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### She Was an "Easy Mark."

"Did you intend to give me this?" asked a steward on one of the steamers of a woman passenger who just tipped him. "This" was a bright new penny.

The woman, looking amazed and embarrassed, said: "No, I didn't give you that. I gave you a \$2.50 gold piece, didn't I?"

"That's what I thought you meant to give me. I was sure you had made a mistake," said the man. The woman, with an apology, took the penny and gave him a gold piece. Then she went back to her stateroom to count her money and to try to understand.

It came to her all right. She remembered two years before on her homeward trip a fellow passenger had told her the steward had come to her with a new penny given him by mistake, the steward said, and she had made it good.

It was a little late then—she had been an "easy mark," and she knew it—and it wouldn't do a bit of good to object. She did tell the pursuer, who promised to investigate. She knew, too, what that meant.—New York Sun.

### The Old Buffalo Days.

There is on record at the war department, Washington, a document bearing witness to how plentiful buffaloes were within the memory of many men now living. It is the "return" for several rounds of cannon ammunition expended in Kansas in 1867 to divert the course of a great herd of buffalo that was bearing down toward a camp of soldiers with a force that threatened to overwhelm it. At least one officer is alive who saw these shots fired, and he describes the herd as literally reaching as far as the eye could see. It was a long time in passing the camp, whose occupants watched it in silence, awed by the spectacle. General Philip St. George Cooke at once halted a regiment of cavalry on the plains to permit a great herd of antelope to pass, and he was not a man easily halted when on duty. His humanity impelled him to withhold the regiment from mauling and maiming the antelope, which were allowed the right of way.—Boston Transcript.

### Who Could Pass?

To test the spelling capabilities of fifty applicants for junior clerkships in the offices of the Sydney water and sewerage board they were called upon to write from dictation this paragraph: "This cellmate was a licentiate in medicine and held other scholastic diplomas. His characteristics were idiosyncratic."

crasies personified—one day taciturn, the next garrulous. Today his facile pen evolves a sapient distich in piquant satire of some literary genius; tomorrow an encomiastic effusion on an illiterate voluptuary. His studies on concrete science were exotic; his researches in natural philosophy esoteric if not chimerical." No less than forty-three out of the fifty candidates came to grief in this artfully designed spelling obstacle race. At the next meeting of the board a member doubted whether ten out of fifty Oxford M. A.'s, if suddenly called upon to write out the same passage, would succeed in negotiating every one of the big words successfully.—London Chronicle.

### A Queer Serbian Belief.

To hatch a chicken by holding an egg for the allotted time in the left armpit is believed in Serbia to be a certain charm against violent death, more especially if the bird be swallowed whole forty days after it comes to life. A robber who had devastated the district of Kolubara for many years was, writes a Belgrade correspondent, known to have accomplished both these feats, which accounted for the apathy of the peasants in pursuing him, persuaded as they were of his invulnerability. He was finally, however, killed by the mounted police, thus discrediting a time honored Serbian superstition.

### All at Once.

He came down to breakfast, and nothing was ready, so he rang the bell. "Mrs. Perkins," he said when the boarding house keeper appeared, "what is the meaning of this? Why is breakfast not ready?" "Well, sir," replied Mrs. Perkins, "I got a nice bit of fish for you, but I'm sorry to say, sir, the cat—" "Confound the cat! Then let me have the cold chicken." "I regret to say, sir, the cat—" "Well, then, some eggs." "There are no eggs, sir; the cat—" "Hang it all, then cook the cat, and we'll have it all at once!"—London Mail.

### Ground Flat.

A young man from a country village when sightseeing in Edinburgh was greatly astonished on seeing "Mr. Smith, Tailor (ground flat)," inscribed on a door and after a careful study of the plate exclaimed: "Great Scott, sir, a death! Shairly he's been run over w' a steam roller!"—London Graphic.

### Should Not Have Ended Thus.

Driving north on a Northwestern avenue a young man allowed himself to become annoyed at the conduct of the conductor. The latter impatiently seemed to be in a hurry. He was making it a practice to give the "let's go" signal before alighting passengers were fully on the ground. Once or twice he had frightened women in this manner, and many an angry glance followed him as his car bumped onward.

Near Sixteenth street the annoyed young man arose to leave the car. It stopped and he started to swing off the running board.

"Ding, ding!" The conductor had jerked the bell cord. The young man, strong and athletic in build, could have dropped off without effort, but he didn't. Instead he reached up and jerked the bell cord a single jerk. The car, in the act of gathering momentum again, stopped suddenly.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the conductor.

"I'm taking the time you should have given to those ladies," answered the athletic young man, with a satisfied grin. Then coolly, carefully, still grinning at the angry conductor, he stepped off—into a puddle of dirty water.

It should not have been so, but the conductor had the last laugh.—Indianapolis News.

### Earthquake in the Desert.

Hans Doring writes of a singular experience in an earthquake while traveling in the desert of Gobi: "I had just dropped off to sleep when I woke up with a feeling of great anxiety, which I could not explain other than that I had a presentiment that some great danger was impending. It was explained soon enough. All of a sudden while I was still wondering whence my sudden fear came I heard a loud noise beneath the ground which sounded as if a subterranean express was approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, and before I could get off the bed on which I had been sleeping the compound and the whole hamlet were shaken by an earthquake. I thought that my last hour had come and expected to see the walls collapse. The rafters of the roof rattled on the beams, and the whole house shook. If the house had been higher it would have collapsed, but the walls, not quite ten feet high, are built of mud, with an elastic framework of wood to carry the roof. It appears that these houses are built to resist earthquakes, their simplicity and elasticity saving them from destruction."

### Specialization.

Once upon a time not many years hence perhaps a man being seized with a sudden and violent pain hastens to a doctor for relief.

"Where is the pain?" asks the doctor. "Right here," groans the man and lays his hand on the afflicted part.

The doctor opens his case of instruments and takes therefrom several delicate compasses and a number of finely graduated tapes. With these he proceeds to make precise and elaborate measurements, stopping at frequent intervals to set down a great many figures on a sheet of paper.

"What are you doing?" cries the man at last, for his pain is all the time increasing.

"Of course I shall make very sure, first of all, that the location of the difficulty brings it within my specialty. Do you take me for a quack? You deserve to have been born a thousand years ago!"—Puck.

### A Perplexing Bulletin.

In 1876 the late John Hay, who died as secretary of state, and Alvey A. Adee were serving together in the legation at Madrid. They were intensely interested in the outcome of the Republican national convention and spent days wondering who would be nominated. One morning they found this item in a Madrid newspaper: "Rutebart B. Noyes of America has been elected president of the republic of the north."

That was as near as the Spanish editor could get to the bulletin. "Rutebart B. Hayes has been nominated for president by the Republican national convention," and it took Adee and Hay a week to figure it out.

### The Modern Way.

"Will you have this here woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" "That's what I loved I would." "Will you love, honor and obey her?" "Ain't you got that switched around, parson?" said the bridegroom. "John," said the bride elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!" "Yes, sir," said the bridegroom meekly. "I reckon I'll have to."—Atlanta Constitution.

### All Bluff.

"Yes," boasted the fortune hunting count, "all of our old family castles were on high mountains. My ancestors all lived on big bluffs." "Indeed," replied the wise heiress, "and I see that you take after them, count!"

### The Worst He Had.

"Then you have never had educational advantages?" said a good woman to a small boy. "No, marm, not as I knows of. I've had airsipplins. If what you said is wors'n that I don't want to ketch it."

### The Head of the Family.

Mrs. Hoyle—Mr. Boyle is looking for a horse that a woman can drive. Mrs. Doyle—That's a fad of hers, getting things she can drive. Her husband is that kind of a man.—New York Press.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

### Majestic Webster.

Theodore Parker gave the following description of Daniel Webster in the famous three hour sermon preached soon after Webster's death: "He was a man of large mold, a great body and a great brain. He seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massively large save the stormy features of Michael Angelo. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. The coal heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth, yet there was a sweet grandeur in the smile and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes—like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic fires—great passions and great thoughts. The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

### Came Near It.

Wit and humor are such elemental, fundamental things that it has always been found difficult to analyze them. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance, and perhaps it might be added that it is always or almost always a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did—almost."—Atlantic.

### A Strenuous Statesman.

In his "Eclipse and O'Kelly" Theodore Andrea Cook tells a story of the English statesman and sport Fox. He had wagered something about a waistcoat which could only be obtained in Paris; went off to Dover by night, caught the mail packet, posted to Paris and back to Calais, and remembered he had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing boat bound for the eastern counties, just got to Newmarket in time for the race, took the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the port and dice after dinner he was caught by a special messenger who had been tearing over half of England in search of him and reminded that he had to move to bring in a marriage bill in the house of commons. He rushed to the stables, reached the house in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North and Burke and defeated North on a division by a single vote.

### The Bee's Feet.

Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pinchers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is seen only with a high grade microscope. With this brush of fairly delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar of flowers. Another delicate apparatus is the spoon shaped appendage that receives the gleanings that the bee wishes to carry to the hive. Finally, by opening the brush and the basket by means of a neat little hinge, the two become a pair of pinchers, which render important service in constructing the cells for the reception of the honey.

### Tinned Tongue.

"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist. "I am not," said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English if I want to." "It is a very fine language," said the linguist—"condensed, concise and easily acquired." "No doubt," said the idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."—Broadway Magazine.

### The Other Captain.

Captain (witheringly to private)—My friend, you ought to be eating hay. Are there any more like you in your family? Private—I have only one brother, sir. Captain—Oh! And what is he? Private—Captain, sir.—Bon Vivant.

### His Act of Charity.

Mrs. Henpeque—So you did an act of charity to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Mr. Henpeque—Yes; I refused a raise in salary to one of my clerks who wanted to get married.

### One Use For It.

"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?" "I don't know, but it makes you forget that you're hungry."—Cleveland Leader.

### The Bachelor's View.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy. "Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

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