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BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

It is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific knowledge of the structure of the hair and scalp. It is a powerful hair restorer, and its use will result in the growth of new hair. It is not a dye, but a thoroughly scientific and refreshing tonic. It stimulates the follicles, it stops itching, dandruff, and keeps hair on the scalp.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Hair Grower. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

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"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

TO PEGGY ON THE LAWN.

She is dressed, like the early spring, In the daintiest pink and white; From her mischievous hand she flings Pink petaloid lawn daisies, the sprits.

The daisies are spells, and after She's cast them and knows that I'm bound, The ring of her delicate laughter Creaks into bright ripples of sound.

So now I'm her poor captive knight, Unable to cope with her art; Henceforth, with her baby feet light, She will walk roughshod over my heart. —London Spectator.

NORTH WIND'S GIFT.

A boisterous fellow indeed is North Wind, but he is not always as rough as he is known to be on some occasions. He may be as gentle as a slumbering babe in its cradle, he may bewitch all living things with the tones of his lyre, or he may burst with the might of an all powerful giant upon the world of men. That was a mischievous prank he played in days of yore on a boy in Norseland and whom we will call Olaf. Pay heed and you shall learn about it.

Olaf was the only son of a widow, and she was both feeble and poor. She had taught the boy to wait on her, and this made him kind and thoughtful. One day she sent him for some flour to the storehouse. This was a frame building, raised from the ground on wooden props, and had to be reached by a flight of stairs. Olaf ran lightly up the steps, got the flour and was turning to hasten down again when North Wind came puffing and panting that way, caught up the flour and bore it off through the air.

Olaf went back for more flour, but the moment he set foot on the stairs North Wind snorted and sniffed about him, and, pipe! away went the flour. If you'll believe me, the same thing happened a third time, and now Olaf was positively angry, for it seemed quite too provoking that North Wind should act in such a senseless fashion. So Olaf made up his mind that he would go in search of the thief and demand back the flour.

He set out at once, but he walked many a long, weary mile before he came at last to North Wind's home.

North Wind had quieted down and was in a most gracious mood when Olaf presented himself before him.

"Good day," said Olaf. "I hope you are well, Mr. North Wind."

"The same to yourself, my boy," said North Wind, and his voice was gruff, but not unkind. "What brings you here, if I may ask?"

"I've come," said Olaf, "to see if you'll be so kind as to give me back the flour you took from me on the storehouse stairs. Mother and I are poor, and if we lose the little we have we'll starve to death."

"I haven't your flour," said North Wind, "but since you're so badly off here's a tablecloth for you. It will supply you with all you want to eat and drink if you but say, 'My cloth, spread yourself and serve up all sorts of good things.'"

Thinking North Wind with all his heart, Olaf took the cloth and started for home. As the way was so long, he couldn't hope to get back to his mother that night, so he stopped at a wayside inn to rest until morning.

When the people at the inn began to prepare the evening meal, Olaf thought he would surprise them. So he threw his cloth on a table in the corner, saying:

"My cloth, spread yourself and serve up all sorts of good things."

Scarcely had he spoken before the cloth did as it was bid, and every one in the room was filled with wonder. There was no one better pleased than the landlady, for she thought how much hard work and trouble it would save her if she had such a cloth.

She spoke with her husband about it, and in the middle of the night he stole into Olaf's chamber and changed the cloth for one his wife had given him that looked like it.

When Olaf woke the next morning, rested and refreshed, he set out at once for home, taking with him the wrong cloth. He got there safely the same day and ran to his mother, crying:

"Well, I've been to see North Wind, and he's not so bad, after all. Here is a tablecloth he gave me, and it is of the kind that if I just say the word it will furnish us with all we need to eat and drink."

"I'll have to see that with my own eyes before I can believe it," said his mother.

Olaf laid the cloth on a table, and with the air of one who knew what he was about said:

"My cloth, spread yourself and serve up all sorts of good things."

But never so much as a crumb of dry bread did the cloth serve.

"There's no help for it," said Olaf. "I have to go back to North Wind and ask him the meaning of this."

Away he went so fast that he reached North Wind's home that same afternoon.

"Good evening, Mr. North Wind," said Olaf.

"Good evening, my boy," said North Wind.

"What now?"

"I want my rights for the flour you took. That tablecloth is good for nothing."

"Well, here is a ram," said North Wind, "that will furnish you with all the gold coins you want. All you have to do is say, 'My ram, make money.'"

Olaf thought this was pretty nice, and he went off feeling well content.

If he had gone straight home, he would have had no further trouble, but feeling tired he stopped at the wayside inn to rest for the night. Before he gave his orders he thought he would try his ram, and sure enough he soon had a handful of pure gold coins.

The landlady saw this and thought he would like to own so valuable a beast. When Olaf was fast asleep, he took another ram into the boy's room

and left it there in the place of the one he coveted.

"North Wind is a pretty good fellow," said Olaf when he got home to his mother. "Here's a ram he has given me that will make all the money we want, if I but say the word."

"It will take a great deal to make me believe such stuff," exclaimed Olaf's mother.

"My ram, make money," cried Olaf promptly, but never a coin did the ram bring forth.

"I knew it was all nonsense," waited the widow, and that was all the comfort Olaf got.

Without another word he sped back to North Wind and told him the ram had proved absolutely worthless. He had come now to demand his rights, he said.

"Upon my word, you're a plucky lad," exclaimed North Wind. "Well, the best I can do for you now is to give you the stick in yonder corner. It may be of some use to you. If you say, 'My stick, do your duty,' it will go on striking until you say, 'My stick, be still.'"

With many thanks Olaf started for home. As he passed the inn where he had lost his treasures, he thought it might not be a bad thing to stop there once more. So he went in, threw himself down on a bench and was soon snoring loudly.

The landlady quickly spied the magic stick, and taking it for granted it might be worth as much to him as the cloth and ram he had taken from the same guest he found another stick that looked like it to leave in its place.

But as he laid hands on North Wind's gift, Olaf, who was only pretending to be asleep, started up, crying:

"My stick, do your duty."

Then the stick fell to beating the landlady, who tumbled headlong over benches and tables, shrieking and screaming:

"For mercy's sake, bid this stick be still, or it will beat me to death. Stop it—for pity's sake stop it, and I'll give you back your tablecloth and your ram."

As soon as Olaf thought mine host had been well punished he said quietly:

"My stick, be still."

At once the magic stick ceased from its labors, and the landlady restored the stolen goods to their rightful owner.

Olaf put the tablecloth and the stick in his pocket, and fastening a cord to the ram's horns led it home in triumph.

North Wind had paid handsomely for the flour, and the widow and her son lived in peace and plenty all their days.—Auber Forrester in Philadelphia Press.

A New Building Material.

A new kind of building material as a proposed substitute for ordinary stone or brick is now receiving special endorsement on account of its freedom, under various and repeated tests, from the usual liability to crack or fracture. To insure this property, with the other essential adaptations, silicic acid is used, powdered and cleansed from all impurities. Five to ten per cent of this is mixed in warm river or rainwater, and this is applied to slaked or well burned lime, or added to hydraulic lime, the resulting product being mixed with sand and small portions of fluorspar.

This mixture is cast into molds, in various shapes as may be desired, and after removal the castings are left to dry from 12 to 24 hours, which brings them to a condition as dry as atmospheric air. In this state they are brought into a steam boiler and steam blown through so as to drive out all air, after which the boiler is hermetically sealed up and steam let in under a pressure of 10 atmospheres. In this high pressure steam bath the stones remain for 48 to 72 hours, afterward being submitted to a bath of boiling and saturated chloride of calcium for 6 to 12 hours, also under a pressure of about 10 atmospheres, in the same boiler, and the condensed water may be used for the bath. The stones are allowed to dry in the open air, or more quickly, by circulating steam inside the boiler after the chloride of calcium has been withdrawn and prior to taking out the stones. —New York Sun.

The Coldest Cold.

The science of chemistry, like that of geography, has its undiscovered north pole. Four hundred and sixty-one degrees below the freezing point of the Fahrenheit thermometer (—274 degree C.) lies a mysterious, specially indicated degree of cold which science has long been gazing toward and striving to attain, wondering meanwhile what may be the conditions of matter at this unexplored point. Its existence has long been indicated and its position established in two different ways—viz, the regularly diminishing volume of gases and the steady falling off of the resistance made by pure metals to the passage through them of electricity under increasing degrees of cold.

This point, to which both these processes tend as an ultimate, is called the zero of absolute temperature. By more than one eminent observer it is supposed to be the temperature of interstellar space, the normal temperature of the universe. Whether or not this supposition be correct, the efforts which have been made and are still in progress to reach this degree of cold have been many, diverse and ingenious, the equipment of the explorer being not boots, condensed foods and the general machinery of ice exploration, but all the varied resources of mechanics and of chemistry which can be combined to compass the extreme degree of cold.—McClure's Magazine.

The Time For Him to Laugh.

Mock—You can't blame me for laughing when you say such ridiculous things. They're enough to make a horse laugh.

Jack—Then let the horse laugh. When I say anything sufficiently ridiculous to raise the risibilities of a donkey, why, then you are at liberty to laugh as long and as loud as you please.—Boston Transcript.

Did the Queen Know?

Newspapers here recently announced with a great display of type that the queen had been graciously pleased to present many bottles of wine to various London hospitals for the use of poor patients. The same papers have carefully refrained from giving currency to the report published in reputable provincial journals to the effect that most of the wine in question was the refuse of the royal cellars and unfit for use in hospitals. It was in very bad condition. Many of the bottles were half empty, and others were so badly corked that the contents had turned sour. It is charitably suggested that her frugal majesty was ignorant of these defects. —New York Sun's London Letter.

Wheat Production.

A visitor in Washington at present is Ivan Ottlik of Buda-Pesth, counselor in the royal Hungarian ministry of agriculture. His journey to America is for the purpose of investigating American agricultural economies. He has traveled largely in the west and believes that our farmers are overproducing wheat and that this course is also exhausting the soil.—Washington Dispatch.

Cataract in the Head.

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can affect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many severe cases of cataract. Cataract oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

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Suffering from spermatorrhea and impotency as the result of self-abuse in youth or excess in mature years, and other causes, producing some of the following effects, as emaciation, backache, debility, nervousness, dizziness, confusion of ideas, aversion of society, defective memory and sexual exhaustion, which unfit the victims for business or marriage, are permanently cured by remedial treatment.

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Syphilis and complications, as sore throat, falling of the hair, pain in the bones, etc., are perfectly eradicated without using mercury or other hurtful poisons. Skin diseases, such as eruptions and all urinary and kidney troubles, speedily cured by treatment that has never failed. He undertakes no incurable cases, but cures thousands given up to die. Remember the date and come early, as his rooms are always crowded wherever he stops.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quick nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kinsinger, Conway, Ark.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

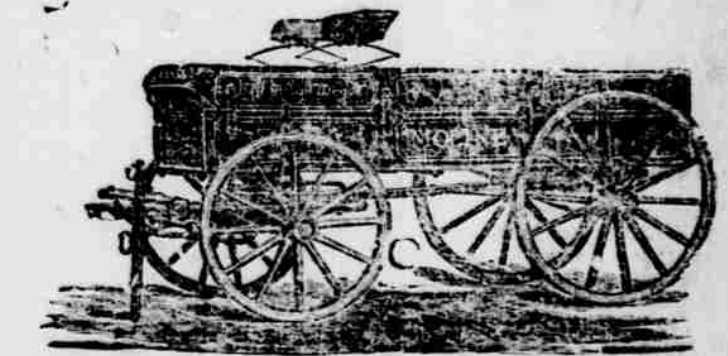
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