#### THE ENGINE-DRIVER.

Away, away, or night or day, Through solitude or throng, With lightning gait and thund ring weight, I dash the rail along.

Though flame doth feed my iron steed, And shoot his nostrils fire Yet give I rein, or h m restrain, As suiteth my desire.

I eye with pride his burnished side, His joints and thews of steel; My spirits leap as throbbing deep His mighty pulse I feel.

'Gainst rock and hill I hear the shrill Re-echo of his scream; On air of morn I watch upborne His breath behind me stream.

Around each curve his slightest swerve For danger near I sharply peer At every thoroughfare.

A never loud, but sober browed And thoughtful man am I; Few words I take to query make, And fewer to reply.

For off my post, still uppermost That everywhere the lives I bear Of all who with me ride

Who more, save he that on the sea With wave and tempest strives, Needs in him sand, than he whose hand The locomotive drives? Youth's Companion,

#### TOM DALTON'S FATE.

"When 'er Man Aint Born to Hang, Eh Won't Hang."

The people of Bear Creek settlement unanimously agreed upon one thing, and that was that Tom Dalton would die with his boots on. It might be in a few weeks or it might be years, they said, but sooner or later he would be shot or hung. This opinion had been gaining ground since Tom, at the age of twelve, had severely whipped two of his schoolmates and then openly defied the authority of the master, Amos Cummings, who had taught the settlement for twenty years. Following closely upon the school affair came other desperate mischief by Tom which startled the quiet people of the settlement, and before he had reached the age of fifteen he was looked upon as one doomed to die a fearful and untimely death. Whenever any one told of some new mischief perpetrated by young Dalton, the unvarying comment was: "That boy'll be hung yit."

Reverend David Goodman, a strolling minister, who made semi-annual visits to the settlement and held "meetin'" at the log school-house, was urged to speak to Tom and try to pluck him as a brand from the burning. Reverend David was always ready and eager for a chance to save a soul, so he stopped at the house of Tom's father, and spent the evening in prayer and exhortation. Tom readily promised the minister that he would try to live a better life, but during the night he removed the taps. from the reverend gentleman's buggy wheels, and, after this evidence of ntter depravity, the neighbors gave up all hope of his reformation and only regretted that he would bring his father's and mother's gray hairs in sorrow to

The Bear creek settlement, hemmed in by low mountain ranges, and far removed from towns or railroads, was a little world, peopled by quiet, lawabiding citizens, who knew little of the great busy universe bevond the hills which encircled their homes. Some of the most intelligent of the inhabitants were willing to admit that Cleburne County included a small amount of territory outside the settlement, but they doubted the existence of civilization in what they termed the "outskeerts" of the country. A few of the oldest families had emigrated from Georgia many years ago, and many a long winter evening was enlivened by the stories of how the wealth, beauty and chivalry of the State was once gathered at Milledgeville, in the good old days, long, long before the war. There was no ambition among the people of the settlement. The boys were content to make as good as "eraps" as "pap did in his young days," and the girls were happy if they could weave as many vards of cloth and marry "as well as

There was one person who had lived in the Bear Creek settlement for twenty years previous to the opening of our story, who had little sympathy for his neighbors, and consequently few friends among them. This person was S.las Marcom, the richest man in the settlement. Marcom came from somewhere in Georgia, no one knew where, and bought a large tract of land at a place known as the Forks, so called because the old Georgia trail here diverged one fork turning abruptly to the south, the other continuing due west. He had plenty of money, and soon had cleared the largest farm in the settlement, and built a house that was far superior to those of his neighbors.

mam did. "

After the close of the war, when the people of the settlement found themselves in very straightened circumstances, Silas Marcom let it be known that he had several thousand dollars in gold, which he was willing to loan to his neighbors on first-class security at a high rate of interest, and many of them hastened to accept the old man's offer.

Marcom soon found there was more profit in lending his gold at compound been seen on his way to the Forks the The flashing eyes and steady hands not in combinations with velvet coltew years he abandoned his farm altogether and devoted his whole time in looking after his notes and mortgages. fatal night and, hearing angry word life. The men stood irresolute for a wide pleats with velvet iniaid between. His less fortunate neighbors soon in the house, he had stopped for a mo few moments, and then held a brief - Chicago News.

eral successive failures of crops forced | gle, saw the light extinguished, and them to accept his loans, even at the constantly increasing rates of interest which he demanded.

In personal appearance, Silas Marcom was the novelist's ideal of a miser. Long shaggy eyebrows almost obscured a pair of small black eyes that sparkled only at the sight of gold, while his long, bony fingers were constantly twitching except when clasping notes or mortgages. His wife had died some ten years after he came to the settlement, leaving him a bright-eyed a settled conviction in the minds of his little girl to whom he seemed much beighbors, so that by the time the corattached, until his greed for gold overcame every noble sentiment and impulse.

Left to herself at the age of ten vears, Dora Marcom grew to womanhood as unnoticed and uncared for as home. Her father gave little heed to neighbors at will. The Daltons lived words, the sound of a scuffle, and had near the Forks, and Tom and Dora seen Tom running from the house. A grew up friends from childhood, and number of witnesses were introduced hills Cupid, perched among the wild easily proved bad in the opinion of the flower, shot his arrows into their Learts | good people of the settlement. with unerring aim, and the spark of friendship at length grew into a flame of undying love.

daughter's hand the old man became tion she caught sight of Tom and, wild with anger and, after roundly abusing the young man, ordered him never again to speak to Dora. But in | done it; tell me you never done it." spite of the order the young couple managed to meet for an occasional ramble and determined to marry at the first opportunity. Among the many who had mortgaged their homes to Marcom for a small loan was Jerry Dalton, Tom's father, and when the mortgage was due he was unable to

At an early hour on the ill-fated Dalton's house to demand his money, and was met at the gate by Tom, his still in the room. She did not see her father having gone to the house of a father leaving the room before Dalton neighbor to try and borrow sufficient came until he was found dead the money to pay the note.

"Well, young man, I've come for my money," was Marcom's salutation. "Well, pap hain't got it to-day, Mr. Marcom, but he'll get it, an' of course you'uns won't mind waitin' a day or tell the truth, and, believing Tominnotwo, as the interest'll be goin' on just the same?" replied young Dalton.

"Not got the money, ch? Well, you'uns can just fetch me my money to-day or git out'n the house. I'll have the money or the land."

"An' you won't give we'uns a day or

"Not a day! You tell your pap if I don't git my money I'll take possession of this here property to-morrow mornin'," and with a chuckle of satisfaction he rode off.

Late in the afternoon the elder Dalton returned home without the money, and when told of Marcom's visit in the morning he lost all hope of being able to save his humble home.

Tom.

"It's no use, Tom. That old miser's only laugh at ye.'

miser wait; see if I don't."

reached the Forks, and he was very nos awake. graciously received by Marcom in the plain sitting-room, which the old miser asked of his captors, used as his office. After some hesitation money. In reply to his request Marcom | t. began a terrible tirade of abuse of the Leaving a guard over the officers. bitter against the Daltons, father and near by, leading Dalton, who vagues will be crossed with white or with red, ance, he retaliated with a volley of mercy.

the senffle the one candle that lighted 'f they aint," blurted out Sheriff blue, brown, green, gray, or dull red dog was a Skye. Probably that acthe room was overturned and extin- Farmer. guished, leaving the house in total "Goin' to hang Tom Dalton? My them. The hair stripes of last year Skye, too. started home. He was so excited that the lynchers. he unconsciously began to run, think-

Bear Creek settlement was shaken from Stop, I say, or I'll shoot," and with a India silks, with all-over patterns of dered in his room, and as rapidly as was slackened for a moment, and one and there are many watteau and pomscene of the murder.

## PART II.

Who could have done it? The people they soon learned that Tom Dalton had that rope agin."

and hated him accordingly, but sev- | ment and heard the sound of a strugmoment later saw young Dalton leave the house, running at full speed. Tom hurried to the Forks as soon as he heard of the murder, and was immediately arrested as the murderer At first he was so overcome with surprise and horror that he did not attempt any resistance or explanation. Every act of innocent mischief ever committed by him was soon retold to his injury, and the opinion that he would one day be hang quickly became oner's jury was impaneled they had already convicted him of Silas Marcom's murder.

At the inquest the two neighbors who mer Tom on his way to the Forks were the first witnesses orought forward, and the wild flowers that budded and they testified that he had threatened bloomed upon the hills around her that he would make Marcom give his father more time in which to pay off her movements, and she rambled the mortgage. The next witness was among the hills or visited the horses of the man who had heard the angry while they rambled over the rugged to prove Dalton's character, which was

The last witness was Dora Marcom, who came into the room with her eyes red and swollen from weeping. Be-When Tom asked Marcom for his for the coroner could ask her a quesrunning to him, threw her arms around his neck and said: "Tom, you never

"Oh, Dora! you don't believe I done it. Don't let 'em turn you agin me. God knows I never done it!"

"I knowed ye didn't, Tom, and I'll save ye, no matter what they say,"

Between her sobs. Dora Marcom testified that some one entered her father's room about eleven o'clock the night before. She did not see him, but recognized the voice as Tom Dalton's. morning old man Marcom rode over to | She heard loud and angry words, also a slight scuffle, after which all was next morning. No other persoentered the room that night to her knowledge. This evidence alone would have convicted her lover before this jury, but Dora knew nothing but to cent of the crime, she did not realize the fearful weight of her testimony.

The jury retired after a few minutes and returned with a verdict; "We, the jury, find that Silas Marcom came to his death at the hands of Tom Dalton."

Night was fast approaching when the inquest was finished, and the sheriff determined to guard his prisoner at the Forks during the night and carry him to the county jail on the following day. Summoning a posse of three, Tom was placed in a room, securely handcuffed, and the four men were to take turns watching during the night.

This was the first murder ever committed in the settlement, and as the men dispersed from the inquest, there was a "Pap, I'll go an' see old Marcom look on their faces that meant danger agin' an' may-be I'll be able to per- for the prisoner. Many of them had benade him to wait a day or two," said lieved for several years that Tom Dalton would be hung, but now that they were convinced that he had committed a foul heart's harder than a stone, an' he'd murder they were anxious to assist at now and there are no happier or more the hanging.

But Tom's mind was made up to Sheriff Farmer had filled that office make one more effort to save their for twelve years without meeting any a proverb in Bear Creek settlement nome; so, after supper, he started to resistance in the discharge of its duties. the Forks alone. Meeting two neigh- And he did not dream of trouble that ch won't hang." - W. L. Haw'ey, in hors on the way he stopped and talked aight; but a few minutes past mid. Detroit Tribune. with them at length about his errand, night, while one of his deputies was on and at parting he said, in a jesting guard, fifty masked men surrounded way, but which sounded terribly earns the house, and making a dash into the est to his friends: "I'll make the old room, they overpowered the four offieers and had possession of the pris-It was after ten o clock when Tom oner before the sheriff was fairly

"Going to hang Tom Dalton," graffly

loud oaths, and in a loud voice abused The lynchers, by the light of torches, grounds look well in rather potatoes alone. They were clad in rags last two or three lines. -Z. L. White, Marcom for the base and heartless were putting the rope over the limb large or extremely fine small crossings and there was not a penny in the house. in Philadelphia Press. when Dora Marcom, with pale face of contrasting bars. The striped The old miser was quickly roused to and wild, despairing eyes, entered the designs are most varied of all, one of small value in Scotland. "Saxpunce"

darkness, and while Marcom was Tom, never!" almost shricked Dora, are repeated, but have become monotongroping his way in search of a match and snatching a gun from one of the ous, as they are in all kinds of fabries.

jon'uns murder my Tom, who's inno- much given to calling it India silk be-Before noon of the following day cent of the murder as you'uns are? that Silas Marcom was brutally mur- deliberate aim at the crowd. The rope let, will make pretty summer dresses,

know Tom Dalton killed 'im."

"You lie, you murderin' scoundrel! and the coroner arrived upon the scene | kill the fust man what dares to tetch | green ground barred with pink. These

consultation, after which one of them who appeared to be the leader, turned **Hew** the California Institution Provides

to Dora and said : "Well, if ye don't want yer dad's do they come from the spawn? How murderer hung, we'uns needn't take the trouble o' doin' it, an' ye may take many can explain the growth of a fish im back to the sheriff, who'll hang 'im from the spawn to the minnow? Probably not one in a thousand, and yet fish

soon enough, maybe." A moment later and Tom and Dora were alone. Confident that his innocence would yet be proved. Tom never once thought of flight; but, supporting Dora on his arms, he returned to the house again, placed himself in the custody of the sheriff, and next day found himself the inmate of a cell in the county fail.

was suspended in Bear Creek settlement, and the people gathered in groups to discuss the murder and attempted lynching. There was but one that Tom Dalton committed the murder and should swing for it, and a great lynching party, which was foiled by a young girl.

The day set for Tom Dalton's trial came at last and the court-house was men, among them Dora Marcom, who secured a seat near the prisoner. Dora had never doubted her lover's innocence, and she believed it would be proved at the final trial. One of the best lawyers in the county had been employed to defend Daiton, and he was given a fair trial. The evidence was the same as at the corener's inquest, and the judge charged the jury that if they believed from the evidence that the prisoner was guilty they must bring in a verdict of mur ler as charged in the indictment. In lifteen minutes the jury returned and, announced that they had agreed. There was perfeet silence in the court-room when the judge ordered the prisoner to stand up, and turning to the jury said: "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" came in a clear voice from the rear of the court-room, and a gray-haired man advanced to the bar.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I killed Silas Marcom." There was a buzz of excitement in the courtroom at the stranger's confession, and it grew to fever heat as he proceede. in a clear voice to relate how many years before Silas Marcom had swindled him of his home and every thing he possessed. How he searched for him for years and at last found him at Bear Creek settlement and demanded redress of his wrongs. Having been laughed at and defied by Marcom until he was driven to desperation, the stranger said he was determined to kill his oppressor at the first opportunity:

He was concealed near the house when Tom Dalton entered it on the night of the murder and, having overheard the quarrel, he entered the room a moment after Dalton left and stabbed Marcom to the heart.

During the formality of discharging Tom Dalton the real murderer disappeared and, as the search for him was not very close, he was seen no more in the country.

Tom Dakton is master at the Forks respected people in the settlement than he and his wife, Dora. It has become that "When 'er man ain't born to hang,

# DRESS MATERIALS.

A General Revival of Last Year's Styles for Spring and Sami India silks and French foulards are

largely imported for house dresses in the spring and for general wear in "What are you going to do?" Farmer summer. The old designs of flowers. alms and Parsian arabesques are again shown, but the new fancy is for Tom explained his errand, and begged replied one of the men, and the sheriff plaids, hars and stripes in these silks for a few days' time to raise the knew that he was powerless to prevent very similar in calo ing to those of coltou or of wool goods. The violet blue silks will have irregular bars of pink entire settlement, and was especially the lynchers started toward the woods and green, the darkest blue grounds son. Young Dalton's temper soon be- by realized that he was doomed, but a d brown will alternate with ecru as The noose was around Tom Dalton's slender vines of gay small buds partly cause the latter is more durable. Whitepossible men and women burried to the of the party stepped forward and said: padour designs of roses and pinks in "Go home Miss Dora. We'uns air pale and charming colors. The surahs, just a goin' to avenge yer father. Ye with large, wide diagonal twills, are shown in all solid colors and in many night before, and another man came of the brave girl, as she stood facing lar, vest and cuffs, and scalloped

FISH HATCHERIES.

the Future Supply of Salmon.

How do fish hatch? In what manner

as an article of diet ranks high. If any person had asked the editor those questions last week, he probably would have answered, "just like a chicken," if he had answered at all. Now, however, through the kindness of Dibble and Liebley of the State salmon hatchery, we are able to tell what we know about the hatching of fish and it will not take For several days work of every kind much space, either, although to describe the culture of fish correctly would fill several columns. The outfit provided by the State to keep up the supply of salmon consists of a large building, a opinion among them, and that was number of flumes about two feet wide, one foot in depth, and running the entire length of the building, and a large deal of contempt was expressed for the number of square box sieves or propagating baskets with bottoms of wire crossed so as to leave holes about onefourth of an inch square. Through these flumes the water is allowed to run well filled with people from the settle- in a small, steady stream. The salmon are caught in traps or nets when on their way to spawn and the eggs stripped from them. These are fecundated, the mass placed in the sieves, and a steady stream of water allowed to run over them. The water of Hat Creek has a temperature of 36 ?, and in this it requires about one hundred days for the eggs to hatch. From 50 ° to 55 ° is: best temperature, and with such they can be hatched in six weeks. After the growth of the egg has began the mass separates and each one becomes about as large as a big pea. Those are the head and tail of the minnow, and soon the little fish bursts the shell, coming out on the top, and has the appearance of a small tadpole with a terribly distended stomach, but instead of discarding the old abode it is attached firmly to the minnow and becomes its supply of food for ten days or more, when it is able to rustle. As soon as hatched the minnow wriggles around until it falls through one of the holes in the bottom of the box, when it is carried along the bottom of the trough until a cross-piece or riffle is reached. Here they gather, a gallon or more in a place, and keep up an eternal darting I have forgotten how many millions of and diving until the period of their imprisonment has expired. So long as the food sack lasts they will not eat, but with the exhaustion of this natural supply an appetite is developed, which, properly satisfied, transforms the little inch-long samlet into the ten and twenty pound beauties with sides of silver, that gladden the hearts of the fishermen and tickle the palate of the epicure. When about ten days or two weeks old they are furned into the stream and soon find their way to the shallow spots where they feed and grow until large enough to venture into deeper water.

Mr. Shebley states that while in the open stream not more than one egg in a thousand will grow to be a fish of any size; in the hatchery 75 per cent, can be turned out, and even 90 per cent, under favorable circumstances. And this is how salmon hatching looks to one who has never been there before. -Shasta

## A SCOTCH EVICTION

A Baby and Cradte Seized in a Case of Distraint for Rent.

A baby and a cradle figure among the goods and chattels recently seized for non-payment of rent in Portree, sumptuous in me to write to you." Scotland. The thing seems incredible, but it is a cold fact. Here is the official list of acticles scized by Alexander McDonald, Sheriff of Inverness, on account of non-payment of ront by William McRae, a tenant of Lord Me-Donald, as it appeared in the Glasgow

M	lail:			
1	resser and erockery	0	9	Ŋ
- W	Zaodetiaosta	0.	18	-0
C	radic and child	0.	43	-9
S	pounting wheel	0.	1	Н
783	we be is and blankets	2	-11	- 1
30	hatr.	50	1	- 1
0	hatr	()	1	Ŋ
K.	burn and top	0	Til	- 4
63	GIP and the second second	0	32	ì
13	ryard, quantity of sorn	1	10.	1
L	syard, quantity of corn	18	00	1
	ALL STATES OF THE STATES OF TH			

All these articles were sold at auction after forty-eight hours. When gan to rise. He did not reply for some knowing how he had been misjudged ground or as figures. The inch-square this fumous seizure was made the man time, but finally, stung beyond endur- and hated, he would not ask for plaids are thought handsomest in McRae was at the point of death. His of irrelevant matter, the request for the light colors, while the dark wife and seven children were living on

Bables and eradles are evidently of fury and attempted to strike Tom, but room where the helpless officers were, the best new patterns being inch-wide is the official figure, while the puppy the latter kept out of his way. During "Taey're goin' to hang 'im, durned stripes of very fine white speeks, with dog brings a shilling. Of course, the metallic rod.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. stripes of the same width separating counts for it. But the baby was a

young Dalton opened the door and men she ran wildly in the direction of Flowered stripes are very effective in surprised. The exploits of landlordism occurred in Ireland, nobody would be her boy. leaf or lily-of-the-valley patterns, or in in that country are world-renowned ing nothing of it at the time, though it neck, and eager hands had grasped the brown. Greek squares and the zigzag leged "pure cussedness" and rebellion all came back to him with fearful dis. other end, when Dora, with disheveled of canddah stripes are also shown. A of the tenants. But this novel affair tinetness later. It was after midnight hair, sprang between Tom and his great deal of French foulard is in the market, but this has worn so hally that and submission, whose people flourish market, but this has worn so hadly that and submission, whose people flourish ing to disturb his father he went direct "Stop, ye brutes! cowards! Would it has lost favor, and merchants are too in the full enjoyment of all the blessin the full enjoyment of all the bless- Porous Plasters. In two hours the ings of English civilization and laws, cough ceased and his breathing was much and whose soil, honored by the nativity center to circumference by the news determined glitter in her eyes size took graceful lines in black, brown, or scarthat Silas Marcom was brutally may, deliberate aim at the growd. The rope in the silas in the threat, I Toledo Blade,

jokingly gave Miss Julia A. Malcom, of known, and I wound not be without them New Haven, a deed of certain Colorado | for any consideration lands, which he thought to be valueplaids, some of the prettiest being dark less. She said that she'd keep the docwere too stupefied with horror at first Tom's innocent, an' ye know it. You blue crossed with pink and lighter blue, ument to remember him by, locked it to inquire, but when Sheriff Farmer 'uns have a gradge agin 'iur; but I'll suede with bars of rose and green, and up, and has since been earning her living teaching school. The other day she received a letter from Colorado, saving that there was a lead mine on her property, and \$250,000 was offered forward and told that he had passed the mob, with her finger pressing the drapery on lower skirts bordered with for it. Miss Malcom thought it a joke, the Forks at about eleven o'clock on the trigger of the gua, saved Tom Dalton's velvet, or else folded in exceedingly but finding that it wasn't, she accepted the offer and the check is on its way east. - Hartford Post.

STANFORD'S MAIL.

Character of the Innumerable Missives Received by the Benevolent Senator

Senator Leland Stanford, who is a frequent visitor to New York, employs. a sharp-witted ex-journalist in Washington as his private secretary to sift. out of his daily mail the letters of cranks, dead-beats and beggars, and keeps three or four shorthand writers busily engaged in preparing the answers to those that require attention. The mass of letters that are poured in upon the Senator from the post-office, morning and evening, is so great that it would be appalling to a man less methodical in his habits or less able to employ competent. assistance. They come from all sorts and conditions of people, but those whohave something to sell are among the most persistent of the Senator's correspondents.

"I believe the Senator would own one-half of the land in the country if he bought all that was offered," said his private secretary, "I don't believe there are many land-poor men left between the two oceans whom we have not heard from. And we are alwaysassured that a big fortuge is impatiently waiting for the Senator to pick up. But it is not land alone that Mr. Standford's correspondents offer to sell him. Every person who has ta rare bargain' in any thing and who has bored his friends and pestered every body else whom he could get at and failed to dispose of it, unsuccessful speculators of every sort, projectors of new railroads who have got to the ends of their ropes but have not got their lines completed to anywhere, organizers of financial, commercial and manufacturing enterprises, to say nothing of the numberless solicitors for aid for all sorts of educational, benevolent and religious institutions that are in financial straits, all write to

And these letters do not all come from American correspondents. The fame of Secretor Stanford's millions and of his more than princely generosity has gone beyond the sea, and brings him every week great packages of letters bearing foreign postmarks. A curious one received a few days ago was dated at St. Petersburg, written in bad French and signed by a man who said that he was a Russian Count, who offered to sell a great slice of the Czar's empire. acres he said there were. The beauties of this vast domain, its untold agricultural and mineral resources and the delights of its salubrious climate, were described by a master hand. Inclosed with the letter was a formidable-looking official certificate, covered all over with seals and attestations, setting forth that the writer had a right to sell the territory he offered, and the names of high Russian officials and representatives of foreign governments in S: Petersburg were given, to whom Senator Stanford was referred and invited to write or telegraph in regard to the Count's responsibility. The Senator will not probably make the purchase this year.

Perhaps one-half the letters that come in Senator Stanford's mail are from women, and a study of this part of his mail reveals some curious phases of human nature and discloses some strange workings of the human mind. It is interesting to note how nine out of ten of these female correspondents begin their communications with the same stereotype sentences or phrases: "I know that you will consider it prethe writer is a married woman she always declares that she twrites this letter without the knowledge of her finshand."

A peculiarity of the women's letters is that they go all around Robin Hood's barn before they come to the thing they want to say. A woman who wanted money enough to bay a new piano, instead of saying so right out, prefaced her request with a narrative of her famfly history, a history of the piano she had, the usage it had been subjected to, its getting out of tame recently, her efforts to restore it and the cost. This was followed by a profusion of excuses for addressing a letter to the Senator, a re-recital of her trials and struggles, \*\*\*

-- Prof. Highes says a sill: ribbon is a better Egh ting conductor than a

HOW TO CURE A EOY OF CROUP. Mrs. Samuel Nutt, of South Haven, Now, if this unique proceeding had Kansas, tells how she saved the life of

I have been using Allcock's Porous PLASTERS for the last ten years, principally for a weak back. Not long ago I found my son very much inclined to croup. He had cada croupy cough, and a wheezing to the pit of the stomach with ALLEGER ! easier. In a few days be was entirely well.
I kept the Allcock's Porous Plastens never use anything but an Allicock's Porous Plaster, which cures him imme--Ten years ago Thomas F. Clark diately, without any inconvenience, They are the best preventative of the croup ever

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

We will pay your fare from any part of United States to Portland and hotel evpenses while here if we do not produce indiaputable evidence from well-known bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers as to our reliablety in the cure of reduceable rupture or hernia without knife, needle or sharp instrument. You are secure against accident from the first day until cured, and the cure guaranteed permanent or money refunded. You can work every day, no matter what your occupation, without canger or inconvenience. Conwork every day, no matter what your occupa-tion, without canger or inconvenience, con-sultations free, Office hours from 10 to 4 d.lly. Correspondents will enclose stamp for reply and address Drs. Forden & Luther, rooms 8 and 9. First National bank, Portland, Oregon. Montion this paper.