

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We give them the formula for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Sold for over 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a remedy that should be in every home. I have used a great deal of it for hard coughs and colds, and I know what a splendid medicine it is. I cannot recommend it too highly."—MARK E. COHEN, Hyde Park, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

One Way.

St Haymow—Gimme a ticket t' Slabtown, mister.

Agent—One way?

St Haymow—Why, of course, y' darn fool. There's only one way t' Slabtown.—Toledo Blade.

Machine that Smokes Cigars.

The department of agriculture employs a machine to smoke cigars. It has four mouthpieces, in each of which a cigar is inserted. For ten seconds the smoke is drawn in and is then puffed out, the process being repeated every half minute. While the "inhaling" is going on the way in which the filling and the wrapper burn are carefully noted, the ash is examined and the odor of the burning tobacco observed. The plant from which each of the cigars is made is known and the one that makes the best showing in the competition is selected for planting. The test is proving an aid to the American tobacco industry by teaching the farmers what kinds of tobacco to plant in order to receive the highest financial returns.

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Tex., says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nothing Doing.

It was a dull morning in the police court, and the magistrate, a benedict of long standing, sat in his chair looking into space. A prisoner was brought before him and the policeman made a charge.

"Intoxicated, eh?" muttered the court, absent-mindedly.

"Yes, your honor," admitted the prisoner.

"Are you married?" asked the magistrate.

"No," was the reply.

"Then what excuse do you have?" demanded the court, mechanically signing the commitment paper.

A titter ran over the audience and the magistrate came to with a start, glancing apprehensively at the reporters. When court was adjourned, contrary to his usual custom, he called the newspaper men before him.

"Do you find anything to write this morning?" he asked in a clearly apprehensive tone.

"No," was the reply.

The magistrate looked relieved. "That's good—that is—I mean I thought there wasn't anything worth writing," he said.—New York Sun.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.

A Warrior, Too.

The wooden boards that had marked the graves in a certain rural cemetery rotted off, and were raked up in the spring cleaning; consequently, on Memorial day, when the delegation from the G. A. R. arrived with flags and appropriate floral decorations for their departed comrades, the decorating committee found itself somewhat in doubt as to which grave belonged to Captain Blodgett and which to Hannan Ericson. The mistaken delegates heaped their offerings upon Hannan's last resting-place, and departed. That afternoon Ericson, the widower, drifted, with the rest of his world, to the cemetery. When he saw the flag and the flowers above Hannan, the astonished Swede fell to chuckling joyously.

"Well," he explained, delightedly, "dese faller bane pooty smart, too! Ay tank dat vor all right and som gude yoke on Hannan—he vor pooty gude fighter herselluf."

Bacteria as Engineers.

Improbable as it may seem, states a scientist in the government employ, it appears to be a fact that bacteria are able to cause the breaking down of stone walls.

Recent investigations have shown that nitrifying bacteria swarm in the mud forced by the disintegration of cement in reservoirs, and it is believed that the decay of the cement results from the action of nitrous acid produced by the bacteria. Yet these same microscopic engineers, whose myriads undermine solid walls of masonry, are nevertheless of immense use to man, because they are chief agents in the purification of water.—Philadelphia Record.

National bank notes are one-sixth of the money in circulation.

Gold now constitutes nearly one-half our stock of money.



"Are you fond of music?" asked the bill clerk, as he jerked himself into his new overcoat and settled the lapels with rather more than usual care.

"Why do you ask, my son?" responded the cashier. "Is it your intention to surprise me with a phonograph or a piano player? Some people labor under the impression that those things are musical devices. Perhaps you want to take me to a concert? Sixteen, twenty-four, twenty-nine, thirty-eight, forty-two dollars and eighty-three cents precisely, and that makes the balance. Hello! What's the matter? Do you know that it's two minutes and several seconds after 5 o'clock? What's keeping you?"

"I don't know anything about music myself, but I know what I like and what I don't like. I was sort of wondering. They tell me I've got a musical ear, but I don't know. Suppose that I have got a musical ear, do you think that in course of time I could get used to something that didn't seem to me very darned musical? Do you think that I could get to like it?" The bill clerk spoke with some anxiety.

"It depends," replied the cashier. "You might, and then again you mightn't. I've heard of instances where people with musical ears resided in the immediate vicinity of boiler shops and in the course of time got so they didn't mind it a particle—rather liked it. I never lived near a boiler shop myself, so I couldn't pretend to speak with authority. I never heard of anybody getting used to a parrot, however. Is there a parrot in the flat below you? If there is, I wouldn't go to the trouble of getting used to it. I'd lodge a complaint with the agent. Which of your ears is musical? I hadn't noticed any difference in them."

"You're a fierce joshier," said the bill clerk, sarcastically. "Well, it isn't of any particular consequence, only I don't see why you can't ever answer a civil question without trying to be smart."

"Don't be offended," begged the cashier. "Wait till I put these books away and I'll consider your question seriously. I had an idea at first that you were working some gag on me, and if I said 'yes' you'd tell me to do some idiotic thing or other and make me lose my temper. Do I think—Say, state your case? What is it that you want to get used to?"

"I'll tell you," said the bill clerk, confidentially. "I'm calling on one of the nicest girls you ever saw."

"Nothing new about that," commented the cashier. "They're all the nicest

I ever saw. You've got the largest acquaintance among nice girls I ever heard of. I don't quite understand how they can be really all they're said to be if they let you hang around. They may be all right at heart, but they're certainly a little weak in the head."

"That's all right," said the bill clerk. "You can say all you want to about me, but I want to tell you that I don't stand for any funny business with respect to this young lady. She's all right, and you don't want to forget to remember it. I'm not fooling now."

"Serious matter, is it?"

"You bet it is. She's the real thing. She's a looker, and she isn't only a looker, but she's there with the goods in every other respect. If I— Well, I'll tell you. On the dead, there isn't anything the matter with her, only she's been taking a lot of singing lessons and she's a little swollen on her singing. I am, too. She's a singer, all right, only— Well, some of those pieces that she sings are fierce. Do you know 'The Holy City'?"

"It seems to me dimly that I've either heard of it or heard somebody sing it."

"That's one of the things she's stuck on," said the bill clerk. "The Palms" is another, and she sings 'Dearie.' Most always when there's a bunch of company she obliges the lot with 'The Holy City' or the other thing. I liked to hear her at first, but it's getting old. She sings 'Dearie' or 'Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me' when I call on her by myself. We'll be sitting all comfortable and a nice line of talk going on when she'll jump up and say, 'I'll sing to you.' And she does it. I've kind of hinted around that I'd sooner visit, but it ain't no use. Now, if we was to get—well, if I had to hear it all the time would I get used to it? Her folks seem to like it, and they've had more of it than I have. What would you do?"

"I'd reason with her," replied the cashier. "I'd say, 'Maud, darling, forgive me if I tell you that the partiality of parents and friends has fostered in you an unhappy delusion. You think that you can sing, but believe me, you can't. You can't sing for sour apples; it's painful to listen to you. Dear girl, cut it out.' Be frank with her. She'll appreciate it."

"You're crazy," said the bill clerk.

"You asked me my advice," said the cashier. "You tell her what I told you and I'll bet she'll never sing to you any more. It's the only way I know to stop 'em."—Chicago Daily News.

A LABRADOR MAIL-CARRIER.

The mail carrier of the Labrador coast is a man of endurance who does not fear the worst of weather. There is no road at all. There are no bridges and no ferries. In some parts of the country the houses are as much as twenty miles apart. There are mountains to climb and rivers to cross, bogs to pass, impenetrable barren uplands and large lakes. In "Off the Rocks" Dr. Grenfell tells of one mail-carrier whose route is about 100 miles long, and who receives as compensation \$10 a trip.

We were pitying ourselves one night as we turned into our comfortable sleeping-bags on the floor of our host's tilt—pitying ourselves because it had been a heavy day on our dogs, and it was nearly 10 o'clock before we reached shelter. When I awoke in the morning, as the gray dawn was stealing in through the little window, I thought I heard a movement by the stove. There seemed something almost uncanny about it until I made out what it was, and could distinguish a tiny, erect figure, sitting bolt upright where none had been overnight.

It proved to be Peter Wright. He had arrived about 2 in the morning, noiselessly stationed himself by the stove, and gone straight off to sleep, sitting on the settle, without a word to any one, as satisfied as if he were in a feather bed.

Now this place was where three carriers meet. The one from the westward was late, and Pete did not get his mails handed over until 9 in the evening. He had thirty miles to his next station, and the temperature was 20 below zero. At 10 he rose to go.

"What, Pete, never going to leave at this time of night, are you?"

"Why, sure," he replied. "With a moon like this 'tis better in the woods than when skeeters are about. So long, doctor!" and with that he went out absolutely alone.

Pete is always ready to oblige, and never happier than when the space on his back, ordinarily monopolized by his official bundle, permits him to carry a ten-pound tub of butter or a couple of jars of molasses, just to oblige. It isn't for the money alone that Pete works.

It is lucky he does not have to pay hotel bills as he journeys from place to place. There would be little left of the salary beyond enough for "skin boots" if he were charged for meals. But there are no hotel bills on the coast, and we are incapable of an idea so original as to ask Pete to pay for anything.

A Curious Fact.

Did you ever notice that the dummy clocks in front of jewelry shops are always set at 8:18?

"Yes, I have noticed that."

"And do you know why these clocks are always set at that hour?"

"No. Why is it?"

"Well, some people hold that George Washington was born at 8:18, and that the clocks commemorate that auspicious moment. Others hold that at 8:18 the writing of the Declaration of Independence was completed. But there is no truth in such ideas. We don't need to go so far back in order to find out why all dummy clocks mark 8:18. These clocks are all set at that hour for the reason that such an arrangement of the hands gives the most room on the dial for the jeweler's name and address."

Failed to See the Joke.

"I say, D'Orsay, have you ever heard that joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two kinds of skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?"

"Aw, deah boy—no—aw, let me heah it."—Boston Transcript.

Willing to Chip In.

He—I told your father I couldn't live without you.

She—And what did he say?

He—Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses.—Half Holiday.

BY WAY OF THANKS.

That Lafayette's services to this country are still held in cherished memory is shown by the great value placed on relics of the generous Frenchman. The marquis's chaise, in good preservation, has just been placed in the Memorial Hall at Cincinnati. But America once had an opportunity to express her thanks in a more practical and satisfactory form than by giving ovations or collecting souvenirs. Murat Halstead, in an article in the Cosmopolitan, gives an account of how James Monroe did the good turn which the marquis's services deserved.

Lafayette, favorite at court, a gay young soldier married at the age of 16, was an officer at the garrison of Metz when the impulse came on him to seek adventure in America. He came without leave, without the consent or the countenance of the French government. He was an enthusiast for humanity and liberty. What he did for America every schoolboy knows.

Later, when the war was over, the marquis and his family were back in France. James Monroe, American minister, arrived in Paris just after the fall of Robespierre. The news was brought to him that Madame Lafayette was in prison, and that all efforts for her release had failed.

Monroe was placed in a delicate position, between his official station and his sense of his country's obligation. In his report of the affair he declares that he is prepared to "go beyond the line of official reserve" to save the lady. Behind those dull lines of report there is a story full of interest.

Monroe was not a man to weigh consequences when he bore in mind how much his nation owed to Lafayette. An extremity was threatening, and he "crossed the line."

Learning that Madame Lafayette was soon to be led to the guillotine, he sent his wife to La Force prison in the official carriage of the legation. The trappings announced to every one the dignity of the American minister, then the only representative in Paris of any of the nations of the earth.

Mrs. Monroe played her part with charming audacity. She did not go as a suppliant, but in state, demanding admittance.

Madame Lafayette, expecting every moment a summons to the scaffold, was told that the wife of the American minister wished to see her. Feeling hope of rescue, the poor woman fell sobbing at Mrs. Monroe's feet. The wife of the minister raised her tenderly and spoke words of cheer. Then she announced in a tone which was heard by the officials that she would call the next day. When that time came, however, it was not necessary to keep her promise. Madame Lafayette had been released.

She hastened immediately to the house of the Monroes to express her gratitude for their timely aid.

The Quiet Man Speaks.

The American truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of them could train a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephant-ants," said the quiet man.—Old Scrap Book.

Mistaken in the Eggs.

O. D. Pitts, a farmer of Caroline County, tells the following remarkable story:

He says he was plowing with a pair of horses on his farm, and turned up a nest containing what he supposed to be turtle eggs. He put them in his pocket to carry them home and experiment with them as to their hatching qualities. Some time later, when he took up his coat, he felt something moving, and upon investigation found that the eggs had hatched and his pocket was full of young snakes. He did not experiment any further.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Domestic Note.

Tete de Veau took a newspaper from his pocket, chuckling.

"Look here," he said. "Look at this advertisement Smith has in the personal column: 'Come back, and I'll be kinder.' When did his wife leave him, do you know?"

"It isn't his wife," L'Oignon answered. "It's his cook."

Be candid! Wouldn't it be a terrible thing if others don't love you any more than you love them?

Lots of women claim to be man-haters, but they can't prove it.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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