

Black Hair

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft,"—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express address.

Headache?

Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye

NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

From Paris to San Francisco With One Change of Cars.

Travel from the far East to London, Eng., and other European points which has heretofore sailed from China, Manchuria, the Philippines and Japan through the Suez canal, is likely hereafter to follow the Royal Mail, which it has recently been demonstrated, can be brought to London through San Francisco and across the United States three or four days more quickly than via the old route. The traffic department of the Chicago and Northwestern railway has advised that the Russian ministry of the interior has arranged with the International Sleeping Co. for new sleeping car service on the Trans-Siberian railway, to be weekly at first, tri-weekly later on, and eventually a Train-de-Luxe, to be inaugurated between Warsaw and Port Arthur, leaving Warsaw daily. At Warsaw connection is made with the famous Express Du Nord from Paris, Berlin and other European capitals. Thus Port Arthur will be within easy reach of Paris, and from Port Arthur the journey is completed in fast vessels across the Pacific to San Francisco and on the New Overland Limited via the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago and Northwestern Railroads to Chicago. Inter-Continental travel is thus practically established through what had, until recently, been supposed to be the wastes of Siberia; now proven to include much rich farming country, which is being rapidly settled.

An Enormous Pier. Baltimore is to have a pier, which will be able to accommodate at one time four of the largest ships that float. The pier is 935 feet long and 120 feet wide. The water all about it is 30 feet deep.

The fisherman catches the terrapin with a pair of tongs on the eastern shore of Maryland.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Sensible Advice to Women by Mrs. E. Sailer.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I passed through what is known as 'change of life,' I had two years' suffering—sudden heat, and as quick chills would pass over me; my appetite was variable and I never could tell for



MRS. E. SAILER, President German Relief Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

a day at a time how I would feel the next day. Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound changed all that, my days became days of health, and I have enjoyed every day since—now six years.

"We have used considerable of your Vegetable Compound in our charitable work, as we find that to restore a poor mother to health so she can support herself and those dependent upon her, if such there be, is truer charity than to give other aid. You have my hearty endorsement, for you have proven yourself a true friend to suffering women."—Mrs. E. Sailer, 7504 Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.—\$5000 Perfit if above testimonial is not genuine.

No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, for no other has had such great experience. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

How He Felt While Falling 110 Feet.

LEWIS MASON, boiler-maker and ironworker, says that a fall of 110 feet isn't so bad. Mason tumbled 110 feet down the smokestack of the American Sugar Refinery at New Orleans, La., and fifteen minutes later was complaining because the nurse wouldn't let him smoke a cigarette.

"It's all a bluff," declared Mason, "if this thing people tell you about not thinking or feeling while you are falling. I thought about a lot of things and knew everything that was doing. No, I didn't think of death. It never occurred to me that I was going to die."

"Mason," says I to myself, the first second of the journey, "you've always been a lucky dog; you will be now. You are going to escape!" and I did. I hit the bottom on a coil of rope, and then I went to sleep for fifteen minutes.

"We had put up the big iron smokestack at the American Sugar Refinery. The scaffolding and stay work were on the inside of the pipe—not the outside.

"I was up 110 feet, working with a steel poker. Of course the ledge was narrow and a man had to watch his balance, but being accustomed to it the height never bothered me. I worked up there just the same as on the ground.

"In this case I was putting a good power in the hand rod, and was leaning over considerably off a perpendicular. Suddenly the poker came out and I lost my balance.

"The first sensation was the only one of fright I had. After the first instant I was never frightened. I made one grasp at a rope but missed it. I knew then I would go to the bottom of the shaft. There was plenty of time to think and I reasoned everything out.

The first was—were there any cross boards near me. "No," I replied to myself, "they are all out." That relieved me. I felt pretty good. I knew I had a long fall, but I, and why not now? That was another comforting thought, two; no boards and always lucky. I thought it all out just as I am telling it now.

"The black sides of the smokestack were whirling by. Have you ever gone down in an elevator very fast? Well, just imagine you are going a little faster and you have an idea of it.

"When about half way down I had reasoned it all out and was satisfied. I crossed my arms tightly, determined, if possible, to fall right side up. Then the sides of the big stack began to ring. The din was frightful. I thought a million wagons were running over iron crossings. I was not doing so much thinking now. The noise changed to booming cannons. They belloved and roared. I thought the whole thing was moving, and that I was gracefully floating in the air, sailing in an airship, with the objects moving about me. Nothing hurt me. I must have still had my reason, for I remember distinctly what happened. One very bright thought came to me, and I wondered why I had not reached the bottom. It seemed that I had stopped en route. Then I wondered if I had slipped by the coil of rope and was not going to stop there at all.

"The sensation was growing more pleasant. Just as I thought to myself how comfortable I was feeling a beautiful light broke in upon the darkness. There was a green lawn and some boys playing tennis. So far as I know personally I never hit the bottom. I went to sleep—a beautiful sleep—as the picture flashed upon me. That must have been when I struck, but I never felt anything.

"Fifteen minutes later I opened my eyes as they were carrying me to the ambulance. I pulled up a leg, then an arm, and I knew I was still alive. I said to myself, 'Mason, you're luck is with you.' Somebody asked me if I knew what had happened, and I replied that of course I knew; that I had fallen down the smokestack. I felt a little pain in my back as they carried me in the hospital.

"In the hospital—I've got no use for 'em—they won't give you anything to eat and they won't let you smoke and eat on the grass. They treated me like an invalid, and only gave me milk toast and some other soft things. So when the nurse went out of the room I jumped out of bed, got all my clothes I could find and left the place."

Mason is twenty-four years of age, weighs 170 pounds and stands five feet eight inches in height.

"There is only one day I didn't work," said he. "The day I fell."

An Exciting Canoe Run.

Now, before us, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine, telling of Canadian adventures, ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark-greenish bowlders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks standing close together squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly we glide down the racing torrent and plunge through the boiling waters. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the foaming flood. It is dangerous work. We midmen paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersman in bow and stern pry and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman

with eyes alert keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary bowlder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only froths destruction upon all that dares approach it. How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot, for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite sides, for the bowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around, but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true.

Farm Topics

White Clover's Advantage.

White clover will germinate and make headway where certain grasses will not thrive. It is easily crowded out but will give excellent service as food for sheep for awhile.

Prevents Onion Bulb Exhaustion.

The custom of breaking down the leaves and seed stems of onions is to prevent the exhaustion of the bulb by the formation of the seed. Some growers do this as soon as the leaves are full grown, by twisting and bending them down, as the bulb is not the root, but the enlarged stem of the plant, this concentrates the force of the plant into the bulb or stem, and so produces a vigorous growth there. The practice may be of questionable effect, so far as this view is concerned, but would certainly be useful in case a seed stalk was forming, as the production of seed would weaken the bulb. The breaking down is done when the bulb is well formed and the leaves fully grown.

Shading Earlichs Soil.

The complete shading of the soil rapidly enriches it, even without the application of manure. It may be that shading causes a deposit of nitrogen from the air; every farmer knows that wherever a stack of hay or straw has stood for several months the ground underneath is not only enriched but grows much darker in color. Any one may try an experiment as follows: Select the poorest spot of ground on the farm, lay over a strip of any length, but about a yard wide, a few inches of straw, and cover with a board, or, if preferred, lay only a board on the ground. If the place is seeded to something after the covering is removed, the difference in growth between the portion previously shaded and that not shaded will be very marked.

A Manure Sled.

A good and simple device for hauling manure is to take some old sled runners or saw them out of three-inch plank, which will need shoes, or if they can be bent as in A, they will not need shoes. Next take a plank three inches thick and cut out two pieces the shape of the ones in B, and set them on the runners, as shown in figure C; then cut grooves near the ends on each side of these pieces an inch and a half from the end, which is shown by a dotted

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line at F, and bore an inch hole in the runner on each side in a straight line with the groove; then whittle out eight plus an inch through and stick them in the holes in the runners and up along the grooves. Then take two boards six inches wide for raves, and bore inch holes in it and put this on top of the planks, which are left sticking up an inch; this board should be long enough to reach out on the end of the runner, where it should be fastened. Now put a shallow box on it, then a box about a foot high, with strips nailed up and down to keep it from falling off. This outfit is handy for hauling manure from the stable.—G. E. Durst, in The Epitomist.

Crops For the Silo.

With a good three-year rotation of crops for the purpose of filling the silo and feeding the cows through the summer by careful practice, it is possible to nearly double the number of cows to the acre, and make them do better than by a haphazard system of farming.

An excellent system of rotation for such work is to divide a farm of sixty acres into three sections, so that twenty acres of ensilage can be raised every year. Plant the twenty acres with corn for the silo each year, and follow it with a rotation of oats the second year, and then with grass, sowing about half clover and half timothy. This can be mowed for hay the first year, and then plant it to corn, or two crops of hay can be taken from it, and the corn planted later.

By having two seasons of hay the fertility stored up in the soil makes excellent ground for corn, and the crop is pretty sure to be good. The corn for the silo needs to grow rapidly, and by the time it is ready to be cut it will be large of stalk and heavy of yield. On very rich soil a gain of twenty per cent. in yield is obtained for the silo. A little fertilizer to topdress the grass each year will prove of advantage in making both the hay and the corn crop better.

With a good crop of corn, hay and oats growing on the farm, ample provision for the cows will be made. The pasture field may be kept separate from the highly cultivated fields, but its condition should likewise be kept up as much as possible. Pasture fields are saved, however, and their fertility maintained indefinitely where there is an abundance of ensilage, oats and hay to feed the cows. It is when the heavier feeds are scarce or high-priced that the dairyman ruins his pasture in order to economize on grain and hay. We can make each acre of land produce sufficient food for twice the number of cows ordinarily fed from them if we but adopt some system of intensive farming where heavy crops are annually raised.—C. S. Walters.

Sure of a Good Contribution.

A rural Virginia preacher took advantage of neighborhood hullabaloo over a robbed chicken coop in the following manner: "Dear friends, I've about to take up a collection to repair this church, and I can say to dat, if dar am any nigger here to-night what had a han' in stealin' Farmer Jones' chickens, I doan' wan' him to put nuffin' in de plate."

Customs Treaty With China.

The customs treaty about to be signed at Peking between the representatives of the British and Chinese governments will serve as a pattern of one to be concluded by Mr. Conger with China.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The thief who steals watches ought to be made to do time.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Concord, N. H., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

The mining expert goes through some trying ore deals.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There is some excuse for poverty, but none for filth.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. HAMMILL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

"Vain imaginings" bring some people more misery than does hard reality.



LIBBY'S Luncheons

We seal the product in her opening cans. Turn key only and ready as it is. We put them up in this way: Perfect Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (whole), Veal Loaf, Deviled Ham, Bisket Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef.

All Natural Flavor foods. Palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

"How to Make Good Things to Eat" will be sent free if you ask us.

YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY.

MADE FOR WET WORK IN BLACK AND BLUE. SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Ascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC. All Druggists. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL HEADACHE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism Neuralgia Backache Headache Feetache All Bodily Aches AND

CONQUERS PAIN.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good Year Welt (Hand Sewed) Process shoes in the first six months of 1900 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can discover the name of the manufacturer. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1899 sales, \$1,103,820. 1902 sales, \$2,340,000. Best Imported and American Leathers, Best Patent Calf, Hammock, Box Calf, Calf, Vic, Cow, Colt, Wat, Kangaroo, Fast Color Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

RIPANS

I was troubled with torpid liver for many years and was subject to dreadful headaches, which confined me to my bed once a week. A friend recommended Ripans Tablets. I did not have much faith, but he persuaded me to try them, and inside of three weeks I was a cured woman. On account of my age I hardly thought it possible to effect a cure, as I had been subject to those awful headaches since I was a little girl.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

P. N. U. 88, '02.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SOBS, Box 3, Atlanta, Ga.



EVERY CHILD BORN INTO THE WORLD with an inherited tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz., THE CUTICURA TREATMENT.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, are all that can be desired for the alleviation of the suffering of skinned infants and children and the comfort of worn-out, worried mothers. A single set is often sufficient to cure when the best physicians fail.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-28, Chatterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 1 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depot: E. Towers & Co., Sydney. Forth Depot: 100 Queen St., Perth.