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FROM ALL WHO USE

AYER'S Hair Vigor

"Ayer's preparations are well known to need any commendation from me; but I feel compelled to state, for the benefit of others, that six years ago, I lost nearly half of my hair, and what was left turned gray. After using Ayer's Hair Vigor several months, my hair began to grow again, and with the natural color restored. I recommend it to all my friends."—Mrs. E. FRANKHAUSER, box 305, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

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who has bought

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Frey's Vermifuge
has been successfully used for a half century.
One bottle by mail for 25c.
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"WITH COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR."

Look from your door, dear heart, and see
The messengers of morning,
With blue and gold and fleecy fold,
Day's canopy adorning.
'Tis all for you,
Each morn anew,
"With compliments of the author."
The lilies of the valley ring
Their bells in shadowy places,
And violets blue, with eyes so true,
Life up their smiling faces.
'Tis all for you,
Each spring anew,
"With compliments of the author."
The hill and barren mountain peak,
The Moorland's cloak of heather,
The raven's pale light, the solemn night,
The bright or amber weather,
Are all for you,
Each year anew,
"With compliments of the author."
And life, this ever pulsing life,
With its joys vast, its sorrows,
Its earthly hopes and tears,
And its life eternal,
I recommend new,
"With compliments of the author."
FEMININE SEARCHERS.

One of Them Gives Some Leaves From Her Varied Experience.

When I attended at one of the most important metropolitan police stations seeking an interview with the female searcher, I anticipated the pleasure of a little chat with a perfect gress. To my surprise I found the searcher to be a mild mannered, pleasant faced little woman, with quite a cheery smile and an absolutely motherly air about her. She dropped an old fashioned courtesy when the inspector introduced her to me and seemed quite taken aback when informed that the dignity of being interviewed was to be conferred upon her.

"I've been here some years now, and the task of searching the prisoners is so familiar that I hardly notice what happens," said she. "Every female prisoner brought in is at once searched, you know. I take them down to the cells, and they have then to remove every article of clothing. Everything found in their pockets or not necessary to be worn is taken from them and of course returned if really their property when they are discharged. Each garment I carefully feel over as I take it from them, and it is now very seldom that I miss anything that may be there. A woman was brought in charged with stealing a watch. Find it I couldn't, though I searched every inch of each article of clothing. Just as I was giving up in despair I thought of feeling in the shoes which she had carelessly taken off. In the left shoe there was the missing watch. The woman had been walking about with her foot screwed up and the watch in the toe of her shoe.

"Needless to say I always feel in their hair. Several times stolen articles have been secreted in their hair, and when it is worn in a 'bun' the feat is an easy one. Another prisoner had rolled her hair round a \$5 note. There are two of us here, and if the prisoner is at all violent both assist in the search. But it is very seldom that women are refractory. They know that violence is of no use, and, needless to say, we make the task of searching as pleasant for them as it can be made. Bad language, as you may imagine, we are used to, and some prisoners get in a terrible rage when you light upon hidden stolen property. When bustles were in fashion, many articles were secreted in them, one woman having a dozen pieces of jewelry so packed away. The weight of the bustle betrayed it.

"I also always look well in their mouths, making them lift up the tongue, for some habitual criminals are very clever at hiding rings and other small articles in this way. I searched her thoroughly, examining her mouth, but could find nothing. The prisoner had had a deal too much to drink, and, as often happens, I was directed to sit with her all night. I did. At first she talked, then went to sleep. Suddenly she started up, seemed as if about to choke, coughed violently, and the ring fell from her mouth to the floor of the cell. How she had hidden it to this day I cannot imagine.

"There is no special qualification for the post of searching at a police station. If you know an inspector and he speaks for you when there is a vacancy, you may get taken on if you have a good character. Plenty of applicants there are always. Most prisoners take things very quietly, and five out of six go calmly off to sleep. The drunken ones are a great nuisance, but some who come here often grow to regard me quite as a personal friend and begin to tell me of their doings directly I take them in hand. Sometimes they glare at me and say, 'Don't lay a finger on me,' but with a bit of coaxing I usually manage to pacify them, and the search proceeds peacefully."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Novel Fire Engine.

A quadricycle, composed of two tandem bicycles arranged side by side, has just been invented in Paris, to serve as a fire engine in cases of emergency. It is worked by four men and is fitted up with the necessary hose pipes and fittings, which occupy the space between the riders. On reaching the scene of action it will be the work of a minute to bring the hose pipes into play on the fire and a jet of water of 30 meters in length and 22 meters in height can be discharged on a building. It is estimated that 18,000 liters of water can be brought into play per hour. This novel machine has the advantage in speed over the present fire engine.—New York Tribune.

Not a Star Convert.

Deacon Jones—John Carvel is among the converted?
Deacon Brown—Yes, but Carvel is without a past. He won't cut any figure at praise meetings. Really, I don't believe he ever was much of a sinner in all his life.—Boston Transcript.

He Made Trouble.

Willie Washington was gazing into space with a look of intense anguish. "What is the matter, Willie?" said one of his friends. "Have you been having trouble?" "Y-a-a-s. I'm afraid that I've gone and made myself verwy unpopular with Van Diggles and his wife, don't you know." "In what way?" "Why, you know they both ride a bicycle." "Yes." "In costume." "Certain." "And I met them this afternoon. They passed me one athah the othah." "And didn't you speak to them?" "Y-a-a-s. I wish I hadn't, foh, do you know, every time I think the mattah ovah I'm half convinced that I lifted my hat and bowed to Van Diggles and said 'Hello, old man,' to his wife."—Washington Star.

A New Samson.

A party of friends were sitting at a tavern, full of fun and mischief, when all at once an acquaintance of theirs, named Sampson, appeared on the scene. "Ha!" exclaimed one of them, "How we can dare the police and the bun bailiffs to do their worst. With Sampson to help us we have nothing to fear from such Philistines." "Quite so," Sampson replied, "if only one of you will lend me his jaw-paw."—Sad-Quest.

Wanted to Collaborate.

"Good day," said the man whose manners are infinitely better than his clothes, as he stepped into the merchant tailor's place of business. "Have you a doctor connected with this establishment?" "No, sir. Certainly not," replied the amazed man. "Ah, that's good. I'm a doctor and I hope we shall get along very nicely together." "Get along together! What do you mean?" "You advertise 'a fit guaranteed,' don't you?" "Yes." "Well, I cure fits."—Detroit Free Press.

Conducive to Truthfulness.

"I understand that Brown claims he hasn't told a lie in 10 or 12 years. Do you believe it?" "Well, it may be so. I know he made great preparations about ten years ago to be from that time on a man of absolute truth." "Preparations!" "Certainly. He put all his property in his wife's name and let her make out all the statements for the assessor."—Washington Star.

Still Blind to Her Little Jokes.

"Monster Bill, Jason?" said Mrs. Calliper to her husband as she glanced at the billboard of the theater they were passing. "Isn't that an extraordinary thing to do, to exhibit a monster on Broadway, and a monster named Bill?" "Why, Cynthia," said the absent-minded colonel, in a deprecatory sort of way, "that doesn't refer to a creature named William. The 'monster' refers to the character of the attractions offered as to profuseness and so on. It means a great bill of entertainment." "Oh, is that it?" said Mrs. Calliper, and she smiled pleasantly enough, but in her heart she did regret that the colonel was still so blind to all her little jokes.—New York Sun.

The Same Old Dish.

Two thousand years ago the chafing dish was used by the Greeks and Romans. It was so popular that it was used for a table ornament, just as floral pieces are used now. Pliny relates that the tragic actor, Aesopus, had a dish worth 1,000 sestericii. No doubt then, as at the present time, the actor enjoyed his hot mid-night meal filled with grateful appreciation of the chafing dish.

Furniture at M. T. Young's.

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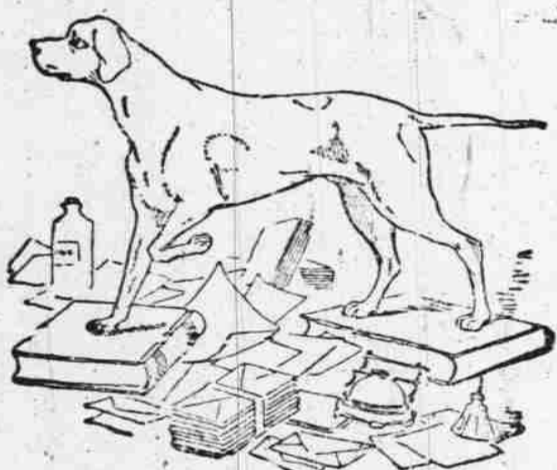
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