

The Oregon Scout

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LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little boy dog is covered with dust. But sturdily and staunchly stands. And the little toy soldier is red with rust. And his musket points in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was new. And the soldier was passing fair. And there was the time when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

A Curious Library.

In 1867 a rich collector of stamps, coins, eggs, woods, etc., presented the town museum at Cassel, Germany, with one of the most remarkable sets of books known to the bibliomaniac or botanist—a library of 500 volumes, each a book made of a different kind of wood. The book of each volume is formed of the bark of a tree, the sides of the wood in its mature state, the top of the wood as taken when young, and the bottom of the same wood after it has been dried and seasoned. When opened the book is found to be without leaves, box shaped, containing the flower, seed, fruit and leaf of the tree of which the book is made. Australia is said to have over 1,900 species of trees large enough to work up into books after the fashion of those in the Cassel museum.

Attracting Customers with Music.

The latest fad to entice trade is to entertain would-be customers with music. The other afternoon while a reporter was making a few purchases at a general hardware and sporting goods store on Vesey street, he heard the delightful strains of a Stranes waltz. In an alcove of the store a harpist, two violinists and a flutist were doing their best to entertain the purchasers. They were good musicians, too, and their music was vastly superior to that usually furnished by street players.

The old saying that "musical hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is hardly applicable to this particular crowd, but certain it is that hardly a man or woman in the store failed to show the pleasure he or she experienced while waiting for the clerks to open and display new packages of goods. The women were particularly delighted with the music. Some of them walked about more gracefully than they otherwise would have done, others still hummed the strains as though thoroughly acquainted with the music, while the eyes of many flashed and their faces bespoke the delight they were experiencing.

All this while the proprietor moved about as though unconscious of the pleasures he was affording his patrons. When spoken to about the music, he said: "Yes, I suppose it is pretty good music, but I don't know much about it, and so I keep my mouth shut. But I'll tell you one thing: it is a right good advertising scheme, and my business has almost quadrupled since I engaged the orchestra several weeks ago. My idea was laughable at a little at the start by my neighbors, but now they fully realize that I am making a good thing out of it."—New York Evening Sun.

Dust Particles in the Air. Mr. John Aitken, a well known investigator of the atmosphere, has recently made a series of experiments on the number of dust particles in ordinary air. So far his results show that outside air, after a wet night, contained 521,000 dust particles per cubic inch, outside air in fair weather contained 2,119,000 particles in the same space, showing that rain is a great purifier of the atmosphere. The air of a room was found to contain 39,318,000 particles in the same space, that near the ceiling containing 88,346,000 particles per cubic inch. The air collected over a 600,000 particles per cubic inch. The numbers for a room were got with gas burning in the room, and at a height of four feet from the floor. These figures, though not absolute, show how important is the influence of a gas jet on the air we breathe, and the necessity for good ventilation in apartments. Mr. Aitken remarks that there seem to be as many dust particles in a cubic inch of air in a room at night when gas is burning as there are inhabitants in Great Britain, and that in three cubic inches of the gases from a Bunsen flame there are as many particles as there are people in the world.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Ah Buckle! Stay Buckle! Though fat and sleek, He loved his dear With his K's and Q's; But, to be sure, When the gold passed, He offered his excuse. When times were good, He loved his love with tenderness; But now, alas! He offers his excuse. She takes it out in coffee; Slaughter in the pot! Draw one!—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Small Boy's Anxiety Not to Know Events.

A gentleman once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeit friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the respectful, "little boys like me don't need to know anything."—Texas Siftings.

The Wiggles of Wakefulness. Some expressions are all the more forcible for having sprung spontaneously into existence without the fostering aid of grammar. Lillian had an uncomfortable way of waking before light, and expecting the family to rise with her at what they considered an unbearably early hour. "Lillian, you must be still and try to sleep," said her mother one morning, when this early bird began to chirp. "I'll try," said the child, and so she did, but it was to no purpose. In five minutes she was sitting up in bed playing with her little pink toes. This time her mother, growing impatient, as sleepy people have been known to do, summarily extinguished her under the bedclothes, saying, in a despair: "Lillian, I told you to try once more to go to sleep!" "I know it, mamma," said truthful Lillian, "and I did try, but the wiggles in me so I can't keep still!"—Youth's Companion.

Another Daniel Soluton. Willie is a little Scotch boy who lives in Glasgow. He is 5 years old, and has not yet learned to like "pease brose," which in his country is given to children to cool the blood. "Go on, Willie, you must eat it," said his papa one day at breakfast. "But I don't like it, dada," replied the boy. "That doesn't matter; you must eat it. It will do you good and make you fat like Daniel who lived on it when he was a boy." "Did he? Was that the man who was in the den of lions?" "Yes, that was the man." "Well, then," replied the lad, scornfully, "I don't wonder the lions didn't eat him." The smell of pease brose is not by any means pleasant.—Harper's Young People.

Ways and Means. A little boy, Gussie, where I live, has an aunt who goes away in summer and lives with him in winter. She was coming back, but the room she used to have I have now. One day he asked me if my husband would feel bad if I should die. I told him I thought he would. Then he asked me if I would feel bad if my husband died. I told him I would. He thought a few minutes. Then he said: "Well, if God would take the both of you Aunt Della could have the room."—Boston Globe.

Fell Off the Train.

Railroad Man—Are you badly hurt, sir? Victim—Hurt; name! Do you suppose I've practiced tobogganing for nothing?—New York Sun.

The Way of the Wise. "It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm, it seems as if so rarely any of them do." "Oh, I dunno," said the farmer, "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers but one." "Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?" "Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was 12, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over twenty year. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' naturally seemed to hate the farm and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water." "Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?" "Oh, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer; "not for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most of all the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Sticks to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."—Fred Carruth in Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointed Young Man. One of the girls in fashionable society in New York made up her mind to get married the other day, and after confiding her intention to her father, she said: "What do you intend to do for me?" The father was a wealthy man, and thought he was showing a liberal spirit when he answered: "Well, I will give you \$100,000 to buy a house and \$25,000 to furnish it with." "And what will you give me to live off?" the young lady demanded, with a dissatisfied look on her face. "Oh, I will allow you the interest on another \$100,000," replied her father. "But my chief will cost at least \$1,500 a year. How do you think I can possibly manage with so little?" The father looked slightly grieved, but only said: "That must do while I am living; you will probably have more when I am gone." The young man who was interested in hearing the result of this conversation between father and daughter said when he heard it: "He might as well have given her two millions." The marriage did not take place.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Sensational Newspapers in England. All the murder gazettes are not published in this country. Here, for instance, is The Weekly Courier, of Liverpool, England, which recently published the following advertisement: "Remarkable Murder Trials. New Stories of Old Crimes.—There will shortly be begun in The Weekly Courier a series of articles, giving detailed and graphic accounts of some of the murder trials which have taken the deepest hold on the public mind. Special attention will be given to remarkable trials of local interest in Liverpool and Lancashire. Each article will trace the crime from its inception, describe its methods and incidents, the efforts of the culprits to elude pursuit and capture, the incidents of the trial, and, finally, the execution of the convict—usually at Kirkdale goal, in the presence of vast multitudes of people."—New York Tribune.

A CHAT WITH BISMARCK.

An Incident of the Franco-Prussian War. Editor Unitstead. In the early morning we walked about the townlet and entered the ancient church. A pale French priest said mass tremulously for a few women draped in black. Emerging, we passed a white horse, and saw, as if framed in the open window, the king of Prussia. All the ideal transformations he had undergone in portraiture on my way from Paris, alike the horns and the halos, had vanished; here was the same bland and blonde old man, rosy with the morning air at his open window. We bowed, and the king answered with a wave of his hand. The women from the church were passing, and it occurred to me as hardly safe for the king to run the risk of a Corley plasterer. A columnar individual appeared at the king's door, with uplaid finger-drawing approach. There was but one man in Europe with that head and front.—Bismarck.

He said with a pleasant and somewhat humorous tone, glancing at our civilian dress, "May I ask where you are from, gentlemen, and your destination?" "We are Americans," I said; I think Halstead added, "Just from France." Bismarck opened his eyes lazily, but I could see his eye fixed like a solar microscope upon them. He welcomed us cordially, saying they desired the course of the war chronicled for the world, for no country rather than the United States. "You might not expect that from such a conservative as I am supposed to be." Our papers, he said, would secure us the good will of German officers. Should we need food we might apply at the king's headquarters. We must be careful not to fee French families where we might be quartered; that has caused dissatisfaction among the soldiers who could not pay. The families furnish accounts for all services, which would be paid. He also admonished us not to carry arms; otherwise if captured we might suffer as combatants. This was all said in excellent English. He made no inquiry about our experiences in France. To his question whether he could do anything for us, Halstead said the one thing he needed was a horse; he would pay largely for one. "We are here," said Bismarck, "in a nation on horse-back, and I fear the horse is just what we cannot supply." Halstead said, with his serious smile, "It seems a little hard that the one thing a man needs and is ready to pay for is precisely the thing he can't have." "Haven't you generally found that the case through life?" said Bismarck, quietly. He introduced us to one or two officers, and as we left the king waved his hand again. I was pleased with Bismarck's voice and manner. He was frank and without egotism.—Monneur D. Conway in The Cosmopolitan.

Education of the Brain. The brain can be trained just like the hand. This is the great subject of education. An empty head is an evil head, an undisciplined hand is a mischievous brain. Interest is the key to all mental training, and the greatest danger of school education at present is that the memory is cultivated principally or almost alone. It is not walking encyclopedias that do good in the world, but skilled brains, able to think and not merely to remember. No teaching is likely to be of much permanent value which does not exercise other faculties of the mind, the reflection and judging powers, the power of giving undivided attention and the power of taking interest in the work. Interest is essential to true progress, and the most enduring knowledge is that which we teach ourselves. Imagination should be stimulated by wholesome and stirring stories and all the wealth of poetry; and the will should be educated by forcing ourselves to do our duties promptly even when disagreeable, as they so often are.

Habits are largely the result of training; the same part of the brain is used over and over again; the nervous energy travels the same road of fibers from the same center that after time and repetition it passes without any control and almost unconsciously. The painful efforts of learning an art in the end give an unnoted mastery over it. Here is the danger of self-indulgence in any vice.—C. H. Pollock, M. D., in The Chautauquan.

Sarah Bernhardt at Work. The amount of work which Sarah Bernhardt has to get through daily would be enough to kill anybody but a fashionable actress. Never home from the theatre before 1 o'clock in the morning, she is to be seen in her atelier as soon as there is light enough to work, busy finishing her three busts for the next season. After a hasty breakfast—a mere apology for a meal—she drives off to the theatre to rehearse "Therese Raquin" and the other new pieces in which she is to appear in the course of her approaching professional tour. While her own drama was in preparation she had to spend her after-noon in the superintendence of the rehearsals; and not content with the ordinary method of coaching the performers, she practically went through the roles herself as she conceived them on each occasion. And, after a day thus spent in ceaseless toil, there was still the work of the evening to face—her performance in M. Sardou's drama of the Porte St. Martin. Now that her own piece is off her hands she will have a little rest to do and she is quite radiant at the prospect of having "quite fifteen hours' work a day" for some time to come.—St. James' Gazette.

Calculations of an Observer. An observant citizen makes the following calculation, which is given for what it is worth. Out of every ten average American men, one will take the wrong side of the walk; two will stand in the door of a car if there is no seat, three will sport a toothpick in their mouths in public, four will expectorate in public places, five will carry an umbrella horizontally under their arm in the street, six will cross their legs in a car, seven will fall to remove their hats in a down town elevator when a lady enters, eight will forget to shut a car door when they get in or out, nine will risk their lives to catch a train when they could just as well wait for the next one, and the whole ten will grow all their lives at public nuisances without doing anything to abate them.—New York Tribune.

He who seeks peace will find that with advancing age the peaceful moment, that once came so seldom, returns more readily and that at last the moments unite to make hours, and the hours to build up days and years.—F. Marion Crawford.

A Serious Difficulty. Since a Russian law forbids the use of exclamation points in a newspaper article, one is at a loss to see how can be properly interpreted therein a Muscovite's outburst when he steps on a tack.—Boston Budget.

A TURKISH TALE.

Sah Merv, the beggar at the city gate, Sah Merv, the beggar and philosopher, In talk with Brahm, at ease beneath the arch, Stopping to pick a kopeck to him thrown. Found braiding in the dust beside the coin A ruby ring worth half a princely ransom. And while the beggar group with eager greed Pressed round him crying "Ah, our good Sah Merv!" Allah be praised! none ever shall beg more! The sultan's daughter, proud in silk and pearls, Herself more lovely than the hour's queen, Envy'd by all who envy, passed the gate, And Brahm, bold eyes, with rare irony, As who would say, "So much for charity!" Elbowed in her lap the squire of bright gold, Which lay by luck had found some twelve months since. But wise Sah Merv, with rarer sapience, Threw on the sultan's black, beside the coin. The ruby ring worth half a princely ransom. And turned to Brahm, with courteous bow, "Fool! fool! A word and manna!" cried they all. "Not so!" thought she to whom the fortune fell. "What is to me a bauble, were to him The purchase price of endless misery! The ruby ring worth half a princely ransom, You, and its fellow too, could wish to be found, I'd give for his contented poverty!"—New York Ledger.

Jesse James' Manhood. "Jesse James, the Missouri bandit, possessed many many qualities," feelingly exclaimed Uncle Dick Henderson at the Brunswick hotel. "I knew him well. He was turned into a Nemesis after the Pinkertons threw that bomb through the window of the Samuels residence and blew off the arm of Jesse's mother. Ever after that occurrence both Frank and Jesse declared war to the knife on the Pinkerton men. The killing of Jesse James by Bob Ford was the cowardly act of a traitor, ungrateful fiend. Bob wasn't 'tearing regular' when Jesse took him to his home, gave him shelter and food and treated him well. One day, when Jesse was dusting off a picture and had his back turned, Bob shot him from behind. Of course you know that but very few people ever learned what picture Jesse was dusting off when he got his death wound. It was the large picture of his dear old, white haired mother, whom he loved dearly. "In one robbery at Blue Cut, when the James gang went through a train, Jesse led the way and relieved the passengers of their valuables. He came to one woman in black, who was sobbing bitterly. Jesse stopped and inquired the cause of her sorrow. As she handed him \$20 in greenbacks she cried out convulsively: 'It's all I have in the world. My husband's corpse is in the baggage car.' Tears came to the eye of the train robber. Going into his pocket he returned the \$20 and added two crisp \$100 bills to it, which he forced the widow to accept. He never would rob a cripple, or an old gray haired woman, either. He once took an overcoat off his own back in the streets of Liberty, Mo., and gave it to a poor, shivering old man that had been turned out into the cold by an ungrateful son-in-law. I could name many other instances."—Denver Republican.

Secretary Seward's Opinion. I heard a story of William H. Seward the other day which I think is a new one. I am not certain, but I am impressed with a conviction that it comes from Mrs. Olive Ribley Seward, an adopted daughter of the late Secretary Seward, whose Bohemian literary salon is one of the most charming places to which one can have the entrée at the national capital. It was at the time when there was great agitation of the removal of the capital, and all Washington was alarmed. One of the scared ones said to Secretary Seward, "Mr. Seward, do you think the capital will be removed from Washington?" "Yes, I think it will," was the reply. "But where to Chicago?" "No." "What? Not to St. Louis? Well, where then?" "To the City of Mexico. That will probably be the center of population of the United States one of these days."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Like Its Namesake. Middlesborough, England, is well known as the great center of the iron trade—a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with 130 blast furnaces, and an annual output of nearly 2,000,000 tons of pig-iron. But there has recently been founded an English Middlesborough in America, which bids fair, if its present rate of development continues, to represent in time as much wealth in gold and iron as the older city of which it is the namesake. Two years ago it had no existence save in the minds of its founders; today it is a city of several thousand inhabitants, aspiring to become the principal seat of the iron and steel manufacture of the United States.—Harper's.

Treatment of Piles. So called remedies for piles are without number. The complaint often lasts for years without affecting the general health, and on the other hand constant irritation and bleeding may at once affect the entire system. Keep the bowels regular, relying upon fruit and grain diet. Avoid tobacco, condiments, liquor, etc. For bleeding a wash or injection of tannin is recommended—one ounce to half a pint of water. Any good anti-septic ointment may be tried, to be applied with a suppository syringe. Inflammation is remedied by frequent bathing in cold water, rest and plain food.—Herald of Health.

At the Naval Academy. Perhaps it may not be out of place to give some Annapolis localisms, or slang terms. "Sux" is nice. "Spuds" are potatoes. "Skippy" is chemistry. To be "projected" or "hung on the Christmas tree" is to be posted for a low mark. "Sat" and "unsat" are short for satisfactory and unsatisfactory. "Tag Ends" is the name of a book of jokes recently issued at the academy. The "yacht" is the santee, where a man is sent for light imprisonment, in punishment for smoking, drinking, etc. It is three-quarters of a mile from quarters, and the men who get there have to walk back and forth to recreation, etc., twelve times a day. The "brig" is the berth deck of the santee, where a man is sent for serious disobedience of rules. To "shake a leg" means to hurry.—New York Tribune.

Zaleschko-fekoushend is the name of a male who is working in the Schuykill coal mines. He has a thoroughly an-athractic name.

THE MILKY WAY.

S ORIGIN AS ACCOUNTED FOR IN VARIOUS LEGENDS.

The Story as Told in Greek Fable—The Sheaf of Stray—Saxon Tradition—The Eshmen's Belief—Meteorological Phenomena—Forecast. The brilliant appearance and prominent color of the Milky Way have not failed to give rise to many fabled names and to many legends as to its origin. According to the Greek fable, it was produced by the milk of Hera (Juno). Children born of Jupiter's illicit amours could only inherit divine honors if suckled by this lawful spouse of the great Olympian god. Hercules was thus introduced to the goddess, who became so angered when she discovered the substitute infant that she threw him from her breast, and the milk flew across the sky, forming the galaxy. Hyginus says the Latin legend substituted Ops, spouse of Saturn, for Juno, and the occasion was the presentation of a stone to her for the true child. A Sicilian legend says the milk was from the Madonna's breast, lost while she searched for Jesus.

A curious class of legends accounts for the creation of the bright band of stars across the heavens. One of these, from Valentinian, relates that Venus pursued a sheaf of straw one night from St. Peter's mills, and in her hasty flight toward her celestial abode scattered it across the sky, where we see it now on cloudless nights. A Dalmanian tradition ascribes the loss of the straw to St. Peter himself, and calls the galaxy "the Straw of St. Peter." According to a Celtic legend, it was caused by a man who, having stolen a sheaf of straw from his foster father, was hastening away with his burden, when the bundle broke and the straw scattered about. To recall for ever this deed, God placed the straw in the heavens, where it still glitters. The name given to the galaxy in Serbia and Albania is "Godfather's Straw." Similar traditions must have given rise to names bestowed upon it in other countries. It is known as the "Straw" in Sardinian, in Magyar, in Modern Hebrew, Coptic and Ethiopian; as the "Road of the Straw" in Arab, Rabylean and Syrian, and as the "Scattering of the Straw" in the Magyar dialect. An Armenian appellation is "Scatter of Straw," and Persian titles are "Path of the Carriers of the Cut-Straw" and "Way of Carrying Chaff."

The peculiar whiteness of the Milky Way is also evidently referred to in its Transylvanian name of the "Floury Way" and its Westphalian titles, the "Road to Mill" and the "Sandy Path." There are other legends to account for its appearance. A Saxon tradition relates that the world took fire some ages ago and burned until it was consumed. God gathered together the cinders and united them in a narrow, white stream, which he let fall, leaving a whitish brilliancy in the midst of which still burn some live coals. About the entire heavens are dispersed other burning embers. Sometimes a spark shoots from a hidden bunch of them, becoming a shooting star. Bushmen say the galaxy is formed of ashes cast there long ago by a young woman, so that her parents might be able to find their way home. Another legend assigns a different origin to it. A young woman, angry with her stingy mother because she would give her but a small quantity of a certain red nut to eat, cast quantities of it from her into the sky, where it became the stars and the Milky Way.

Like the rainbow and other prominent celestial appearances the Milky Way is connected in popular tradition with meteorological phenomena. In Westphalia it is called the "Weather Stripe," "Weather Street" and "Weather Tree," and is also given the name of "Wind Tree." A Welsh name for it was "Road of the Wind," and in Pienry it is called "Foot of the Wind." Tahitians call the bright band "Flying Cloud" and "Solid Cloud." It is "Band of the Aurora" in Magyar lands, and the "Evening Ray" in Westphalia. In the latter country the galaxy is said to be in the middle of the world and the sun stops there regularly at meridian. It is also believed to turn with the sun, and hence it appears from the quarter in which the sun has set. Similar notions of the cosmographical importance of the Milky Way probably gave it its Arab name "Mother of Heaven." An old Arab poet alludes to it as the "Mother of the Confused Stars."

Appearing only by night, prognostications drawn from the luminous way are not so numerous as in the case of the rainbow. Esthonians judge by the more or less brilliant appearance of the amount of snow that will fall during the coming winter. If by the end of September the northern end of the galaxy is very brilliant, snow will not fall until Christmas is past; but if the south end is more brilliant in appearance, snow will fall long before Christmas. If the whole band is very bright, snow will fall before and after Christmas. Icelanders also prognosticate the winter weather from the appearance of the Milky Way in autumn. In our own country, many people believe that the signs of the Milky Way, which is the brightest indicated band of radiation from which the approaching storm will come.—F. S. Bassett in Globe-Democrat.

Sash Weights from Tin Cans. There is no secret about the process. The only thing is to have a proper sized furnace and to get up a sufficient heat. The business has developed rapidly, and manufacturers say the margin of profit is small. It costs more to melt the scraps than common iron. Clips ready for the furnace cost \$7 a ton. The sash weights produced are of a superior quality. The business is like the case of old rubber. The tin can companies and other manufacturers of tin goods formerly dumped hundreds of tons into space, but now these scraps are utilized, and the irresponsible small boy works the tin field for his profit in companionship with the bituminous goat.—Commercial Bulletin.

For Recording an Earthquake. The model of an earthquake has been constructed by a Tokio seismologist. Patiently and laboriously following out the accurate records of a modern seismograph Professor Sekiya has succeeded in shaping a long coil of copper wire so as to represent, with the utmost precision, the intricate path described by a shaken spot of the earth's surface. The model magnifies fifty times the ground's absolute motion during seventy two seconds and resembles a ball of twine unbound and thrown down in a confused heap. Numbered tags show the progress of the shock for each second of time.—New Orleans Picayune.

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, 1880, 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 medicines 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 all 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 neighbor?" Poker Player—"Aunt, relatively speaking!" RUFFLE AND PILES CURED. We positively cure ruffe and all renal diseases without pain, or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no fee until cured. Address for pamphlet, Dr. J. H. Porterfield & Loeys, 810 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Your number," said the warder to the prisoner, "is 38." "That's gratifying," said the unfortunate; "I'm in the 400 at last!" Medicoerity always copies superiority. Dobbin's Electric Soap, first made in 1878, has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for Dobbin's Electric Soap; all other Electricies, Electricity, Magnetics, 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 Trailing Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, draws the itching out, and acts as a positive cure instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and is not for sale. For a box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and \$1 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. "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 do light have listened to rather suspiciously, but when we saw it we must believe it. It has cured our cases 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. 70 1/2 Washington street, corner Fourth, rooms 3, 4 and 5 Washington building, Portland, Or.