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. Meyers, Washington, D. C.

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Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

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

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.

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."

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may be your fortune. Take care of it; keep your complexion good and clear.

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IS JUST WHAT IS NEEDED. "Prussian Poultry Food is just what is needed in raising poultry.—C. R. MOGLIN, Latah, Wash.

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OUR OLD MAINEVILLE BAND

BY MYRTLE SEDAM TULLIS

Ta.. about yer simph'ny concerts, with their furbelows and frills,
An' yer recitals an' yer prodigies, with their quavers an' their trills—
Why, fer real soul-stirring music, I'd have you understand,
These new-fangled doin's ain't a patch on our old Maineville aBnd.

That 'ere band has a history. Way back in sixty-two
It marched away with banners gay to cheer the Boys in Blue.
An' when the war was over and back they'd come to stay
There warn't as many, not by half, as when they marched away.

So we albost had to make the hull thing over, so to speak,
An' we gathered in the school house fer to practice twice a week;
An' we'd parade on Decoration Day, when 'twas hot enough to brile—
But we didn't care, when the women folks 'ud wave their hands and smile.

John Clinton was the leader (he was Mayor of Mainsville, too),
An' ef you'd a bit of talent, why, he'd get it out o' you;
An' there was Tufts an' Stevens, Eastman, Gilky, Owens, Shawan, Legge and Cain,
Dwinell and Shields (the tuba player), Develvus, Witham and McClain.

Of course there's lots of others, their sons and their grandsons—
In all more'n three hundred—but them are the oldest ones
That did the organizin'; but Death's devastatin' hand
Has only spared three fellers from that first old Maineville Band.

An' then our great band waggin—'twas the regulation kind—
With the driver's seat high up in front an' the drummer's up behind,
An' t'other seats sloped grajerly, and—well, I'll explain to you
By sayin' they resembled jest a great, big, shaller U.

'Twas built right here in Maineville, an' the blacksmith bossed the job—
His surname slips my mem'ry, but his given name was Bob—
An' old "Daddy" Stearns he made the wheels, so powerful, strong and fit
That, thou' five and forty years have passed, they're strong and stiddy yit.

The runnin' gear was yaller, but the waggin it was red,
An' feather plumes, red, white and blue, adorned each horse's head.
An' with them six horses prancin' with all their might and main,
Sich an inspirin' spectacle I'll never see again.

They subscribed six hundred dollars fer to fix up that old band,
But the buildin' didn't cost much, fer the hull town took a hand,
An' the Squire an' the Mayor'd come in whenever work was slack,
An' the minister 'ud often doff his coat an' take a whack.

We played our first engagement in the year of fifty-nine,
Down to Mason, on July the Fourth, the weather it was fine.
An' as we started playin', with the drum a goin' thr-r-ap!
That 'ere part of Warren county was a credit to the map.

Onc't a week we gave a concert so the Maineville folks could hear,
An' we made a heap o' money at engagements fur an' near.
But at night when home returnin' we'd wake our kith an' kin,
An' rouse the sleepin' echoes with the strains of "Home Agin."

Well, the band got so famous they was wanted everywhere,
To play at celebrations, sir, an' at the County Fair,
An' at Lebanon an' Wilmington, an' as fur as Morrowtown,
In fact from several counties did glowin' praise resoun'.

But now the organization that was once the city's pride
Is busted up, an' all the boys are scattered fur and wide.
One's in the Legislatur, and one's an actor great,
An' one in Congress represents this deestrict of the State.

An' now the old band waggin, with all its glory shed,
Like a faded specter of the past it stands in Stephen's shed.
An' sometimes when children play in it, it heaves a creaky sigh,
As if longin' for its cronies, and the days that have gone by.

But, like the old band waggin', I am shaky now and old,
An' I cal'late soon to take a trip where all the streets are gold.
But I feel sure that some old comrade will grasp me by the hand
An' say, "'Member how we used to play in that Old Maineville Band?"

—St. Louis Chronicle.

PLANTS BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

It has been known for some time that plant life is affected favorably by electric light, and now it appears that acetylene gas light acts in a similar manner. Some interesting experiments in this direction have recently been conducted by Mr. M. J. Jorns of Cornell Agricultural College, with striking results. Plants exposed durthe night to the illumination of acetylene gas grew to twice the size of those left to the nursing of the sun only, and vegetables attained dimensions double those which were unassisted in the matter of illumination. The accompanying illustration shows very clearly the difference in growth made by plants under the two different conditions. The plant in bloom was stimulated by acetylene gas at night, while the less matured one depended on sunlight only.

The experiments were carried on through three months in a hothouse. This house was divided into two parts by a curtain. This curtain was hung in such a way that each half of the house received the same illumination from the sun. The beds on each side were exactly alike, not only in size, but in location and contents. If a lily was planted in a certain part of a bed on one side, another of the same species and age was set out in the same part of the corresponding bed on the other. An equipment consisting of twelve 85-candle power acetylene lamps was erected on one side of the curtain. Ordinary tin reflectors over each light threw their rays downward upon the soil. The lights were run whenever it was dark, the length of time ranging from nine to fourteen hours, according to the period of daylight. The soil, temperature and amount of mixture were as nearly the same on each side of the curtain as it was possible to make them.

The plants on the acetylene side in many instances matured twice as fast as those on the other side of the partition. Radishes, onions and several other kinds of plants which develop their edible parts below the surface of the ground were found to have pursued their usual course, except that they grew twice as fast as those not placed under the influence of the acetylene light.

TOO MUCH ATHLETICS.

Tennis and Sprinting Apt to Induce Weakness of the Heart.

Prof. James, of the University of Illinois, says that an investigation of some years has convinced him that much evil has resulted from college athletics, according to the Boston Globe.

PROF. JAMES.

College athletes, he finds, bring on by overexertion a number of ills, of which the worst and most common is weakness of the heart, that, developing with maturity, unfits the victim for continued efficient effort in business, and eventually carries him off before his time.

Sprinting and tennis he believes to be the two sports which work the most havoc with the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a condition which often promoted long life was prudently poor health at an early age. He meant by this that a man, like President Roosevelt we might say in our own time, who in his youth had to husband his strength, and by slow and careful process develop the good health that he lacked, would be more likely to escape the dangers of overexertion, in which the careless giant was tempted to indulge.

Still, given strength and good health in the beginning, moderate exercise of one's powers cannot fail to be a source of renewed strength as well as of healthful enjoyment.

FLASHES OF FUN

Knicker—Why do you call your auto "Taxes?" Bocker—Because folks dodge it so.—New York Sun.

Business.—"How much have you got, Billy?" "Fourpence." "I've got twopence. Let's put it together and go halves!"—Punch.

"They say there's no chance for the rich in the next world." "That's probably the reason they're getting most everything here!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Goodley—Her age really surprised me. She doesn't look 28, does she? Mrs. Snappe—Not now; but I suppose she did at one time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nell—Somebody told me to-day that I was handsome. Bell—When was that? Nell—To-day. Belle—No; I mean when were you handsome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An unknown commodity: Rachel—Vader! Cohen—Yah. Rachel—I vant some spending money. Cohen—Spending money? Vat kind of money is dot?—Town Topics.

Teacher—What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator? Soffmore—He had to learn how to talk Greek.—Philadelphia Press.

She—When should a young widow discard her weeds? He—Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms.—Baltimore Herald.

Mother—Oh, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case. Tommy (eagerly)—Oh, ma! does "hopeless" mean you're going to give up talkin' about it?—Philadelphia Press.

An absent-minded butcher was asked by a young mother to weigh her baby. He put the little one on the scales, and, glancing at the dial, remarked: "Just nine pounds, bones and all. Shall I remove the bones?"—Ex.

An Oklahoma man has discovered that there were department stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes the fourteenth verse in the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Ex.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed a rheumatic patient, "I suffer dreadfully with my hands and feet." "But, my dear sir," rejoined the physician, "just try to think how much inconvenience you would suffer without them."—London Tit-Bits.

"I understand," began the large, scrappy-looking ward politician, "dat youse had a piece in your paper callin' me a thief." "You have been misinformed, sir," said the editor, calmly; "this paper publishes only news."—Cleveland Leader.

"What's the matter?" asked the optimist; "I thought your uncle had left you $100,000?" "He did," replied the pessimist, "but confound it, he provides in his will that I've got to use $150 of it to buy him a tombstone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?" "I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—Washington Star.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose. Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.—London Tit-Bits.

Patient—Great Scott! Doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment! Physician—My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.—Chicago Tribune.

"If yoh husban' beats you, mebbe you kin hab him sent to de whippin-pos'," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson. "If my husban' ever beats me," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin'-pos' if dey wants to. But dey'll have to wait till he gits out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

A Southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, suh," she said, "it was jes' the finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere, hundreds of guests, music, an' er heap er prayin'." "Indeed," commented her master. "And I suppose Sambo looked as handsome as any of them." An embarrassed pause. "Well, no—not 'xactly, suh. Would yer believe it, dat fool nigger neber shower up!"

A farm laborer was working in a field by the roadside one cold day, when a clergyman came along the road and stopped to speak to him. "Plenty of work for you this weather, John?" he called out. "Ah!" said John, "I don't know when I don't have work, no matter what weather comes." "That's hard, John," said the clergyman; "but wait till you get to the place of rest, then you will have no work to do." "Humph!" grumbled John, "you needn't tell me! They'll find a job for John, never fear! It will be: 'Now, John, polish up the sun!' 'John, you might hang out the stars!' 'John, be quick, now and light up the moon!' No no, parson, there ain't no place of rest for John."

Wit, when we amateurs engage in it, is sometimes pretty ghastly.

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.

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 nowheres 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' cale'late it's put nigh noon by shadders 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 acrost 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.

Railroad Traveling in Belgium.

Railway travel is cheap in Belgium, according to a report received at the State Department from United States Consul McNally at Liege. He says that the Belgian state railway sells tickets on a time basis which enables the holder to travel continuously, if desired, for the period stated on the ticket, within the limits of the country. For instance, a five-day ticket will cost $3.86, and a fifteen-day ticket, $7.72. During the life of one of these tickets it serves as a pass, and it is only necessary to show it upon request. The above rates refer to second class only. All that is required to obtain these tickets is to present at the office an unmounted photograph of small size, which is attached to the ticket as a means of identification.

He Certainly Did.

Enpeck—Green eloped with Brown's wife yesterday, I understand.

Mrs. Enpeck—Why, I thought Green was Brown's best friend.

Enpeck—Well, didn't he prove it?

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

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.

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.

An Easy Job.

Big Chief Scared-of-His-Job had met with an accident while scouring the plains and it was necessary for the army surgeon to amputate his leg. After a time the missing limb was replaced by a wooden one, and meeting him later the doctor said:

"How do you like your wooden leg, old man?"

"Ugh!" responded Scared-of-His-Job. "Injun likum heap much. Injun likum you makum all wood."

"Make you all wood?" queried the M. D. in surprise. "What for?"

"Injun make heap money then," answered the noble red man. "Getum job standum in front of cigar store. Ugh!"

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., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Same Boat.

Bess—Charlie, will you tell me what time it is? I've left my watch at my aunt's.

Charlie—Awfully sorry, but I can't. I've left mine at my uncle's.—Detroit Free Press.

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."

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

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.

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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 Diarrhœa 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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