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Years Ago no One Would Believe What Thousands Now Know to be a Fact—Hair Can be Grown on Bald Heads.

The hardest to convince that baldness can be replaced by a new growth of hair, are the bald.

Why?

Because hundreds of things have been used with no effect. Nothing that has ever been prepared would produce a permanent growth of hair on bald heads until the discovery of The Rose Hair Grower.

This preparation is the first to successfully demonstrate the hitherto impossible, growing hair on bald heads.

The originator, after perfecting the formula, found himself face to face with an incredulous public, who said: "No, no, too good to be true."

"Would like to believe it, but can't."

"Nothing will cure my baldness."

"Good man, if true, you could not supply demand."

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Robert Rose, plumber, Parkdale, says: "I have been bald for over 22 years, but after using The Rose Hair Grower for two months, I have a good growth of hair all over my head, and it is filling in at the sides nicely. I have much pleasure in sending you this reference, and will continue using your treatment."

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LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

After this battle, offered no further remonstrance, though in her heart she hoped Jimmie's residence in Rockland would not be very long. Of Tom she had no dread. She rather wished to see him than otherwise, for he had been kind to her, and in fact she had been kind to him as a middle-aged, gray-haired man, and a little, perhaps, and withal very fatherly and venerable in his appearance. This was Tom.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rose had fretted herself into a headache, and as Mrs. Carleton could not think of meeting her returning prodigal in the presence of strangers, there was no one to go up to meet him unless Annie should consent to do so. But greatly to Rose's disappointment, Annie obstinately refused, while Mrs. Carleton, too, said it would not be proper for Mrs. Graham to go alone and meet a stranger whom she had never seen.

"Couldn't she tell him she was Annie, my adopted sister?" Rose said, half poutingly. "What will he think when he finds out?"

"What will he think?" said Mrs. Carleton, looking upon him as half a savage for having joined the Southern army? "I heard him myself tell Bridget that Ben Arnold was coming to-day, meaning that horrid traitor that gave up Yorktown, or something of the kind. He is a traitor, and a traitor to the cause of freedom, and do the agreeable to the man he has captured at Manassas. 'Takes to overlook him' he said, 'and treat him half way decent, for the best was apt to stumble, and there should neither be kindness nor harshness, if he could help it.'"

Indeed, so impressed was Bill with the idea that the responsibility of Jimmie's reception was pegging upon himself, that he deliberately knocked down two of the flungers, who announced their intention to host him as much as they pleased. Bill's warlike propensities were pretty generally understood in Rockland, and this energetic demonstration had the effect of quelling, to a certain extent, the babel which would otherwise have reigned, when at last the train stopped before the depot, and the expected boy appeared upon the platform, his identity proven by Bill, who whispered: "That's him with the rowdy hat— that's the chap; then with a proud air of self-assurance, he stepped forward and offered his hand to the embarrassed stranger, who was looking this way and that, in quest of a familiar face."

"Halloo, corporal," he called out with the utmost sang froid, "you recognize me, 'speak' in the letter that took you to the Virginia woods. I've got all them contrabands to your sister, Miss Marthens. She and I are going to be considerable intimate. I think a sight on her," he continued, as Jimmie showed no signs of reciprocating the coarse familiarity other than by rather haughtily offering his hand.

But Bill was not to be put down, for "wasn't he as good as Corporal Carleton? Hadn't they sustained to each other the relation of captor and captive, and if there were any preference, wasn't it in his favor?" He thought so, and nothing abashed by Jimmie's evident disgust, he was about announcing to him that a carriage was in waiting when Jake made his way through the crowd to the spot where Jimmie stood.

The sight of him suggested a new idea to Bill, and bowing first to one and then to the other, he said, "Ah, Mr. Jacob Sullivan, allow me to introduce you to my friend Corporal Carleton, late of the Confederate army, supposed to be dead for just such goods and chattels as you."

The African's teeth were plainly visible at this novel introduction, while the good-humored smile which broke over the hitherto cold, haughty features of the stranger changed into a general laugh the muttered groans and imprecations which the words "Confederate army" had provoked. It was strange what a difference that smile made in the looks of Jimmie's handsome face, removing its haughty, sarcastic expression, and softening to a great extent the feelings of the crowd, many of whom instinctively dropped the brick bats, stones, and bits of frozen mud, which they were prepared to pelt the rebel's carriage as soon as they should be in the rear. Still they must have some fun, even if it were at Bill's expense, and just as the latter was buttoning the persecuted Jimmie, and escorting him to the carriage, one, more daring than the others, proposed "three groans and a tiger for the deserter."

Instantly, hats, caps and coats were flourished aloft, and the air resounded with the most discordant sounds imaginable, as groans after groans came heaving up from the leathern lungs of the crowd. With a fierce gesture of impatience, Jimmie turned upon them, his black eyes flashing fire at what he deemed an insult to himself. What-ever his faults had been, desertion was not among the number, and he was about to say so, when Bill, with imperturbable gravity, whispered to him: "They don't mean you now, corporal. It's me they're hittin' a dig. You see, I did leave Washington in a hurry. Don't mind 'em an atom; they're the off-scourings of the town, and having plotted Jimmie safely to the carriage-door, Bill took off his own cap and swinging it around his head, shouted aloud: "Three cheers for Corporal Carleton!"

For an instant there was a silence, the crowd a little uncertain as to how far their loyalty might be impeached by cheering for a rebel; but when the dark, handsome face, with its winning smile, was again turned toward them, and they saw in it a strong resemblance to the patriotic little lady whom even the lowest of them had learned to regard with respect, their doubts were given to the winds, and the flungler, who carried in his pocket a quantity of unquestionable eggs designed for use as the occasion might require, led off the cheers, making the depot ring with the loud buzzes, interlarded here and there by a groan or hiss from those not yet won over to the popular party.

Lifting his hat gracefully, Jimmie bowed an acknowledgment, and his eyes moved as if about to speak, while the crowd, besides that, he felt that submission to people so infinitely beneath him was a part of his merited punishment; so, forcing down his pride, he said a few well-chosen words to the breathless audience that though he had never before been in his country, once proved faithful to his country, he regretted it more than himself, and was now a firmer friend to the Stars and Stripes, the brief speech ending with the proposal of three cheers for the Star Spangled Banner.

In a trice the whole crowd responded with might and main to the proposal, and the cry of "Carleton forever!" and promises to make him police justice in the spring, should he want to run for that very agreeable office.

"Couldn't I do some much better myself," said the delighted Bill, hovering about the window of the carriage in which Jimmie had now taken his seat. Thoroughly tired of the scene, Jimmie intimated to Jake his wish to go home, and the iron grays sprang quietly forward, but not until Jimmie had caught Bill's parting words, "Call round and see a feller, won't you? I'll show you the old gal. You know you asked me about her in the Virginia woods."

It seemed like a new world to Jimmie when, after they had left the noisy crowd, they entered into the pleasant quiet street which wound up the hill to where the handsome Mather mansion stood, every blind thrown back and wreaths of smoke curling gracefully from every chimney, for Rose, wishing to do something in honor of her brother's return, had ordered the whole house to be opened as if for a holiday.



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while every flower which could possibly be spared from the conservatory, had been broken from its stem and fashioned into bouquets by Annie's tasteful hands.

"Wouldn't it be splendid," Rose said, as she lay watching Annie at her task, "wouldn't it be splendid to hang the Stars and Stripes in festoons across the hall, where Jimmie will pass, under them?"

Annie did not think it would. In her opinion, Jimmie was not deserving of such honor, and she said so, as delicately as possible, adding that, "were it Tom it would be a very different thing."

Rose knew that Annie was right, and so the Stars and Stripes were not brought out to welcome the young man now rapidly approaching. Annie was the first to catch the sound of the carriage wheels, and when Rose turned to ask if she really supposed Jimmie was there, she found herself alone.

"She's gone to meet him, of course," she said, "but I most wish she had stayed here, for I wanted to introduce her myself. I hope she won't dislike him."

Meantime in the parlor below Mrs. Carleton sat waiting for her boy—not as Spartan mothers were wont to wait for their sons returning from the war, but with a yearning tenderness for the loved prodigal, blended with loyal indignation for his sin. He was not coming to her as a hero, who had done what he could for his country, but with a traitor's stain upon his fair name, which she would have gladly wiped out. She heard the carriage as it stopped, and heard the step on the piazza, not rapid and bounding as it used to be, but slow and heavy, as if uncertain which way to turn.

"I must go out to meet him," she said, but all her strength forsook her, and sinking upon the sofa, she could only call out faintly, "Jimmie, my boy."

He heard her, and almost before the words had left her lips her Jimmie boy was kneeling at her feet, with his face buried for an instant in her lap; then, with one burning kiss upon her forehead, the proud James Carleton, who in his early boyhood was scarcely ever known to acknowledge that he was wrong, asked to be forgiven and restored again to the confidence and love he had forfeited, and with her hand upon his bowed head, the mother forgave her boy, bidding him look up, that she might see again the face she had once thought so handsome. It was tear-stained now, and worn, and Mrs. Carleton sighed as she detected upon it unmistakable marks of reckless dissipation. Still it was Jimmie's face, and it gave such momentary natural as the flush of excitement deepened on the cheeks, and lent an added brightness to the saucy, laughing eyes. The lines upon the forehead and about the mouth would wear away in time, Mrs. Carleton hoped, and parting the soft, blonde curls clustering about her temples, she told him why Rose was not there to meet him, and asked if he would go up then to see her.

Rose heard them coming, and at the sound of the familiar voice calling her name, the tears flowed in torrents, and with a hurried glance at her mother, she received her brother's first embrace. Very gently he lifted her head, and taking in his little hand, kissed again and again her childish face, and wiping her tears away, asked, half seriously, half playfully, "if they met in peace or war?"

"Oh, in peace—in peace!" Rose answered, and winding her arms around his neck, she hugged and cried over him, asking why he had been so naughty, when he knew how badly they would feel, and why he had not interfered to save Tom from a prisoner's fate.

He explained to her how that was impossible, but for his treachery he had no excuse; he could only answer that he was sorry, and ask again to be forgiven.

"I do not now believe the South all wrong," he said, "many of them sincerely think they are fighting for their freedom; others hardly know what they are fighting for; while others again are impressed into the army and cannot help themselves. As for me, I would gladly blot out the past, for which I have no apology; but as that cannot be, I would rather talk as little of it as possible. Try, Rose, to forget that I ever had a rebel brother. Will you?"

Rose's knees were a sufficient answer. She was too happy just then to remember the dearest brother imaginable; besides that, Annie taught that we must forgive as we would be forgiven. Annie bore no ill-will toward the South. She prayed for them as well as for the North, and cried most as hard over the sick, suffering soldiers captured by our army as over our own prisoners, and if she could forgive, Rose surely ought to do so, too.

"I have not seen Annie yet," she said; "she ran away the moment she knew you had come. I thought she might be going to meet you, but it seems she did not. You must love her heap, and I know you will. She's so beautiful in her mourning, and bears her trouble so sweetly. I wish everybody was as good as Annie Graham. She has never been heard to say one bitter thing against the South. She only pities and prays and says they are misguided."

"And pray, who is this paragon of excellence that I must love a heap?" Jimmie asked, when Rose had exhausted the list of Annie's virtues, and paused for a little breath.

"Who was she? Hadn't he heard of Annie?" Had Will failed to tell him of her adopted sister? Rose asked in some astonishment.

Will proved remiss in that one particular duty, and never, until this moment had Jimmie heard that Rose had an adopted sister; and, if Rose, why not himself? Wasn't he Rose's brother?

To be Continued.

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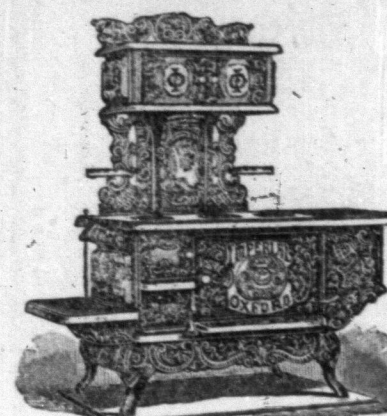
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