

The Oregon Scout

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UNION, OREGON.

HIS FUNNIEST PATIENT.

A Doctor Tells of a Beautiful but Strangely Suffering Woman.

"My funniest patient" said the doctor, who in truth is a well known and hard worked M. D. up town. "Well, that question is something of a facer. You newspaper fellows do ask the queerest questions."

"Tell me, Doc," urged the scribe, in a familiar, offhand style, having played marbles with this now eminent physician in the long ago, "tell me about the most singular patient you have or ever had, as the case may be."

"I see," said the doctor thoughtfully, "you are bound to stick to me like a vampire until I tell you something, so here goes. A certain named woman who lives on West Fifty-seventh street has a mania for everything extraordinary. She is what you would call a beautiful woman, but I don't believe she has even an apology for a soul. Whether her husband realizes the latter fact I do not pretend to say, and if he does he has too much pride to confess it to the world. Well, this woman came to me one morning with a little vial, and requested me to inject some of its contents in her arms and neck. Of course I inquired what the liquid might be. She answered:

"That's all right; I will give you \$50 if you will do it."

"But, madam, I protested, 'I am not in the habit of injecting unknown fluids into the human system.'

"Oh, I know what it is," she answered, and, moreover, I don't want it in my system nor in my veins. I simply want it administered under the skin."

"I looked at her a moment and wondered, though she did not look like one, if she was a morphine fiend. She seemed to divine my semi-suspicious and said: 'No, it is no kind of morphine. Smell of it.'

"She held the little vial in her own hand to my nostrils, which inhaled a potent fragrance in which rose oil was represented. 'You see,' she explained, 'I have a friend who has just returned from Paris, where she has seen this thing successfully done. Come, here is a fifty dollar note. Do you refuse?'

"Now you as a newspaper man know the value of \$50, and so do I. It seemed wise for me to say 'No,' but I secured the necessary instrument and told her I would comply with her request at her own peril. 'All right,' she answered, and in five minutes I had completed my novel task. She had an idea, you know, that her arms and neck would exude a delicious perfume, and she went away as happy as a two days' old butterfly.

"In about a week she came back and wanted me to inject some more of the potent essence in her arms and neck. On her right arm I noticed an inflamed spot just where the previous injection had been made, and I told her that it looked as though an abscess was forming there.

"'Never mind,' she said, 'I want to find out if there is anything in it.'

"Then I firmly declined to pursue the experiment. She departed in a state of wrath, and I have not seen her from that day to this. She was my funniest patient."—New York Press.

A Deed of Darkness.

I never hunted a deer, but I think I can understand how any man, thrilled by the excitement of a long chase, full of the ardor of pursuit, giving up the game all the fair chances of the field, himself enduring fatigue, thirst, peril in the chase, matching his own endurance, patience and skill against the speed, strength and instinct of the game, can at last bring his rifle to his shoulder and shoot down the antlered monarch bounding away for life. But to lie in a boat, hidden away in the darkness, crouching back in the shadows of the glowing decay, waiting through long hours of darkness, listening to every sound, gun in hand, finger on the trigger, hiding in cold and mist, silent, motionless, waiting, watching until the beautiful creature comes timidly to the water, lifts its startled head to gaze with bright, curious eyes at the light that is death, coming nearer and nearer—to kill this creature then, at pistol range, in cold blood—what! this is murder. It is a deed of darkness worthy of the gloomy shadows that hide the perpetrator.—Robert J. Burdette.

An Odd Method of Bookbinding.

The British museum has a capital way of binding its books and collections according to the color of the contents. Of course, theology has thoroughly established its claims to be bound in blue. Poetry, one would say without hesitation, should be in pale yellow, a soft suffusion not quite defined, half way between the blue and red. Then it stands to sense that natural history should appear in green covers, like nature herself, with which it deals. History being a record in the main of bloody events—the struggle to survive—should monopolize the red. Novels might come in pink, or in particular motley jacket; biography in sober black. This is a hint for private collectors as well. Browning should have a color all to himself—a mixture of theology, philosophy, biography and poetry. Bind the realists in flesh color.—Globe Democrat.

"Woolenite" is a new word used to designate the man who wears garments entirely of wool.

In 1773 Clementius Field published a newspaper in Virginia.

The practice of softening food for children is decreed by dentists. "It is at the bottom of many a set of bad grinders," one scientist declares.

The best books are within the reach of the most meager purse. You can get a good companion for as little cost as a good cigar.

AWAKE, m'amie!
The dawn is up, and like a red flower blows:
The gray-haired sea
Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.
Bloom, then, for these and me,
Awake, m'amie!
Arise, m'amie!
The field flowers smile on all their butterflies;
The humblebee,
A wandering minstrel, sings; the cricket cries
Smile, then, on these and me,
Dear eyes,
Arise, m'amie!
Make haste, m'amie!
The ruddy day comes, full gallop. Let us taste
With flower and bee
The joy of youth and morning. Oh, make haste!
No time have these or we
To waste.
Make haste, m'amie!
—Annie Chambers-Ketchum in Harper's Magazine.

MR. POTTER'S JOKE.

"You have made me very happy, Polly, and I'm so set for the day for Christmas." Miss Polly Perkins looked lovingly into his eyes and answered affirmatively by leaning her head upon his shoulder.

They were sitting in the pretty parlor of a cozy cottage on the outskirts of Glenville. Their courtship had not been a long one—in fact, it had been short, earnest and decisive, and when Mr. Peter Potter parted with his betrothed that Sunday night he considered himself a very lucky man in securing such a prize as Polly Perkins, the prettiest lass in Glenville, who had eaten more philopenas and broken more chicken breast bones than any maiden for miles around.

True, she was only 20, while Peter was a bachelor away up in the thirties; but he was a man of property and carried on a thriving grocery business in the village, and there were some girls in Glenville who would have felt very much "put out" if they had overheard the engagement words spoken that Sunday night.

Christmas was now only two months off and Polly at once began to procure her wedding trousseau. She was a poor girl who made her living by working in a cotton factory, and she had no relative in the world except an old maiden aunt with whom she lived. She was a bright girl, somewhat pert in manners, and, on occasion, she could be as tart as vinegar.

Mr. Peter Potter was a queer mental compound. He was phenomenally unstable in his views on religion and politics; so much so, in fact, that he had won the nickname of "Peter Change-about," and no one more faithfully observed the maxim, "When you're among Romans do as the Romans do," than he. In politics he was equally fickle. One year he was an ardent Democrat; the next year he was a Republican, and once he figured as a bright and shining local light in the ranks of the Independent party.

Peter Potter was a man well liked by the people of Glenville. He was not stingy. He was foremost in works of charity, and many a poor family, to which enforced idleness or sickness had brought privation, was the recipient of substantial gifts from his store. He was always a cheerful man, and no social party in Glenville was considered complete without his presence. And he was very popular with the gentler sex. Moreover he greatly enjoyed a practical joke, even if he himself were the victim of it. In this respect he could give and take with equal satisfaction to his ribisibilities in either case.

Now, when the news got around that he had engaged himself to Miss Polly Perkins the gossips made all sorts of remarks about the matter not at all complimentary to Mr. Peter Potter.

"I'll bet a watermelon to a punkin seed," said Bill Jackson, the postmaster, "that Peter Potter won't be on hand when the time comes. Of course he now thinks he loves Miss Perkins, but he's likely to be smitten with the charms of Sallie Tweedle next week, and with those of Susie Tinkins before the next giving comes. Poor Polly Perkins! She's too nice a body to be trifled with and made the jest and, jeer of all the girls in this town."

And this was the popular view taken of the situation, and some of the gossips were not dilatory in saying so much to Miss Perkins. Nevertheless she had faith in her affianced, and received the tattle of the busybodies without allowing her good nature to become ruffled for a moment.

"Why," said she to a neighbor one day, "do you suppose I'm going to go crazy if he don't keep his word? Oh, no! There's just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, you know," and then she laughed most heartily and went tripping along the roadside humming a cheery air.

Of course much of this gossip reached the ears of Mr. Peter Potter, who, however, went about his business as usual and was not at all affected by the coldness which some of the marriageable girls of the sewing society manifested when he met them on the street or at church. As for the gentlemen—those fellows who had declared that his engagement to Polly was merely one of his practical jokes—he said: "Let 'em have their fun. I'll show 'em a joke yet that'll make 'em laugh on the other side of the mouth."

Well, it was now within a week of Christmas. Invitations to the wedding had been sent out with the receipt that the recipients be at Miss Perkins' Aunt Betsy's residence at 3 o'clock of that day to witness the ceremony.

It was a conventional gathering of village society that met there that day. Even the gossips who had been most industrious in criticizing Mr. Peter Potter were there. The Rev. Philip Thompson arrived a few moments before the appointed hour—he was to be master of ceremonies—and when the old clock struck 3 there was only one absentee, Miss Polly Perkins, prettily attired in white silk, white kids, a white tulle veil and orange blossoms, was standing by a window in close conversation with Aunt Betsy. Ten minutes passed, and then low mutterings were heard from knots of guests in the parlor.

"I told you so," said Postmaster Jackson. "Peter Potter is still entitled to the nickname of 'Peter Change-about.' Now, I renew my bet of a watermelon to a punkin seed that Peter won't be here. He's most cruelly jilted Polly Perkins, you bet."

These remarks were addressed to young Lawyer Tom Kent, whose conversation with a long haired, bushy whiskered and heavily mustached gentleman had been interrupted by them.

"It's too bad—too bad," returned the lawyer, "but here, Mr. Jackson, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Max Spiebler."

The bushy whiskered man and the postmaster shook hands and then the three entered into a whispered conversation about Peter Potter's non-appearance.

"He won't get fallow, um?" queried Mr. Spiebler.

"Oh, yes, Peter's a good enough fellow."

and Mr. Jackson, "but you see he has all ways been a very changeable man—shifting from one idea to another about as lively as a flea—and he has long been considered the boss practical joker of this town. I reckon that this is one of his jokes," saying which the postmaster looked over toward the bride and was to have been, and then, turning to Mr. Spiebler and Lawyer Kent, he said, laying his hand upon Mr. Spiebler's shoulder, "I pity that girl!"

"He von von practikeel shoker, um, meinher? Dot musht haf mait 'im a ferry funny fallow, um?" said the man with the bushy whiskers.

"Yes, you bet he was, and"—

At this instant the attention of the three was diverted to a group of young women who had surrounded Miss Perkins and were mingling expressions of sympathy for her with their denunciations of her delinquent betrothed. Polly's face was buried in Aunt Betsy's lap and she seemed to be weeping.

"Mishter Kent, vill you oquaintance me make mit dot meenister?" said Mr. Spiebler.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the lawyer, and the acquaintance was made. Mr. Spiebler took the Rev. Mr. Thompson's arm and led him to a corner, where the two, for several minutes, held a whispered conversation. Then the two guests—nearly an hour had now passed—were preparing to take their leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lawyer Kent, "as the friend and legal adviser of Mr. Peter Potter, please allow me to request you to remain a little longer. It may have been unavoidably detained, you see."

At this moment Mr. Spiebler whispered something in Lawyer Kent's ear, and the lawyer then said something in a low tone to the dominie.

"Mishter Shackson," said Mr. Spiebler, addressing the postmaster, "I will take dot pet about dot watermelon and dot punkin seed."

"But you'll lose, sure," said Mr. Jackson.

"Vell, den I loose—dot's all," said Mr. Spiebler, "and I pet you dot hoss I got in dot tavern stable against von tollar dot dot. Mr. Potter vill be here—um?"

"Well, I'll go you," said the postmaster.

"Yaw, und pefore dese vittnesses?" asked Mr. Spiebler.

"Sure," answered Mr. Jackson, "among the guests during which Mr. Spiebler approached Polly and said, 'Miss Perkins vill you speak mit me in dot hallway von minyute?'

With her handkerchief to her eyes, Polly arose and accompanied the gentleman to the hall.

"He's worked splendidly, Polly, dear," he said, "and I reckon I've taught 'em a good lesson. There, now," and he tore off his long hair and bushy whiskers and gave her a kiss that but for the noise made by the busy tongues in the parlor might have been heard there.

The next moment Miss Polly Perkins returned to the company leaning on the arm of Mr. Peter Potter, who was gently attired in a dress suit, and in every respect looked like a becoming and happy bridegroom. The guests were struck dumb with amazement which was greatly heightened when Peter placed his hand in that of the Rev. Mr. Thompson and said: "Vill you be peit, neoin, to make von of us two—neoin, I means vill you make us two into von—um?"

Well, the ceremony was soon over, and a right jolly wedding feast followed, and when the company separated the happy bridegroom said, as a parting remark to Postmaster Jackson: "Dot vos von great practikeel shoke—um? Und dot tollar."—Evening Sun.

The Lack of Sympathy.

We are a practical people, and we have no fiddling sentiment about us. We have no real friendships nowadays. We must not get too deeply interested in anybody, or if anything happens to him or her we will perhaps suffer a little pain, and what's the good? Selfishness is the first law of our modern life. Self sacrifice may still exist among women, but women are weak things at best. Charity? Give him \$5; send him something to eat that is dainty; go and knock on the door and ask for him, and then go off to your bed. Affection? Say you are sorry he is sick, and forget all about him. Dead? "Poor fellow! He was a good fellow and I am sorry he's gone. What card was that you played?"

But perhaps, after all, there are some eyes that the tears come to; somebody's hand grasps the sufferer's and sends the comfort of true sympathy through his weakening frame, perhaps somebody sits in a chair by the fire in the lonely room, and fancies she sees him there, feels his arms about her, hears his voice and pays a tribute to him with a throbbing heart. Somewhere or another it may be, some merry laugh steps half uttered, and somebody rises from the joyous party and says: "I cannot play to-night, I am not well." But it is curious that the larger the world grows the smaller the sympathetic circle seems to get. The more friends a man has the less real friendship. "Be happy!" it is to have one woman who loves you to love, and one man who trusts you to trust.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Girl They Wanted.

A young woman in Toronto recently answered an advertisement for housemaid, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask. "Suppose," said the lady, "now only suppose, understand, that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor; what would you do in such a case?" The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking, "Is it for a private family or a boarding house?" "Boarding," answered the lady. "Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl. She was engaged.—Toronto Mail.

Great Britain's Railway Accidents.

The use of the "block system" and of continuous brakes upon railways in Great Britain has effected a reduction of \$1,348,550 in working expenditures during the last year. A considerable part of this reduction is in the direction of damages paid to passengers injured by accidents and for damage done to freight. Recent statistics further show that the interlocking system of signals and point levers is now in use in 92 per cent. of the railways in England, 79 per cent. in Scotland, and 52 per cent. in Ireland.—Public Opinion.

Some Conscience Left.

Woman (to tramp)—I kin give you a piece of dried apple pie for breakfast.

Tramp—Madam, I only eat pie at breakfast in cases of the direst necessity; but if I should eat dried apple pie in July I would feel that I were dying in the face of bountiful nature. I will try and break bread further on.—New York Sun.

IN QUANT COREA.

A KING WHO IS ALLOWED NARROW LIBERTY IN GOVERNING.

A Country So Little Known That All Sorts of Queer Stories Are Told Concerning Its People—The One Great Injustice Practiced.

In the first place Corea is a limited monarchy. There is a written constitution, which is not, perhaps, absolutely binding on the king, but which is seldom deviated from. This is a fact which is not generally known, even by many of the foreigners resident in this city, but I have it on the best of evidence. Corean monarchy cannot be said to be limited in the sense that the people are represented in any council or parliament, but there are rules laid down which even his majesty will not overstep, excepting under most unusual circumstances. And a word right here in regard to the practical power of the king. Some have said that he has no power at all, but is imprisoned in his palace and obeys his counselors. Others say that he is perfectly untrammelled in the execution of any design whatsoever. Both of these statements strike wide of the truth, although on opposite sides of it. To be sure, the king of Corea, according to the sacred and unwritten law of this and all the kindred nations, is considered in one sense a sacred personage, and cannot be exposed to the gaze of the populace except on certain state occasions, but his seclusion is voluntary. Almost every night the noblemen congregate at the palace, and the king holds his court practically the same as any western sovereign.

But it is in regard to social questions that the greatest misunderstanding exists. Coreans are not barbarians or savages, they are not nomads, but they belong to the great family of civilized nations, as distinguished from enlightened nations. If a system of government reaching even to the minutest details, a complicated social system, a knowledge of arts and industries, a religious and educational system, a literature and the concomitants of these imply civilization, then surely Corea is civilized. Her civilization dates back to a time when Japan was covered with savage tribes.

It is amusing to us here in Corea to watch the papers and read what is said about this little country. Some one said that suicide was extremely common when in fact, it is almost unknown. Even the physician in charge of the royal hospital during three years has only heard of one case. Then we will read something about the second story windows being all closed when the king goes by, when, in fact, there are not half a dozen two story houses in Corea, or about the king dispensing justice as he travels through the country, while in fact, he never yet has gone ten miles outside the gates of Seoul. There are plenty of unpleasant features about the social condition of these people without filling the minds of outsiders with imaginary ones. Much has been said about the natives being great eaters of dogs' flesh. After a personal observation of the habits of the people for two years I can truly say that it is only the lower classes that indulge in that luxury. By the middle and upper classes, it is considered as detestable as by Americans. However, when one goes through some of the poorer parts of the city and sees people absolutely starving to death it does not cause any surprise that such food is made use of. Dog flesh is absolutely unknown in Corean feasts. A foreigner could sit down to the Corean table and eat of almost every dish that is brought him without a fear of dog meat.

In regard to the position and social status of women the most various ideas prevail. It is true that the women of Corea are secluded, but not more so than in some more favored empires. Turkey, for instance, shows us a vastly more pitiable state of things in this respect than Corea. Women are not slaves here, as they have been pictured. Their seclusion is not in a sense a blessing to them. The lack of seclusion in Japan, as led to the most demoralizing results in that country. It is impossible that women should be regarded with the same chivalric spirit here that they are in the enlightened countries, and their seclusion is a painful necessity rather than an evidence of tyranny. And yet, as I have said, women are not nearly so secluded here as they are in Turkey. It is only women of the highest class that are allowed to be seen by any man excepting the husband and father-in-law. Thousands of women can be seen on the streets of Seoul in broad day at any time. In walking on any street here a good proportion of the people you meet are women. Many belonging to the middle class have a sort of apron thrown over the head and held in front of the mouth, leaving a space through which they can see and be seen. Women of the lower class, the common working class, go entirely unveiled.

The Coreans are a singularly mild and inoffensive people. Their language contains no stronger epithet of hatred or anger than "Meechin-nom," which means crazy fellow. One can go to any part of the city or country at any time without the least fear of molestation, and you never hear of a knock down fight or a murder. The criminal class is extremely small, and vagrancy and mendicancy are almost unknown. Now all these points have been brought up against these people, and they do not bear the light of investigation. But no one seems to have mentioned the one great social evil of Corea, and one which must surely be changed before Corea can fairly begin any such progress as Japan has made.

This evil has to do with the recognized rule of all enlightened nations that the individual must be secure in the lawful possession of his own property and he must be allowed to accumulate property. In Corea the strong prey upon the weak. For instance, when a man is made an official, which is the highest ambition of the Corean, a certain extent of territory is allotted to him. From that territory he is required to send a certain number of wives of rice to the treasury of the central government, and for himself he has all the rest that he can squeeze out of the population. His power is unlimited in his own district, and he can seize any one's property and appropriate it. If he be unscrupulous he uses this power to an extent that is monstrous in its injustice.

He hears of a man who has saved a score of bags of rice over and above what his family needs for the season. Soon his minions come down on the man's lawful savings and sweep the whole away, leaving simply enough for the man to struggle through the year with. Can anything be more degrading to enterprise and thrift than this? Who can blame them for saying "We will raise just enough rice to live on and no more; for why should we accumulate property to be swept away?"—Seoul (Corea) Cor. New York World.

Exercise for Desired Muscles.

"Nobody need lecture me on the score of bad condition," said a wealthy girl as she dropped an Indian club on the floor of the gymnasium and took up a pair of dumbbells. Her pretty neck and shapely shoulders had not only a sufficient covering of flesh, but a goodly development of muscle.

"Stretch your arm out horizontally from your side," she said, suiting the action to the word, "and turn your head from it. Now move hand and arm back as far as you can, slowly and steadily, then forward. Observe the rising and falling of a muscle at the shoulder, just below the dreadful collar bone. This is a hint worth taking, now that we are soon to put on décolleté gowns for balls. Take the pains to experiment till you find just what movements of the arms, shoulders and neck bring into play muscles that tend to fill up the sundry hollows.

"Having found the necessary movements practice them till you are good and tired every time you get a chance and, believe me, improvement will repay you. This method of filling up is safer than an effort at gaining flesh. One is so likely to gain too much flesh; besides, often one has flesh enough, except just about the neck. Bring out the muscles there and you will be all right."

The pretty enthusiast went on to argue that a woman's muscles develop in length, a man's in knots; that a woman whose every muscle was symmetrical would present lines as perfect in curve as her frame permitted. The fullness attained by this sort of work will be safer and firmer than that given by mere plumpness. The shoulder blades are covered by a set of muscles which are called into play by driving and pushing movements of the arms.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Necklace.

"Yes, I have some very fine diamonds. I have, above all else, the finest pair of solitary earrings in the world. The two stones weigh thirty-six carats. They are so nearly alike in color, size, weight and general appearance that they cannot be told apart even by an expert. You know when you have a fine horse and then match him with a mate equally without flaw or blemish the value of the one becomes quadrupled. So, too, is it with these ear drops. Then I have a necklace that to me is very interesting, as much for the intrinsic merit of its 3,000 gems as for the historical associations linked with its eventful past. That necklace belonged to one of the favorites of Catherine de Medici, the former figuring in history as a famous poisoner. Pendant from the necklace is a diamond dove, with wings outstretched.

"This dove is so set that its wings are capable of moving up and down, revealing a tiny secret chamber, wherein, it is said, was concealed the fatal potion whose insidious power was too often exercised against those whose only crime was that of suitor who had failed to win a blackened and deceitful heart. Confirmatory of the uses of the secret chamber in the outstretched wings of the dove, I saw last year in Europe a picture of my famous favorite of Catherine de Medici; and, would you believe it, over the neck the artist had extended his fair sinner's hand, completely concealing, in very suggestive fashion, the poised dove. In one sense I do not like this necklace and seldom wear it—there's something uncanny, something grewsome about it!"—Mrs. Leslie's Interview in Detroit Free Press.

Sewer Gas in the Household.

It is a well known fact that many people, on their return to the city after spending the summer in the country, are soon taken down with fever. Some of the reasons for this are known to us, but probably there are many yet to be discovered. An unmistakable cause is found in many city homes which are shut up for months, during a portion of which time they are filled with sewer gas. Very few, indeed, have the traps under their sinks sealed up when they leave home, nor are they filled during their absence. Of course the water in them soon evaporates, and there is no longer any obstruction against the free passage through them of gas from the sewer.

With this pervading a house there is certainly a bad outlook for its returning tenants. In such a condition it ought to undergo fumigation; if that remedy is not applied then all that is left is thorough airing of all the rooms and everything therein, with curtains up to admit every possible ray of sunlight. And the longer the windows are kept open the better. A house infected by sewer gas is scarcely likely to be made safe, even by thorough ventilation, unless it is prolonged for days and days.—Boston Herald.

The Power of Slang.

In Saco some of the young people have banded together to keep from the use of slang. They find it pretty hard work, for the United States language has such smattering of questionable idioms that to pick out the wheat from the chaff is a trying task. Every time they slip it costs a cent, which they deposit in the strong box of the society. A few evenings ago a young lady member who had been so unfortunate as to break the by-laws forgot herself while in the very act of dropping the required amount into the treasury and exclaimed, "There she goes!" She was obliged to add another penny to the fund.—Lewiston Journal.

How Much Soup.

I have discarded my soup plates and given orders that in the future soups are to be served in small tea-cups. I am indebted to a well known French caterer for this, and when you stop and think how the best meaning people eat soups you will see the propriety of decreasing the quantity. One doesn't consider how much soup one is eating. The result is, where the soup is served in the usual soup plates, one gets a dinner before the time comes for serving the courses. The tea-cup of soup obviates this. How many good diners I have lost on account of the generous hostess who filled the soup plate to the brim!—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

HAPPY MISS NELLIE KROWN

Of the Hotel Portland—How She Was Cured of Rheumatism by Drs. 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 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 KROWN.

An Open Letter.

Drs. 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 render you my grateful thanks.

Seattle, Wash. WILLIAM LITTLE.

Deafness Cured in Ten Minutes.

Mr. Editor—DEAR SIR: I reside in North Yakima, Wash. I consulted Drs. Darrin for deafness over three years ago. My left ear was totally deaf. With one operation with Drs. 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.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted free at 705 Washington street, Portland, from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. They treat all curable chronic, acute and protracted diseases, and will send their circulars, question blanks and remedies to any mail or express address. Drs. Darrin have been practicing their peculiar electric treatment for the past twenty-seven years, and they do cure where all other methods fail is shown by the above remarkable cures.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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 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

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