

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—Glumme a ticket t' Slabtown, mister.
Agent—One way?
St Haymow—Why, of course, y' dura fule. 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. GROVE'S 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, "dome taller bane poety smart, too! Ay tank dat vor all right and som gude yoke on Hannan—he vor poety gude fighter berself."

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.

COLLECTING UNCLE SAM'S REVENUE IN THE FROZEN NORTH



windblown snow sifted back and forth as dry as sand.

Hootch making was rife throughout the country. Illicit stills, scarce hid from view, made moonshine for those who had the price. It was a fiery stuff, throat burning, with a strength of alcohol that bit into the blood. The Indians of Alaska quickly found it out and under its influence sold the furs that they had trapped with utter disregard of real value. Distilled from anything that would ferment, it finally became a menace to the whites, and many a brawl and murder was traceable to it.

To put an end to this condition of affairs was the intention of Collector Crocker when he appointed Cameron, and to-day, throughout the length and breadth of all Alaska, while one hears whisperings of stills close hid and dripping hootch, there is no open breaking of the law. When he had outfitted, Cameron set out at once upon his travels, and mysteriously, as word flies in the wild, news went the length and breadth of Alaska that the government must have its own. Men made returns and paid taxes that had slumbered lightly upon their conscience for years, and hootch makers hid their stills underneath the snows. The government, personified by Cameron, went far afield. Men who had forgot that law can penetrate behind the blind of ice grew to remember it and obey.

Fifty-mile journeys across wastes of snow are only little trips for Cameron, and sometimes his day's travel covers a hundred miles, from one tiny group of winter-prisoned houses to the next. His is a life of hardship and bitter work. Camping at night, sometimes in solitude of snow that reaches endlessly, he cooks his food, cares for his dogs and then seeks rest in his small tent, a man alone in an eternity of snow. Often when the time comes for him to travel on again—there is no morning there—he finds that wind-blown snow piles high above his tent and to his call sees his dogs plunge out from banks of snow, where they have slept away their rest time in snow caverns hollowed by the warmth of their bodies. Once, when the drop of mercury had caught him unprepared, frost mastered him out and a drowse crept upon him that presaged death by freezing. Scarce knowing what he did, or caring, for the luxury of numbness was upon him strong, he lined his dogs out for

the nearest settlement, wrapped himself up as best he could, told the dogs wearily to start up and went to sleep. When he woke up the fires of a thousand white-hot needles prickled in his veins, and he found that his team, true to the trust that he had placed in it, had followed the guidance of the wolfish leader and brought him to where rough-handed rescue waited him.

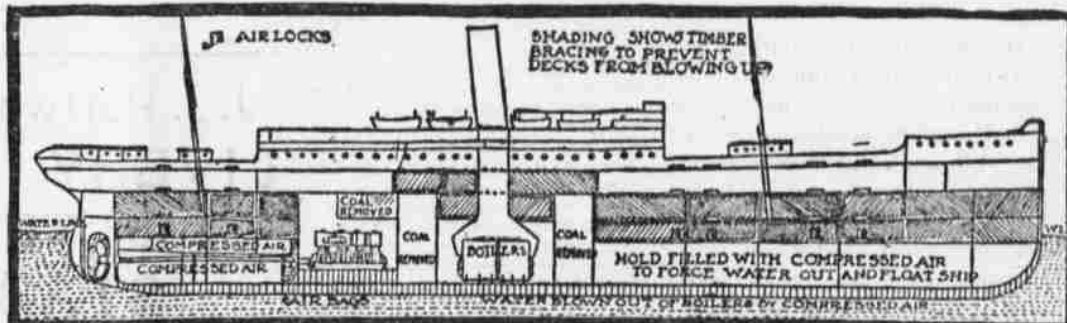
Some of Mr. Cameron's trips creling from Nome up along the bleak north shore and back down the Yukon figure up 2,500 miles, and among the experiences that have been his is a 2,000-mile chase after the worst hootchmaker who ever distilled illicit spirits for the sullen Indians or the reckless whites. Charles Williams, the man's name was, and his photograph is one of the ornaments of the rogues' gallery of the Northwest mounted police at Dawson.

Cameron had heard of him, and found some of the hootch distilled by him. With patient carefulness, he traced it to its source, found and destroyed the still, then set to work to track the man down. Williams fled toward the British possessions in the Northwest. The mounted police, warned by Cameron, were watching for him and captured him at once. On his release from imprisonment last year Williams decided to stay away from Alaska, for there was the old charge of illicit distilling against him, and a man who never forgot awaiting him with eagerness.

Cameron sees to it that all the laws and all the regulations promulgated by the Treasury Department that he serves are observed to the letter, and in the farthest mining camps the United States dog team is well known. The winter's zero weather does not hinder him. Snow, blown before cold winds, that piles in drifts and changes all the face of nature in a night, delays perhaps, but through the hardships that are part and parcel of winter travel in Alaska he mushes on, sleeps out in wastes of snow where there is not the slightest trace of life.

His journeyings are ceaseless. The end of one trip sees but the beginning of the next, and, while the winter binds the land with ice and zero temperature is pleasant warmth, he travels east and west and north and south, beating the path before his dogs where snows are light and travel blinding, thinking perhaps of his cozy house at Nome, but bound by his oath of office and duty driven across unending seas of snow.

FLOATING A STRANDED OCEAN LINER BY PUMPING HER FULL OF AIR.



To turn a 12,000-ton steamship into a huge steel bubble by pumping her full of compressed air, and float her off rocks on which she had been impaled for more than a year, is a feat which has been accomplished in the wrecked Allan liner Bavarian, at the suggestion of Captain Leslie, the well-known wrecking expert of Kingston, Ont.

With a full passenger list and valuable cargo, the Bavarian ran on Wye Rock, thirty-eight miles below Quebec, on the night of Nov. 8, 1905. Many of the Bavarian's compartments filled with water, and the ship settled down on the rocks. The ship's bottom plates were badly torn, and when the wreckers made an examination it was declared that the floating of the vessel would be a most difficult job.

After the Allans had worked for several weeks to get the vessel off she was turned over to Lloyds, and the underwriters set to work to save their money. All the old methods for raising vessels were employed, and failed. At last the underwriters gave it up.

The big liner lay on the rocks throughout the whole of the winter, and when spring came, and it was seen that the vessel had not suffered from the winter storms, hopes began to revive that perhaps she might yet be saved. Captain Leslie visited the wreck and after a careful examination gave it as his opinion that the big vessel could be successfully floated. He

proposed to employ compressed air to do the work. Such a thing had never been done before, but Captain Leslie succeeded in interesting Canadian and United States capitalists and engineers in the enterprise.

All the ship's compartments were made as nearly air tight as possible. Hatch after hatch was closed by plating, which was simply laid under the hatch combing, so that when the air pressure was applied the covers would be held in place. Air locks were placed on the compartments which had filled with water, and the "sand hogs" as the tunnel workers are called, felt as much at home as if they were in their New York tunnels. As the air was forced in, the water rapidly receded and the workmen were able to stop the leaks with temporary plating.

As the tide rose the air compressors were set to work and the full power of the plant used in forcing air into the hold of the ship. Suddenly there was a movement of the great hulk and as she lifted herself from her rocky bed a cheer went up from those on board. Five minutes later the Bavarian was in possession of her own again and floated clear of Wye Rock in sixty feet of water.

Fish in Inclosed Waters.

Many, not without education and a general knowledge of natural history, are mystified by the presence of fish

in inclosed waters. For many years there was open-mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Markuarte river in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam when the fish were observed and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production. This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers and webbed feet well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.

Mustn't Smell Posters.

Hay fever has been found to be a form of pollen poisoning, and 114 plants—including wheat, rye and other grains—are now known to have toxic pollen. The toxins, which vary greatly, can be used for producing antitoxins. Late experience has been that a mixture of sugar, and anti-toxin from one of the principal pollens generally cures hay fever and confers a certain immunity, 222 cases having been treated with success in 127, improvements in seventy-one and failure in twenty-four.

Many young folks can't find anything to talk about until the old folks have gone to bed.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Prepared by **Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER**
Pumpkin Seed, Licorice, Senna, Buckwheat, Syrup, Anise Seed, & Peppermint Oil.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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35 DROPS—35 CENTS
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