

# No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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 office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

# If Constipated



"It's Reliable"; been in use since 1844. "It's Effervescent"; just the thing for hot weather. "It's Non-irritant"; contains no narcotic or dangerous drug. "It's Pleasant"; a nice Remedy for nice people.

It Relieves Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, in the most effective, common sense way. At Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00, or by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 21 Jay Street, New York.

# CZAR AND CONVICT.

A Gift to the Little Father May Result in His Release.

The Czar of Russia has been the recipient of a present which has given him far greater satisfaction than many of the costly gifts which come his way. A prisoner in Siberia sent him an unique gift in the shape of a large hazel nut, inside of which is a miniature chessboard, with all the pieces complete, carved out of ivory. The prisoner had worked at this little gem in his leisure hours for more than a year. It is said that the Czar was so pleased with the present that he desired to know for what the man had been sent to Siberia, and it is expected that a reprieve will be granted to him.

# Indian Naval Recruit.

Great White Bear, the great-grandson of Tall Tree, whom chief of the Crow Indians, will blow a bugle for Uncle Sam in the navy. Tired of the tame life which he endured for five years in the Carlisle Indian School, Great White Bear journeyed to League Island and enlisted on the receiving ship Minneapolis as a musician.

# DOAN'S GET BACK REST.

Aching backs are caused. Hip, back, and limb pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and drooping signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel.

Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness. Doan's Kidney Pills are now recognized as a known remedy for kidney, bladder, and urinary troubles. They bring relief and cure when despair shadows hope. The free trial is an open door to self proof.



NAME \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

For free trial box, mail this coupon to Foster-Billman Co., Buffalo, N. Y. If allowed space is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.—"I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. For five years I have had much pain in my back, which physicians said arose from my kidneys. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely cured the trouble. I think I owe my life to these Pills, and I want others to know it. S. H. BAXTER, Baxter Springs, Kans."

FALMOUTH, VA.—"I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters saved only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me." F. S. BROWN, Falmouth, Va.

# STORING COAL IN THE SEA.

Interesting Experiment is Being Tried at Portsmouth, England.

Large coal dealers at Portsmouth, England, are about to try a novel experiment, in which they propose to test salt water for the storage of coal. In order to do this five cases, each holding two tons of coal, are to be sunk in the dockyard basin, and a similar quantity will be stored on land. At the end of a year one case will be raised and two tons taken from the land heap, when tests will be made in order to ascertain which is the better. Six months later a second case will be raised and buried, and so on until a satisfactory test has been made.

Chicago is the best organized city of carpenters in the country, having a membership of nearly 6,000.

# RIPANS

RIPANS Tablets  
Doctors find  
A good prescription  
For mankind.

The smallest packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle (price 50 cents) contains a supply for a year.

# St. Jacobs Oil

to cure  
**Lumbago and Sciatica**

There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c.

# PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

## A BAD MAN'S FINISH.

"I've met up with a lot of bad men, some of whose annals have kept the scribes of the Western States busy, but the hardest man that I ever saw was a grub-stake fellow I met up with about a dozen times while I was assigned to the Navajo and Moqui tribes," said an inspector of Indian agencies. "He lived in Tucson when he wasn't up in the Santa Anita Mountains looking for pay dirt, and for several years he was the chief contributor of inert subjects to that little white cemetery that lies to the west of the town, more or less covered with yellow sand. His name was Jim Crandall. Jim was six feet six inches in stature, and he weighed 250 pounds. Every pound that he had on him was bear meat—that is to say, his life in the mountains, after quarts, kept him down to the minute.

"But Jim never used his strength except to show off. I suppose there was not a man in the Southwest that could have topped him in a straight out match of strength, but he always leaned to the bowie and the gun in close quarters, so that none of his victims ever had a chance to feel the clasp of his gorilla arms.

"Fisher, Jim was as mild a man as ever slit an oesophagus, but when he got about four rounds of jumper juice in him he was a worse terror than a desert mirage to sand Indians. Before I met him he had slaughtered seven men, five of them in straight gun fights and two in knife plays, and he had always contrived to duck the law and make a getaway on the ground of self-defense, which is certainly a main ground down in the Southwest territories.

"It's a thing I don't like to mention, but I happened to be with Crandall on the night he made his last shot. He had just got back from old Mexico, where he had been doing a jodge-out for a year after killing Buck Evans, the marshal of Tucson, and at the supper hour that I met him he was in several furlongs drunk. But he had acquired a habit in previous meetings of leaning upon me—a real lean upon—and so I didn't care how he acted so long as he kept within the bounds of reason.

"We went to a Chink feed outfit and ordered a stack of birds' nests—which used to mean in the Southwest steak smothered in onions and French fried potatoes—and I addressed myself to the task of trying to clip some of the feathers off of Jim's paradise-bird stories of the Santa Anita Mountains.

"I was just telling Crandall that he was rough and uncouth and that he wore too many guns on his person to suit my civilized, civilized game, when Jim—the mesquite juice that he had taken dragging along inside of him—looked up.

"'Jimmy,' he said to me, 'I've got a big kill on, and I hate Chinks,' and just then the two assistants of the Chinese proprietor of the restaurant walked in, sidlingly, with their soft sandals.

"'Let 'em go,' I said to Crandall when I saw him going for his guns. 'They're only parasites, and what do you care?'

"'This much,' said Jim, just as the two soft-footed Chink men were passing into the kitchen.

"He pulled both of his guns out, and bawled 'Stand still!' to the two Chinamen. They both came to a halt right about the kitchen.

"'You like die?' said Crandall then to the two Chink, and, without a further word he plugged both of them through the heart.

"The Tucson vigilance outfit got Jim about ten minutes later, and he made the most horrible fight for his life that I ever witnessed. But a San Francisco doctor has got Jim's bones now—a doctor with whom I am on terms—and every time that I go out to the Gate he gives a peek at Crandall's dried skull and says, 'Aren't you glad you are good?'"—Washington Star.

## break through the bars showed how angry they had become.

In the height of the uproar the trainer entered the cage with an immense piece of beef in his arms. He tossed it on the floor of the cage, raised his whip, and let not one lion dared to approach it. The mighty brutes lay crouched, roaring and growling so hard that their great frames shook, and each kept his terrible yellow eyes fixed hungrily on the meat. But not one of them stirred.

The trainer stooped, lifted the beef and tossed it to them again, and in a moment the lions were in a great tawny ball, rending and snarling and tearing, with blood from the mangled beef spurting all over the cage.

The Englishman paid his bet and then tried to find out how the lion tamer had acquired such wonderful control over his beasts. At first the man would not tell, but at last he consented to explain it. During the three weeks' period of preparation he had always starved the lions for three days from the very beginning. Then, on the fourth day, he would enter the cage with a piece of beef which had been soaked in kerosene oil. The lions would no sooner pounce upon it than they would shrink away, sickened by the stench. Then he would throw them a fresh and good piece of beef which they would devour in a moment.

The lions soon became so accustomed to expecting that the first piece of beef that was thrown to them was not good that at the end of the three weeks they would not even move from their corners when the trainer threw it on the floor of the cage. They would not try to eat anything except the second piece. So the daring trick had a very simple explanation.—Washington Post.

## VON MOLTKE AND THE BOY.

Elsie C. Crans' story of "The Little Brown Pitcher" is a true incident of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and the little hero of the tale was the writer's father, Karlchen, the Liebig Mutter, and the two big brothers saved slowly, carefully, at the cost of much sacrifice, filling the little brown pitcher, that Karlchen might go to college. Then General von Moltke and his staff came riding by and levied on the little farm for feeding of the troops.

In the meanwhile, Von Moltke, at the head of his staff, had approached. Turning to Karl, he said: "Well, my boy, dost thou go to college?"

"Alas, no," replied Karl. "I was to have gone in the harvest month, but now what shall I do? Your soldiers take the cattle and what has been saved for me must go to buy more."

"Will not give willing to the army, lad?"

"Yes, but—how long have I wanted to go?"

"Thou shalt go, my boy." Then, calling to one of his officers, "Lieutenant von Hohenwald, make a list of what is taken here, and the value of each thing, and when the war is over, you, boy, or your mother, must present this to the Kronprinz in Berlin and receive full payment."

Poor Karl said nothing. All hope of college had flown; for who could believe that the great Kronprinz would be bothered with the troubles and losses of the farmers who had been robbed by his soldiers.

Karl's mother took the paper, folded it, and sorrowfully dropped it into the little brown pitcher.

Six weeks went by; the little brown pitcher was empty now, save for Von Hohenwald's forgotten receipt; but news had come that the Austrians had been severely defeated at Sadown and peace had been declared! And one glorious day came a letter signed "General von Moltke, per Von Hohenwald," asking why the claim of Frau Lisbeth Kronprinz had not been presented to the Kronprinz and saying "that if presented in two weeks it would be paid immediately."

Fran Gronig hastened to Berlin; the claim was presented, and when she returned, the little brown pitcher was again heavy, for she had received a liberal price for everything.

And Carl went to college in the harvest month.—St. Nicholas.

## A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald writes:

"A man, accompanied by his wife and child, were driving in a sleigh near the village of Kovosvka when they were overtaken by a pack of ravenous wolves. The father, seeing that the situation was desperate, suggested to his wife that they throw the child to the wolves, and in the meanwhile make their own escape.

"This the mother refused to do. The man, driven mad by fear, seized his wife and child and threw them out of the sleigh. By a miracle they fell into a ditch hidden by the snow. The wolves swept past where the woman and child lay, and a minute later had torn the horse and man to pieces.

"The woman, after a while, emerged from her place of refuge, and eventually, with her child, reached the village in safety."

## Leap Year Elections.

Had it occurred to you that all Presidential elections take place in leap year?—New York Press.

The Lord Mayor of London wears a badge of office which contains diamonds valued at \$400,000.

# The Funny Side of Life.

THE ONE FLAW.  
At last we're to be married!  
With joy my bosom thrills,  
To think that all is settled—  
That is, except the bills.  
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BEST FELLOW.  
"There goes Mabel and her best fellow."  
"Huh! I'd hate to see her worst!"—Baltimore Herald.

LOVE'S EXCUSES.  
"You passed me without speaking to me."  
"She—'Oh, I must have been thinking about you.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ONE BETTER.  
"I began life without a cent in my pocket," remarked the self-made man. "I didn't even have a pocket when I was born," retorted the gilded youth.—Philadelphia Record.

LARGE ENOUGH.  
"I think," said the first author, "that I shall write a two-volume novel as my next effort."  
"Yes!" smiled his rival. "Yes, I think that will be a large enough edition."—New York News.

TIME TO EVEN UP.  
Mamma—"But, darling, you shouldn't be angry when Bobby gets the larger piece of pie—he's the older."  
Bessie—"Yes, that's just it. He's been eating pie two years longer'n I have already."—New York Times.

HIS ONE GREAT PASSION.  
"What a sour disposition Graphter has!"  
"Yes; disappointed in love."  
"Nonsense! Disappointed in love?"  
"Yes, in his love of money. He expected to be rich by this time."—Philadelphia Press.

NOTHING DISTINCTIVE.  
"What does the expert mean when he says 'there is no character' in Clark's handwriting?" inquired the seeker after knowledge.  
"He means," replied the man who knew, "that every character is legibly formed."—Philadelphia Press.

OBVIOUS.  
An eccentric instructor was explaining a piece of mechanism to his class. Placing his fingers upon the handle and turning it, he remarked:  
"You notice that this machine is turned by a crank."  
And a titter passed through the whole class.

PASSING BELIEF.  
Miss Giddy—"What did he say when you told him I was married?"  
Miss Speltz—"Well, he seemed surprised."  
Miss Giddy—"Did he ask when it happened?"  
Miss Speltz—"No, but he asked 'how it happened.'"—Philadelphia Press.

HERO WORSHIP.  
Jim—"What do you mean by hero worship?"  
Jam—"It is the brief admiration we feel for a great man immediately before we begin to rip him up the back and begin writing letters to the newspapers attacking his character and utterances."—Baltimore Herald.

THE AMERICAN FATHER.  
Ascum—"Another baby, and a girl this time, eh? How does it make you feel to have a daughter?"  
Popley—"Great! One of the first things you think about is how a foreign nobleman will come courting her some day, and how you'll turn him down good and proper."—Philadelphia Press.

VECTORED.  
"I hear your engagement to old Goldman's daughter is announced."  
"No, it was announced."  
"Well, that's the same thing, isn't it?"  
"It was announced; it is now denounced. I've just been interviewing her father."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HARD LUCK.  
"Did you call at Roxley's house?" inquired the young doctor's wife.  
"Yes; and I wish he had sent for me sooner."  
"Gracious! Is he seriously ill?"  
"Quite the reverse. I'm afraid he'll be all right again before I get in a half dozen visits."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

CHOLLY'S REPARTEE.  
"Cholly is so clever at repartee!" exclaimed Clarence.  
"Isn't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?"  
"A great, howlid bwute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this State,' and Cholly answered right off, 'I don't agree with you!'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HUMILIATING.  
Some members of the Automobile Club were discussing the latest police outrage.  
"It is a shame," said the one most interested. "I never in my life was more humiliated than when that ignorant policeman went on the stand and swore that I was going twenty miles an hour."  
"How fast were you really going, Harry?" another asked.  
"Not an inch less than fifty miles an hour."—Brooklyn Eagle.

# DOCTOR ADVOCATED OPERATION—PE-RU-NA MADE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

CATARH is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness. Catarrh of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh.

If all the women who are suffering with any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their troubles he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes:  
"I suffered for three years with leucorrhoea and ulceration of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am to-day in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

Miss Maud Steinbach, 1399 12th St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:  
"Last winter I felt sick most of the time, was irregular and suffered from nervous exhaustion and severe bearing down pains. I had so frequently heard of Peruna and what wonderful cures it performed, so I sent for a bottle, and in four weeks my health and strength were entirely restored to me."—Miss Maud Steinbach.

Everywhere the women are using Peruna and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative simply; it cures by removing the cause of female disease.

Dr. Hartman has probably cured more women of female ailments than any other living physician. He makes these cures simply by using and recommending Peruna.



If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

# WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW, A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

# Hires Rootbeer

AN EXQUISITE REQUISITE for hot weather. Cools the blood and quenches the thirst.

A package makes five gallons. Sold by every grocer, or sent for 25 cents. Beware of imitations. Hires Rootbeer. CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Baltimore, Pa.

# BEST FOR THE BOWELS

# Cascarets

GANDY CATHARTIC

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, yellow skin and disfigurement. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking Cascarets today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

# BABY'S FUTURE

Something for Mothers to Think About

Lives of Suffering and Sorrow Averted

And Happiness and Prosperity Assured by

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills

When All Else Fails.

Every child born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to distressing, disfiguring humors 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 disfigurement 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 and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and mild doses of Cuticura. Resolvent, to cool the blood in the severer cases, are all that can be desired for the speedy relief and permanent cure of skin troubles of infants and children, and the comfort of worn-out parents.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for annoying irritations and weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box. Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per tin. London: 47, Charterhouse Lane. A. H. H. & Co., Ltd., 11, Abchurch Lane, London. E. C. Carter, 11, Abchurch Lane, London. E. C. Carter, 11, Abchurch Lane, London.

# DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

Free. Dr. H. E. GREEN'S ROSS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 25, '03.

# WILSON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. The only one that cures consumption.