ELECTRICITY'S GREAT WORK.

Mike Markey Cured of Deafness of 20 Years' Standing—Also Mr. E. D. Pierce was Served the Same Way.

Editor Oregonion: For twenty years I have been gradually growing deaf, accompanied with all sorts of ringing noises in my ears. I had despaired of ever being relieved until some of my neighbors had tried Dr. Darrin and been cured. That gave me courage, and led me to try him. He has restored my hearing and stopped the noises with electricity, medical and surgical treatment. I live three miles west of Portland on the Barnes road. Post-office, Portland, Or.

MIKE MARKEY.

Mr. Editor: For fifteen years I have been deaf, and gradually growing worse, until the past three years I could not hear my watch tick or any conversation. I came to Dr. Darrin and received his electric treatment, and am now able to hear a watch tick and feel overjoyed with the cure I have received. I live in Albina, and my place of business is in the market on Russell street, near the Continental Hotel.

E. D. PIERCE.

J. S. Jennings Cured of Skin Disease.

Editor Oregonian: For fifteen years I have been troubled with a skin disease. Dr. Darrin has cured me. Refer to me at Sellwood, Or.

J. S. JENNINGS.

Drs. Darrin's Specialties and Place of Business.

Drs. Darrin make a specialty of diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and all nervous, chronic and private diseases, such as Loss of Manhood, Blood Taints, Syphilis, Gleet, Gonorrhœa, Stricture, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, or Loss of Desire of Sexual Power in man or woman. All peculiar Female Troubles, Irregular Menstruation, Displacement, etc., are confidentially and successfully treated, and will under no circumstances take a case that they cannot cure or benefit. Consultation free. Charges reasonable. Cures of private diseases guaranteed and never published in the papers. Circulars and question blanks sent free. Offices, 70½ Washington street, Portland, Or.

There is something exceedingly attractive to the feminine mind in the bargain-counter sign "99 cents, reduced from $1."

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along or procure on arriving that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria-plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of overexertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

Educational.—Tom—The man in the room next to me is learning to play on the piano. Jack—And what do you do? Tom—I'm learning to swear.

Millions of women use Dobbins' Electric Soap daily, and say it is the best and cheapest. If they are right, *you* ought to use it. If wrong, *one trial* only will show you. Buy a bar of your grocer and try it next Monday.

Acquitted of Inconsistency.—Harry—Was it Longfellow who wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" Edith—Oh, no; Longfellow wrote "The Day Is Done."

BRONCHITIS.—Sudden changes of the weather cause bronchial troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

It is what they don't know that inflates some men's vanity.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A signal service to weak womankind is the finding of lost health—the building-up of "a run-down" system. Nothing does it so surely as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. It's the most perfect of strength-givers, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For overworked, debilitated teachers, milliners, seamstresses, "shop-girls," nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

"Favorite Prescription" gives satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is promptly refunded. That's the way it's sold; that's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Propr's, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

HOW VOLAPUK SOUNDS.

Opinions of a Listener at the Recent Convention in Boston.

The convention opened with an address in volapuk by the president of the association, Col. Charles E. Sprague, of New York. Of course his address was received attentively, but it cannot be said that he was speaking to people in their own language. His listeners doubtless understood part of his remarks, for he was applauded two or three times, but to the majority of the people it was evident that understanding came only with difficulty. Now, how did the new invention sound? Well, there was a great predominance of the European a and i (or ee) and of the long o. In every sentence each one of these vowels seemed to outnumber all the others put together. Consonants were obscure as Col. Sprague spoke them, and it was noticeable that the sibillant s was very frequent. The letter l also seemed to be a hard worked member of the volapuk alphabet.

From the prominence of these few vowels and consonants and from the obscurity of other consonants one can get an idea of how volapuk sounds. The pronunciation follows the French in having no accent. That is, Col. Sprague talked with just about the same stress on each syllable, and I paid close attention to this feature of the flow of sound after noticing it. Lacking accent, volapuk lacks the force which is so strong a characteristic of English, and it also shows sadly the need of the virile consonants, which are the life of German. Perhaps nothing better could be expected of an invented tongue, for the English and German are the result of genius and struggle, of wars and disputes, of orations and poems, of business sharpness and philosophical contemplation. They are alive. Volapuk is wooden and dead. That is the impression made upon me by hearing Col. Sprague's address in his vernacular—no, not his nor anybody's. It was a convention of English speaking people using neither their own vernacular nor that of any other people under heaven. It was just hashed up Choctaw.

Col. Sprague talked seriously, but his wordmaking had its humorous aspect. He was wonderfully proficient, and is to be praised highly for his ability to talk in that which has no dialect and no every day vocabulary, and so is above the usual perils to translators. In a book translated into English from German by a Dutchman who had to learn both the former languages I have seen the most curious mistakes and odd combinations, yet not in violation of rules given in the books. But there was no one to criticise the colonel, who was born and bred a Volapuk. He was not perfect, however. He would go wrong sometimes, and then step back for a fresh start, like a boat bumping up to a float bow on, and then rebounding for a second approach. But he got through very creditably.

A delegate from the floor said something in Volapuk in a labored way and soon struck into English. It was as if he had been stumbling across lots in a bog meadow and had come out into the traveled road again. He certainly seemed much relieved and got along much easier in English.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Lay Your Foundation First.

Here comes a youngster with the question, "How shall I get into vegetable gardening?" Well, it is a very simple thing. How would you begin to build a smoke house? Why, of course, begin at the bottom. All right. So it is with a garden: you must begin at the bottom. Now the bottom of a garden is never less than one foot below the surface, and from that depth up to the top the soil must be at least one-quarter manure to begin with, and must be kept up by yearly renewals to that proportion. If you have got a multiplication table, a slate and pencil and a good, sound head on your shoulders (you will want all these in growing vegetables) you can soon find out how much manure it will take to lay the foundation. Mix in all through that foot of depth, and then you can build any kind of a crop on your land you choose. Lay your foundation, young man, and we will tell you how to put up the structure afterward.—Germantown Telegraph.

Eat Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward.—Somerville Journal.

A Boy with a Prodigious Appetite.

Whatever credit is due to the possessor of the largest appetite on record must be given to a boy named Matthew Daking, who, after recovering from a fever, exhibited an extraordinary craving for food. If not fed he would gnaw the flesh off his bones. Dr. Mortimer, secretary of the Royal society, kept an account of the food eaten by the boy, and states that in six days he swallowed of bread, meat and various substances 384 pounds 2 ounces. J. Cookson, M. D., who gives further particulars of the case, says the boy looked pretty well in the face and was always cheerful, but had lost the use of his legs.—Nottingham (Eng.) Sun.

Cloudy.

A little Boston boy of 4 years has several times heard that popular song "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," and it seems to have made a decided impression on his juvenile mind.

He disobeyed his mother one day recently, and was undressed and put to bed at midday as a punishment. Not long afterward his father entered the room, and finding the little fellow in bed exclaimed:

"Why, my boy, what does this mean?"

"Oh, well," he replied, in a comically lugubrious tone, "I have been naughty, and have gone to bed to 'wait till the clouds roll by.'"—Youth's Companion.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps; 104 of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession, and have received diplomas; 35 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and 6 are over 70.

GREAT MEN'S ILLUSIONS.

DEAN SWIFT SAID ALL MEN ARE MAD IN SOME DEGREE.

Evidences Which Go to Prove the Truth of His Saying—Poets, Philosophers, Soldiers and Reformers Who Saw Spooks and Were Influenced by Them.

It has been said or sung that all men are more or less insane, differing only in degree. Certainly those who are considered sane—in which category the gentle reader is included—are liable to hallucinations, and it depends upon the extent to which we give way before, and believe in, the illusions of the brain, whether we walk abroad with our follies or are placed in a padded room.

Byron often received visits from a specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination. Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner. Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him. Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm chair till sunrise. Dr. Jonson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city. And Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

VISIONS APPEARED.

Nicolai was alarmed at the appearance of a dead body which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and after gazing upon him for a while departed. None of his friends was among the faces he saw. After enjoying a silent acquaintance with his visitors for some weeks, they began to speak, and he describes their conversation as brief and agreeable. Such visitors would cause many to lose their reason, but Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion.

Bostock, the physiologist, saw similar figures and faces, and after recovering from a momentary surprise, he set himself to study the habits and customs of his curious visitors. This he had ample opportunity to do, as they remained with him three days and nights. There was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person, yet having no resemblance to any one he had ever known. Finally the phantom disappeared, to make way for troops of little human figures, which disported themselves like fanticcini for his entertainment.

The reason, says Connolly, that Nicolai and Bostock did not become hopelessly insane was because they never believed in the reality of the visions. The effects of the illusions of some men have been felt in history. Religions have been founded on the words of men supposed to have been inspired, but who were merely suffering from a form of madness which medical science calls "ecstacy." Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

In 1806 Gen. Rapp, having important news, entered the emperor's apartment unannounced, and found the great warrior in a rapt attitude, gazing at the ceiling. The general made an intentional noise, whereupon Napoleon seized his arm and said excitedly, "Look up there!" He looked and saw nothing. "Why," said the emperor, "do you not see it? It is my star; it is before you beaming; it has never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success."

SPIRITS THAT INSPIRED.

Some men have been inspired to persevere in their life's work by self conjured illusion. Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission. Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose. This spirit returned and consoled him on other occasions when he was low spirited. Descartes was followed by an invisible person whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Many have fondly clung to their illusions, and though reasonable in most things have at least been distinctly mad in one. Tasso firmly believed that he had a familiar genius, whose great delight and chief recreation was to converse with him. His friend, J. B. Manso, tried to persuade him of this illusion, whereupon the poet offered to introduce his unbelieving friend to the spirit. But though he often heard Tasso in conversation with the imaginary being, it never made itself visible to other eyes.

Few believe that Luther actually held a warm discussion with an important personage from the other world, yet that he believed it himself we have his word, and he has even left on record some account of the dispute, from which it would appear that his opponent is not so wily as we have been led to believe. At any rate he could not wind himself argumentatively round the sturdy priest. Ravaillac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," fondly believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet. Count Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world. Jean Engelbrecht was under a similar impression. Zimmerman was for some time in constant fear of an imaginary enemy, whom he expected to arrive at any moment, break into and wreck his dwelling.—London Standard.

A Democratic Duke.

The late Duke of Manchester, when on his first visit to Australia, in 1879, was entertained by the colonists in a princely fashion. In Queensland the weather was intensely hot, and the duke left his party and rode ahead in his shirt sleeves (with his coat strapped before him) and wearing a soft felt hat. On his arrival at the bush public house he found a crowd awaiting him. One bushman, stepping up to him, said:

"Halloa, have you seen the duke? Will he soon be here?"

The peer replied:

"I am the Duke of Manchester."

The bushman surveyed his visitor, walked around the horse, and after a critical inspection said before the crowd:

"You're no blooming duke!" Tableau.—London Tit Bits.

TAMING A FLOCK OF QUAILS.

Buckwheat and Gradual Advances Conquer the Wild Birds.

Mrs. D. N. Snyder, of Jefferson township, saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some currant bushes in the back end of her garden. The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned to the house without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing. In an hour or so the quails had disappeared in the tall timothy of the adjoining meadow, and Mrs. Snyder scattered some buckwheat around where they had been wallowing. On the following day the birds came there again, gobbled up the buckwheat, and had a good time. Every day for a week or so Mrs. Snyder scattered grain among the bushes for the quails to feed on, and the birds soon got so that they looked for food in the garden as regularly as they did for a resting place at night out in the woods, back of the big meadow lot.

One morning the kind hearted woman forgot to throw the buckwheat, but the quails reminded her of her negligence by appearing at the usual hour and making a great fuss and noise because there wasn't any grain in the garden for them to pick up. Mrs. Snyder let the birds hunt for other kinds of food that day, and for several mornings after that she didn't fail to give them a good feed of buckwheat. Then she missed a morning on purpose to see how the quails would act when they didn't find any grain near the currant bushes, watching from a second story window for them to make their appearance.

Promptly on time the whole flock crept under the garden fence from the meadow, ran among the bushes and began to dodge and flutter about where they had been in the habit of finding the buckwheat. When they had searched long enough to learn that no grain had been put there for them the birds piped in low tones, fluttered uneasily, scattered into the vegetable beds and appeared to be very much disappointed. In a little while the quails gave up the search, assembled under the currant bushes and went to dusting themselves in the soil. Mrs. Snyder counted fourteen in the flock, and then she went down stairs, got a basinful of buckwheat and tiptoed her way into the garden.

When she had got as near to the quails as she could get without scaring them Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat toward the quiet little flock. It fell among them, and they all scampered under the fence and went out of sight in a hurry. Then she threw some more of the grain on the ground where they had been and secreted herself behind a row of pea vines. Presently one of the birds ventured to crawl under the fence into the garden. It soon found the buckwheat and set to filling its crop, and at this the other birds took courage, filed from their hiding places and went to picking up the grain as though each was determined to get its share.

From her place of concealment Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat into the air so that it fell into the midst of the flock. It scared the birds a little, but they quickly resumed their feeding, and Mrs. Snyder began to whistle to them, flinging more grain into the air as she whistled. That excited their curiosity just enough to make them look up for a moment, and Mrs. Snyder emptied the basin and stole away, without letting the birds see her. She fed the quails in this way for a few days, gradually got them used to her whistle and voice, and let them get sight of her by degrees. Inside of a month from the time she first saw the birds in the garden she had them so well tamed that they fluttered out of the meadow whenever she called them, ate in her presence and did not seem to fear her at all. Since then Mrs. Snyder has taken a good deal of comfort with her strange little flock, and she said the other day that the confidence the birds have in her pays her many times over for all the trouble she has made herself in getting the wild little creatures to be as tame as they are.—Scranton (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

Female Hotel Keepers.

A stock broker who was recently in Maine was impressed very greatly with the extreme cleanliness of the hotel at which he was a guest during a brief stay in the town of Kittery. It was kept by two old maiden ladies. One morning the broker heard a conversation between them.

"Jane," called out one of the old maids, who was at the head of the stairs, "oh, Jane."

"Well?" answered Jane.

"Get some hot water from the kettle and fetch it up here. I want to scrub the floor."

"They ain't no hot water in the kettle."

"What! no hot water in the kettle?" surprisedly.

"No. No hot water in the kettle!" sadly.

"What! no hot water in the kettle?" sharply.

"No. No hot water in the kettle!" very sadly.

"Well, I be durned!"—New York Times.

The Coral Industry.

The largest quantity and handsomest of the corals come from the Algerian coast. The coral grounds have been worked since the middle of the Sixteenth century. Other coral grounds are situated off the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, the Balearics and Provence. More than 500 Italian barks and over 4,200 persons are engaged in the coral fisheries. Beside these French and Spanish barks are engaged in the same occupation.

The Italian fishermen pay a high royalty to the French government for their right of fishing for coral on the Algerian coast. There are more than sixty coral workshops in Italy, forty of which are in the little town of Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius. These shops give employment to about 9,000 persons, chiefly women and children.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The home of the American badger is in the northwest, and he has been found from the province of Ontario to the Missouri river. On the prairies he feeds largely upon "gophers," prairie dogs and field mice and moles, though his diet is partly vegetable.

Leuwenhock by means of microscopes observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, which spun threads so fine that it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair. The fly spider it is known lays an egg as large as itself.

The average street-car conductor is addicted to the title of Bellamy's great novel—"Looking Backward."

Beware of imitations of the celebrated Allcock's Plug Cut Tobacco.

N. P. N. U. No. 369—S. F. N. U. No. 446