

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

What does it do?  
It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.  
It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.  
It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.  
It prevents and it cures baldness.  
Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.  
It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.  
Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.  
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.  
Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

**The Station-Master's Troubles.**  
The local agents of railroads complain that the questions asked them every day are of such a nature that they cannot keep their patience on all occasions; and any one who has remained long in the neighborhood of a ticket window may find it easy to believe it.

An exchange describes a portly lady with a great many bundles, who looked as if she had been buying out the stores, in front of the window at a station.

"Has the train for Jungleville gone yet?" she asked.  
"No, ma'am," responded the ticket-seller.  
"How far is it there?"  
"About seventy miles, ma'am."  
"What's the price of a ticket?"  
"One ninety-eight."  
"One ninety-eight?" she repeated.  
"How does it happen to be that?"  
"I don't know, ma'am," answered the ticket-seller, deferentially, and with a glance at the bundles, "unless it's marked down from two dollars!"

**The Thief-Trackers.**  
Another curious profession among the Bedouins is that of the "thief-trackers." Being without paddocks or stables, and their animals always more or less at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of "trackers," and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's live-stock. I have heard of one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia was, after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Soudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability, and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's footprint, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse's or camel's trail is unerringly picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.—Century.

## To Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 41,207]  
"DEAR FRIEND—A year ago I was a great sufferer from female weakness. My head ached all the time and I would get so dizzy and have that all gone feeling in the stomach and was so nervous and restless that I did not know what to do with myself.  
"My food did me no good and I had a bad case of whites. I wrote to you and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as directed, I can truly say that I feel like a new woman and cannot tell you how grateful I am to you.  
"I have recommended it to all my friends and have given it to my daughter who is now getting along splendidly. May you live many years to help our suffering sisters."—Mrs. C. CARPENTER, 253 GRAND ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Over eighty thousand such letters as this were received by Mrs. Pinkham during 1897. Surely this is strong proof of her ability to help suffering women.

# AUNT HANNAH'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.  
The Cape Fear bank was one of the old and solid institutions of the South for many years prior to the late civil war. In fact, its stability was not only proverbial in the old town of Wilmington, but throughout the entire South.

Its president, Alvin DeRosette, was a man pointed out to the youth of the rising generation as one whose career was to be emulated.  
The bank president was getting well on in years, in 1857; nor was he destined to see the termination of that year, as the reader will soon learn.  
On the 15th of August, and in vigorous health, aside from a rheumatic affliction of long standing—he had in the manner of former occasions celebrated his birthday—this time his 67th—by having gathered round the festive board at Oak Hall a large number of his personal friends.

To them it was a pleasure to drink to the toast that had on at least twenty previous occasions of like nature been proposed by Jerry Dobbs, the old attorney of the bank, who always occupied an honored position at the right of the master of Oak Hall. But the toast? Yes, the toast. Ah, one of those birthday dinners would have been incomplete without Uncle Jerry and his toast.

The old attorney was nearing his three score and ten—he had been one of the original incorporators of "The Cape Fear Bank," and all that pertained to it was dear to his heart—particularly so was its president, whom he had helped to elect a quarter of a century before, and under whose management the institution had flourished.

That the bank might flourish until the end of time was the ardent desire of Uncle Jerry.  
That Alvin DeRosette and himself might live to see the cash capital of the concern a round million dollars was his earnest wish—so in his toast he always coupled Alvin and the bank together.

He felt that he should have included his own name, as he was virtually a part of the bank, but he was fully aware that Alvin would round up his toast in a satisfactory manner, so his words on those occasions were these: "The Cape Fear bank and its president; may they live long and prosper!"

"And may the bank's worthy attorney live long to guide them clear of breakers," were the words added by Uncle Alvin.  
Now this was the toast, drunk as usual, at midday on the 15th of August, 1857.  
At 3 o'clock on the 22d, only seven days later, all that remained mortal of Alvin DeRosette was consigned to the grave; and now it will be necessary to revert to the 18th day of August, the third day following that of Alvin DeRosette's 67th birthday.

The weather was intensely warm, and the banker was seated in an armchair near an open window in his private office at the bank. He held in one hand a folded document. It was his will, and had been drawn six months before this time. He had been republishing it.

"Strange," he said suddenly, "both the witnesses to this document dead; sailed for Europe on the Gosmore and went down within sight of the British coast. Only thirty saved, if I remember, of over two hundred souls, and poor Lloyd and Elliott were not of the thirty."

"I should have other signatures now as witnesses. Oh, well, I will have Dobbs bring in a friend to-morrow, and have them sign—but for that matter, there was no particular necessity of the document, anyway. Where there is an only child, and the mother dead, there can be no question as to who would inherit; but then it is better so."

"I wished also to leave no question as to what my intentions were regarding Herman Craven. I had no desire to leave him a fortune. True, he is my nephew; but I have left him fully enough to dissipate—and enough, if he has the disposition, to form the nucleus of a fortune."

"Strange, sister Mattie would marry Stephen Craven when the whole family told her how unworthy he was, and pleaded with her to renounce him. Well, she would not listen; she became the wife of a blackleg and a gambler, and in three short years died of a broken heart, leaving behind a child—who has grown up an exact counterpart of his father. Now, if the father had died when Herman was an infant, or even a lad, and I had had the boy to train, I might have instilled some principle into his mind; but coming to me, with the information that his father was dead, at twenty-two years of age, his character formed, and it a treacherous one if I am a judge, I have felt that I was standing over a mine ever since I placed him at the cashier's desk. And yet he has been there a year now, and all has gone well, but he is scheming—scheming, sure!"

"Well, I can watch him while I live. The death of Toombs made it necessary that I name a new cashier; I named my nephew, and have regretted it ever since. Every dollar of his salary goes, and I am told that he is hand-in-glove with a gambler set. I have done my duty by him in my will—of course, if he inspires more confidence by his conduct, I may add a codicil in the future."

"Last will and testament! Signed and witnessed! Too bad Jerry is so advanced in years. I shall probably outlive him. I will see Clark when he comes home next week. Time enough for that; there is no risk; the court would arrange it in case of necessity."

Uncle Alvin arose from his chair and passed out into the counting room of the bank. The huge iron safe was standing with wide open doors directly behind the cashier. The bank president drew out one of the drawers and withdrew therefrom a bundle of papers, around which was a culber band. He raised the band, slipped under it his will, and restored the package to the safe, then turning to the cashier, said: "Well, Herman, I can give you a few minutes now. You stated that there was something you wished to say to me. Come in my den. Mr. Talbot can represent you for a few minutes."

"Certainly," said Talbot, who was one of the bank tellers.

beneath Carolina's soil, and two years previous to this occasion of the young man's entering the bank his father had been laid beside him, leaving his son an honored name, the care of a widowed mother and young sister, and little else.

The Campbells had formerly been one of the wealthiest, turpentine distilling firms in the South, but the failure of two State banks in succession in 1852, together with the loss of one of their largest plants by fire, crippled them so badly that they were forced to suspend. True, the firm paid dollar for dollar until their last debt was wiped out, but in doing so it left them with no capital with which to rebuild or carry on their business.

Duncan Campbell never rallied from this sad reverse, but died two years later, and without materially improving the financial condition of Campbell & Son.

After his father's death young Robert had made a loan of ten thousand dollars of Banker DeRosette, who had all confidence in his integrity and ability to retrieve the Campbell fortunes.

The banker had accepted for this loan a note signed by Robert Campbell alone, and payable five years from date, said note bearing interest at 8 per cent.

The first year's interest had been met on the 18th day of August, 1856, and this day the second payment was due. But it was not the prospective payment of the interest that caused the amused smile on the banker's lips.

Robert Campbell had for two years or more been a frequent caller at his residence, and the banker had noted that a growing intimacy had been advancing between the young man and his daughter. So when Duke had mentioned his name, and just after Herman Craven had made his avowal, Uncle Alvin thought not of the interest money, but of the probability of another demand soon being made for his daughter's hand.

"Well, Robert, I am glad to see you," he exclaimed, as the young man came forward with extended hand. "How is the mother and Jennie?"

"Well, Mr. DeRosette, well, thank you. I need hardly ask concerning Miss Hattie, I saw her so recently. You know the eight hundred dollars interest money is due to-day."

"I had not thought of it."  
"Well, it is, and I cannot pay it until late to-night."  
"Oh, no haste, Robert, no haste. Take your time."

"Ah, sir, you have been very kind to me; but I wish to pay this money to-night; and more, it is at my option, you know, to take up my note at any time I am able. I am able now. The two past years have been very favorable to distillers. All my improvements are paid for, and I shall receive by the ten o'clock express to-night twelve thousand five hundred dollars. I wish to take up the note, and to have a bank account once more established in the Campbell name."

"I congratulate you, Robert; but why will not to-morrow do?"  
"Because, sir, I leave for Baltimore on the four o'clock train to-morrow morning. I must dispose of this money before going."

"Humph! You might call at the house. I never retire before eleven. That will be the plan. I will take the note home with me, and I can bank the money in the morning."

"And there is another thing, sir," said the young man, blushing, "that I have only waited until this time—to consult you about. I wish to, to—"

Here the sound of Attorney Dobbs' voice was heard in the outer room as he approached the door.  
"Tell me to-night, Robert, my boy," said the banker. "Dobbs may be here for an hour."

"I think I know your secret, young man," thought Mr. DeRosette, as Robert hastily passed from the office.  
(To be continued.)

## OUTWITTING ROTHSCHILD.

**Italian Shopkeeper Makes Him Pay a High Price for a Curio.**  
An amusing story, told in the "Memories of an Old Collector," makes clear the tricks in trade to which an unscrupulous dealer in antiquities will resort in order to get a large sum for his wares. The two parties were Alessandro Castellani, the clever dealer, and Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Castellani had managed to get hold of a superb enameled ewer, together with the dish on which it stood. He knew that Baron Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind; but he also knew that the Rothschild was ever so carried away by his fancy as to pay more than was reasonable for anything that pleased him. Castellani, who in trade was what Machiavelli was in politics, devised a bit of strategy.

The Baron on arriving in Rome visited Castellani's shop and was shown the best things the dealer had, except the enameled dish and ewer. When everything else had been inspected, Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the ewer. The Baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy the lot of which it was a part; for one of the customs of the shop was not to sell a rare specimen apart from the group of which it formed the principal object. The Baron paid heavily for the whole, lamenting that there was no ewer to stand on the dish, and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who wished to sell several beautiful majolica pieces. He visited her house in the country and was disappointed, as the majolica was not fine enough to suit his taste. The old lady, seemingly chagrined, left the room to order refreshments, and the Baron saw, through the open door of a bedroom, a ewer, covered by a glass shade, on which rested a wreath of immortelles.

When the lady returned the Baron asked permission to examine the ewer. It was brought out, and the Baron saw that the enamel was of the same work as that of the dish he had bought, but he wished to be certain that the foot of the ewer would fit into the hollow of the dish. He inquired the price of the ewer, and was told by the lady that it was not for sale, as it was the only souvenir she possessed of her husband.

The Baron went back to his rooms, had the dish unpacked, and found that the foot of the ewer fitted it perfectly. The next day the Baron sent the agent to offer the old lady a princely sum for the ewer. He brought back a refusal to sell. But at last the widow's scruples were overcome.

Castellani, with his Italian cunning, had planned the whole affair. The agent who called and the old lady who was sentimental were his aids in making the Baron pay a much larger sum than he would have given had ever and dish been sold together. The Italian shopman's scheme had taken in the Jewish banker, reputed one of the most astute of business men.

The story will be appreciated by those collectors who have been taught by experience to distrust so-called "finds." The Arab, conducting a party among the ruins of an Egyptian temple, he offers it for sale as a genuine antique, two or three thousand years old. Some one buys it, for did the Arab not pick it up before the eyes of the whole party? Yes, but two days before they did not see him bury the modern imitation in that very spot.

**Killing a Bear in Klondike.**  
We heard the brushwood crackling before passage of some heavy animal, and without a word we leveled our weapons and waited, says Blackwood's. We saw advancing toward us an enormous bear, whose great eyes gleamed savagely in the pale light as he came near. Now he was within twenty yards of where we stood, and as his huge forelegs pawed the air clumsily in his endeavor to climb over a fallen tree, his white breast was fully exposed in the moonlight.

"Let him have the buckshot, Stewart," I whispered, and the report of his gun reverberated through the wooded slopes. This was followed by a savage roar from the bear, and, stepping clear of the smoke, I could see Bruin, the blood streaming from his head and his great tongue lolling out, staggering wildly forward. "His head has been too tough, Stewart; I'll need to spoil him after all," I said, regretfully, and I pulled the trigger of my rifle and sent a soft point bullet right into the great yawning mouth, scarce a dozen yards away.

The sharp crack of my rifle was followed by no smoke, and I threw the lever open and was ready for another shot, but it was unnecessary, the great bear lay dead on the snow, fast staining its white surface with his blood. We went forward to examine him, and found that two of Stewart's pellets had penetrated his eyes, while the rest had little effect on his sloping forehead. My bullet had entered his mouth and a large hole in the back of the skull showed where that deadly "dum-dum" had made its exit.

Just So.  
Jeweler's Son—Papa, how do you just a watch?  
Jeweler—Ad—just, my boy; not just.  
Jeweler's Son—Well, papa, if you add just to just, it's just just, isn't it?—Jeweler's Weekly.

**The Facts in the Case.**  
The "new reporter," who is never so much the subject as the object of amusing stories, appeared in Chicago journalism the other day, and was sent to investigate a quarrel. This, says the News, is what he wrote:  
"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."

**Not on Their Hands.**  
"I suppose you feel that you have a great deal of fighting on your hands," remarked the non-combatant Tagal.  
"No," answered the leader of the Filipino retreat. "We don't notice it on our hands so much. But it's pretty hard on our feet."—Washington Star.

**Ladies Can Wear Shoes**  
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Woes of the Cultured.**  
"Your daughter seems to be suffering from the heat."  
"No; she's just home from college and she's prostrated by the family grammar."—Chicago Record.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.  
**Bullet Proof.**  
Mac-Jack wanted my picture to put over his heart to keep the bullets from penetrating.  
Edna—He must think you have a pretty hard face if it can stop bullets.

I believe Pisco's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Rose, Williamsport Pa., Nov. 12, '95.  
**India's Income Tax.**  
The income tax in India is levied on all incomes of \$165 and upward, and then only one man in seventy comes within its scope.

**FITS Permanently Cured.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Bismarck's Duels.**  
Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels, and in these conflicts received but one wound.  
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bruyere.

**"Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."**  
Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

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The Best Saddle Coat.  
Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Satisfies all demands. Ask for Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Containing five splendid maps of Canada and its Provinces, as well as a description of the resources of the Dominion, will be mailed free to all applicants desiring of the free homestead lands of Western Canada. Address F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or N. Bartholomew, 305 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa. Agents for the Government of Canada.

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