

GO UP, THOU BALDHEAD.

The Cause That Produces Baldness in the Average Man.

Baldness is produced by a failure of normal nutrition in the papilla at the base of each hair follicle.

It has been assumed during the past few years that the hair is formed in the papilla at the base of each hair follicle.

But such is the desire to escape the appearance of "growing old" that no doubt they will hold their ground for all time to come.

Women in our own communities, seldom lose their hair, except from sudden causes; and among those nations where the head is habitually left bare or partially covered, baldness is practically unknown.

Assuming that some person would consent to have his scalp peeled away in preparation for the operation, and then assuming that some other person could be found who would consent to appropriate his own scalp to cutting out the proper amount of baldness, it is the very best possible success method to be extremely imperfect.

It is fashionable, but "crappy patchwork" is fashionable, but "crappy patchwork" is fashionable, but "crappy patchwork" is fashionable.

A WONDERFUL REGION. The Thousands of Islands Off the Southern Coast of Florida.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fall by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know.

CRACKERS FOR THE WORLD.

American Manufacturers Are Ahead of Their Rivals in Any Land.

"Few people," said a large cracker and biscuit manufacturer, "know how the various kinds of biscuits they so often eat are manufactured, or the vast amount of business that is done in this line."

"Has the business grown lately?" "It has assumed during the past few years immense proportions, and now we are able to compete with any country in the world in this line."

"To what do you attribute this great success?" "Principally to machinery and the care we have taken to place before the market good and pure articles.

"The reporter and manufacturer ascended the stairs leading to the top of the factory. The latter stated that this was touched by hand until the biscuit was baked and ready for packing."

"One hundred and five stamps a minute, and we have a stamp that will cut sixty-eight biscuits each stamp; that makes in a minute one hundred and eighty-four biscuits in baking."

"Stay a moment. First look at the oven. We have done away with the old-fashioned brick ovens. These are four-story high with walls three feet thick. They look so much like a tenement house."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers." "N. Y. Mail and Express."

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

THE BITTER BITTEN.

How He Engaged in Ways That Are Dark Sometimes Get the Worst of It.

A short man with a round face the color of a campaign badge, and a nose which glarished and shone as if it had been varnished, staggered into a Broadway bar-room, one day last week, and slouched over to the lunch-counter, where the well-dressed customers readily made all the space for him that he desired.

"Forty cents, please," responded the bar-keeper. "Forty cents," replied the visitor: "is (hic) a drink of mine. I asked for a drink. If (hic) called for money, I would (hic) go to a bank, then, for your drink," responded the bar-keeper curiously, as he turned to wait on another customer.

"After waiting a few minutes in thirsty silence, the short man again renewed his request." "I tell you," replied the drink-mixer, "you can't in this bar."

"Oh, that's it (hic), is it? You won't trust me for a drink. Well, will you take (hic) this for collateral?" he laid an old-fashioned watch on the counter, which was the shade of brass.

"No, sir, I won't take that. This ain't no junk-shop, and if you don't get out of here you won't want a drink for six months."

"Hold on," replied the short man, "don't (hic) get excited. That watch is a family (hic) keepsake. It was given to my (hic) grandfather by the Emperor Napoleon. It's pure brass, you know. Come, get out!"

"Let go my coat (hic). I'll leave it to any gentleman (hic) present if it ain't yours."

"What's the matter?" interrupted a quiet man who had been a silent observer of the controversy.

"The watch was handed over and the short man, after a brief inspection, returned it with a smile of contempt.

BOOTS' ROMANCE.

A Mental Week Made so by Unrequited Love for Jimmy Lind.

To see "Boots" Van Stoenberg, as he is called, with unkempt hair flying over his forehead and his unkempt face docketed in a suit of red, white and blue, with long streamers of all colors attached to his clothing, and a weather-beaten straw hat decked with ribbons, and asking a penny of each one he meets, as he wanders from place to place in the Hudson Valley, one would not think that a tender passion ever thrilled his rough breast.

"Gimme a little brandy (hic) and a touch of ginger-ale," he remarked to the bar-keeper.

"Forty cents, please," responded the bar-keeper. "Forty cents," replied the visitor: "is (hic) a drink of mine. I asked for a drink. If (hic) called for money, I would (hic) go to a bank, then, for your drink," responded the bar-keeper curiously, as he turned to wait on another customer.

"After waiting a few minutes in thirsty silence, the short man again renewed his request." "I tell you," replied the drink-mixer, "you can't in this bar."

"Oh, that's it (hic), is it? You won't trust me for a drink. Well, will you take (hic) this for collateral?" he laid an old-fashioned watch on the counter, which was the shade of brass.

"No, sir, I won't take that. This ain't no junk-shop, and if you don't get out of here you won't want a drink for six months."

"Hold on," replied the short man, "don't (hic) get excited. That watch is a family (hic) keepsake. It was given to my (hic) grandfather by the Emperor Napoleon. It's pure brass, you know. Come, get out!"

"Let go my coat (hic). I'll leave it to any gentleman (hic) present if it ain't yours."

"What's the matter?" interrupted a quiet man who had been a silent observer of the controversy.

A COSTLY HAT.

A Head Covering That Cost \$300—Most as Well as You Can Buy.

A passenger in the Pullman coach from the West last night when he boarded the car on the plains brought in and carefully deposited in the drawing room, one of the cushions, a fifty-dollar Mexican hat, stiff with silver thread embroidery and encircled by a heavy silver cord. He was A. J. Adams, who, though only twenty-eight years old, is able out of the profits of his New Mexico ranch to indulge in the luxury of a fifty-dollar hat, but purely as a piece of interior decoration.

"The big hats are the best hats in the world. They are warm in winter, and a shade in summer. The Texans are very particular about broad brims."

"They are made by hand. Unlike the Texan sombrero, they are made of wool carefully prepared, and each one is made by hand by the maker."

"The death is announced of Ben. J. R. Swan, of Columbus, O., aged eighty-two. He had been conspicuously identified with the bar and the judiciary of Ohio for many years, having been a Judge of the State Supreme Court."

"In a city restaurant the other day I came across a peculiar dish. While studying the menu and experiencing the usual difficulty felt by men of vacillating mind in making choice of a plat for luncheon, the proprietor, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, came up and said: 'Why don't you try our 'pepper-pot'?'"

"I worked the watch-racket for a hundred." "Here, and he pulled out the bill he had won."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers." "N. Y. Mail and Express."

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Moody Currier, the new Governor of New Hampshire, is nearly eighty years of age.

—Senator Luis Bonilla, who died in Oaxaca, Mexico, lately, lived one hundred and eleven years to a day.

—George Winthrop Scott Hancock Garfield Patton Yerkis is an unfortunate infant in the interior county of Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia Post.

—The widow of President Madison, although inheriting a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars from her husband, by her later days depended upon the charity of one of her former colonial servants.—N. Y. Sun.

—The death is announced of Ben. J. R. Swan, of Columbus, O., aged eighty-two. He had been conspicuously identified with the bar and the judiciary of Ohio for many years, having been a Judge of the State Supreme Court."

"I worked the watch-racket for a hundred." "Here, and he pulled out the bill he had won."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers." "N. Y. Mail and Express."

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fall by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know.

YOUR BEST TIME

FOR ACQUIRING A PRACTICAL EDUCATION



A DECIDED SUCCESS. THE FREMONT NORMAL AND BUSINESS COLLEGE, AT FREMONT, NEB.

Opened successfully October 21, with ten teachers and a good attendance, which doubled during the first few weeks, and is still steadily increasing.

—The death is announced of Ben. J. R. Swan, of Columbus, O., aged eighty-two. He had been conspicuously identified with the bar and the judiciary of Ohio for many years, having been a Judge of the State Supreme Court."

"I worked the watch-racket for a hundred." "Here, and he pulled out the bill he had won."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers." "N. Y. Mail and Express."

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fall by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know.

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

GO TO

A. & M. TURNER'S BOOK AND MUSIC STORE

FOR THE BEST OF GOODS

AT THE LOWEST PRICES!

CONSULT THE FOLLOWING ALPHABETICAL LIST.

ALBUMS, Arithmetics, Arnold's Ink (genuine), Algebra, Antograph Alids, Arks, Accordions, Abstract Legal Cap.

—The death is announced of Ben. J. R. Swan, of Columbus, O., aged eighty-two. He had been conspicuously identified with the bar and the judiciary of Ohio for many years, having been a Judge of the State Supreme Court."

"I worked the watch-racket for a hundred." "Here, and he pulled out the bill he had won."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the navy bread to the sugar wafers." "N. Y. Mail and Express."

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fall by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know.

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.

THE COST OF TRAVEL. A Texas Who Speculated Five Years Ago on a Trip to New York.