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In you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the
SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY
where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.
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Liberty Street

Notice of Final Settlement.
NOTICE is hereby given, that George G. Bingham executor of the estate of B. Chubb, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Marion county, Oregon, has set the 8th day of December 1922 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. for the hearing thereof. All persons having objections to said account will present them to said court at said time.
GEO. G. BINGHAM, Executor.

J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER,
215 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon.
(Next door to Klein's).
Specialty of Spectacles, and repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewels.

White's No. 60,
SALEM'S FINEST TRUCK,
Now ready for business. Careful work a specialty.
J. F. WHITE.

E. M. Waite Printing Co.
Largest establishment in the city.
OVER BUSH'S BANK,
SALEM, OREGON.

Wood Saw.
Everybody gets Charles Smith's "Steam" wood saw, "The Rustler." Orders at 276 Front street.

E. K. HALL,
Paper Hanger and Decorator.
Office at Chas. Calvert's Millinery store, Salem, Oregon.

How to Hold a Girl.
Ladies like to feel they are being firmly guided in a waltz, but they will no longer tolerate that hugging process which was in vogue in polite circles even, up to the beginning of the present decade, and which exhibition may still be seen at some of the Saturday night dances in certain quarters of every large city. The correct method of holding one's partner in the waltz would not offend the eye or grate upon the senses of the most fastidious prude that ever wore divided skirts. The idea of one holding the other should not be too strongly entertained. To dance together in sympathetic time and motion should be the dominant thought. The correct mode, however, is of very great consequence, as what is seen in this frequently used as a measure of character.

The gentleman approaches the lady offering his left hand—one who is an expert will do this gracefully; the lady places her right hand in the palm extended by the gentleman, who then lowers his right hand in a direct line to the side, the forearm bent so as to form an acute angle. In this angle the lady will place herself, with the center line of the person opposite the line of the gentleman's right side, the partners on parallel lines, not forming an angle. In this position each will be looking over the right shoulder of the other, and by the lady turning her head slightly to the left the effect of the grouping will be greatly enhanced. For partners in the waltz men prefer women who are light, quick and pliant; who do not require to be dragged about, yet who are not aggressive, but able to quickly receive guidance.—*Los Angeles News.*



LOUIS D. VANDERVEER,
One of the best known business men in Chicago, representative of the great Bradstreet Co.
HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.
Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: I take pleasure in informing you of the very beneficial results which have followed the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine in the case of myself and wife. For a year I was subject to a distressing pain at the base of the brain and the portion of the spinal cord. I lost flesh and was greatly troubled with sleeplessness. Your Nervine was highly recommended to me. My case had been so obstinate that I had no confidence in the efficacy of any medicine. Yet as a last resort I consented to give it a trial. Much to my surprise, I experienced marked benefit; my sleeplessness disappeared; my headache was removed; my spirits and general health were improved. I am now feeling better than I have for many years.
THOUSANDS
CURED BY DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.
Sold by J. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.



DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?
Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original samples this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well, that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.

"I'M A DART."
which we propose to take to you, transportation paid. The little darting rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its mind, the mate of which has been pulled off and hung aside with a triumphant cry. The dart is perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of the world are the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1923. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost \$500, and are the same size as the original. The baby's life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1923, two great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis D. Chubb, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year. "A Yard of Paint" and "A House on Fire" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Demorest's Family Magazine for 1923 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone interested on all the topics of the day, and all the facts and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$3, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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LATEST PATENTS
BEST IMPROVEMENTS.
WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.
We have a relief and cure in your ignorance of effects and vitality—which is system the elements thus strength and vigor will follow or money refunded.
Dr. Sanden's Electric after all other treatments testify, and from many of

she had wounded him in his helplessness, she threw her arms about him, sobbing tenderly.
"Oh, forgive my wild words, for I am starving for a love as warm and tender as my own. My days have been so lonely while you slay away from me by day and pored over your papers by night. I have been so jealous of everybody and everything that could interest you more than I could! Perhaps I was selfish. Do you think so, dear?"
He only answered bitterly:
"I hope your second husband may realize all your ambitions."
"No more. I cannot bear it," said he in a subdued voice. "It is time for my lawyer now. Do not mind my jealous ravings, dear. You shall have a fair share of the money, even if you give it to my rival, your second husband."
The lawyer thought that Mr. Mayo's voice was quite strong for that of a dying man, but the doctor, who happened in soon after the will was made, and the patient seemed asleep, ascribed it to the effect of excitement.

"I'm glad that he provided so well for that noble little wife. He has had a hard struggle with fever these six weeks, and if anything could have saved him it would have been her devoted nursing. I'm certain he did not deserve it either, for he was one of those manly puny husbands who don't know how to appreciate a good wife, and only go home to eat and sleep, and this fellow, they say, more often than not took dinner and supper at his club in town, leaving poor Elinor alone in their country home."
But life lingered on strangely in that wasted frame, and at last the doctor said the patient was improving, and must go off very soon to the mountains.

"It will do you and the children good, too, my darling," he said tenderly to his wife.
And she looked at him in honest surprise.
"You do not mean that you wish to take us? You know you would enjoy it better alone, or with some gentleman friend."
The shamed crimson flushed into his cheeks as he kissed her little hand.
"Elinor, forgive me all the past, and let me try to make it up to you," he cried. "I never knew how well I loved you until I began to grow jealous of your probable second husband. It was that awful jealousy, I think, that snatched me back from the very grave. I am to realize your ideal, to be my own successor in your heart, to fulfill all the promise of your second husband. Will you let me try, my darling? Come with me—you and the babies—and let us begin our new, sweet love life now!"
"Gladly," smiled the forgiving wife.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Injured by a Meteor.
"I am perhaps the only man in America who was ever hit by an aerolite," said Colonel Sil E. Fontaine as he settled down in a big armchair at the Southern and piled his crutches up beside him. "I'm in the life insurance business, and one day I procured a buggy and drove out from Sedalia to a farmhouse to settle up a loss. It was nightfall when I started home, but the sky was clear, the road good and I was making excellent time. I noticed that there were an unusual number of 'shooting stars,' and some of remarkable brilliancy. Suddenly the road was lit up with a glare equal to that of the noonday sun, only it had an orange tinge. I glanced up and a ball of fire as large as my hat seemed to be coming right down upon me. 'Before I could think, much less act, it plunged into the buggy, blinding me for a moment by its glare, went through and buried itself in the ground. It bored a hole in the bottom of the buggy as large as a saucer and triangular in shape. It made a hissing noise as it fell, reminding me of the blizz of an enormous gander. My horse took fright and I had considerable difficulty in controlling him. I did not know that I was hurt until I had ridden fully a mile, when my left foot began to pain me. I examined it and found that the great toe was mashed flat and one of the larger bones of the foot broken. That's why I go on crutches. If I could find that meteorite and dig it up I think we two might get a position in a dime museum."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Honk, Honk, Honk!
Another arctic expedition returned from the north a few days ago. Its arrival was announced by a loud "Honk! honk!" far up in the sky. It was composed of eleven members, and was headed by a gray veteran, who led his forces, arranged in the form of a letter V, without the slightest deviation due south. It was the wild goose expedition, which, having summered in the arctic, had decided to winter in more temperate climes.

It is not to be supposed that they reasoned the question of a change of location among themselves, consulted almanacs and time tables or even compasses to reach their decision or to decide on their course. Their action was influenced not by what psychologists know as higher cerebration. As the country folks say, they felt it in their bones that it was time to move southward, and south they went under the wonderful influence of instinct.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Guaranteed Cure.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, under this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Dr. J. J. Fry's druggist, 235 Corn'l St. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

choose, for I loved you well, in spite of your neglect. But it grew worse and worse. You ceased going out with me at all until in very shame I remained closely at home that the world might not observe and censure your indifference. Desperate with misery I reproached you, appealed to you, and you grew angry, called me unreasonable and hysterical and grew colder and more indifferent than ever. Then I turned for solace to two little ones, but I could not find the comfort that I sought. I grew hopeless and bitterly resentful, but suffered on in silence, realizing that I had missed my soulmate and could expect no joy in my life."
He had listened in resentful silence to the passionate arraignment of a tortured woman's heart. Now he cried out impatiently:
"Elinor, I was always true to you. I never had a thought of another woman!"

"I know that, Hunter. I was jealous of men, not women. You were so fond of your own sex, you spent all your time with them, you enjoyed their society more than mine, and so I was left alone, I grew bitter and rebellious. I wanted to get full measure of joy out of this life of mine, but my ill judged marriage had wrecked it—eternally, I thought. But now—oh, Hunter, do not think me hard and cruel, for I am but just to myself and you."
"It seems to me that when you are gone, I am over my griefs. I may yet retrieve the past, may I not for me, and be happy. And so I cannot promise what you ask me, for it would be a wrong to myself and to my ideal, who may yet be mine. I have a right to some happiness in my life, Hunter, and why should I sacrifice all my future to you, who would not give me the past years that were rightfully mine?"

He lay gasping and soul stricken before the fire of those vivid home truths. His self love had received a cruel wound.
Despite his selfishness he had loved Elinor well after his own fashion, and he was not willing to admit that she had any cause of complaint.
In a way it enraged him that his fair, gentle young wife had dared to think out a problem of life for herself, had so individualized herself as to claim for herself a future of bliss in which he could have no part.

And just then she murmured pathetically:
"All this would have been different, Hunter, had you but loved me truly, and sought my happiness instead of your own. It was my right and your duty. And you can see, now that you have been ill for so many weeks, how little you were cared for by men in whose society you took your chief delight. Have they been near you to comfort or console? No, they scarcely give you a thought. It is I, your neglected wife, who have been your devoted nurse! And, Hunter, had you been as devoted to me these past years, I would have remained your inconsolable widow to my life's end; but, as I have said, it is—different."
Anguish flashed from his eyes as he cried out:
"I am glad you have been so frank before I made my will. I shall not leave you one penny more than you can claim under the law. The rest shall go to my children. I will not leave my money to be squandered by your second husband."
She smiled patiently, but she answered firmly:
"But I have no ambitions. I do not want my husband to be great, only good and loving, and always loath to leave my side. Yes, and to tell me sometimes that he loves me. You have forgotten for so long to tell me that, dear, but perhaps you did not guess how a woman's heart hungers for affection. I have often wished you were quite poor, Hunter. Then you would not be popular, and you would appreciate the true hearts at home more. We would work hard for our little children, and have a simple love life, finding our greatest joy in each other's company."
He put out his weak hand entreatingly.
"Nor would I sacrifice my hopes of the future for so poor a price as your gold."
Then, as if realizing suddenly that

kissed him and clung to him lovingly; a strange proceeding when she had just rung his heart by her declaration that she would not live out her days a widow.
He pushed her away in a sudden gust of jealous anger.
"You have never loved me, Elinor!"
"I loved you always—love you still," she sobbed. "But, Hunter—it is—just the other way! You have never loved me!"
He was speechless with surprise at this strange charge. "Never loved her!" Why, then, had he made her his wife and the mother of his beautiful children?
Elinor went on speaking low, but clearly, like one under the stress of some overmastering emotion.
"God knows I do not wish to pain you, Hunter, but yet I would like to justify myself. They say that dying eyes see clearly, because the dying are already beyond the reach of earthly prejudice and passion. So, dear, will you let me speak out plainly now what has been in my heart for years?"
"Go on," he answered, in feeble wonder at the fire and passion of her lovely, tear stained face.

"I must tell you some of my inmost thoughts, and perhaps you will laugh at them," breathed the plaintive voice. "But, Hunter, I believe that God creates men and women as a balance for each other, but they—do not always find each other, and then, blindly, they wed as chance or fancy dictates, and disharmony and lack of harmony result. This has been our fate, my poor husband. We were not intended for each other, and each has failed to realize the other's ideal."
"Speak of yourself," he answered, with unnecessary curtness; "I never had an ideal."
"Oh, yes, you did, dear, though perhaps you did not realize it. Every one has an unconscious ideal, I think. You had yours, Hunter, but you did not find it in me," she answered, in that sweet, plaintive voice that always touched an echoing chord in the hearer's heart.

"When the honeymoon glamour was off you wearied of me. Do not think I did not see it, dear, even though my eyes were full of tears when I found how far you fell short of my ideal."
"What was your ideal?" he asked meekly.
Although he was dying, he could still smile at a woman's romantic fancies, derived, he thought, from novels.

She sighed wearily, and answered:
"It was very simple. Just a loving, appreciative companion. I have somewhere read that men and women are created the perfect complement of each other, fulfilling in their wedded life the qualities separately lacking in each. I expected that my husband and I would be much together, so contented in our mutual love, so interested in the same things, so tenderly united, that we could never feel quite happy apart. That was my fancy, and I know I was not wrong, for I have seen a few wedded lovers like that, and they were happy—happy as I had hoped to be, as I might have been, only—I married the wrong man!"
"Elinor!" he cried, in angry remonstrance, but she had the courage of her convictions. She would not pause.
"It is God's truth!" she said. "We are not soulmates, or we should have found more happiness together, dear. I call you dear, for I love you, Hunter, in spite of the mistake of our marriage."
"It was no mistake," he muttered, with angry resentment.
"You are good to say so, but you flatter me." Her exquisite lips curled in spite of the dew on her long lashes. "But, Hunter, I have not been blind, and I have seen how little you cared for my companionship, how eagerly you sought pretexts for leaving my side and joining your male companions, in whose company you took such keen delight. Business, you always said, when I complained of loneliness, and yet I knew that it was only a subterfuge, for you were well to do, and I lived a life of elegant leisure."
"My society was irksome to you, and you released yourself from it all that you could. Why, I wondered, for other men always seemed to find my company agreeable, and I could have played the role of the married flirt if I had wished. But I did not

LITTLE MYRTLE.
Dear, my question, halting all the day!
"What are you? Tell me are my curls grow old?"
I cannot tell thee, sweet, though curls be gold,
And thou relatest all they be gray.
O little Quere, like a rose unshown,
With folded mysteries in pink and white,
Love cannot solve thee in thy morning light,
Nor Wisdom when thy threescore years have flown.
—Wiley Martin in London Athenaeum.

MRS. MAYO'S SECOND.

Mrs. Mayo's first husband was stretched upon his dying bed. The doctor had told him so kindly but frankly, and advised him to make his will.

He lay thinking how he should divide his small fortune between his wife and their two pretty children, when suddenly it occurred to him that his young wife might marry again, might have a second husband.

He gasped, and looked at her sitting close by the bed, her fair face worn with watching and grief, the tender tears in her dark blue eyes. The blood that had been coursing so sluggishly through his veins suddenly bounded forward in a burning tide.

He had realized more forcibly than ever before the noble beauty of his wife. He had carried her off seven years before from a score of lovers, and she was still young, still charming. History might repeat itself.

You would not have thought that a dying man could feel jealous, and yet a pang of cruel envy tore Hunter Mayo's heart.

Elinor's small, white hand—the one that wore his wedding ring—was nestled in his own. He pressed it feebly.

"Darling, you have been a good wife to me," he murmured, and her soft eyes beamed through her tears.

"Oh, Hunter, I've tried to be. I'm glad you realize it at last," she sighed, in a plaintive tone.

He continued tenderly:
"You have been so faithful—you have never refused any wish of mine. And now, Elinor, I have one dying request to make."

His glance was so eager, his tone so pleading that she gazed into his thin, worn face in surprise.

"I know you will grant me your promise, dear heart, for it is only this, when I am dead, that you will always be true to my memory—that you will never marry again!"

A little startled cry came from Elinor's lips, the color rushed into her cheeks, her eyes turned on him with a gentle reproach that touched his heart.

"Have I grieved you, my dear, by even hinting at a second marriage? Forgive me, but I can die easier with your promise. Oh, my Elinor, I cannot bear that any other man should possess you, ever have the chance to ill treat my darling, whom I have so fondly cherished!"

His voice was quite strong and impassioned for a dying man, and his large, gray eyes scanned her face eagerly. Was it fancy, or did her lip curl, ever so slightly, at his last words?

He repeated anxiously:
"I cannot die in peace without your promise never to marry again!"

Why did those burning tears sparkle out upon her pale cheeks beneath the drooping lashes? She murmured plaintively:
"Oh, Hunter, you are cruel!"
"Cruel, Elinor! Do you mean that—that you will refuse?"
And the most cruel blow his egoism had ever received came with her faltering answer:
"Forgive me, dear, but I cannot promise."
The shock was so great that he closed his eyes and gasped feebly, believing that his last hour was at hand. In a moment Elinor was on her knees at his side, bathing his face with her warm tears.

"Oh, Hunter, do not die. I love you; I love you!"
The blood leaped quickly through his veins again. His eyes unclosed languidly.
"Then you will promise me?" he pleaded.
"Oh, Hunter, I cannot, must not! How can you wish me to blight my whole future?"
"And you really wish, then, to have a second husband?"
The dying man's voice was strong with scorn of her inconsistency.
"I—I—perhaps, Hunter, but only after a long, long time," and Elinor

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A NEVER-FAILING CURE FOR ALL WEAKNESS OF MEN
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Is a complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or at rest, and it gives soothing, prolonged current which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or we forfeit \$5,000. It has an Improved Electric Suspensory, the most rest given even weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken limbs, or parts, or money refunded. They are graded in strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Address
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