

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with LOSS OF APPETITE,

SICK HEADACHE, BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully



It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons' Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed by Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons' Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."

BOUNDARY LINES.

Who can tell when sleep and waking meet to mingle. Meet to mingle so that sleep's debt oplate wins?

Who can tell when girl and woman meet to mingle. Meet to mingle so that woman wins the day?

Who can tell when love and languor meet to mingle. Meet to mingle so that love may win the soul?

Who can tell when the portals whence its radiant realms outroll? Just the moment of surrender To that new life of splendor

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THE WIDDER MULLET.

Bill Swilley Was in No Mood to Subscribe For a New Meeting House.

The man who stood at the shackley gate of a hewed log house on the banks of the Cumberland river, where the great pine mountains come down to drink, was the typical mountaineer, saffron hued, scrawny, ill fed and roughly clad, but with it all that innocent ignorance which bunko men delight in when they are looking for a victim.

"Good morning," I said as I pulled up my horse. "How'd'y," he replied. "I'm looking for 'Bill Swilley,'" I remarked as a feeler.

"You hain't got no furdur to look, stranger," he said with a grin. "Im him."

"Jake Parrish sent me up here to see if I couldn't get you to subscribe something toward the new meeting house at the mill."

"Good lordy, stranger," he exclaimed. "I'd like the best in the world ter, but I hain't got a hooter."

"Why, Jake said you owned this farm and were well off."

"Jake's foolin' yer," he laughed. "I wuz workin' for him at \$1 a day till six months ago, when I married the Widder Mullet on a come here ter live."

"Who was Mrs. Mullet?" "She owned this place."

"Well, you're in luck," I laughed. "This place is worth something."

"That's what I thought when I hitched up with the widder," he said in a disappointed tone.

"And isn't it?" I queried. "It would be if it wuz free from encumbrances."

"Oh, it's encumbered, is it?" "Yes."

"Mortgage on it?" "No."

"What kind of an encumbrance is on it?" I inquired with a deal of curiosity.

"The Widder Mullet ez wuz," he sighed, as the lady appeared at the front door and in a shrill voice invited me to know of Mr. Swilley if that was a sewing machine age down there.

A Lansingburg Miracle.

Literally half-Dead, His Case Pronounced Hopeless by Prominent Physicians, A Story of Surpassing Interest Verified Under Oath.

(From Troy, N. Y., Times.) I am the most conservative reporter on the staff. I despise the chimerical, I court the real. I burrow in facts. I am from Lansingburg. We don't often get a good thing from there but here is one.

F. C. Kimball last night gave me the following: "I am a plain straightforward man. Originally from Lansingburg, where now reside my mother, brother and sister. Several years ago I moved to Rochester. There I was in the employ of the Erie railroad as yard and freight superintendent. After a strain to my back, caused by heavy lifting, three years ago, I developed so-called rheumatism. It was an increasing thing for two years—at times worse, again better. I worked intermittently. If I would shut my eyes I would fall down. My feet and legs soon lost feeling—were numb. This extended to my stomach and at times to my hands."

Doctors Lee and Spencer of Rochester finally pronounced my case progressive locomotor ataxia, which was incurable, and that they could only ease my sufferings, and so I lay. Up to this time I had been sick nearly two years. Before this and for several months I was confined to my bed. Plus stuck into my limbs the full length gave me no feeling whatever, my legs seemed wooden. So I lay, as a dead man, for I was absolutely one-half dead—dead from the waist down. There was one word written in large characters all over that sick room—C-L-A-Y. Life departed from my limbs, that word best expressed what was left. You, of course, have read of John Parrish. The reporter in describing him described me exactly. I sent for the remedy which cured him—for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to Schenectady, N. Y., and tried them. I took them irregularly for two months. They didn't seem to help. All of a sudden one morning one of my legs began to prickle—seemed as though rubbed with ointment. Then, perhaps, you think I did not investigate that medicine. I began to read fast; got some circulation, got control of my bowels and after a few weeks got out of bed and tried to stand. At last I fetched it. Could walk—now can run. And Pink Pills cured me. The doctors said I could be cured, but I am. What I am now telling you is merely a reiteration of what I long ago wrote to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at Schenectady, and my affidavit to the same is now in their hands. Here also is a letter which my mother wrote to them and to which she has made affidavit, as you see.

186 Second Ave., LANSINGBURG, N. Y. Dear Sirs:—My son Fred has just written you a letter concerning himself to which I desire to add a few words in entire corroboration of all he has said. He has told you of his agony and his cure. The remembrance of the whole thing makes me shudder as I think of it. It is all too wonderful for me. I was resigned to his fate. Now as I look at him walking about and feeling well, with his old health and ambition returned, it does seem that he has been born again and rescued from death for a fact. Could I, therefore, say too much to you of thanks in the fulness of my gratitude? Can I well cease blessing you? Yet the intensity of my feelings make my words of thanksgiving to you seem but empty indeed; for the lost is found, and he that was dead is alive again.

Yours, HARRIET J. KIMBALL. Sworn and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1893. M. L. FANCHER, Notary Public.

Mr. William H. Fleudraud, the druggist at 814 River St., Troy, said: "It is the most wonderful cure from locomotor ataxia—a so-called incurable disease. Mr. Kimball tells me he owes his recovery to believe him, and I can testify for his recovery, for I am a Christian woman, and believe my prayers were answered. I do think Pink Pills were the means the Lord used to effect my son's cure. I want you to meet my daughter, Mrs. G. H. Morrison, with whom we are living here, and the Rev. George Fairlee, pastor of Westminster church, who lives with us, and hear what they have to say." So Mrs. Kimball brought them in, and while the story was most complete and could be added to by nothing they might say, yet the reporter heard from the lips of the sister and their pastor, corroborating words of all that has been said. The reporter also ran across the son-in-law, Mr. G. H. Morrison, cashier of the National Bank of Troy, and spoke to him of Mr. Kimball. He is a busy man and though he could only be detained for a moment, he said: "I know nothing of the case technically. He says he was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I think that is about the size of it."

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred and the patients are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address.

MRS. ANNE THORNTON, Conservatory of Music, Dresden, Germany, Vocal and instrumental instructor, French and German at Williams University, French Rooms 6-7, Bank Building. 6-14-12.

Old Nick troated from a nap—Well, what's wrong now? Imp—The good people down on earth are putting up model tenement houses in the slums.

Old Nick—I can go to sleep again, and don't you wake me unless you see them building separate dwellings for each family.—New York Weeklies.

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BURTON BROTHERS Manufacture Standard Pressed Brick. Moulded Brick in all Patterns for Fronts and supply the brick for the New Salem City Hall and nearly all the fine buildings erected in this beautiful city. Yard near Penitentiary, Salem, Or. 54-5v

THE OFFICE BOY GOT EVEN.

How a Revengeful Youth Fed a Pretty Typewriter Out of Spite.

The office boy and the blond typewriter had quarreled. It was over a trivial matter, to be sure, but nevertheless they were on the outs. Both seemed spitefully revengeful, and when one day the office boy played off sick and went to the baseball game the typewriter made known to the employer the youth's sporting proclivities. This as might be expected caused trouble, and the wrath of the office boy against the young lady with nimble fingers increased more and more. Days passed, and the lad planned and dreamed of schemes to "get back" at his former tormentor, who stood so well in the graces of the employer. Now on every typewriter there is a small gong which rings when the end of the line is reached. The office boy knew this, and as he watched the pretty tapered fingers throw back the carriage at each tap of the bell he smiled with fiendish glee.

It was late in the afternoon. The young lady was industriously tapping the keys to finish the firm's correspondence. She had reached the last letter and remarked to the office boy that her best young man was going to take her to the theater that evening; hence her hurry. This only made the office boy smile all the more, for he knew that his time had come. His eyes seemed to say, "Revenge is sweet." The young lady slipped the sheet of paper into the machine and began at lightning speed to write from her notes.

The youth watched the carriage sliding to and fro. He took from his pocket a rusty nail, and as the typewriter wrote on unconsciously he tapped the bell lightly with the nail. The young lady, never thinking, pushed the paper upon her line and went on. Again he tapped the bell, and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

A small figure had sneaked easily out of the door. The blond withdrew the sheet from the machine. She looked at it, and looked again and saw before her a letter written something after the fashion of the latter day stepladder poetry. Not a single line was properly written. The girl grew thoughtful. She seemed to remember that the bell had rung a trifle oftener than usual. She looked about the room, and then she remembered that the office boy had had once upon a time gone to a baseball game and had remarked subconsciously that he would get even.—Baltimore Herald.

An Anxious Mother. Mrs. Bruton discovered recently that her son Reginald, aged 18, was smoking a vast number of cigarettes every day, and in speaking of the matter to Captain Skinker, a family friend, said: "You know, captain, it isn't those harmless little paper things Reggie smokes that I fear. They are such insignificant trifles, but what I am afraid of is that the dear, unsuspecting boy will go on smoking them until he acquires the tobacco habit and takes to those great, horrid cigars and things."

"Banish your idle fears, my dear woman," replied the captain. "Science has as yet failed to discover any actual relation between the cigarette habit and the tobacco habit. As long as your son continues to smoke cigarettes he will never develop a craving for tobacco."

Mad In Inland Rivers. The late Mr. Rennie reported that 400,000 tons of mud were annually discharged into the Thames from the sewers of London, and the innumerable shoals between the Nore and the Downs amply prove that this calculation is not exaggerated. In days gone by the mud dredged from the London docks was carried by barges to the Oiler forelands on the banks of the sea, where a valuable frontage for building and other purposes was obtained. From the mud in its desiccated state bricks have been made in large quantities, which have been named Sir Robert Wigram's bricks, having first been made on his lands.—London Tit-Bits.

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Tutt's Pills CURE CONSTIPATION. Ten-day health course should have regular evacuations every four or five hours. The pills, both mental and physical, resulting from HABITUAL CONSTIPATION are many and serious. For the cure of this common trouble, Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unparalleled. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BALD HEAD.

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair falling out? Is it thinning? Is it turning gray? Is it falling out when combed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.



Skookum Root Hair Grower. It is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the science of hair and its growth has led to the discovery of a hair-growing agent which is not a dye, but a deliciously smelling and refreshing tonic. It stimulates the follicles, it stops falling-out, and it grows hair.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 87 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Advertisement for T. J. Kress, Geo. Fendrich, and J. L. Ashby, offering services in painting, paper hanging, and cash market.

Advertisement for J. H. Haas, The Watchmaker, Smith Premier Typewriter, and J. H. Haas, The Watchmaker.

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Electric Lights

On Meter System. TO CONSUMERS: The Salem Light and Power Company at great expense have equipped their Electric Light plant with the most modern apparatus and are now able to offer the public a better light than any yet sold at a rate lower than any city on the coast.

Arc and Incandescent Lighting. Electric Motors for all purposes where power is required.

179 Commercial St.

Advertisement for Fresh News-Papers-Fruits-and Candies, J. L. Bennett & Son, F. O. Block.

Advertisement for T. W. Thornburg, The Upholsterer, Remodels, re-covers and repairs upholstered furniture.

Advertisement for The Yaquina Route, Oregon Pacific R.R., And Oregon Development Company's steamship line.

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