

The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

THE MINSTREL'S LOVE.

The minstrel wandered by the mountain stream,
And through the leafy grove,
He tuned his lute and sang, and let his theme
Was all of love.

The birds sang gayly all the summer day
Amid the boughs above;
The minstrel heard, and answered to their lay,
"Twas all of love."

He met the maid that most he long'd to meet,
As she at eve did roam;
He greeted her as nearest friends might greet,
No word of love!

To birds and stream his inmost heart he bears,
And might their pity move;
For his sad lot, to her alone he dares
Not speak of love.

Ah, cruel maid, canst thou not read his eyes?
Canst thou not read his heart?
Canst thou not see that with a smile he tries
To hide his smart?

Go ask the little birds of what he sang;
Go ask each forest tree,
What was the theme to which its branches rang,
"Twas all of love!"

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Electro-Magnetic Crane.

An electro-magnet with a carrying capacity of 800 pounds is attached to a crane in the Cleveland steel works, and readily picks up and handles billets and other masses of iron without the use of chains, tongs or other devices. A mere lead is thus enabled to do the work of fourteen or fifteen men. He lowers the magnet from the crane on to the object to be moved, turns on the current, and the magnet immediately attaches itself; the crane—operated by a pneumatic cylinder—raises the load, which is carried to the desired position, lowered, and then released by cutting off the current.—Chicago News.

What Paprika Is.

A New York epicure sent a box of paprika to a Philadelphia epicure, and the latter wrote to the writer asking how to use it. Paprika is a deep red powder made by grinding dried sweet or Spanish peppers to a flour. In Hungary this variety of the pepper is extensively cultivated. Its cultivation is encouraged by the government. The use of any other pepper is almost unknown in Hungary, paprika taking the place of the East and West India peppers. It is a singular fact that dyspepsia is a disease unknown among those who use paprika.—New York Evening Sun.

Symptoms of Coffee Poisoning.

Chronic poisoning by coffee has been studied by Guelliot, of Reims, who finds it among well to do overfed individuals, while tea poisoning occurs in hard worked and half starved women. The symptoms of coffee poisoning are want of appetite, sleeplessness and nervous tremblings, with various indications of indigestion and torpor of liver. Tea poisoning requires rest and nourishment, but the victim of coffee excess usually needs to unload his system by exercise on a low diet.—Arkansas Traveler.

Moral Improvement of Prisoners.

The authorities of the California State prison have introduced a novel device for the moral improvement of prisoners through their stomachs. According to the American Analyst convicts who behave badly have ordinary fare, and those who work diligently and give no trouble to the wardens get the best of meals. As might be expected, the plan works admirably, though it is expensive. The road to the heart may be said to lead through the stomach in penal as well as in domestic concerns.—New York Press.

Salvation Army Charity.

A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant, where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread or two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Threepence brings meat and potatoes and a halfpenny a dish of rice.—Chicago Herald.

A Sheaf of Byron's Pens.

Of course every visitor to Venice takes a look at Lord Byron's pen, in the American monastery. At least, so thinks he does. But it has just come out that some time ago an old monk, wearied by the constant inquiries for a sight of the poet's pen, took a bundle of goose quills and manufactured a whole sheaf of Byron's pens, which he distributed to the younger monks for the delectation of enthusiastic sightseers.—New York Tribune.

Objection to Cottonseed Oil.

The only serious objection to the use of cottonseed oil for cooking purposes is the disagreeable odor when the oil is heated beyond a certain point. If it is possible for chemists to so deodorize the refined product as to remedy this objection there is no reason why the cleanly vegetable product should not entirely supplant the doubtful lard, which is now of almost universal culinary use.—Philadelphia Record.

A Curious Alloy.

Put into a clean crucible an ounce of copper and an ounce of antimony. Fuse them by a strong heat, and pour the alloy into a mold. The compound will be very hard and of a beautiful violet hue. This alloy has not yet been applied to any useful purposes, but its excellent qualities, independent of its color, entitle it to consideration.—Scientific American.

Growth of Rome.

Rome has grown so that many of its most interesting features are threatened. The magnificent Ludovisi gardens were offered to the city for \$600,000. They are now worth ten times that amount as building lots, and will be cut up.—New York Sun.

Raw onions are now recommended as a cure for insomnia by physicians who do their prescribing by mail and telephone.—Omaha World.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST SETTLERS.

Cast on the shore to Perth—Kidnapping Wives by Authority.

The only object aimed at by the British government in settling Australia was to get rid of the convicts. One can scarcely believe even that it was expected that the convicts should do more than drag out a brief and miserable existence under the rigors of a rule designed rather to hasten than to prolong their end. The arrangement under which Governor Philip was dispatched did not contain a single element of permanence. Not the least startling part in connection with this point is that of the total number of 1,630 persons who landed from the vessels of the expedition, only 135 were women. The other "live stock" consisted of 5 horses, 11 cows, 1 bull and 12 sheep, while the expedition was so badly provisioned that from the very moment of landing starvation began to stare the settlers in the face.

To redress the balance of the sexes, the British government, in a dispatch, of which a copy may be seen to this day in the record office, authorized the governor to send a transport to one of the neighboring Friendly Islands and kidnap 200 native women as wives for the unprovided males in the colony. This gives a good idea of the views which the British government of that day held as to the future of Australia. But badly off as the settlers were at the first, their condition speedily became worse. One characteristic misfortune and its sequel may be mentioned. To the distress of the little community, it was found one day that the bull and four of the cows had escaped from the inclosure. Search parties were sent out, but in vain. Several years passed by, and then rumors reached the settlement that a herd of cattle had been seen about forty miles in the interior. Again parties were sent out in search, and to the joy of the people they discovered the lost cattle, now increased to several hundred.

The place where the herd were grazing is now called the Cow pastures. This story is enshrined in the most cherished traditions of the colony; it is not for me to cast doubt on its authenticity. Here, then, was the ugly duckling out of which the swan of the southern seas was to grow. Branded from the first with the stain of convictism, settled by the scum of the criminal classes of England, who would seem to have been equipped rather with the hope that they would fail than that they would succeed, regarded by the home government as an almost uninhabitable and altogether useless country, save as a convenient hole into which to throw human refuse—Australia has risen to a commanding height of prosperity and influence, thanks to her natural resources, to the industry of the race she has so generously nurtured, but mainly to the extraordinary genius, energy and forethought of an unbroken succession of great men.—National Review.

Petty Meannesses of Actors.

Actors and actresses are very much like other people, they are full of petty spites. I know of a case which happened in a London theatre not many weeks ago, in which one actor—of rank in the profession—had to receive something from a young player on the stage. For some reason or other he did not like the young man, and determined to bother him, so instead of taking the article tendered he fell down as if in a fit, leaving the young fellow without any cue to go on with or any means of exit.

Some years ago a very celebrated actress used habitually to annoy a well known actor with whom she played. "Is it the case," asked the actor of her one day, "Miss —, that whenever I have to say my lines in the third act, you cough as violently as you can to drown my voice?" "Yes, Mr. —," was the reply, "I think, do you know that your voice is better when it is drowned?" That same lady once played a terrible trick upon the actor. Knowing he was nervous, she gave him, as Portia, a ring, which he, as Bassanio, was unable to get on his finger, and so put him out that he nearly broke down altogether.

But lately an actor told me himself that so greatly did he dislike playing with a lady who was in the same cast with him that he frequently put chairs, stools and tables in her way purposely on the stage, so that she could not make her accustomed rushes over the boards without a risk of tumbling. Oh yes, there are plenty of little spiteful incidents on the stage, and the people who perform them are usually the kindest and most innocent in appearance.—London Letter.

Gaiety Among the French.

The Irish are the gayest and most undervalued people in the world save the Spaniards, who are happy on a crust of bread, an onion and a cup of water. Goldsmith remarked that the gaiety of the Frenchman was in an inverse ratio to the weight of his purse. This is true in our time as in his. Nothing is more dull, more formal, more stupid, more than a social evening gathering of French who usually dine of trente-six plats. They have no life in themselves, and have to get bouffe opera singers to stir them up. And even in laughing at these they are dull. On the other hand there is always fun and go among the poor, hard worked French. It is this class which furnishes priestesses to the laughter loving goddess, who sweep here the wealth of the world to her altar. Mlle. Schneider, Jeanne Granier, Leonide Leblanc, Theresia Judic and Milly Meyer all rose from poverty to opulence.—London Truth.

His Distaste Made Him Sick.

We have just heard a story which serves to show that whether a distaste for certain kinds of food is notional or not, it is well to heed it. A Boston man had evolved an instinctive theory against eel and could never be induced to try it. Some friends who liked the dish were determined he should, and having the eel cooked in a disguised manner, invited him to dine and had him partake. He ate the fish with relish and commended it highly. Then, having enjoyed his discomfiture, they told him what it was. Before twenty-four hours the family doctor was at his wit's end to relieve that man's agony, and saved his life at a close pinch.—Boston Advertiser.

FANCIES ABOUT BIRDS.

SCENE OF THE QUEER SUPERSTITIONS OF COLORED PEOPLE.

A Writer Repeats the Stories of Dusky Legend Tellers—Folk Lore Concerning Feathered Songsters—Dove, Partridge, Robin, Jay Bird and "Shiverin' Owl."

How many queer fancies the negroes have about birds! To them every feathered songster makes prognostication either of good or evil to befall the believer in signs.

Dusky legend tellers relate how the white dove flew out of the Ark and was the first living thing to find land after the great flood. They augment the old story by saying that on that land did the dove, for love of man, plant the first grain of corn. They bless the gentle bird for giving that strongest staff of life to the laborer, that which they call in their quaint fancy personification Friend John Constant, "do good corn meal dat stands by you constant." It was the mourning dove who brought the world another great blessing, with her tender bill she dug for man the first springs. To him who hears the first dove's note in the new spring time, good or bad luck is portended, as the hearer happens to be going up or down a hill when the tender complaining strikes his ear.

A pocketful of money and a crib full of corn at the end of the year await the man who, walking a level road, hears the dove's cooing; if he comply with the following condition to step three steps after hearing the first note, then to lie down and roll over his three last tracks.

A mighty "love powder" is thought by dark damself to be made of a parched and powdered dove's heart. Not a few negroes believe that troubles will follow him who kills a dove. The mourning dove is said to mourn for a passing soul.

CONCERNING BIRDS EGGS.

The partridge fears to frequent the ground off trod by man, hence arises the belief that death will come to some dweller in a cabin near which is heard the partridge's shrill whistle. Lucky is he who finds the nest of the industrious partridge, for these are bird's eggs that can be eaten without fear of evil consequences.

But let no person who loves home eat the egg of the blue bird, for that egg gives to the eater thereof an insatiable desire to run away—always to run away. Days full of sunshine will invite him to wander, days of clouds and rain will demand him to leave the warm home hearth, always to slip away somewhere from familiar places and well loved faces. Woe to him who eats a mocking bird's egg the penalty attached to the eating thereof is to "tell all an maybe noun you know." The eater of a killdeer's egg will surely there after break his arm.

It was the bright, restless little robin that planted on old earth the first one of the many cedars that now shake their plumes on a thousand hills.

It was the pert jay bird that brought in his bill the "first grit of dirt" to the world, whence he flew with it legend falls to inform. For a certain space on Friday noon, say the mummies, no jay is to be seen on the whole face of the earth.

Why? They go to the under world to carry to the king of that realm a grain of sand. Whether this is a punishment for the bringing of that first "grit," no aunty will tell, but she will assert most positively that the jays do certainly leave our world at precisely 9 o'clock on Friday morning and are back promptly at 1 o'clock of that same day.

LUCK AND A LOVER.

Lucky is the dusky maid who sees a red bird when she is not on the lookout for one. She must make no mention of having seen the pretty fellow, but discreetly go about her business, "makin' no 'miration at all." If this condition is complied with she will see her sweetheart before the sun is down. If the bird seen is bright red, her lover will come in happy mood, if pale is the color of the bird, her lover will show himself ill tempered.

Never bring out of a wild bird's nest a young one to strive to rear it in a house where people live, for the bird will surely die, and no less certainly will the superstitious ones regard this death as a "call" for some loved inmate of that dwelling to die also.

The rain crow cries for rain. There are many jolly dialect songs about the crow. The negroes seem to consider him quite a smart fellow. One of them, a black one with white feathers under his wings, is a "preacher crow." Most direful ill, however, will follow the dwellers in a house on whose roof a crow lights. It is the wren nesting under the eaves that brings the greatest good fortune to a house. Followed by griefs and trials will be that man who kills a wren.

Let no person mock a "shiverin' owl," for the penalty thereto is "dat fire'll follow you." Who mocks a whippoorwill will have his clothes burned up. Who hears a whippoorwill sounding its sweet note in daylight will have his clothes burned. A flock of brown birds called "air colts" twitter for a death sign.

The great white crane only leaves his marshy places to bring to some household "warnin' o' death." Great consternation fills a house when the crane flies over the roof and calls down his dolorous cry of "Corpse! Corpse! Corpse!"—Eli Shepperd in New Orleans Times Democrat.

One of Daniel Webster's Laws.

Few people know and fewer remember one great service which Daniel Webster performed for mankind in the ten days during which he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In one of his speeches he said, speaking of that time "I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in the position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusetts legislature, passed into a law and is now a law of the state, which enacts that no man in the state shall catch trout in any other manner than with the ordinary hook and line." How many men have done as much for mankind in a whole lifetime as he did by this one act!—David A. Curtis in New York Mail and Express.

Some Presidents' Trousers.

Some men are born for trousers, others achieve trousers and others have trousers thrust upon them. Who that ever saw President Arthur can forget the beautiful folds of his trousers? Neither large nor small, with no bagging at the knee, but falling gracefully upon his shoe they were indeed beautiful to behold. Such trousers were not simply due to the tailor's art. They showed his natural affinity for trousers, and while the experiment might have been attended with danger, there is, nevertheless, a strong probability that Mr. Arthur would have made a pair of Downey "hand-me-downs" look quite respectable. Of all the presidents of modern times he was the best clothed as to his nether garments.

His great predecessor, Gen. Garfield, achieved trousers. His tailor was good, the cloth was in good taste, but the wearer gave little attention to the matter, and even appeared in public once in trousers frayed at the heel. Hayes' trousers were barely respectable, while Gen. Grant was utterly indifferent to his. Trousers were thrust upon him. He really had no taste for them.

President Harrison's trousers are respectable and good always, but they are full of wrinkles and of so conservative a color as to be nonentities in the trouser world, and President Cleveland's legs were incased in broadcloth of a stiffness and newness of appearance that showed a woeful subordination of the wearer to the tender mercies of the tailor. This is a fatal mistake. A man's trousers should show the combined thought of the wearer and the tailor. Neither can accomplish them successfully alone.—Cor. New York Times.

Mummies and Mohammedans.

One night I visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the purpose of examining some of the antiquities exhibited there, and I took a look at the mummied cats, in which my little son, who was with me, is especially interested. Very solemn and ghastly are the swathed and silent tabbies, who perhaps gambled around the feet of Moses and of Pharaoh's daughter, and it struck me in looking at them that the Egyptians of 3,000 years ago were a little ahead of the New York of today in their devotion to birds and quadrupeds.

Something of this veneration for the brute creation has been transmitted to the Mohammedan of the east, who permits neither cats nor dogs to be slain, but provides meals and quarters for them. A learned pundit of that persuasion once expressed to the late S. S. Cox, when minister to Turkey, his surprise that a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be needed in a Christian country. Our brilliant "Sunset" was not usually at a loss for words either to conceal or express an idea, but on this occasion he confessed that he was roused by the unspokeable Turk, and had to take refuge in the assertion that this was the work of the Blavatsky sect of Buddhists. It is just possible that the gentle Turk believed him, but Mr. Cox was always of the opinion that he did not.—New York Letter.

Selling Tobacco in Danville.

It is an interesting sight to see the hundreds of covered tobacco wagons come to market. Large ware houses are ready to offer every inducement to farmers to sell their load. Driveways lead to the great floors where the load is assorted in piles according to grade, having been weighed first while on the truck. Each pile is tagged with the name of the owner and the weight, with a place for the buyer's name and price. Many farmers remain over night, for they arrive at all hours of the day and night. Free stables and other ordinary comforts are provided.

There are ten ware houses in Danville, N. C. They are divided into two series of five each, and public sales are conducted in two at the same time. Under the direction of the Tobacco Exchange the order of sales is arranged. Placards are posted at different points, "First sale at Neal's," "Second sale at Acree's," and so on, each ware house taking its assigned turn until all five have sold out—first today, the last to-morrow. Each ware house has its own auctioneer, clerks, and most of the firms buying having two sets of buyers to attend on the two circuits.—Cor. Washington Post.

Compressed Air Torpedo.

Still another torpedo, this one the invention of an Austrian count, Buoncorsini by name, has made its appearance in the European naval and military world. According to official and private reports of the trials of this instrument they were eminently successful, giving results superior even to those obtained from the Whitehead. The motive power is compressed air, acting directly from a reservoir upon the propeller without any assistance or intervention from machinery. The propulsion is effected by twin screws working inversely and giving a velocity greater and more continuous, it is contended, than any obtained in other torpedoes. One remarkable feature of this invention is the faculty of automatic guidance, which enables it to avoid protective nets and shields, and to dive any distance before rising to give its blow.—Exchange.

The Time to Gather Flowers.

Do not gather flowers while the sun is shining upon them, but choose instead the early morning, or the hour after the sun has gone down. Avoid pulling or tearing from the plant; cut with sharp scissors or a knife, and in the case of varieties having a large stalk or stem rub a little dirt over the wound. Always leave as long a stem as possible, not to interfere with other buds or blossoms.—John Richards in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

It is not generally known that a single mouse turned loose in a grocery window will catch more flies in a single evening than fly paper catches all day, and besides, he eats them, and don't leave them lying around loose. Don't grudge the mouse his little mischief; he is a good fly and roach exterminator.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

FOUNDED IN 1781 BY A PRINTER OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

How Robert Raikes Was Led to Organize the First Sunday School—Why the Scheme Attracted General Attention. Historical Items of Interest.

Sunday schools were founded about the close of the year 1781 by Robert Raikes, a printer in Gloucestershire. Business leading him into the suburbs of the town inhabited by the lowest class of people, he was surprised by seeing multitudes of miserably ragged children, who made the Sabbath day a carnival of noise and riot, in which cursing and swearing had a large part.

To check this profanation of the Lord's day he engaged four women, teachers of week day schools, to instruct such children as he should send them on the Sunday in reading and the church catechism, for which they were to receive one shilling each.

A visible improvement being effected in a short time both in the manners and morals of the children, Mr. Raikes' scheme attracted general attention. Her majesty Queen Charlotte admitted him to an audience, and expressed high approbation of his plan. Numerous schools formed on the same model sprang up in the principal towns, and a society, under high patronage, was formed in London in 1785 for the establishment and support of Sunday schools throughout the kingdom. This was the first stage of the Sunday school.

GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTION.

A great impediment to prosperity was the expense of hiring the teachers. It is not certain who first conceived the idea of gratuitous instruction, but this in time came about, and the result was that by the year 1800 teaching in the Sunday school was almost universally without remuneration.

In 1803 the Sunday School union was formed, which, by its numerous publications agents and branch societies in the different parts of the kingdom, exercised a wide influence. The Institute of the Church of England, which operated in a like manner, is of a similar date.

Scotland boasts of Sunday schools as early as 1782. But it was not till 1786, when the Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor was formed, that they were publicly recognized, nor until 1797, when the first Free Sunday School society was organized, that free Sunday schools became general. At first these met with considerable opposition from portions of the ecclesiastical court, but this soon vanished, and Sunday school unions existed in most of the large towns.

Sunday schools in Ireland had been in a measure anticipated in County Down in 1770 but the system pursued by Mr. Raikes was not adopted till about 1785, since which date its system has been similar to that of England.

In Ireland the Sunday School society was established in 1809.

The Roman Catholics, in the United Kingdom at least, have numerous Sunday schools.

THE FIRST IN AMERICA.

The First Day or Sunday School society, formed in Philadelphia in 1791, is the first permanent Sunday school organization in the United States of which there is trustworthy record. It was composed of members of different denominations, including the Society of Friends. Its constitution required that reading and writing from the Bible and such other religious and moral books as the society approved should furnish the course of instruction. The New York Sunday School union was organized in 1816, the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School union one year later. These three societies recognized the union of different denominations, and led to the organization of the American Sunday School union at Philadelphia in 1824. The object of this union was to concentrate the efforts of Sunday school societies in different sections of the United States, and to start schools wherever there were children found in sufficient numbers to attend them.

It naturally came about that as new states were settled and the various denominations were strengthened, increased attention was given by each to its own Sunday schools, and denominational unions to promote these were formed. As years passed, the question book was added to the original recitation and at length in a great degree superseded it. Later on came lesson helps, text maps, black board exercises, etc. In the earlier schools reward tickets were given, and when these had sufficiently accumulated they were exchanged for books. This stimulated the production of works of a character suitable to young minds, and from this has been developed the Sunday school library.

Good Words for the Reporter.

Reporters differ in many ways. Some are purely descriptive, in some a bump of humor is magnificently developed, some permeate a story, short or long, with indices of personality. Others are cast iron in recital, and make their stories as piquant as an algebraical problem. A good reporter, gifted with natural spirits and health, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever in any well regulated newspaper office. Every door is open to him, and the field of life is spread before him with its sunshine and its shadow. In the course of an evening he talks with presidents and walks with princes. He sits with the sorrowful and mourns with the humble. No place is too high, none too lowly; no man is too high, too rich, too great for him to approach, none too poor, too humble for him to serve. He is as much at home in the palace of a millionaire as in a hospital ward of a prison. He writes with equal readiness the glib utterances of a bearded bishop and the harrowing confession of a poor devil in the Tombs.

A good reporter must be discreet. How much he hears that he cannot tell, how much he knows that it would not be fair for him to reveal. He sees the best and worst types of society, and has his hand more constantly upon the pulse of affairs than any minister, lawyer, doctor or merchant.—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

COQUILLE CITY, Or., Dec. 31, 1890.
J. Eugene Jordan, M. D., Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR: It has been some time since I wrote a letter to you, but I have been so well that it has not been necessary. You remember when I first wrote you in May, 1889, I was in a fearful condition with a complication of troubles, I could not stand on my feet five minutes at a time unless walking around; it seemed as though my back would break apart. You remember that I had an enlarged lung, or a bunch under my short ribs on the left side and it seemed to me as though I would smother to death. I also had liver and stomach trouble. In fact, my health was completely broken down so that I would have been much better dead than alive. Could not do any housework at all. Now I am getting so stout; my side does not trouble me, and I can do all my housework, washing and all. Please publish my testimony in any of your books or papers, as I was just as bad as any one could be and get well. There are a great many weakly people here that I know your medicine would cure if they had them to take, and I am sure if it was near here so that it could be procured they would take it, as I know how much I have suffered.

I beg to remain
Very respectfully,
MRS. C. C. MEYERS.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James. Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histo-genetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histo-genetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histo-genetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

"What was the cause of your leaving your watch with your uncle?" Poker Player—"Aunt, relatively speaking."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet, Dr. F. J. Porterfield & Lowsy, 838 Market Street, San Francisco.

"Your number," said the warden to the prisoner, "is one—'that's grading,'" said the unfortunate; "I'm in the 400 at last."

Medicinity always copies superiority. Dobbin's Electric Soap, first made in 1865, has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for Dobbin's Electric Soap; all other Electric, Electricity, Magaetics, etc., are imitations.

A coming-out party.—The politician who quits a fat office on the first of the new year.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other remedies have failed. It absorbs the tumors, alleviates the itching at once, acts as a positive, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and 81c per box. WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Why does this man stare so? He is simply listening to the marvelous cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The following case illustrates:

February 14th, 1890.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen—A remarkable case has occurred in our territory. J. N. Berry, a man about thirty years of age, was going down rapidly. He tried physician after physician, patent medicines, home receipts—in fact, everything. He went to a noted sanitarium and returned no better. We all thought he was dying with consumption, and only a few weeks of life were left for him.

He commenced "Golden Medical Discovery," and at the same time commenced to mend. He has used about two dozen bottles, and is still using it. He has gained in weight, color and strength, and is able to do light work. It is just such a case as we should have listened to rather suspiciously, but when we see it we must believe it.

It has trebled our sales of "Golden Medical Discovery."

JOHN HACKETT & SON,
Druggists, Roanoke, Ind.

In all bronchial, throat and lung affections, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" effects the most marvelous cures.

WONDERFUL CURE.

Electricity Cures a Uterine Tumor. Two weeks ago Mrs. Charles Sargent of Wyoming came to this city to have Dr. Toel remove a fibroid uterine tumor, from which she had been suffering for some years, and was now very weak from loss of blood. Dr. Toel removed the tumor by means of his galvanic-caustic battery, thus avoiding all loss of blood during the operation and afterwards and causing scarcely any pain. Mrs. Sargent was able to return to Wyoming again in ten days.—Peoria Journal.

Dr. Toel is now located in Portland. The tumor, with hundreds of other tumors and cancers successfully removed by him, can be seen in his office. Dr. Toel has studied four years at the Universities and large Hospitals of Germany, Switzerland and England, and is the only surgeon in the Northwest who operates by electricity without loss of blood.

DOCTOR TOEL

Makes a specialty of Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Neck, Skin, Urinary Organs, Female Diseases and all Surgical Operations, as for Fistula, Piles, Stricture, Cancer, Polypus and all other Tumors and Ulcers. Operations performed by means of electricity without loss of blood. Office—No. 704 Washington Street, corner Fourth, rooms 3, 4 and 5 Washington building, Portland, Or.