MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to

THOUSANDS faint. I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

Elkhart, Ind., 1888. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that *Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure* saved my life **CURED** and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work.

May 29th, 1892. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

GOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

TRY DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

JAPANESE **PILE CURE**

A new and complete treatment, consisting of suppositories, ointment in capsules, also a box and pills; a positive cure for external, internal, blind or bleeding, itching, chronic, recent or hereditary piles, and many other diseases and female weaknesses, it is always a great benefit to the general health. The first discovery of a medical cure rendering an operation with the knife unnecessary hereafter. This remedy has never been known to fail. $1 per box, 6 for $5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee is given with 6 boxes, to refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free sample. Guarantee issued by WOODWARD, CLARKE & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, sole agents, Portland, Or. Brooks & Legg agents for Salem, 166 State street, Patton's block. 5-2-1y-dw

UNATTRACTIVE LADIES

May be as good as gold, but they have little influence. Every lady can be good looking. It's her duty to be attractive. Beauty attracts.

LOLA MONTEZ CREME,

the SKIN, FOOD and TISSUE BUILDER, makes ladies beautiful. Prevents wrinkles, withering, drying, aging of the skin keeping it in a healthy condition.

Clayes, Druggist,

sells all of Mrs Nettie Harrison's world famed toilet articles. Her HAIR VIGOR cures all scalp humors, prevents hair falling out, keeping it fine and glossy. Do you want luxuriant growth of hair? Her LIVER REGULATOR cures torpid liver, headache, nervous diseases, all female troubles, all affections of the bladder and kidneys. Remember the place.

BROOKS & LEGG, Druggists, Patton Block, Salem, Oregon.

For any special or complicated blemish of the face and form, write to MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, 26 Geary St., San Francisco. Superfluous hair permanently removed.

THE WILLAMETTE,

SALEM, OREGON.

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Choicest Fruits

Grown in the Willamette Valley.

A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

E. K. HALL,

Paper Hanger and Decorator.

Office at Chas. Calvert's Millinery store, Salem, Oregon.

Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Christ Rich, late of Marion county, Oregon, deceased, has filed his final account of said estate; and that Saturday, April 29, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the county court house, at the City of Salem, in Marion county, Oregon, has been fixed by the court as the time and place for the hearing of said accounts, and objections thereto, and that the same will be passed upon by the court at said time and place. ABRAHAM RICH,

Administrator of the Estate of Christ Rich, deceased.

Dated this March 31, 1893. 4-6-5w

Bargains in Land.

H. W. Smith, postmaster of Lewisville, and W. P. Murphy, of Salem, have for sale about 2,000 acres of good farming and stock land in the Luckiamute country in Polk county. Prices range from $6 to $30 per acre. All good property, and on the market for the first time. Great bargains. Call on or address the above. dw 2-15-tf

How They Met.

Hello, Jones! have you seen anything of Jim Smaniz's Racket Wood Saw this morning? No, but leave your order at the Red Front Auction House, 93 State Street.

MIDNIGHT IN CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THOSE WHO ARE AWAKE AT NIGHT.

Few Indeed Are They Who Need Be Out Till Midnight, but the Criminal and Vicious Find That Their Hour—Practical Christian Work Needed.

BROOKLYN, April 9.—Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his sermon today a theme of universal interest—the dark side of social life in our great cities. The text chosen as the basis of a most graphic discourse was Genesis i, 5. "And the darkness he called night."

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other used in all languages as a type of sadness and affliction and sin. These two divisions were made by the Lord himself. Other divisions of time may have nomenclature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord, and he baptized it, the dew dripping from his fingers as he gave it name, "And the darkness he called night."

My subject is midnight in town. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends—midnight in town!

ANGELS OF THE NIGHT.

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the firstborn. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken. Oh, the midnight in town! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest!

Weary arm preparing for tomorrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worriment and pain.

Let the city sleep; but, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands tonight who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for 24 hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

THE HONEST POOR.

"Oh," you say, "they are the vicious poor, and therefore they do not demand our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give 10 prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give 20 prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck. And I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks—shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life.

What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like the beautiful children of your household, or the beautiful children smiling around these altars on baptismal day. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower hung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or coat tighter, for the cold night wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the midnight.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

Do you know it is in the midnight that criminals do their worst work?

At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary,—and before morning there will be a light on the sky and cry of "Fire! Fire!" This is an assassin, and tomorrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and your mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" and the boy said, "The perlice, the perlice."

In the midnight gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out sign of copartnership will this season be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A member of congress gambled with a member elect and won $120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a rum grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

GAMBLERS OF ALL CLASSES.

In the midnight hour pass down the streets of our American cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen tap of the poolroom ticker. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime, the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Cheatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning in the woods around that city to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of the surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenpin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin all the drums of woe beat the dead march of a thousand souls. In one year in the city of New York there were $7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table.

Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it. Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels and ask you, "Would you like to see the city?" Yes. "Have you ever seen that splendid building up town?" No. Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants" and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money.

In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street, a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones; there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills; there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

DRINKING IN ALL RANKS.

In the midnight hour also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off and the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city—fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up—when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied.

Oh, if the rum touches the brain, you cannot hush it up. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven.

Do not go from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve him. "Oh!" said she, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical, as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts."

PRACTICAL SENSE NEEDED.

We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the war, went into a hospital with tracts, and coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in but it is blessed.

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies of midnight in town? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's compassion. Many have come. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of sinful life. Cry up the news to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the jubilee.

I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track. I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, and he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother.

I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

SICKNESS AND REPENTANCE.

So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sickbed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary clothes, fully dressed, lying on the top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively and said: "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead 20 years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there."

Then he turned to his wife and said: "I wish you would take these strings off the bed. Somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said, "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium. He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better. I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me. Why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help. I can't do this alone!'" I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to church. Somebody said, "You can't bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in the church? He stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of 8 years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit to his cups and house of shame, a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

A TOO COMMON TRAGEDY.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him. They were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a generous man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there to a tragedy? I believe five.

Act the First of the Tragedy—A young man starting off from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the Second—The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

Act the Third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasting heath of three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! Woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know now that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

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BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, sores, spots, pimples, scrofula, tumors, syphilitic taint, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., of all kinds, blood poison from any cause whatever, cured promptly, leaving the system pure and healthful.

KIDNEY AND URINARY Weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white; pain while urinating, frequency of; Bright's disease and all diseases of the bladder of both sexes.

CATARRH throat, lungs, liver dyspepsia, indigestion, and all diseases affecting the bowels, stomach, etc.; diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. Troubles of this character relieved at once; cures effected as soon as possible.

PRIVATE diseases, gleet, gonorrhœa, syphilis, hydrocele, varicocele, tenderness, swellings, weakness of organs, and piles, fistula, rupture, quickly cured without any pain or detention from business.

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