

The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

Life in the Bahamas.

Dwellers in the dark and somber north can hardly realize the charm and joyousness that seem to radiate from earth and air in the lotus eating southern climes. The mere sense of existence becomes in itself a happiness; one can understand what animals probably feel in pleasant pastures on brilliant days. Then, as the sun sinks slowly downward, the golden heaven glows over a roiling earth, flushing every moment into richer beauty beneath the departing rays, while rosy beams of light streaming upward like so many auroras is a singular and very beautiful effect often to be seen in a Bahamas sunset.

When the sun has set new beauties appear, every bush and tussock becoming alive with thousands of fire flies; and when a silvery green moon rises in the calm deep sapphire sky, it is difficult to decide whether night or day be the more full of loveliness. Besides the fire flies, a fire beetle—one of the Elytra—is a singular insect, with a brilliant green phosphorescent light proceeding from two round spots on the thorax, added to which, when excited, the insect has the power to emit a regular blaze of light from the segments of the abdomen, of such brilliancy that one can read by its light. In Cuba ladies fasten these as ornaments in their hair, or let them flash beneath the folds of their dresses.—Mrs. Blake in Nineteenth Century.

Mexico a Good Neighbor.

Do we want Mexico? Perhaps it would be hard to make the man who has never been there understand that we do not. It is a rich country, and will develop yet greater wealth. It grows every fruit and crop grown on the globe. Portions of it grow four crops a year—two of wheat, one of corn and one of beans or pepper—and continues to do so year after year for centuries. By lying so far south it will never, no matter under what rule or circumstances, become like the United States in habits, customs or ways of thinking. Mexico will, however, in time make a good neighbor. President Diaz is friendly to this nation, which, under Mexican rule, means a good deal. There should be a still further increase of the American population there, who, when they conform to established habits and customs, will make money. American houses have started and failed, but they failed because the managers insisted that things should be done the American way and not the Mexican way. It would have been a miracle if they had not failed.—Mexico Cor. Kansas City Journal.

Almost a Monologue.

"How do you like my new dress?" inquired Mrs. De Janson of her husband.

"Isn't it a little?"

"No it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new color, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say."

"Oh, I know! That isn't the color I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss — you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean —"

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought —"

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I— [sob, sob]—declare it's a to-o-o-b-a-d!"

"If you'd only let me speak!"

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault, too, with everything I had on? What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."—Detroit Free Press.

Changes of the Chameleon.

If we take three pieces of glass, and distribute over one several small drops of brown paint, by pressing on this with another glass, the drops spread out, giving to the whole glass a delicate brown tint. If we now separate the glasses a little the paint collects in drops, and the tint partly disappears. If we take the third glass and place on it a few drops of green paint, and then press it against one of the others, a green tint will show through the layer of brown dots. The skin of the chameleon is, roughly speaking, made up of three such layers, with dots of pigment called chromatophores between them. These dots may be contracted or spread out in thin layers, the resulting color depending on the color of the chromatophores affected. The power of adapting color to surrounding objects is known to naturalists as "protective resemblance," and many cases of it are to be found in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms.—The Swiss Cross.

The Trick of a Thief.

A little boy was passing through Livingston street the other afternoon with four new pairs of trousers slung across his shoulder. A man stopped him and asked if he wanted to make five cents. The boy said he did. "Well, go up in that house and ask for Miss Smith and tell her Mr. Johnston is waiting to see her. I'll hold your bundle till you come down." The little fellow did as requested, but when he returned neither man nor bundle was to be found. There is a gang of such thieves at work on the east side. They have been known to take a pitcher and pennies from a little girl sent after milk. Another of their tricks is to tell a little boy that his coat is dirty and offer to clean it for him. The unsuspecting little fellow will take off his coat and the thief will make off with it.—New York Sun.

Indian Slavery in Brazil.

Indian slavery is said to have replaced negro slavery in Brazil. Mr. Wells, a great Brazilian traveler, says that "in the wildest regions of the tributaries of the Amazon bands of India rubber gatherers carry on an iniquitous traffic with many Indian tribes, from whom they acquire captives from other tribes. The lawlessness of their proceedings is fully admitted by the Brazilian government, but over the vast areas in the distant regions through which they roam it is absolutely impossible to maintain any check over them."—New York Tribune.

A Use for Floral Tributes.

Since there must, or it is thought there must, be floral tributes to actresses, the suggestion of a New York manager that the surplus supply be sent to hospitals is worth heeding. After doing duty as blinds to the spectators two or three nights, they are generally left to wither and waste their sweetness on the car-burned hydrogen air. Only let them be sent before they are too far gone.—Chicago Herald.

A SOUTHERN SONG.

Love kissed my eyes, until they grew
To sun and moon serenely blind,
Nor saw the shining stars, nor knew
The delicate presence of the wind,
Singing the rose's heart away,
Through many a golden summer day.

Love kissed my eyes, and then he flew
Across the world, nor looked behind;
The terrible mistral rose and blew,
Far off the hills frowned, snow enshrouded—
And wan and comfortless as they,
The sea crept near, ah! strive to slay!

Ah, happy eyes that never drew
Love's wanton kiss! ye shall not find
Life's prison house too strait for you,
Nor death a terror half defined!
Sweeter than birds' mild scented may,
The songs ye sing, the prayers ye pray,
—Evelyn Tyne in Woman's World.

An Argument Against Corsets.

A little comedy was enacted in a store. The place was one where nothing but ladies' underwear of the most exquisite description is sold. Such positively delicious little articles in delicately tinted silks cannot be found elsewhere, and to make the display still more interesting the proprietor not only has gay bunches of chrysanthemums and roses stuck in huge vases about the room, but the young women who act as clerks are noble specimens of physical girlhood. One of these, a perfect legendary amazon in point of figure, was waiting on a very scrawny and flat customer on the day in question. That useful but very unromantic item of feminine structure, the corset, was undergoing a careful examination by the purchaser, who finally settled upon a pair that was valued at the superlative figure of \$40.

No one but a woman of fashion knows how corsets can be made to cost this much money, but the unescapable fact remains that they can, and therefore the young lady of the flat figure evinced no surprise at the price of this special pair. After saying that she would take them she looked carefully at the glorious shapeliness of the girl who was waiting upon her, and said:

"You have an admirable figure. I presume you wear corsets from your own stock."

"Oh no," replied the girl. "I could not afford to do that."

"Indeed," said the customer. "Why, I should not think such a form as yours could be attained without the aid of the most expensive corsets. Pray tell me, how much do yours cost you?"

"Nothing," replied the clerk, with a blush.

"Oh, you have them given to you?"

"No," responded the girl.

"Well, I don't understand you then."

"My corsets are—well, madam, I never wear any," explained the confused clerk.

This ended the conversation. The rich woman paid for her corsets, and left the shop wondering why the world is made so unequal as it is.—New York Sun.

An Heiress' Yearly Expenses.

A short time ago Mrs. William S. Eagan, of East Sixty-fourth street, petitioned Judge Beach in the court of common pleas to have \$4,000 of her late husband's estate set aside for the education and maintenance of her little daughter Josephine Eagan, aged 7, of whom she is guardian. A cry of horror and astonishment was raised among the relatives and lawyers at the stupendous demand, but Mrs. Eagan knew what she was about and presented an itemized account of probable expenditures. Here it is:

Ice per month, \$5-\$60; household expenses, \$1,200; toys, books and dolls, \$50; governess, \$150; nurse, \$120; music lessons, vocal, \$60; clothing, shoes, hats, etc., \$500; laundry, \$50; medical treatment for nervous disorders, \$400.

This bill is interesting in showing the disparity between the professions of nurse and governess. The \$500 item for clothing may seem extravagant, but as an heiress to a \$300,000 estate there is no reason why Miss Josephine should not wear Irish embroidered muslin frocks, Persian lamb topcoats, French kid boots, Rembrandt hats with ostrich plumes, and sheer linen and pressed flannel undergarments; but how these delicate things can be washed and ironed on \$50 a year, which is less than \$1 a week, does not appear.—New York World.

Some Pretty Literary Women.

In London they are bringing up the question again as to whether literary women are always ugly. Now, they are not, by a long name of means. You see, too often fame comes to them when age is beginning to appear. New York can boast of some extremely pretty women who earn their living by their pens. Ethel Richmond, who is just now abroad, looks like a dainty little lady who has just stepped off an Easter card. Mrs. Percy, tall, slender and dark, with magnificent eyes, looks like a Spanish woman. Lillie Hamilton French is another dark beauty. Frances Williams has great, soft eyes, beautiful brown hair and a skin that any society girl might be envious of. There is Agnes Russell, dark and with a chic air that is essentially French. Why, one could keep on for half an hour telling of the women who are pretty, and are attractive, and are well dressed, while the dowdies could be counted off on your fingers, and are really the exceptions that prove the rule.—New York Sun.

Exquisite Salt Cellars.

One of the latest and most dainty things in individual salt cellars is a full blown rose or chrysanthemum in cameo glass, the delicate, translucent buff or crimson petals of which overlap each other and leave the heart of the flower hollow. These artistic salt cellars are sold at \$10. They are made by that English house which finally discovered the secret of the famous Portland or Barberini vase, which so long baffled the skill of potters and glass workers.—New York Tribune.

Women's Muscles.

Six women at Castle, N. Y., seized hold of a rope with six men at the other end, and the women pulled so strong that the foremost man was pulled down and had his nose broken. They weren't picked for their muscle, but just happened along in time to take a hand in.—Detroit Free Press.

TO THE LAST WRINKLE.

An Appeal for Individual Taste in the Choosing of Costumes.

It is perhaps a sign of the times in a regard that is to be regretted in this country, if in no other, that it should be thought matter of sufficient moment as an item of news to send across the Atlantic ocean that the Princess of Wales still clings to the tennure. It is quite enough, and more than enough, that English women find that circumstance one of importance; but when it interests American women generally we are led to fear a widespread servility, a reverence for rank and title improper to us; for, according to infallible newspaper tests, items are published of the sort that readers are eager to have.

But this bit of information has at any rate some use in giving us the question why every woman in this country, where all are sovereigns, should not be as independent as the gentle princess is, and why we should all be so slavishly obedient as we are to every whim of fashion.

No matter whether we are tall or short, stout or thin, one design and cut has to answer for all of us. In the day of tennure the fat woman proudly rolled about like a punchion in her dress improver, because her next neighbor, who was thin as a rail, made herself visible to the naked eye by her enlarged draperies. And now, when that day is done, the one thin as a rail has become again the shortest distance between two points, vainly imitating the comfortable flow of the other's skirts. It makes no difference to any of us that our chins are peaked and our heads are long, we will have no headgear but that which appears above the dimpled chin and the apple shaped head of our companion, and we even go so far, when fashion has approved of a certain color, as to use that color indiscriminately, without regard to our blowy or our pallid faces, our hair that quarrels with it, our eyes that are put out by it.

Perhaps nothing but a national costume, an article which we never shall attain, and which it is hardly desirable that we should attain, will do away with this subserviency. But it is quite impossible that each one of us should make the world a little less monotonous by the use of a variation of individual taste, and while obeying the general trend of the prevailing fashion, modify it to the exigencies of our own personality? If we dislike the short skirt, find it only betrays ungainly feet and makes us bunched and dowdy and ungraceful, why not, in adopting in the main the decree and design of the arbiter of dress as far as may be best, lengthen the skirt if we wish? Or, if it is the long skirt that is decreed, and it seems to us unsuited to our needs, and we feel soiled and dragged and stringy in it, why should we not, still keeping the main lines in other respects, shorten our skirt to our convenience?

Not needing thus to depart from the prescribed mode widely and in all respects we should still be unnoticeable, but we should be comfortable in body, and if others allowed themselves the same freedom we should be comfortable in mind as well if when the fashion were not to our convenience we dared to disregard it, or to modify it to an extent sufficient for our needs, and not sufficient for conspicuous remark. It might very possibly give us more work in the planning and cutting, require more attention to the demands of the mode throughout all the rest of the toilet, in order still to keep in touch with the style, but it would at least relieve our parlors and our sidewalks of dead monotony.—Harper's Bazar.

From Society to Socialism.

Speaking of ministers reminds me of a little story I heard recently. Hugh O. Pentecost, who started out as a Baptist preacher, broke away from his church, ran for mayor of Newark, N. J., and is now editor of Twentieth Century. He married a very prominent society girl of Hartford, Conn., about ten years ago. Their wedding was a very swell affair. Afterward Mr. Pentecost accepted a pulpit in Brooklyn at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Everything seemed bright for the young couple. The wife was handsome and popular, the preacher was eloquent, earnest and successful.

A few nights ago some old friends of Mrs. Pentecost, who had known her in the days when she shone as a society belle, went to hear her husband address a crowd of workmen on the east side. Imagine their astonishment when Mrs. Pentecost came out on the stage and, attired in a most striking garb, sang to the assemblage a revolutionary song. She has been a most loyal wife. She has supported her husband in every step he has taken, and has been of great service to him in his rather peculiar career. Considering her former life as a society woman, her present career as a singer of socialist songs is picturesque.—New York Cor. Kansas City Journal.

Female Artists in Paris.

Mme. Leon Bertaux, president of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, supported by many men of note, is trying to obtain the admission of female students to the classes and privileges of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris. Several of the members of the council of the school favor this enlarging of their borders, and the minister of fine arts has promised his consent, so that the famous museum is likely to echo to the footsteps of that pernicious sisterhood which its founders counted it very stuff of the conscience to keep out.—Paris Letter.

Colors of Noted Writers.

I notice that the majority of literary ladies seem to affect certain colors for their gowns. Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is generally in browns, Mrs. Mary Bryan in pink or black, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett often wears crimson, Mrs. Frank Leslie prefers handsome black costumes; Miss Gilder, brown or gray; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, a light gray, and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, black velvet. Probably they study what is suitable to their special style, for they always look becomingly dressed.—New York Star.

"ONLY A YEAR."

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair, but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,
Of all that beauty, life and joy
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year—
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom
Fair.

Above that head:
No more a tinge of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how cozily sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Tis not as that;
The mystic veil, when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Savior dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe

A Freak of Plant Life.

A story of one of the most interesting freaks of vegetable life is told by Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara. As coming from him the story cannot be anything but strictly in accordance with the facts. Through Mr. Cooper's garden there ran some years ago a sewer made of red wood timber. This sewer was again incased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outside sewer ended abruptly against the wall.

The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed, and a eucalyptus tree standing some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall which shut off its course, and it could go no further, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get there. Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and followed it along as formerly.

How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did how could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food, just as the eucalyptus tree did.—San Jose (Cal.) Sun.

He Was Too Precious.

He is a young and popular business man on Second street. He passed last Sunday evening with a number of young lady friends, and "I felt sure," said he, "that there was one of them who wanted very badly to be kissed, and I made up my mind to accommodate her if I got a chance. It came when I got up to go. The lady went with me to the door. In the semi-darkness of the hall I put my arm about her gently, turned up her flower face to mine, and holding her fast pressed my face to her cheeks, kissing her on the forehead, the eyes—such eyes they are—and the rose red lips. There was a stifled scream, and I saw that she was genuinely indignant. "I beg your pardon," I stammered.

A Sheep With two Feet.

A farmer of Switzerland county, Ind., has on his farm there a lamb which walks on two feet and in an upright position. The forelegs are perfect, but the hind ones are only stubs, and of little use in walking. So his lambship, when he desires to go up hill, just stands up on his forefeet and moves off. He presents a ludicrous appearance while on a jaunt about the farm for his morning constitutional, and is withal a remarkable freak of nature.—Ram's Horn.

It Was Not a Hobby.

Ponsonby—There's a man up town who has at least 200 clocks of all kinds and descriptions.

Popinjay—That is a remarkable hobby.

Ponsonby—Not so much so when you remember that he keeps a jewelry store.—Jewelers' Circular.

Well, He Was Right.

First Passenger—Do you know what time it is?

Second Passenger (consulting watch)—Yes (And resumes his paper.)—Jewelers' Circular.

A MISER SEES SATAN.

THE DEVIL CAUGHT HIM STEALING AN ACTOR'S FIREWOOD.

His Satanic Majesty Was Only Impersonated, but the Hotel Keeper Thought It Was a Real Vision—Milton Nobles Reforms a Perverse Landlord.

Milton Nobles is a brilliant conversationalist and a good story teller. Among the many anecdotes credited to him, the following experience which he relates will prove interesting reading:

In 1867, during my first year of the theatrical life, I was a member of a small traveling "Black Crook" company, under the management of the late Tom Davey. We were playing small towns in Wisconsin and Minnesota. One cold January night found us in a little town in Wisconsin, where the theatre and hotel were under one roof, and owned and run by one man.

The man has been in recent years well known to professionals, and there are many stories extant of his peculiarities. He was very wealthy, but a confirmed miser. A stranger entering his hotel would invariably pick him out as the porter, and indeed he performed the most menial offices, even to blacking the boots of his guests if asked to do so. Yet he always kept a good hotel. On "show" nights he cleaned out the dressing rooms and acted as janitor in general.

From the second story of this hotel there was a hallway leading to the stage. The actors were usually assigned to the rooms along this hall, and would occasionally use their rooms as dressing rooms at night, a proceeding to which the old man seriously objected. The old man would watch the doors like a cat, and as soon as a room was vacated he would let himself in with a pass key, and if the gas was left burning he would turn it out. He would also gather every stick of wood from the rooms and deposit them in the big box at the top of the office stairs.

THE DEVIL.

I was playing two or three characters in the piece, among others that of Zamiel. My room was near the stage door, and I could hear the orchestra and so tell just how long I could safely remain in the room before my scene would come on. I finished my first character, and taking my costume for the Devil went to my room to make the change. The dress was a combination of flaming red, black and green, tight fitting, with big bat wings. The feet were long and pointed, with cloven hoofs; there was a crossfitting skull cap with two protruding horns. I made the face a flaming red, with large pieces of green foil paper under the eyes.

There were a large skull and cross bones on my breast, with red foil paper set in the eye sockets. The long scarlet tail was forked at the end and illuminated with foil papers. As I completed this satanic toilet I could hear the orchestra playing the ballet music of the grotto scene, so I knew that I should not be wanted for at least twenty minutes. I dropped two or three pieces of pine wood on the open grate fire, and drawing a big chair to one side of the grate seated myself comfortably for a short snooze, placing my feet in another chair directly in front of the grate, and hitching Zamiel's forked tail gracefully over my right shoulder.

I was just dropping off when the door was opened softly, and by a reflection in the mirror I could see the old landlord sneak into the room. His eagle eye missed me, half hidden in the big chair, but lit on the single gas jet burning at full heat. He turned it off quickly and moved toward the well filled woodbox; he filled his arms full, leaving two or three small pieces as a blind, and turned. This movement brought him face to face with the apparition in the big chair. The darkened room illuminated by the glare from the burning pine added a weird effect to the scene. The wood fell from the nervous arms, and his lower jaw dropped to the point of dislocation. I remained motionless, staring at him through my green foil eyes.

THE MISER SCARED.

The old miser seemed to have grown to the floor; he must have stood for thirty seconds without breathing. Finally his breath came with a gasp and a gurgle. With one hand I gently shook that forked tail, the end of which was standing on a level with my head. Raising my arm slowly I leveled at him the long red foil tipped finger. With a gasp he rushed for the door. As he reached it I stood erect, my back to the fire, scratching my ear with the tip of my tail. The old man gave one glance over his shoulder, and with an unearthly scream, fell against the door, and seemed trying to push it through; but the door opened in. I took one step toward him, and he gave another screech and tried to jump through the transom.

At that moment Tom Davey, my roommate, pushed the door open and the old man fell across the threshold. He gathered himself quickly and flew wildly into the hall. I explained the situation briefly to Davey. Opening the door he looked down to where the main hallway intercepted the main hall. In a fit of wild extravagance the miser had turned the gas full on and stood staring in the direction of our door. The old man motioned to Tom and asked whether he had seen anybody in the room. Tom assured him that there was no one in the room. "What! Nothing at all?" "Nothing at all," answered Tom. The old man stared at him vacantly for a moment and then sneaked down to the office, keeping one eye over his shoulder.

It is said that for a year or two afterward he never entered an actor's room to turn down the gas or rob the woodbox; but gradually the force of habit became stronger than the terrors of memory. A few years ago he died miserably, leaving millions for others to squander.—Atlanta Constitution.

Paper is made mostly from waste materials, and it enters into the composition of a thousand things, from a cigarette wrapper to a car wheel.

HAPPY MISS NELLIE KEOWN

Of the Hotel Portland—How She Was Cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Darrin's Electric Cure.

A CARD.—I have been suffering for a long time with rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm. It became so bad it was with great difficulty I could use my arm. It was helpless and painful. In this condition I came to Dr. Darrin for relief. I went under treatment three weeks since, and am now happy to say that I am perfectly cured by electricity. Can be referred to at the Hotel Portland, Portland, Or.

NELLIE KEOWN.

An Open Letter.

Dr. Darrin—GENTLEMEN: I now take the pleasure of writing you that after a full course of your electro-magnetic treatment I am entirely cured of pain in my chest, which has troubled me for over eight years. Having been under treatment of doctors of Liverpool, Glasgow, Calcutta and San Francisco, none of them did me any good until I came under your treatment, which I am sure has permanently cured me, for which, gentlemen, I beg to remain yours gratefully.

Seattle, Wash. W. LITTLE.

Deafness Cured in Ten Minutes.

Mr. Editor—DEAR SIR: I reside in North Yakima, Wash. I consulted Dr. Darrin for deafness over three years ago. My left ear was totally deaf. With one operation with Dr. Darrin's electro-magnetic cure, of ten minutes, I was made to hear as well as ever in my life. It remains permanent to this day. I was also cured of a fleshy growth over my eye. Can be referred to as to the truth of my statement.

C. V. FOWLER.

Dr. Darrin can be consulted free at 704 Washington street, Portland, from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. They treat all curable chronic, acute and private diseases, and will send their circulars, question blanks and remedies to any mail or express address. Dr. Darrin has been practicing their peculiar electric treatment for the past twenty-seven years, and that they do cure where all other methods fail is shown by the above remarkable cures.



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CANCER CURED.

Electricity Finally Cures It.

Last month Mrs. Lemuel Dorr of Bedford, Taylor county, Ia., came to Peoria to have Dr. Toel remove a cancer from her left breast. She had been suffering from it for seven years, and had been operated upon in Iowa three times with the knife but the cancer had always returned. Dr. Toel performed the operation by means of electricity, thus avoiding all loss of blood. When the wound was entirely healed, Mrs. Dorr returned to Iowa.—National Democrat.

Dr. Toel is now located in Portland. The cancer, with hundreds of other cancers and tumors 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.

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