteen, slowly recovering, was sitting wrapped in a woman's peignoir (for nothing in the world, not even gratitude to his nurse, could entrap him into wearing the blue) in a large arm chair, where through the open window he could see the "boy in blue" as he approached.

He turned even paler than usual, and his blue eyes were troubled, for the thought came into his mind that the truth of his being a rebel, had somehow been discovered, and that his guardian angel, as he called her who had nursed him back to life, might in some way suffer for her loyalty to her heart, notwithstanding her unswerving loyalty to her country.

But the orderly only brought a letter. "It came from headquarters," he said, "and has been some months in getting through the lines."

How the poor mother walled as she read that letter!

The sympathizing rebel held her hands in his, and sought with tender words words to soften the bitterness of a grief he did not yet understand.

"It is the last letter from my boy," she sobbed—"my poor boy, dead in the South, and buried by rebel hands! God bless and protect the son of the mother who wrote it!" and she gave the letter into the boy's thin hand.

As his eye ran over it, he uttered an exclamation.

"O Mrs. Lee," he cried, as he, too, wept over the letter, "my mother buried your boy with tears under the peach-trees in our garden. You brought my mother's boy out from the jaws of death!" and they mingled their tears together.

And yet these two sons of these two mothers would have rejoiced to kill each other in battle, had war's fatal chance brought them face to face in the fury of the fight.

And alas! like to these sons of these two gentle, brave-hearted mothers, were thousands and tens of thousands of others—brave, true-hearted men, who killed each other on dreadful battle-fields of the South.

HE WAS AHEAD.

The disposition of children not to allow other children to get ahead of them is once more illustrated in two Boston families, as follows:

"I've got a silver dollar."

"I've got two."

"You haven't got a baby in your house."

"Yes we have; we've got twins."

"Well, you haven't got a crazy grandfather; I have."

TURNING THE HUSBAND OUT.

A Domestic Scene in Tennessee—How a Misused Woman Vindicates Herself.

We were winding down one of the mountain roads of Tennessee in a cart drawn by a mule. The land was barren, the cabins no better than hovels and it was a query how people made a bare living or were content to stay. By and by we came to a turn in the road where there was a trough to water horses and a cabin of a settler. The cabin was the poorest of all and nothing around it indicated that the owner made any attempt to cultivate the soil. We reached the place just in time to witness a tableau. A woman, poorly dressed and her face bearing the look of one who had seen much worry and suffering, stood near the trough and a satchel filled with clothing sat on the ground beside her. Five feet away stood her husband, a burly, tough-faced mountaineer, and he held a switch in his hand. Neither minded us as we drove up and it was full a minute before the husband said:

"Mary, I'll wollop ye!"

"Jim, ye dasn't!" she replied.

"Mary, you can't leave me nohow!"

"Jim, I'm gwine to do it. I've starved an' suffered till I'm clean gone. I'm going home."

"Mary, if you don't take up that satchel and march in I'll wollop ye good and stout!"

There were two of us besides the driver. The woman looked up and scanned our faces, as if to judge how far she might count on our help, and the driver said:

"Tain't rulable for stranger to mix in, Mary; and Jim's got a knife and would kill somebody. Better go in."

"Never!" she hissed.

"If you don't," said the husband, as he came a step nearer, "I'll make the fur fly. Take that!"

With a swish he brought the switch down across her shoulders and raised it again. She stood stock for a minute and looked him in the eye, and then walked into the hovel.

"Baypher peart, but the gad will cure her!" grinned the husband, as he drew the switch through his fingers.

His triumph was short lived. In sixty seconds Mary reappeared. She had the mountaineer's heavy rifle in her hand, and as she came out she raised it on a line with the man's heart.

"Jim, I want you git!"

"No-o!"

"Git!"

"Shoo! Can't do it!"

Clink! Clink!

"Mary, what yer gwine ter do?"

"Kill ye like a wolf in yer tracks if ye don't walk away."

"Whar to?"

"Nobody keers. Go sumwhar'—keep goin'—don't never come back! Hurry up, fur I'm going down on the stage!"

He looked into her eyes and saw the change. Poverty and brutality had come to an end. Love had turned to disgust, and in place of fear was such bravery as he would not have looked for in a man on the road. He saw "shoot" in her eyes, but he still hesitated.

"Mary, drop that rifle!" he whispered.

"Jim, git! If you are here when I've finished counting twenty I kill you as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

He began backing away. When he had gone twenty feet he turned and walked. When he had gone one hundred he halted, wheeled about and, after a long time, muttered: "Wall, by gosh! Mary, let's make up!"

"Keep a-gittin', Jim," she replied, as she still covered him with the rifle.

In five minutes he was out of sight up the road. The woman placed the gun and satchel in the cart, walked into the hovel to be gone two minutes and when she came back to the cart and took a seat with us flames were creeping through a hundred crevices between the dry logs. Without a word she climbed in and only once during the five-mile ride did she utter a word. At a bend in the road she looked back at a pyramid of smoke and flame wrought by her hands and said, as if to herself:

"Jim didn't know Mary; Jim didn't!"

GEN. U. S. GRANT'S PICTURE.

Do not read this notice, unless you care to read a proposition which, if you accept, will cost you something. I have an engraving made from an old daguerreotype by a celebrated artist of Gen. Grant, taken while he was at the height of his fame around the world. It is by the opinion of critics the best picture of the Good Hero in existence. The price of the engraving, size 16x20, on very heavy steel engraving board, is One Dollar and Twenty-five cents. ($1.25, postage paid by me. So thoroughly am I convinced of the value of the engraving as a work of art, and its appreciation by the public, that I will mail to any address in the U. S. For Inspection, one copy, packed in a heavy paper box, upon receipt of 25c. in stamps to pay postage and packing, upon the condition that the party receiving same send me ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) upon receipt of engraving if it is satisfactory, or return the picture to me if it is not considered worth forty-five cents asked. I have also a very handsome Cabinet Photo. of Gen. Grant, hand finished, which I will mail on receipt of 50c. No album is complete without one. Liberal arrangements will be made with agents. Write for terms and price list.

Address WILLIAM DICKSON, Publisher, Box 348, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 15-w-1y.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

"Oh dear! I'm a perfect martyr," sighed Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, as she seated herself, flushed and warm, at the breakfast table, and disclosed a scorched finger. "My cook has a felon on her hand, and I was obliged to prepare the breakfast myself this morning and in doing so burned myself dreadfully."

"You are not only a martyr," said Dumley, sympathetically as he disparagingly eyed a little piece of crisp-fried piece of beefsteak on his plate, "but I see you have been burned at the steak, as well."

PREPARING FOR AN EMERGENCY.

Young Man—Can you lend me your rubber mark-eraser until morning, Charley?

Charley—Certainly.

Young Man—Thanks. I'm going to night to ask old Moneybags for his daughter, and if I don't get her I shall want something to bite on my way home.

—It is useless to try the mind cure on a dude.

—How shall a man be good natured on housecleaning day? By going a-fishing.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

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Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

"Hackmetack" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport; C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport; C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

—A dude may be less sensible to the tears of anguish, or the mute appeals of hopeless decay than he is to his personal decoration, but let him get a picnic grasshopper in his trousers, and he'll lie right down in the mud and bawl like a brindle calf.

Dr. Fraser's Magic Ointment.

A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—Bald-headed men, in addition to being wiser than other people, now have another advantage—they cannot be sunstruck. A man who was sunstruck a day or two since immediately recovered when some one shaved his head.

Dr Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—A school of gesture has been formed in this city. We presume the main purpose in view is to make it possible for married people to settle their little differences without disturbing the entire neighborhood.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, at T. D. Thomas'.

—An Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when he is away from home. The decision is all right up to a certain extent, but suppose the man doesn't know!

"I have advised my daughter to try it, and she is doing so." He further says: "I called on you about six weeks ago sick with bilious disease. You gave me a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it set me all right. I want more of it." Thus writes a man who lives in Lubec, Me., to the proprietor. We are sure of hearing favorably from the lady, for this preparation is exactly suited to troubles from which women so often suffer. Also for little children.

—At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted him, and said: "Read that again, sah; read it once mo', so's the lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meanin'. Ise ben married befo'."

Never Give Up

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—Macon Ga., Telegraph: "Albany boys hardly past the spanking age," says the medium, are inveterate cigarette smokers." The boy who smokes cigarettes is never past the spanking age.

Good for the Child.

The ailments of childhood need careful attention and wise treatment. Some people think "anything is good enough for a child, and there isn't much the matter with it anyhow." But judicious mothers know better, and do as Mrs. H. W. Perry, of Richmond, Va., does. She says: "I take Brown's Iron Bitters and give it to my children with the most satisfactory results." Sold everywhere.

—An Irishman watched a game of base ball was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the left rib. "A foul, was it? Begorra, I thought it was a fluke."

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and rheumatism.

—An exchange says: "A miss in Iowa has hair that sweeps the floor." Now if this miss had hair that could cook, wash and iron, and milk the cows, what a blessing she would be as a wife.

Young, old, and middle-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, or sick-head, or with any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

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This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, nor produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sold by all druggists. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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April 11, 1885—6m

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AYER'S
Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unrivalled: it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
Mr. C. P. Bottum writes from Kirby, O., Feb. 4, 1884: "I lost half my hair commencing with a fever, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
J. W. Bevins, proprietor of the Mt. Carmel (Ohio) Register, says: "Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and renders it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a superior dressing for dandruff. I do not think any knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."
Mr. Angus Fairbairn, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1884: "For about my hair began to give me very sensible of the change which Boston time proceeded, I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to singsters, who live, almost, in the front every one who lives in the eyes of the public."
Mrs. O. A. Prescott, writing from Mt. Ararat, Mass., April 11, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and was fast growing bald. On using Ayer's Hair Vigor the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the Vigor, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."
We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.