

# Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. MEYER, Washington, D. C.

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

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

### The Old Dinner Bell.

There's music in the lowin' of the cattle on the hills,  
An' in the lazy laughter of the waterfalls an' rills;  
In the singin' of the bluebird an' the hummin' of the bee,  
An' the ole woodpecker peckin' on the holler sugar tree.  
There's music in the blossom an' the clear blue of the sky,  
In the screamin' of the chicken hawk a-circlin' 'way up high;  
But the sweetest songs of June time ain't nowhere near a smell  
To the music 'long at noontime of the old dinner bell.

When plowin' in the distant fields, clean out o' sight o' home,  
A-wishin', too, with all your heart that dinner time would come,  
You watch the furries stretch away aroun' the lower bend,  
An' potter 'round a bit before you start for t'other end,  
An' you bend your head an' listen to ketch the welcome sound,  
An' calc'late it's put nigh noon by shadows on the ground,  
When through the hazy atmosphere, your longin' to dispel,  
Comes the fur-off silv'ry music of the ole dinner bell.

When the harvest day is over an' the toilers' work is done,  
Over wavin' corn an' clover tinted by the settin' sun,  
Low an' sweet the distant music of the ole bell floats along;  
Borne upon the evenin' breezes, mingled with the reapers' song,  
An' you look across the medder, past the ole crick windin' through,  
Where the ringer sweet is waitin' with a welcome there for you.  
Oh, there ain't no joys of summer that can strike you quite so well,  
As the ringin', when you're hungry, of the ole dinner bell.  
—Indianapolis News.

### A Bad Fit.

An English tourist in the Highlands tells the following amusing story. He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the North of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment. At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp-post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and, finding it a difficult operation, he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir, but you must move up a bit! Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of Parliament you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space." "Aye, aye, my friend," replied the farmer, "that's a very guid for you that's been built that way; but ye canna blame me if I ha'ena been constructit according to act of Parliament!"

Nothing more detestable does the earth produce than an ungrateful man.—Aesop.

### HOW STOKERS KEEP COOL.

Oatmeal Water Is What They Drink While Shoveling Coal.

The most aggravating thing on the face of the earth is to be advised to keep cool when to keep cool seems to be out of the question and you are sweltering, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

There are just a few common rules, however, that a person can observe that will at least bring him, if not absolute comfort, relief from something worse. We won't call them rules. With the thermometer soaring around the 100 mark no one wishes to burden himself with rules. Let us call them suggestions. We are talking now to the city-bound man—the man who cannot go to where the breezes blow, but must plod through his daily toil in spite of thermometers and fiery suns and fight against old General Humidity, who is the foe of all suffering mankind. The other fellow can look after himself.

Don't be tempted to pour alcoholic liquid of any kind down your throat. That is the first and best suggestion. It heats and adds fuel to the flames already burning altogether too fiercely. Nor it is wise to eat heavy meals of meats and hot soups. A man who begins the day with fruit, rolls or toast and a broiled tomato, for instance, is much better off than the one who calls for steaks and greasy potatoes.

The roasts which many business men snatch in the middle of the day are not necessary in this burning weather. If you must have meat try a small slice of cold mutton or beef and a salad of some green stuff. If the luncheon is confined to the salad you will probably feel better and keep cooler. Iced tea moderately taken is not bad, but don't make the mistake of drinking even iced tea or lemonade in great quantities. Great drafts of ice water do more harm than good.

Down in the holds of the ocean monsters, where scores of men are shoveling coal into the mouths of the immense furnaces, it is far hotter weather than a landsman can find even under the direct rays of the sun. It is so hot down there that the stokers go naked to the waist. Their thirst is intense and they alleviate it in a simple way. They do not seize up buckets of ice water and drink for momentary relief. They know better than that. They have had experience with heat, and they adopt the very best method when they take a mouthful of cool water upon which is floating a little oatmeal. They have found that this drink is just what they need.

If you should adopt that system in your office you would find your thirst much better allayed than by drinking quarts of ice water and making frequent trips to the bar or the soda fountain. Take a leaf from the experience of the stoker. Eat only light food, drink moderately of plain beverages, never touching those of the alcoholic variety, and you will be in a condition to ward off the heat when the immoderate eater and drinker will succumb.

### No Pleasing a Woman.

"You were once so sunny and bright," he said complainingly, "a regular ray of sunshine. What has changed you?"

"Yes," replied she. "I suppose I am what might be termed a ex-ray of sunshine, but it is your constantly coming home cross that has spoiled my cheerfulness."

"Well!" exclaimed he angrily, "if it is a woman's place to dispel her husband's gloom, isn't it the husband's business to furnish something for her to dispel?"

And he strode angrily away to his work, grumbling at the unreasonableness of womankind.—Baltimore American.

When a man has a picture taken for the first five weeks afterward he spends a great deal of time in taking surreptitious looks at it, and wondering if every one else sees the good points in it so plain to his eyes.

An elderly person is a mighty poor judge of a circus.

# SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself.  
Columbus, Ohio. **VICTOR STUBBINS,**  
Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

Nothing Doing.  
"Now that I have sold you a policy," said the insurance agent, "I will make you an interesting proposition. Give me some letters of introduction to people you know and I will give you half my commission on every one of them I land."  
"My dear man!" cried the new policy holder, "I haven't an enemy on earth!"—Newark News.

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

Stockbrokers and Juries.  
A prominent New York stockbroker says: "The newspapers do not get wind of even a small fraction of the suits brought against brokers because of misunderstandings between us and our customers. Ninety-nine customers out of every hundred think we rob them when they lose their money in the market and give us no credit when they win. We do our hardest to settle all suits out of court, for there is not a jury on earth that will find a verdict for a stock broker. Why? Simply because every juror has been scorched now and then in the market and holds a grudge against all brokers."—New York Press.

Similar, but Different.  
Wife—Why, George, I'm surprised that you should spend \$5 for a hat!  
Husband—Huh! That's nothing. You paid \$12 for yours.  
Wife—I never did anything of the kind. I had it charged to you.

To Break in New Shoes.  
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not Specially Interested.  
"My dear girl, do you think it is right to let that young man spend so much money on you?"  
"Why not? I have no intention of marrying him."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 363 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Source of Supplies.  
"William," said the minister's wife, "if you want me to repair your trousers you'll have to go down town and get some buttons."  
"Never mind, my dear; let it go till next week," replied the good man. "I'm going to take up a collection for the benefit of the heathen Sunday."

# 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.

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Bears the Signature of

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