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 soalp and stops the hair from coming out.

If Prevents and It **Cupes 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 his 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 expected 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 and prosper.' ticket window may find it easy to be-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 "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 Bedouin 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. PIRKHAM 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

"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,

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.



The Cape Fear bank was one of the old and solid institutions of the South for many years prior to the late civil warin fact, it's stability was not only proverbial in the old town of Wilmington, but throughout the entire South.

Its president, Alvin DeRosette, was a

The bank president was getting well on In years, in 1857; nor was he destined to ing up. 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 former occasions celebrated his birthday nity. At the house I never have one." -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 now you know why I wished to see you of Oak Hall. But the toast? Yes, the privately-I ask your consent." toast. Ah, one of those birthday dinners cle Jerry and his toast.

The old attorney was nearing his three under whose management the institution | Stephen Craven!"

That the bank might flourish until the end of time was the ardent desire of Uncle Jerry.

That Alvin DeRosette and himself convulsively.

He felt that he should have included his own name, as he was virtually a part left a legacy-enough to squander, or to of the bank, but he was fully aware that make a name and a position with, when occasions were these: "The Cape Fear daughter?" bank and its president; may they live long "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, drank 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 ground, if you will. First cousins should

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 reperusing 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 Loyd and

Elliot were not of the thirty. "I should have other signatures now as duty by my sister's son." witnesses. Oh, well, I will have Dobbs bring in a friend to-morrow, and have them sign-but for that matter, there was asno 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 fathhis character formed, and it a treacherous 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 gam-

codicil in the future. "Lest will and testament! Signed and witnessed! Too bad Jerry is so advanced amused smile stole over his features. in years. I shall probably outlive him. I will see Clark when he comes home next week. Time enough for that; there is no

Uncle Alvin arose from his chair and with wide open doors directly behind the man Craven, entered the office. cashier. The bank president drew out one of the drawers and withdrew thererepresent you for a few minutes."

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

Mr. DeRosette retraced his steps, and had resumed his seat when his nephew, with a flushed face and seemingly very

nervous, approached him. Herman Craven at this time had passed his twenty-third year. He was of rather slight build, dark complexion, black hair and mustache, and restless, piercing eyes. man pointed out to the youth of the rising But for the prominence of his white teeth generation as one whose career was to be he might have been considered attractive

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the banker, look-

The nervousness of the cashier increased; but mastering his emotion as best he could, he said: "Uncle Alvin, I have for some time wished to say to you what I of long standing-he had in the manner of now shall, but have lacked the opportu-"How so, sir?"

> "Oh, I did not like to ask you, in Hattie's presence, for your consent to seek her hand." "Her hand? Hattie's hand?" exclaim-

> ed the banker, excitedly. "Yes, Uncle. I love my cousin as I do my life, and would make her my bride;

"Ask my consent to wed my daughter?" would have been incomplete without Un- exclaimed the old man, springing to his feet. "Are you crazy? You! You wed my daughter? Was it to hear this statescore and ten-he had been one of the orig- ment from your lips that I took you into inal incorporators of "The Cape Fear my employ? For this that I gave you a Bank," and all that pertained to it was home and position? Rest assured, young dear to his heart-particularly so was man, that as dearly as I love my daughter, Its president, whom he had helped to I would gladly lay her form in the grave elect a quarter of a century before, and ere I would see her wedded to a son of

> "That-that is all, sir." The words came faintly from the white lips of the young man. His hands were

tightly clenched, and his features worked might live to see the cash capital of the "All? My God, it is enough!" exclaim- been very favorable to distillers. All my concern a round million dollars was his ed the banker. "Never let me hear words improvements are paid for, and I shall altogether. In my present one you are

Alvin would round up his toast in a satis- I am gone. Take your choice. Have you factory manner, so his words on these ever dared breathe of your love to my "Uncle Alvin, I know not why you are so bitter against me," said the young man as calmly as he could, though there was a raging fire burning within his bosom. "You should know that without your consent I would not seek to win my cousin's

> ven's son, but am I not also the son of your own sister?" "Unfortunately, yes-and that should preclude your ever being my daughter's husband. Place my objections on that

love. You speak of me as Stephen Cra-

never marry. You may go." Biting his lips, the young man turned away, but ere he reached the door the banker recalled him.

"Herman," he said, "I do not wish to be unjust to you, but I cannot conceive how you came by the audacity you must be imbued with to dare ask my daughter's hand. Yes, yes, I can. You inherited it from Stephen Craven. My prejudice against your father, who wrecked my sister's life and brought her to an untimely grave, shall not-does not rest on your head, else you would not be in the position you are in to-day. I have tried to do my

"You have been very kind to me, sir. I regret that I dared raise my eyes so high

"Nothing more about that," broke in the old man. "I trust that your illusion has been dispelled. As I have stated, I have remembered you in my will to some ex- not only selfish and foolish, but dangertent. It rests with you, by your conduct and life, to merit a larger remembrance. I may live for ten years to come. Show an inclination, from your ample salary, to save something for yourself. Cast off a certain wild set, with whom, I am told. you spend many of your evenings. Abandon altogether whisky and gambling, and have no fear, I will do my full duty by you. Do yours by me, young man, and better than you have been doing it."

"Uncle, I have been slandered. Did you ever see me under the influence of lig-

"No," was the answer, "or you would not to-day be the cashier of this bank; but you have not been slandered. Now you have been warned. You are an inmate of of my daughter and myself when there. My roof shall not shelter a gambler, or a trickster. You are young. I have placed er was dead, at twenty-two years of age. | you where you have every opportunity of proving yourself a man; but under no conone if I am a judge, I have felt that I was ditions could you wed my daughter. That

"And under no conditions would she become your wife should I be called away." thought the banker as the young man left his presence. "She has a just appreciation of you, if I mistake not, and besides, I think her heart is in the keeping of another."

"What is it, Duke?"

bling set. I have done my duty by him gro, who had opened the door between the in my will-of course, if he inspires more reception room of the bank and the bank confidence by his conduct, I may add a er's private office. "Young Mars Robert Campbell would like to see you." "Ah!" ejaculated the banker, and an

"Admit him, Duke."

The negro, who was fully as aged as the banker, and who had belonged to his fathrisk; the court would arrange it in case er before him, was a trusted servant who swept the bank, dusted the furniture and acted as usher, withdrew, and in a mopassed out into the counting room of the ment more a young man who certainly bank. The large iron safe was standing bore not the slightest resemblance to Her-

Robert Campbell was of near Herman's age-tall, well formed and of athletic from a bundle of papers, around which mold, fair complexion, sandy hair and was a cubber band. He raised the band, mustache, and deep blue eyes. There was slipped under it his will, and restored the an unmistakable air about him that propackage to the safe, then turning to the claimed him a descendant of an ancestry cashier, said: "Well, Herman, I can give of noble men and women. Why should you a few minutes now. You stated that | there not have been, when it had been the there was something you wished to say boast of his grandfather, who had been to me. Come in my den. Mr. Talbot can among the early settlers of eastern North Carolina, that he belonged to the Clan

The grandfather had lain many years saulted had killed."

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 widewed mother and young sister, and little else.

The Campbetts 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-

"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 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 go-

"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

"And there is another thing, sir," said the young man, blushing, "that I have only waited until this time to-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 "I think I know your secret, young man," thought Mr. DeRosette, as Robert hastily passed from the office.

> (To be continued.) TRUE KINDNESS.

Rich Man Who Believed in Doing Good with His Money.

The late Colonel Lee, of Brookline, Mass., was a rich man who thought that the rich should give away money, instead of consuming their income on luxuries and an ostentatious establishment. The man who accumulated and did not distribute was, in his judgment, ous to society. The saying of the Master, "Freely ye have received, freely give," so ruled Colonel Lee's life that for forty years he was never tired of giving money to those religious, political, educational, charitable and commemorative objects which his judgment approved. He did more; he gave time, service, himself, at the command of duty, even jumping social barriers to respond to its call. A writer in the Bos-

ton Transcript tells this story: Colonel Lee was one day driving through Brookline, when his progress was obstructed by laborers digging in the street. Glancing at the men, while the obstruction was being removed, the old gentleman noticed one poor fellow with a handkerchief tied about his hand and evidently in great pain.

Questioning the man, Colonel Lee learned that a pick had almost perforated his hand, and beside bleeding profusely and suffering intense pain he was in great danger from a poisonous development. The sight was too much for Colonel Lee.

Asking the laborer to get into his carriage, a victoria drawn by a pair of handsome horses, he took him to a phy-"Mars Alvin," replied a coal black ne- sician, saw to it that the wound was dressed, and learning of the sufferer's poverty provided for him generously until he could resume work. Later he placed him in a position to provide more abundantly for his family and to rest secure in the knowledge of his permanent comfort.

The Facts in the Case.

The "new reporter," who is never so much the subject as the object of amusing stories, appeared in Chicago yournalism 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 asOUTWITTING 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 know that Bason Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind; but he also knew that no 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 im-

When the lady, returned the Baron asked permission to examine the ower. 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 ewer 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, suddenly stumbles upon a scarab. 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, Stew-

art," 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.

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.

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Woes of the Cultured. "Your daughter seems to be suffering

from the beat."

"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. Mae-Jack wanted my picture to put over his heart to keep the bullets from

Edna - He must think you have a pretty bard face if it can stop bullets.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.-Anna

M. Ross, 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 exly 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

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.

Mrs. Winslow's Scotting Strup for Children-

"Honor is Purchased

-Bruyere.

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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