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SELF-SETTING PLANES Made at **Vineland, N. J.** Sent on trial where not kept. Sold in the large Coast Cities. 9 Portland dealers sell them. Try one now.

Element of Decay.

Indirect influence had its nearly perfect work in the Persian empire, where the Queen Mother was permitted to exercise an injurious influence over the king, the court, and the empire. It was one of the tendencies which leads Sayce, the historian, to say, after touching upon it: "In short, the empire contained within it from the first all the elements of decay."

Wisdom in Action.

The times are waiting for men who shall serve and not merely inquire; strive and not merely investigate; give to their age and their kind not so much learning in bulk as wisdom in action; great doing as the only true fruitage of great thinking; the consecration to the uplifting of one's fellowmen of one's best rather than the conserving by mere culture of one's self.—Henry Potter.

Blessed Sympathy.

Sympathy with animals blesses and humanizes men and women. To get into real relations with an animal is a liberal education. It is something to be really interested even in a plant and to observe the working of life in any sphere not our own. How much more when that life is directing a personality which consciously looks up to us and will love us if we will let it!—Christian Register.

Longevity in French Villages.

A remarkable record of longevity is to be found in some of the rural parishes of France. In the village of St. Thomas de la Fliche there have been only fourteen parish priests in three hundred years, the fourteenth being still in possession. The parish of St. Germain du Val, in Paris, has had only three pastors in one hundred years, while that of Givry en Argonne has had but five in 130 years.

No Wonder.

Nerve Specialist—My dear sir, I can't understand your case at all. Here you were practically cured a few days ago and now your nerves are in frightful shape again. Have you had a sudden shock of some kind? Patient—I received your bill yesterday.

The Most Original Authors.

The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say as if it had never been said before.—Goethe.

Useful Instrument in Farm House.

Every farm house should have a harness needle in it. One of the many uses to which the needle can be put is to sew rips in shoes that may save an extra trip to the cobbler's.—Home Department, National Magazine.

MEXICAN **MUSTANG LINIMENT**

The Household Remedy.

John Lind, Yost, Utah, writes: "We have been using your Mexican Mustang Liniment in our family ever since 1868 and find it to be a good article to have in the house and are never without it. I have recommended it to many of my friends who have also found the same very valuable."

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Stanton gasped. Where had his memory been, not to recall the name of Floyd? A multitude of confused recollections rushed across his mind, of that famous manufacturer and racer for sheer love of the sport, of the superb cars he had built, and of his death in a railroad wreck, the previous year.

"He tied me in his car," continued Floyd, with a shadowy smile, "when I was too young to be trusted to hold on. 'If you are going to take my mechanician's seat, Jes,' he said to me, 'you have got to do my mechanician's work.' And by the time I was fifteen, I could. We used to race with the chief car tester, for combination training, on a mile practice track around the factory. I held the wheel myself at seventy-five miles an hour, before I was seventeen. And he took me with him, as a spectator, to every big race here and some abroad. Of course he was training me to take charge of the manufacturing business with him, not for racing myself. But, somehow affairs went wrong. When he died, eighteen months ago, everything collapsed and I found nothing left. The factory itself is tied up in a lawsuit; I may get that out of the ruin; buildings full of silent machinery I have no capital to use, and no heart to sell."

There was a pause.

"I wonder," Stanton mused slowly, "why you volunteered to act as my mechanician that night?"

Floyd's gray eyes flashed to meet his, all his color and animation rushing back.

"Because I love the racing, I love it," he answered, impulsively frank. "I, I've got my father's blood in my veins and the frail physique of a useless girl—can't you see how they fight? The very smell of exhaust gas makes my heart jump and pulses tingle. Besides, I had watched you often, I couldn't see you put out of the running. Then, I was tired of—" he checked himself sharply. "Ought we not to go back on the course?"

Stanton rose, signaling the waiter.

"You saw me through that difficulty," he acknowledged. "But, you said this morning that you had a sister; I wonder you stayed with me for the season."

"My sister understands," Floyd explained; he had risen also, and stood for a moment beside his chair, his unseeing gaze bent on the ground. "She knows that I was not brought up to live woman-fashion. I wish, if ever you hear anything of me that you do not like, that makes you feel differently toward me, I wish you too would remember that I was reared by a man to live among men and missed all that women teach."

Stanton regarded him in an astonishment at once indulgent and ironic.

"I'm not likely to hear anything of you that will shock me very badly," he dryly returned. "Do you think I am a gentle girl, myself, Floyd?"

"Not so you could notice it," sprang the prompt opinion; the candid gray eyes laughed out of their short eclipse.

They went back to the course together.

The next two hours were spent in repeatedly circling the ten mile course in ten minutes; a reasonable practice gait, from Stanton's point of view. On the last trip he and Floyd disagreed over a question of mixture, and came up to the repair pits quarreling vigorously, exciting the interest of all beholders.

"If I don't know when a motor needs more gas, I'll go take a correspondence course," was Floyd's last retort, as he slipped out of his seat.

"It's running like it never did before, and you'll let it alone," Stanton sent the definite order after him.

The witnesses grinned at one another.

"Say, Floyd, that's a fine big brute of a machine you've got there," complimented the broadly amused George, as the young mechanician went by him.

"It sure is," came the cheerful agreement.

"Yes. But it's nothing to the brute of a driver you've got."

Floyd paused to glance back.

"Let my driver alone," he advised. "Stanton and I understand each other all right."

"Then you had better quit racing before you're demoralized," jeered the other, and turned to find Stanton had come up behind him.

There was nothing said, Stanton went on as if he had not heard. But he carried with him the discovery that it is the perfection of comradeship to be able to quarrel without bitterness.

There was a tan-colored automobile drawn up opposite the exit, when he emerged.

"Mr. Stanton," summoned a low-toned, smooth voice, from the car; Valerie Carlisle leaned out, extending a small hand.

She was the consummation of cool daintiness and repose. It was impossible to meet her beautiful, concerned eyes without yielding admiration, at least.

"I have been waiting here for an hour," she informed him. "I am so distressed that my car should have hurt you, I shall reproach myself so much if anything happens to you tomorrow because of your strained arm, that I wanted to ask you about it myself. A weakness there might kill you, might it not?"

"It might, if it existed," he confirmed. "But the strain does not trouble me. I deserved to pay more severely for such stupid carelessness."

She did not avoid his keen gaze at all, yet somehow failed to impress her sincerity.

"It was an accident," she deprecated. "I suppose you just forgot. Frankly, though, I wish you were to drive a Duplex or an Atalanta, tomorrow. I do not like the Mercury, it is so often in wrecks."

"It is faster than either of the others," Stanton defended, yet moved in spite of himself by her anxiety for his safety. "I am also obliged to admit that it is not responsible for any of our mishaps, so far, at least; I lead it into trouble, myself, sometimes."

Her long, fair lashes fell; she tapped her fingers nervously upon the door panel.

"If you could not race, who would be likely to win, Mr. Stanton?"

"You are taking it for granted that I will succeed—I easily may not. But without the Mercury, probably the Duplex or the Atalanta on this long road race. On a track, I would choose the Italian car."

She listened attentively, then smiled.

"I am such an amateur; I do not half understand. I have come with an invitation from papa. He wishes to consult you about auto tires, those for your next race, and he hopes you will dine with us, this evening."

Thoroughly surprised, he promptly declined.

"Excuse me to Mr. Carlisle; I must get ready for tomorrow. Moreover, it is for the Mercury company to discuss tires, not for me."

Her small mouth set, she drew aside her shimmering skirts.

"We will decide that on the way—I will put you down at your hotel, at least."

"Miss Carlisle, I am just from the course; I am not presentable."

"That is for me to say," she reminded. "Pray do not refuse all my requests."

Almost under compulsion, Stanton entered the car.

He could have fancied her breathing was quicker; she gazed at him with so singular and disproportionate a triumph as almost to startle him. Without waiting the chauffeur's movement, she herself slammed the door of the car and snapped the handle, keeping her eyes upon Stanton.

"I thought you would come," she murmured, half under her breath, "and you will dine with us."

Valerie Carlisle Leaned Out Extending a Small Hand.

CHAPTER VI.

Missed.

The most agitated man in Lowell, on the race morning, was the assistant manager of the Mercury company. And there was a maddening irony in his situation. At a quarter after ten, fifteen minutes before the first car was to start, the Mercury stood ready, with, in his place, the trim, khaki-clad mechanician, concerning whose possible desertion Mr. Green had spent much worry. But the driver, Stanton the unfailing, was missing. In the midst of the gay hubbub of the scene, the Mercury camp was on the verge of frenzy.

"You've telephoned to his hotel?" inquired Floyd, no less troubled because quiet, as Mr. Green came up wiping his brows.

"Telephoned! I've telephoned to every hotel in the town, to the police, to—to every one. He went to his hotel and dressed for the evening, after he left here yesterday, and went off in an Atalanta automobile with some confounded woman; that's all I can learn. He [illegible] back to the hotel, at all."

Floyd's slender brown hand shut hard on the edge of the seat, his lip curled slightly.

"A woman?" he repeated, his merciless young voice stinging.

"They say so—and I'd as soon have thought of Ralph Stanton getting drunk."

"You'd better phone to the insane asylum," advised the mechanician, and turned his back to the whole affair, watching the brilliant spectacle before him with scornful gray eyes.

Five minutes passed, ten. The first car was called to its station. The Mercury had drawn fifth in the lottery for place. Just four minutes before the starting hour, a taxicab bowled furiously across the crowds, came to a jerky stop at the edge of the course, and opened to emit its passenger.

"Stanton!" hailed his manager, choking with exasperation and relief. "Stanton, for Heaven's sake—where—what—"

"Sick," the driver flung at him, springing across to his car, from which Floyd slid out to give him entrance. "Mask, gloves, you others."

"Sick?" echoed the unbelieving Mr. Green, amid the flurry of preparation. "You, you sick?"

Stanton, in his seat, turned a colorless face toward him before clasping on the mask.

"Sick," he reiterated explicitly. "Are you ready, Floyd?"

The Mercury drew up to her line on exact time. And in the moments while the cars in front were being sent away, Floyd found an opportunity to put a question.

"You have been ill?" he coldly asked.

"Acute indigestion; I've been in a doctor's office since nine o'clock last night," snapped Stanton. "Did you think I was lying to you?"

"No. Are you fit to drive?"

"If you're afraid I'm not, get out and leave me."

The signal was given. When the Mercury flashed across the line, Floyd was almost as pale from anger as Stanton from recent illness.

The race was for three hundred miles, thirty times over the ten mile course with its sharp elbows and steep hills, and was expected to take some six hours of continuous driving. The strain was not light for the pilot at the wheel.

For the first hour there was no incident out of the usual. Floyd attended strictly to his work and Stanton drove rather more sanely than usual. But at the beginning of the second hour, the rear of the Atalanta car came in view through the fog of dust ahead; the Atalanta, which had started four minutes in advance of them. Stanton sighed with grim satisfaction, and speeded in pursuit.

"Turn ahead," warned Floyd, at his ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT DRAWN FROM FLOWERS

Perfumes Today Are Extracted From Almost Everything but Seemingly Natural Source.

There are few perfumes today that cannot be made from chemicals, synthetically, as the chemists call it. Formerly all perfumes were extracted from flowers, fruits, spices, woods or other vegetable and animal substances. The first perfume to be imitated was vanilla, in 1876. Heliotropine followed, but obtained by oxidation of a by-product of camphor.

Terpinol is one of the most freely used constituents of perfumes. This is a near relation of turpentine. With this a little oil and aquafortis a chemist can produce a perfume that can scarcely be distinguished from those exhaled by the lily of the valley, lilac and Cape Jessamine, varying according to the proportions in which the chemicals are blended.

Artificial violet is a combination of citrol (an essence extracted from lemon), Indian vervaine, or lemon verbena, with common acetone, a substance very like pyroligneous acid.

No chemist has been able to counterfeit musk, but a synthetic perfume called musk is made from toluene a by-product of benzine and coal tar. This is changed to a complex carburet, treated with azotic and sulphuric acids, is diluted and sold as musk.

Most of the cheap perfumes are imitations and they are almost always inferior to the flower extracts. So it might properly be said that it is a wise flower that knows its own perfume.

SKELETON OF GIANT

REMAINS OF A BIG INDIAN FOUND IN CALIFORNIA.

Seven Feet Four Inches Was the Height of Member of Extinct Race Whose Bones Were Dug Up.

San Francisco, Cal.—Up to about 100 years ago a giant race of Indians inhabited the coast region of California. Remains of these have been discovered in the islands of the Santa Barbara channel. To William Altmann, assistant curator of the Golden Gate Park Memorial museum, belongs the honor of discovering one of the tallest and best preserved skeletons of this extinct tribe.

Altmann utilized his vacation in excavating an old Indian burial mound in the nursery of Thomas S. Duane, two miles from Concord, in Contra Costa county. The giant skeleton was found ten feet from the surface, and around it were a large number of mortars and pestles, charm stones and obsidian arrow heads.

The skeleton has not yet been mounted, but the bones were assembled on a table in the curator's office and placed on private exhibition. The bones are in good state of preservation, being hard and firm, although brown with age. Two or three of the vertebra are missing, and the skull is broken into three parts. The skeleton measures seven feet four inches. The tibia is seventeen inches in length.

The skull is in great contrast with that of the Digger Indian of the present day, being of a much more intellectual type. The under jaw is square and massive, being remarkably thick and strong. Either the dead Indian was of great age or he subsisted on hard food, as shown by his molars, which are worn perfectly flat and close to the gums.

The find is of the greatest importance to anthropologists the world over, confirming as it does, the theory advanced when the giant skeletons were unearthed in the Santa Barbara islands, that a superior race of Indians, physically and mentally, preceded the Digger and other native races of the present day. This is evidenced also in the pestles and charm stones found near the body.

The former are ornamented with phallic carvings, whereas the pestles made by the former and present day Diggers, are not carved or ornamented in any way. The charm stones are of baked clay, a beginning in the art of pottery making, which are not found with Digger remains.

This interesting find was made on the Salvador Pacheco ranch, part of which is occupied by Duane's nursery. It is Altmann's intention to make a further exploration of the mound at an early date for other relics of the bygone tribe.

TAKES PAL'S PLACE IN JAIL

Man Breaks Into Lockup and Frees Chum, but Lands in Latter's Cell.

Altoona, Pa.—Breaking into the borough lockup at Tyrone, William Neugebauer liberated a comrade, William Davidson, but subsequently landed in the cell vacated by the latter.

Davidson was arrested the other day for disorderly conduct on a train between Altoona and Tyrone, and was confined in the lockup to await a hearing. Neugebauer went to the lockup about midnight, picked the lock on the door and walked in, found the cell keys hanging on a peg, opened Davidson's cell, and the two departed a few hours later.

"Hey, Billie! Let me out, too," cried another inmate, but the request was ignored, whereupon the unliberated one "peached" on Billie to Chief of Police Wands a few hours later.

Neugebauer was arrested, and when arraigned before a magistrate made no defense, so he was held for court. Meantime his pal, Davidson, has gone away on a vacation.

Kept Vow Sixty-Eight Years.

St. Louis, Mo.—John M. Frey, eighty-nine years old kept a vow 68 years, in which time he never crossed the Mississippi river, though he had lived continuously in St. Louis. Born in Switzerland and christened there Giovenne Frei he came to St. Louis at the age of twenty.

The three months' trip in crossing the ocean so disgusted and terrified the young Swiss-Italian that he vowed on reaching St. Louis he never again would trust his body over water. Ferries at St. Louis were succeeded by bridges, but the vow was kept, and he did not cross the river.

Didn't Like New York Bean.

New York.—Philip Walsh, fourteen, of Boston, who came here to make his fortune, became homesick in two days. He told City Hall Park Policeman Campbell that New York beans were not fit to eat.

Twice Dislocates Neck.

Camden, N. J.—Turning his head to dodge a falling timber at the New York shipyards in Camden the other day, Hugh Washburn, forty-nine years old, dislocated his neck for the second time within two years.

He was taken to Cooper hospital suffering terrible agony, where it was stated that he would recover.

Washburn was injured in a like manner while working in a Baltimore shipyard two years ago.

Woman Miner Spurns the Ballot.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Far back in the coke regions of southwestern Pennsylvania has been found a woman who for 30 years has worked side by side with her husband in the coal mines. Approached by suffragettes and asked if she would like to vote, just as her husband, she declared she would rather let her husband do that.

Small Reward.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—A Burdick hotel chambermaid, who found $40,000 worth of jewelry belonging to a New York salesman which had been lost for 14 hours, received $1 reward.

REDUCE YOUR LIVING EXPENSES

Eat Golden Cereal Foods and recommend them to your acquaintances. You get better quality and more for your money. They are made in your home state from the best Oregon Oats and Wheat. Large packages contain a Handsome Premium and all goods are guaranteed. Ask your grocer.

Golden Rod Oats. Golden Rod Pancake Flour. Golden Rod Wheat Flakes. Ralston Select Bran. Golden Rod Wheat Nuts. Golden Rod Chick Food.

Mirage Easy to Be Seen.

The celebrated Fata Morgana, a presentation of natural "moving pictures" on an immense scale which is occasionally seen in the Straits of Messina, is explained by a scientific writer as being a mirage, such as frequently occurs in various parts of the world; "in fact," he says, "one may see a mirage any day by looking through the stratum of air overlying a hot stove, or adjacent to the side of a wall heated in the sunshine." Young scientists will be interested in verifying this statement.

Displeased the Widow.

A Philadelphia traveling man, having gone upon that journey for which there is no return ticket, his many friends of the road consulted together as to the remembrance to be sent by them, and finally decided upon a design which was not only original, but which they considered peculiarly appropriate. They never could understand why the widow would not receive the beautiful suit case, made of white flowers, with the words, "His last trip," in purple violets, on one side.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer.

Worth of Clothes.

The influence of clothes must continue to be, as it has been from the beginning of histroy, either "sacred or or profane," a foremost factor in those forces by which man's destiny is guided. His health and comfort, aims and purposes, social standing and business prosperity; everything indeed that makes his life worth living may be affected by it in directions never dreamed of by the tailor who, if he does not actually make the man, is largely instrumental in making him what he is.

Their Proper Place.

The folks who are perpetually protesting that their consciences are clear and that they have nothing for which to reproach themselves are generally in a bad way, for the probability is that their much-vaunted consciences have stopped working and are of no further use. Such people never allow that they are in the wrong; their favorite sentence is, "I told you so!" and their proper place is on a desert island with thick skinned turtles for boon companions.

Hair Fabrics.

In the manufacture of hair fabrics the hair is reduced to a paste by a solvent and all kinds of hair and fibers are used. The paste is run through an artificial silk spinner and drawn from the spinner in threads. Some of these are a yard or more in length. They can be braided or woven like artificial horse-hair. Hair composition of superior quality is kept for the manufacture of wigs and braids.—Harper's Weekly.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

Ancient Italian City.

Asolo, which inspired two of Browning's verses in "Asolando," and which is observing the centenary, is a fortified town in Treviso, in northern Italy. It was the ancient Acelum, and possesses a cathedral and a ruined aqueduct. The former palace of Catharine Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, is in the neighborhood. There are beautiful seats in the vicinity, and the town has a population of under 6,000.—London Globe.

Pastor's Merited Rebuke.

When Samuel S. Colber was preaching in an old log schoolhouse in Johnson county, Missouri, in 1852, his congregation was quite small. One Sunday all were sitting at the desks forward near the puncheon floor. The sermon was monotonous and the old log seats had no backs. Observing the sleepy, downcast look of the congregation, the minister woke them up by shouting: "Arouse, heaven is not under the floor!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Have You Noticed These?

An inventor in America has earned the thanks of all who have been seeking after a really sanitary form of kissing. In certain parts of that great country, when young ladies go to parties and places where they kiss, they are provided with a sterilized ivory ring, mounted on a silver handle. This is interposed between the kisser and the kissee, and the resulting sensation is known as "pasteurized pleasure," or "germless joy."—London Answers.

Stabbed by Umbrella.

Perhaps the strangest weapon ever used for killing was an umbrella. In October, 1908, a man named Ernest Smith was found dead in Chiswick High street, England. He had a punctured wound in the eye which had reached his brain and which the doctors agreed had undoubtedly been caused by the steel ferrule of an umbrella.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Countless ages of time passed, as we compute time—before the earth was prepared for the advent of man. The oldest civilization known is that of Egypt, and the pyramids are things of yesterday compared with the formation of the alluvial plains of the Euphrates, or the delta of the Mississippi, not to mention the Laurentian rocks.

The Peanut Flux.

The last thing to recover from the effects of a big celebration is the five-cent bag of peanuts. It dwindles painfully during the influx of great crowds. Other foods remain comparatively stable in quantity for a fixed price, but the mob diminishes the allowance of peanuts for a nickel by half.

THE **PACIFIC LUTHERAN ACADEMY AND BUSINESS COLLEGE.** OPENS SEPTEMBER 24

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PREPARES thoroughly, and in the shortest possible time, for College, Business, Teaching, Civil Service, and Citizenship. Languages a Specialty.

Eight Courses; no entrance examinations; special classes for foreigners.

EXPENSES LOW: Tuition, board, room and washing, nine months, $180; eighteen weeks, $95; nine weeks, $50.

You ask: How can you furnish all this for less than the usual price of board and lodging? We answer: By the aid of our church we are enabled to give our students more than they pay for.

We can't tell all here. Our free 50-page catalogue will do it. Send for it. Address

N. J. HONG, Principal
Parkland, Wash.

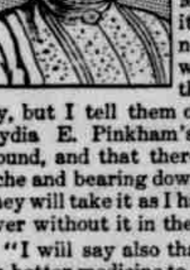
Lacking Important Point.

Can a woman be a successful "magician?" A contemporary wizard says that she can, and that in London there are many society women who have taken a course in wizardry as a means of becoming proficient in some kind of "parlor trick" by which to entertain company. It does seem, though, that a magician without coat sleeves to pull back, as a preliminary to doing his marvels, would be fatally deficient in paraphernalia.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.



"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine." —Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

His Grounds.

By a queer trick of politics an ignorant and pompous old darky was elected judge of a minor court in a certain western state. In the first case over which he presided he made a ruling so absurd that the lawyer whose case was affected by it said: "This is a very strange ruling, your honor. Upon what grounds do you make it?" "What grounds—does you say? Why, dese yer' co'thouse grounds, of co'se!" replied the judge.—Judge.

Its Only Purpose.

"O Willie, Willie," cried a teacher to a hopelessly dull pupil, "whatever do your think your head is for?" Willie, who evidently thought this another of the troublesome questions that teachers were always asking, pondered it deeply. "Please, miss," he replied at length, "to keep my collar on!"—Youth's Companion.

Stimulant or Tonic?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a stimulant. It does not make you feel better one day, then as bad as ever the next. There is not a drop of alcohol in it. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a tonic. You have the steady, even gain that comes from such a medicine. Ask your doctor all about this. Trust him fully, and always do as he says. He knows.

Who makes the best liver pills? The J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass. They have been making Ayer's Pills for over sixty years. If you have the slightest doubt about using these pills, ask your doctor. Ask him first, that's best. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.