

Cure Constipation

and you cure its
Consequences.

These are some of the
Consequences of Constipation:

- | | | |
|------------------|--------------|----------------|
| biliousness | dizziness | headache |
| loss of appetite | weakness | vomiting |
| pimples | backache | torpid liver |
| sour stomach | vomiting | heartburn |
| depression | jaundice | foul breath |
| coated tongue | piles | sleeplessness |
| nightmare | pallor | drowsiness |
| palpitation | stitch | hot skin |
| cold feet | irritability | cramps |
| debility | nervousness | throbbing head |

AYER'S Pills

are a Sure Cure for Constipation.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. These testimonials are from the thousands received:—

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. After vainly trying various remedies, I began to take Ayer's Pills. Two boxes effected a complete cure."
D. BURKE, Saco, Maine.

The
Pill
That
Will

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action."
WM. H. DELAUCETT, Dorset, Ont.

The
Pill
That
Will

"Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them; now I have no trouble of that kind any more, and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable Cathartic Pills."
H. FLOWMAN, Portland, Oreg.

Lou had fallen overboard.

There was chaos for a time. Everybody was running to see. Some one clung to the mother, who wanted to leap after her child. Little Sue was wailing and Fannie wringing her hands and thinking how this would never have happened had she not been engaged by that hateful dude.

From the pilothouse two men leaned and watched the child—the pilot and a sort of long legged "handy Andy," known on board as Spider.

"Why don't you save her, Spider?" said the pilot. "Jump in, man. What's the use of your swimming prizes if you can't save a kid now and then?"

It hadn't occurred to Spider before, but at the word of command he leaped from the pilothouse down into the water and struck out after the dark spot that was quite distant now.

"He's too late. He can't catch her," said a passenger.

"Oh, get out!" said the captain. "That cuss could overtake the boat that started yesterday and beat her to New Orleans."

The man so disrespectfully alluded to was well along on his way when the crowd of passengers, who were straining their eyes down the river, saw the dark something on the surface of the water sink.

The mother uttered a cry and was borne half fainting into the nearest cabin. Fannie's face was white and strained, but she said not a word. The dude stood near her as silent and almost as white as she. Indeed there was no noise on board just then save the sound of little Sue's sobs.

The speck—it had become a speck—rose again, but Spider was still at a distance. He was nearer now, but it had sunk once more. Again it rose—if only he could get there in time! But what seemed to the watchers a waste of waters separated him from that little floating frock.

The captain had his fieldglass out now, and he silently passed it around. Spider was nearing the child, but before he could reach her she sank for the last time. Down he went, and I think that hardly a breath was drawn until he rose—without her!

"O God!" wailed Fannie.

The dude put his arm around her or she would have fallen.

"Don't leave her!" shouted the captain through his speaking trumpet.

"Don't turn back! Get her! Get her!"

But Spider was swimming for the nearest point on shore.

With one accord the passengers—all but the few who staid with the mother—rushed from the boat, which was moored just there. Down the bank of the river they ran till they stood opposite the struggling swimmer. He was having a hard fight to get ashore. Evidently he was badly spent. They could understand then why he gave up his

search. He was obliged to get to shore or to abandon himself as well as the child.

The passengers had felt angry with him—especially those who had done least—for turning back alone, but when they realized his condition they became anxious lest the swift current should claim him too.

Slowly he worked his way along until he neared the shore; then a strong hand laid hold of him, for the dude had yaded out up to his very neck and was bringing the exhausted swimmer in. Two or three other men laid hold when he got to shore and helped drag him out of the water. He was powerless to help himself.

"What a pity he had to turn back!" said one.

"He couldn't help it," said another.

"The poor chap's half dead himself."

"Great heavens!" shouted a stout man. "He's got her!"

Sore enough, there, held between his knees, with a deathlike grip, was a little figure shrouded in wet calico and long wet hair.

You'd have thought the people had gone mad if you had heard them. The dude was working over Spider and cheering and yelling as he worked; Fannie was on her knees, and the twin ran back and forth, from Spider to the other twin, who was standing on her head, while they slapped and pumped her without mercy.

There was nothing equal to the enduring quality of those twins. You couldn't kill one of them. That day, even before Spider came to himself, Lou was on her feet again, walking back to the boat, escorted by an immense body-guard of rejoicing people.

The next thing on the programme was to reward Spider. As he wouldn't touch a cent of money that was a difficult matter. After some inquiry Mrs. Trencher learned that although of good family and well educated Spider was by nature and habit a wanderer. She and her family were about to go out to Colorado for a trip, and in lieu of anything better offered the man the chance of going with them. Somewhat to her surprise he joyfully accepted, and ere long they and he were under way. On their return from the mountains he petitioned to come with them, promising to cook or do anything else that was useful, and all for a small wage if only they would keep him with them.

"Why, Spider," said Mrs. Trencher, "a young man like you, born and educated for something better, ought not to fill such a position."

"If I didn't, I'd be in a worse one. It's in me to go down, not up. I've led a straighter life with you folks than I ever knew before."

The upshot of it all was that for ten years Spider was one of the family—an invaluable member, too—cook, house-keeper, laundress, caterer, secretary, nurse—everything.

He had plenty to do just now, for a family wedding was on foot. Sue was still scraggy, but Lou had blossomed into a lovely, rounded out, softly tinted girl, and some one had discovered this, as men will, and made love to her, and she had made love back. They were to be married tonight, and Spider was getting ready for it all. Fannie was help-

ing on every side. She was Mrs. Brown now and was remarkably fastidious about her dress, as became one of that name.

The wedding was a simple home affair. The family wanted Spider to come in and sit with them, but he refused. He acted strangely that day anyhow, but no doubt he was tired.

It was all over—that is, the knot was tied, and the fresh faced girl was looking up into the eyes of her husband with the love-light which links this world to heaven. All were chatting and laughing and congratulating the young couple—all but a man who stood in the shadow of the doorway, looking from his grimy hands to the smooth, fair exterior of the happy lover.

Nobody noticed him—there was too much going on—and he stood there, the tears chasing each other down his face and every now and then a great sob convulsing his strong chest.

When at last the family remembered and ran out to find him and fetch him in, he was gone.

They tell about him today—how faithful he was, how constant in his care of Lou, how watchful and devoted—and they wonder where he is and why he left them.—Elizabeth Strong in Chicago Record.

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J. H. THATCHER, MANAGER,

Portland, Oregon.

HIS DEVOTION.

They were on their way up the Mississippi river—the mother, Fannie and the twins. I throw in the younger children in a bunch, as it were, because it takes too long to say Sue and Lou. They were spoken of as the twins by every one, and every one knew them. Their personality was particularly familiar to Fannie's would be suitors, for they were always upon the spot just at a moment otherwise opportune for matrimonial proposals. Fannie was not a marrying girl, and she used to say that no one but herself realized how much in the way of relief she owed to those blessed twins. The suitors also were wont to bless the twins, but in a somewhat different spirit. One of these suitors was on the boat that very day, and he had Fannie "cribbed and confined," as it were, in one corner of a deserted quarter of the deck. The twins were out of range for once, and he thought he was making good headway. But really in her heart Fannie was despising him for a fop. His immaculate clothes came first, she thought; his viands next, probably, and, lastly, with what little was left of him, his character.

That particular day he walked up his avenue of approach undisturbed by bark of dog or remark of twin. He was nearer the delectable mountains than ever before, he realized, and his heart thumped madly against the irreproachable waistcoat as he opened his mouth to ask the decisive question.

Just at that moment a shrill scream pierced the sultry July air. Then a hurrying and scurrying of feet was heard. Instantly a ray of knowledge flashed its way into Fannie's brain. "One of the twins is overboard!" she said to herself as she sped down the near stairs and along the lower deck.

Just as she reached the bow of the boat she saw a little skirt drawn in by the suction of the water between the barges (on which most of the excursionists were embarked) and the boat that drew it. Another moment and the same little skirt, and a child's face, half hidden in her long, wet hair, was borne by the swift waters out and down the river.