

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle Show it to your doctor Ask him about it, then do as he says

Ayer's

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Reformed Spelling.

(Bi the offfis boy on a rany da).

O blame the rane
It makes me soar
I wisht it wouldnt
rane no moar

why dont it rane
always at nite
and not stop rains
in broad daylighte.

I like to see
the feelders scoot
and see the ball
hit on the snoot

but i dont cair
for mud and slosh
this weather is
a frite b gosh! Ex.

The Children's day exercises at

Congregational church last Sunday were very enjoyable. In the morning the pastor, Rev. A. A. Cressman, delivered a sermon especially adapted to the children. In the evening church was crowded to hear the program given by the Sunday school children. The church was handsomely decorated with roses and pot plants for the occasion, and the tots gave their songs and recitations in a manner highly pleasing to the large audience. There were thirty-two numbers on the program and each was a rare treat. It takes lots of work to train the little folks for the entertainments, but the results are worth the efforts.

Few persons, probably, other than those engaged in the pursuit of science, are aware that the Black sea presents an interest of its own to the zoologist and the geologist shared by no other part of the ocean at the present day.

Throughout the greater part of the ocean the bottom is the dwelling place of a number of creatures whose business it is to consume the bodies of the members of the surface fauna which after death sink to the bottom. In the Black sea, however, says the Field, owing to special geological events, such scavengers are totally wanting over the greater part of the bottom, so that the carcasses of the creatures which fall from above are left to decompose, which they speedily do at the comparatively high temperature of the water.

By their decomposition two soluble compounds, carbonate of ammonia and sulphureted hydrogen, are developed in enormous quantities, while no free lime, except such as is introduced from the Mediterranean, is left. The volume of sulphureted hydrogen is so great as to poison the water from the greatest depth (1,227 fathoms) to within about a hundred fathoms of the surface to such a degree that life, except for a few bacteria, is absolutely impossible.

The circumstance has a double interest—first, that it is absolutely unique at the present day, and, secondly, that it seems to offer an almost exact parallel to the state of affairs that existed at the inconceivably remote epoch when the oldest known sedimentary rocks were laid down as mud on the ancient sea bottom.

Pat Was Surprised.

Two Irishmen got the contract to clean a well. Pat tied a rope around his middle, and Mike lowered him into the well. When Pat was through cleaning, Mike began to hoist him up, but when he was halfway up he called to his companion in the well:

"Hould on a minnit, Pat, till I spit on me hands," and let go of the rope. Naturally Pat descended again a little too rapidly for comfort. When Mike realized his blunder, he ran to the well and called down:

"Pat, Pat, are ye dead?"

And his partner replied:

"No, ye brainless spalpeen; O'm not dead, begorry, but O'm spachless wid surprise at ye."—Judge's Library.

IMITATION ANTIQUES

THE WAY CABINETMAKERS CAN COPY ANCIENT FURNITURE.

Sober, he is one of the most interesting men I know. Unfortunately he is sober only three days a week. When I ask him the reason he merely says he doesn't know. Yesterday when I walked into the laboratory at the back of his little village shop he was a Band of Hope eptomized.

"There's something you'll like," he said, indicating a small bureau, old Spanish mahogany within, new satinwood veneer—so far unpollished—without. The veneer was inlaid with ebony lines and kingwood bands. The accuracy of the jointing was wonderful, the finish perfect.

"You must come in again when I've stained and polished it," he went on, "and then yq'll think it one of the best Queen Anne pieces extant."

"Don't your customers ever find you out?" I asked.

"Lord, no, sir! When you've pulled seventeenth century furniture to pieces all your life and learned the things the tenons and mortises and the finish tell you, it's easy enough to get the right effect. The public hasn't any judgment, and, for that matter, many of the London dealers aren't much better."

"But this veneer—so very new," I hazarded.

"Ah, wait until you see it toned down and the drawers fitted with a set of old Boule handles and scutcheons I've got by me and a few little dents hammered here and there, especially about the feet, where they get kicked. You'll not know it then. See that little black knot I've left on the face of the third drawer? That knot would take in all Wardour street."

He is always frank with me about his fakes. He seems to take a pride in being able to deceive a trained eye and a satisfaction in explaining his dexterity.

I left the bureau and began examining a hoary looking oak settle gray with age.

"Looks ancient, doesn't it?" he observed.

"Looks!" I wondered. "Surely it's genuine?"

He shook his head with a wise old smile. "It's as genuine as dilute nitric acid can make it. Oh, you needn't go by the panels. They're purposely warped with hot ammonia. The sun and rain do the rest—bleach it, you know."

"But the carving?" I argued. "It's almost effaced in places."

"It would be after half an hour with a sand blast, a little thing of my own contrivance. The worm holes I make with a very fine punch. Beginners use shot, but that's a clumsy way. Of course the timbers it's made of are old. They are bits of a Charles I. table mostly. The hinges are ordinary trade copies that have lain in the wet all summer and got nicely rusted, and if you were to draw the screws that hold them you'd find they were rusty, too, and had no points. Those I filed off and then hammered the heads a bit."

"I didn't know you—treated metal as well as timber," I admitted.

"Sometimes. See that fireback?"

I went to the corner indicated and scrutinized the fireback. As far as I could tell, it was a beautiful specimen of hammer work bitten and worn by over two centuries of use, as its date, 1687, seemed to show.

"I bought a dozen of those of different dates from a man who makes them. They're only cast, but after they've had a bonfire over them in my yard for a week or two they get soft and look right enough, don't they?"

I admitted that they did, flinching a bit, though, at the adjective he used.

"There's a regular trade between the manufacturers of faked antiques and the country dealers—more than with the London ones. Why? Well, the manufacturers have discovered that people go into the country districts now hunting for antiques. They think the things they pick up there must be genuine. The simple countryman inspires confidence. There's nothing hardly that can't be imitated," he went on. "It's merely a question of time—and skill, of course—and it's only by accident, or talking as I'm doing, that the fact's discovered. But when a man knows he can take in an expert it's difficult for him to keep it to himself—that is, if he's got a sense of humor. Do you think that Syrian gold work they had at the Louvre would have been known as a forgery if somebody hadn't talked? No, indeed! There's china, now. People always think it's above suspicion, but you just look at those two china cows on the shelf there. One's genuine old Stafford. The other isn't. Can you tell the difference?"

I used a pocket magnifying glass this time, but at the end of several minutes I came to the conclusion that they were identical and said so.

"I gave one and nine for the imitation one, but I can't tell which now," he admitted.

"And the selling price?" I inquired.

"Six guineas each. One of them's worth that. After all, it doesn't really matter, for there's no difference between them intrinsically."—London Mail.

FOUGHT IN A FOG.

A Duel in Which Neither Principal Could See the Other.

The most laughable duel ever "fought" in France was that which took place in November, 1878, at Plessis-Piquet between Messrs. Gambetta and De Fourtou.

Some heated words had passed between the two distinguished gentlemen in the chamber of deputies, for which, according to their ideas of honor, nothing could atone except a duel. The men met therefore on the field attended by their seconds and the surgeons.

A look over the field was enough to convince any one present that there would be no occasion for the doctors' services. A thick November fog hung over the scene—so thick, indeed, that one could hardly see his hand before his face. The arrangements for the duel required that it should be fought at thirty-five paces.

Nor was the fog the only circumstance that tended to place the combatants out of sight of each other. On the way to the field M. de Fourtou is reported to have said:

"M. Gambetta has but one eye, and I am shortsighted, so the game will be about even."

It was, of course, rendered still more "even" by the fog. Neither man could see the other, and the sole danger was to the seconds and the doctors.

Almost miraculously the two bullets that were exchanged missed the persons in attendance. Everybody's honor was satisfied and the whole party went home. Gambetta said that the affair was as near to being a skirmish in the dark as anything he ever saw.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE NEGRITOS.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of These Barbarous Little People.

Belonging as they do to the lowest type of civilization as yet discovered, the Negritos of Malaysia and their ways are well worth studying. Simple, primitive, barbarous little people, their customs are those of prehistoric man. They have no fixed home or settlements, but are wanderers over their mountainous islands, sleeping under a banana leaf, living on herbs and berries and game.

Their marriage ceremony is a unique survival of early life. The suitor and a few companions dance about the shelter of the desired girl. There is a curious resemblance between the dances of the prospective bridegroom and those of many of the game birds of our woodland. Finally the girl, accompanied by her mother, starts toward the dwelling of the young men. They frequently stop, squatting in the trail while the ardent suitor and his companions continue their entreating and bewitching dances, winding round and round the girl. Presents are generally demanded and must be given before the reluctant bride will proceed. Finally the women arrive near a steep bamboo platform. A wild shout pierces the air, and the bridegroom, like a frenzied animal, tears through the Negritos assembled at the base of the platform, snatches the bride in his arms and flies up the incline with his mate, where they sit during the wedding feast.—New York Herald.

The Smell of the Dawn.

Of all hours of the day there is none like the early morning for downright good odors—the morning before eating. Fresh from sleep and unclogged with food a man's senses cut like knives. The whole world comes in upon him. A still morning is best, for the mists and the moisture seem to retain the odors which they have distilled through the night. Upon a breezy morning one is likely to get a single predominant odor, as of clover when the wind blows across a hayfield or of apple blossoms when the wind comes through the orchard, but upon a perfectly still morning it is wonderful how the odors arrange themselves in upright strata, so that one walking passes through them as from room to room in a marvelous temple of fragrance.—American Magazine.

A Powerful Indorsement.

Many years ago there was considerable illness in Harrisburg, which was attributed to the waters of the Susquehanna river, then the source of the city supply. One of the members of the legislature for that year, upon his return to his constituents, was interviewed concerning the plague. He soon settled the question. "Upon my soul, gentlemen," he declared, "the report of the foulness of the water was a slander on the city of Harrisburg. I absolutely know the water to be perfectly healthful, for during the session I drank the water on two different occasions, and I never experienced any ill effect whatever."—Pittsburg Press.

Music and Method.

The sane, healthy way to study the piano is to apply one's thought directly to the work laid out methodically by the teacher for a certain length of time every day. That length of time depends entirely upon the future that the student may decide upon. If he or she take up music as a profession, four hours daily should be given to study; if as an amateur, two hours are enough. In both cases the division of

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