

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
From our medicines
We urge you to
consult your
doctor

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will dissuade you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

A Hard Proposition.

A young man visited his doctor and described a common illness that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."
"Well, how are you feeling?" the doctor asked a week later. "Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"
"I did my best, sir, but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."—Tit-Bits.

Raises the dough and complies with all pure food laws.



Painless Dentistry

Out of town people can have their teeth and bridge work fitted in one day, if necessary. We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for \$3.50. Molar Crowns \$5.00. 22k Bridge Teeth \$3.50. Gold Fillings 1.00. Enamel Fillings 1.00. Silver Fillings .50. Inlay Fillings 2.50. Good Rubber Plates Best Red Rubber Plates 7.50. Painless Extractions .50.

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This wonderful man has made a life study of the properties of Roots, Herbs and Barks, and is giving the world the benefit of his services.
No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used. No Operations or Cutting.
Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.
A SURE CANCER CURE
Just received from Peking, China—a safe, sure and reliable. U. S. falling in its works. If you cannot call, write for symptom blank and circular. Includes 4 cents in stamps.
CONSULTATION FREE
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162 1/2 First St., cor. Morrison, Portland, Or.

WEATHER BUREAU'S VALUE DESCRIBED BY ITS CHIEF.

SINCE the year 1895 Willis L. Moore has been at the head of the United States weather bureau, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Under his direction the work of supplying forecasts of the weather has expanded until it now employs 200 men in different parts of the United States, who send twice a day to the national capital the principal facts about the weather—velocity of the wind, temperature, rainfall, barometric readings and other details, at a cost of \$1,500,000 a year. In an interview with James B. Morrow, published in the New York Tribune, Professor Moore, after deprecating popular superstitions concerning weather forecasts by such means as the goose bone, the thickness of husks on corn and the singing of catbirds, tells of his work. The interview in part follows:

"Do sailors and ship owners rely on your forecasts?"

"Absolutely, on the Great Lakes; also on the rivers and very generally along the oceans by mariners engaged



WILLIS L. MOORE.

in coastwise business. The captains of ships on the northern lakes depend on us to a larger degree than do other sailors, because we can more accurately predict the velocity of the wind than we can foretell a storm of rain, which occasionally changes its path and goes somewhere else. Remember, that where the pressure of the air is greatest upon the earth it will flow to where the pressure is the least—precisely like water going down stream. Our instruments of measurement are so perfect that we can figure out the velocity of the wind at certain places several hours in advance—knowing the high pressure in one region and the low pressure elsewhere. We foretell wind storms on the lakes, while along the Atlantic Coast we give warnings about West Indian hurricanes.

"On two occasions, after warnings of severe storms had been given, our men saw all the customs officers on the seaboard, from Maine to Florida. We found that ships valued at \$66,000,000, taking no account of the cargoes, had remained in the various ports until the storms were over. Authorities outside of the bureau have estimated

that a West Indian hurricane—which, by the way, is the most dangerous general storm we ever have—sweeping the Atlantic Coast without warning would destroy property to the value of from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000. I send ten men to different points in the West Indies each year just before the hurricane season opens, where they remain until all danger is over. They report to us daily by telegraph. At the end of the season they nail up their stations and come home.

"While we are on the subject," Professor Moore continued, "I would like to say, in order to clear up the confusion of the public mind which leads to an absurd mixing of terms, that a cyclone has an area of 1,000 miles, a hurricane an area from 100 to 300 miles and a tornado, which invariably occurs in the southeast quarter of a cyclone and is an incident of the cyclone, an area of from 1,000 feet to 1,000 yards. The velocity of the wind during a cyclone is from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, during a hurricane it varies from fifty to 100 miles an hour, while it is so great during a tornado that no instrument can measure it. In all three kinds of storms the wind, of course, is rotary, or twisting, as it is commonly described.

"But the weather bureau," Professor Moore went on to say, "is not alone of value to people in the matter of wind storms, but is of tremendous service in foretelling periods of food. Twice we forecast the height of the Mississippi River at New Orleans—beating the flood five days in one instance and a week in the other. On both occasions our mathematics covered a tremendous area of the United States."

"Is your bureau of any practical service to farmers?"

"By means of the system of rural free delivery of mail our forecasts go each day into the homes of 1,000,000 farmers. As many more farmers get our forecasts by telephone. As a matter of fact, thousands of farmers put telephones into their homes for no other reason than to be informed about the weather—our forecasts, you understand, being for the day on which they are made and practically for the day following. We have been of great service to the cranberry growers of Wisconsin, the cane growers of Louisiana and the orange growers of Florida in giving warnings against frost. Cranberry marshes are flooded, cane is quickly cut and piled in windrows and smudges are started in orange groves as effective measures of protection. Let me add," Professor Moore went on to say, "that the train dispatchers of all the railroads in the country get our morning and evening forecasts, and thus are enabled to know about the coming cold waves in winter and each year to save millions of dollars' worth of perishable merchandise such as fruits, vegetables, certain kinds of chemicals and other manufactures."

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

Origin and Basis for Belief in Ill-Luck of Friday.

The bad luck supposed to attach to Friday is said to be traceable to the worship of the goddess Freya, the Venus of the north, who felt herself slighted if anyone began a journey or this, her festival. In punishment for the dishonor thus brought upon her Freya was wont to direct misfortune to assail the offender, so that it came to be thought that Friday was an unlucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs," is told the story of the brig, Friday, of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage upon the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel "saw the hull of the brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside." This was the last of the "Friday," concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife merely said when she heard of it: "I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences."

Another reason for the supposed unluckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung; a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.—Providence Journal.

Playing Cards in Moscow.

In Moscow playing cards are sold only by the municipal government, and the vast income derived from that source is applied toward the maintenance of orphan asylums.

AN OPEN MIND.

Not So Open, However, That It Cannot Be Closed.

Perhaps one could not describe East Landover better than by saying that it is a village where people still wear checked aprons in the morning, white in the afternoon, and black silk when the minister and his wife come to tea. To those who know, the ceremonial of the aprons connotes many things—long leisurely afternoons, sewing-circles where people still sew by hand; also an interest in one's neighbors, and thorough and exhaustive knowledge of their characters and motives, utterly unknown to unfortunate dwellers in cities.

It was at a tea at Miss Serena Potter's that an interested guest heard a bit of character analysis that gave her food for much thought.

"Marietta Barber's back from Portland," Miss Mattie Reed announced. "I saw her yesterday. She's wearing lewes down to her knuckles. She says everybody does down in Portland."

"Marietta Barber allus did have a knack for seeing the newest thing before anybody else," another lady remarked, thoughtfully. "It ain't the going to Portland; she'd have sensed out those sleeves if she hadn't stepped off her own porch."

"She certainly has what you might call an open mind," a third remarked, with a ripple of amusement in her eyes.

It was then that Miss Serena Potter lifted up her voice. People always listened when Miss Serena spoke.

"Well, yes," she agreed, "Marietta Barber has got an open mind—that just describes it—open twenty-four hours in the day; on Sundays, too. Sometimes I wonder if the doors ain't been took off it entirely and mislaid. Seems if 'twould be kind of a relief to have it closed once in a spell. Ef you leave your cellar door open day and night, things are bound to get in—dogs or cats or chickens—that don't belong there, and won't improve the things that do belong there; and it seems to me it ain't so very different with folks' minds. As far as I can learn, it ain't till you get to the New Jerusalem—and that's quite a journey for most of us—that it's safe to leave doors open all the time."

There occurred to the listener a sentence from a certain pleasant essayist: "The would-be reformer should be willing to disabuse himself of prejudices and cultivate what is known as an 'open mind'; not so open, either, as to interfere with its capability for being violently closed as often as occasion demand."

Miss Serena seemed to have the root of the matter.—Youth's Companion.

LOOKING FOR A SMUGGLER.

Customs Officials Changed Tactics After Reading a Telegram.

The gentle American smuggler is putting up one fortissimo roar just now because Collector Loeb is interfering with his pastime. Half the newspapers in town have their editorial pages filled with hollers from people who have been stopped and searched on the docks on their return from Europe, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star says. Unpleasant, certainly, but Mr. Loeb's position would seem to be supported by the fact that he has practically doubled the receipt of customs duties since he took charge here. It isn't nearly so easy to slip an inspector a green bill, and bring in an armful of oriental pearls as it used to be. Naturally enough, the wronged persons are squeaking violently. It is annoying to be searched by a total stranger—especially if one has omitted to declare a bunch of dutiable junk. Not all the inspectors are as polite as they might be, though little fault can rightfully be found with the majority. But they are only human, and it occasionally happens that some chesty person tries to rub their noses the wrong way, and has his own wiped in return. One such "got his" the other day, but managed to turn the tables in an original way. He had insulted the inspector saucily and patiently throughout the examination, being supported by the fact that he hadn't a fippence worth of dutiable stuff in his luggage. The enraged official had dumped every last rag out of the passenger's trunk upon the pier, examined it all under the microscope, and then reluctantly affixed the proper stamp. He started away. "Here," said the arrival, "you pack up my trunk."

"Nix on that comedy, pa," said the inspector. "It don't get a laugh in Noo Yawk no more. Try some new stuff."

The passenger just hissed at him and beckoned to a messenger who stood near. "I'll let you read this telegram before I send it," he said to the inspector, and wrote busily. The message read:

"Secretary Knox, Washington—Won't be able to dine with you this evening because of unwarranted hold-up by customs inspector on the pier."

The inspector sat right down and prayerfully jammed all that lingerie back into the trunk. If Mr. Knox got a telegram from a man he never heard of, stating that he could not eat a dinner he had never been asked to, this is the reason therefor.

Great Scheme.

Mrs. Simpson in her "Many Memories of Many People," says of Archbishop Whatley: "He was utterly regardless of appearance. If he came to us without a servant and perceived a hole in his black stocking he would put a piece of sticking plaster on the corresponding part of his leg to conceal the defect."

Why He Got His.

The vendor of images, who had just been thrown out of a large office building, wept bitterly as he looked at his torn clothes and broken wares.

"Who did this?" inquired the friendly cop. "I'll pinch 'em if you say the word."
"No; it was my fault," said the victim, gathering up the remains of a plaster image. "I insisted on trying to sell a bust of Noah Webster to a meeting of simplified spellers."—Denver Republican.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. R. Cimetel, Le Roy, N. Y.

Money to Burn.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.
"Them chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."
"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat. "It must be thot tainted money we do av hearin' so much about."—Success Magazine.

Great Home Eye Remedy

For all diseases of the eye, quick relief from using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

At the Summer Resort.

Clara—What an interesting man Mr. Robinson is. He always holds one's attention.

Charlie—When I saw you both on the porch last evening I thought he was holding something much more substantial than your attention.—Judge.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

Faulty Example.

"You must think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsing, chidingly. "Just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no centurion to go by."



For DISTEMPER

Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever and Catarrhal Fever
Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures the Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special agents wanted.
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Made from pure, carefully tested materials. Get a can on trial. You never saw such cakes and biscuit. They'll open your eyes.



Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws

As Yet. Teacher—What do we know concerning the canals on Mars?
Shaggy Haired Puppl—Geel! We don't know any more about 'em than we do about our own north pole.

Offended Dignity. Irg Grett—Polly dear, let me slope with you the first dark night!
Polly Glett—Elope with me! The idea! I supposed you wanted to elope with you!

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity." B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.

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