

Black Hair

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it; it certainly restores the original color of gray hair. It keeps my hair soft." — Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express it to you by mail. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1882

The Voting Folks.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up! The rose is redder than the one we saw last year; The mockingbird's song is sweeter and happier to hear; The world is brighter, And far yet to come.

The world is growing better, That it ever used to be.

Cheer up! The sky is bluer Than it was a year ago; And there is more life and more And have a richer glow;

The raining and the sunshines Are helping you and me—The world is growing better.

Then it comes to me—

Cheer up! There is no greater, The birds have lesser songs; We find more things to please us, And dream of fewer wrongs;

So let us all be happy, And still be growing better.

Folks like you and me.

CAPTURING A PASSENGER.

"I like perseverance in a man, even in a backman," said Mr. Peterson to the friend who reports his remarks for the Woman's Home Companion. "And there is one particular John doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree."

John visited the national capital and remained fully made up to have anything to do with the backmen; so when I stopped off the train and a crowd of these goony began shouting at me, I simply shook my head and passed on. One of them, however, was not to be thus easily disposed of. Dancing around in front of me, so as to block my progress, he vociferated: "Hack, master? Take you to Washington, Monmouth or the Capital? Only half a dollar!"

Again I shook my head.

"Smithsonian Institution or Treasury Building?" Take you to both of 'em for seventy-five cents!"

Still I shook my head.

"Arlington and Fort Meyer? Drive you over and back for two dollars?"

As before, I responded with a shake of the head.

"Maryland or Soldiers' Home? Either way for a dollar."

Another shake of the head.

"Want to go to the white house and see the President? Drive you right there for fifty cents!"

More head-shaking.

"Patent Office or State Department? Same price as the White House!"

Another shake.

Mind you, all this time I hadn't opened my mouth or uttered a word, and from the puzzled look on the backman's face I thought I had him about disengaged, but as I shoved past him, thinking to make my escape, his countenance suddenly brightened, and I heard him mutter: "My George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more! And then running around in front of me again he spelled out all his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chance to be familiar. "Dear! and Dimay Asylum? Take you right to the door for a quarter."

WORSE YET.

A young man with a tallowy complexion, blotched face and slender legs called at a doctor's office to consult him.

"Doctor," he said, "I've heard there's such a thing as tobacco heart. I wish you would tell me if you think that's what I've got."

The physician listened to a statement of his symptoms in detail, noted the yellow stain on his fingers, and replied:

"No, young man, it isn't tobacco heart that afflicts you. It is worse than that. It is cigarette brain."

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

BOTTLE BABIES

Bottle-babies—are—so—likely to get thin. What can be done? More milk, condensed milk, watered milk, household mixtures—try them all. Then try a little Scott's Emulsion in the bottle.

It does for babies—what it

does for old folks—gives new, firm, fleshly and strong life. You'll be pleased with the result. It takes only a little in milk to make baby fat.

We'll send a little to you like.

SCOTT & HOWE, Chemists, Yonkers.

JUST FOR FUN.

Willie Littleboy: "Papa, what is a Czar?" Papa: "A Czar, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins."

Edith: "Why did you refuse him?" Ethel: "He hasn't paid." Edith: "But he can blot out!" Ethel: "Perhaps, but he can't use me for a blotter." Pack.

He: "There is nothing like experience after all. She is our greatest teacher." She: "And there is no holding back her salary, either." Brooklyn Life.

Papa: "Mrs. Ayer, Mrs. Ayer, I guess, there must be a Katzenfrau. There's no Katzenfrau, Mrs. Ayer, they're no one's business, she lykes you that way."

—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

"So you advise me not to sue?" said the client. "I do," said the lawyer. "Well," returned the dispossessed client, "if it weren't strange that when a man goes to law he can't get the kind he wants."

"What would you say?" began the volatile perplexed of women. "If I were to tell you that every short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I should say," replied the pertinacious man, "you don't and like myself,"—Philadelphia Press.

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