CHAPTER XII.



Souri determined to attempt to get ervice with the jailer's wife. She hoped that she might be received with less suspicion while the prisoner was away. Besides she must communicate with her brother as soon as possible.

She went into the jail and found a woman, whose hair was streaked with gray, sweltering over a cooking stove. Y' ain't got no washen per nuffin fur ne, hab y'?" said Souri, suddenly appear ng before her.

'No! git out o' hyar."

"Cooken? Can yer cook? I don't want to nigger to cook fo' me, but there's niggers in the 'black hole' I wish I had ome un ter cook fur.

"Who owns y"?" "I'ze a free nigger.

'Waal, I ain't got no money ter pay fo' cook, and I reckon I'll hey to sweat it t. Git 'long."

"I don't want nuffin but sump'n ter eat. 1 can sleep at my aunt's, ober de

"Waal, take hold hyar fur a spell; I'm boilen." And she drew away from the stove and mopped her face. Souri took hold and showed a ple

ing aptitude at baking corn bread and boiling some coarse meat which sim mered in a pot on the stove. Presently the jailer came in, and tak-ing some of the food lifted a trap door and lowered a meal to those below in the black hole.

"Hyar's a gal," said his wife, "e: hankers ter do some cooken fo' me.
"Ain't got nothen ter pay with."

"Don't want no pay," said Souri. "I'ze starven. Want sump'n ter eat." "Waal, y' won't git much hyar," said the jailer, "but I reckon it's good nuff

So Souri was allowed to help, but there was no understanding that her services should extend beyond the pres-

ent moment. She was leaning over the stove when | had often done. gard, hopeless look on his face as he He was put in his room, and it was hard | nel, not thinking it worth while to fol-

In the afternoon Souri saw that she must make work for herself or there would be no excuse for her to stay about the place. So, without saying a word, she took a pail of water and a scrubbing brush and began to scrub the floor, Then she suggested to Mrs. Triggs that she sweep her bedroom. The woman concluded that, as it had not been swept her bedroom. The for more than a month, Souri "mought's well" do it, especially as the girl seemed

little boiled meat and corn bread. "Ye' don' look right smart, Miss Triggs," said Souri, after cooking the supper and eating her share, "'n I don' w whar I gwine t' git any breakfast less I come 'n cook fur y'.'

to be willing to do all this work for a

Mrs. Triggs succeeded in getting he husband's consent to Souri coming back in the morning, and the man went out to the gate with her and told her if the guard did not pass her in to send for him She was at the jail bright and early and got in on telling the sentinel that she was Mrs. Triggs' servant. She cooked the breakfast, and when she saw

Triggs about to carry Mark's meat and corn bread into him she offered to do it. but Triggs paid no attention to the offer and carried it in himself. Then she asked Mrs. Triggs when she

did her washing, and as the old woman had no regular time and not many clothes Souri offered to do what there was. When she went out to hang up the clothes to dry Jakey was in the yard She called him to her and in a whisper made herself known. Jakey, who was wondering what had become of the mes-sage he had sent, was both overjoyed and astonished. He turned two or three somersaults on the ground and other-wise demonstrated his childishness to Mrs. Triggs, who at that moment appeared at a window, but not before Souri had told Jakey to inform Mark of

his dinner, but without success. She was at her wits' end for an excuse to stay about till supper time, but thinked mending she offered to undertake the task, and spent the afternoon over the old woman's threadbare garments.

plan for Mark's escape. She learned that he was to be hanged in a few days and knew there was little time. The most natural plan under the circumstances occurred to her-a plan by escape than any other one methodwalking out before the guard in women's clothes. Souri determined, if she could her dress and sunbonnet and leave him to make an attempt. Then she began to

warded. Mark's supper was standing on him. With these well in hand the appointed on failing to find one suitable to his purpose. and Mrs. Triggs went down the stairs | tremendous and effective stimulant.

clothes ter go out with.' "But what would you and Jakey do?"

asked hurriedly. "Th' ain't goen ter hang a boy or a gal. Pertend ter be sick termorrer 'n ask fur some medicine. Mebbe they'll send me

ter git it."
With that she went out. When Mrs. Triggs came in she was bending over the 'Whar's the Yank's supper?" she

"Oh, 'twar gitten cold, 'n I toted hit

in ter him. Souri made herself so useful that she was permitted to stay about the jail the next day. She managed to keep an indifferent mien to all about her, but within there was a tempest. The next morning Mark was to swing, and preparations were being made for the purpose "If there war only time." thought Souri, "I mought help him away, but tomor rerl' and no one being near to see her she wrung her hands. There seemed but little chance that, having only one evening to effect her plans, she would succeed. It could only be by good luck. In the afternoon Mark began to moan Triggs went in to see him and asked what was the matter. Mark told him that he was ill. As the afternoon wore away the prisoner groaned and moaned till Triggs went back to him, and Ma.l told him that he thought he was going

"What y' got? she asked. "Cholera, I reckon."

"I want some medicine," said Mark, "If you'll send the black girl for it I'll

to die. Mrs. Triggs carried in his sup

pay you and her well."
"Y' ain't got no money." "Yes, I have, but y' don't know whar

Mrs. Triggs reported the matter to her husband, who, fearing that the prisoner would not be in condition for the hanging which was to occur the next morning, consented. Mark was furnished with a scrap of paper and a pen, and wrote the name of a mixture he remem-bered for cholera morbus. Triggs told Souri to warn the druggist not to send poison, for he feared Mark might be intending to make way with himself to es cape the gallows. She was furnished with money extracted from Jakey's boot

When she came back it was quite dark. Only a faint line of light was left in the west. As she entered she me Triggs going out of the gate. She quickly mounted the staircase with her heart in her throat. As soon as she entered the building she saw that Mrs. Triggs was not there; she was in her room. Souri went on tiptoe to Mrs. Triggs door and looked in. The woman was sitting on a chair by the window waiting her return. Souri went as quickly as she could go without being heard to the prisoner's room.

"Medicine," she said to the guard and passed in without waiting permission, leaving the door partly closed behind

"Here, quick! A burnt cork. Rub 't on yer face," she whispered. Mark seized the cork and applied it. the other's garments, Mark inclosing his

to speak; pressing her hand and carrying it to his lips, Mark passed out.

so tall and strapping.
Going out of the door and down the stairs, Mark went to the gate and walked | had a chance for his life. by the sentinel posted there, as Souri

Mark was brought back. He had just

The guard also noticed how tall she
been sentenced, and there was a haglooked and called to her; but by this

only look upward at the stars. There
was the great dome above him spangled
with myriads of bright points and time Mark was well out of his reach spanned by the "milky way." ed not to hear.

for Souri to keep from following to tell low and leave his post unprotected, let some of his favorites and traced a few him of her corning. Jakey came in with the party and wont with Mark into his matter. CHAPTER XIII. FLOATING FOR LIFE.

candle and led the way to the dining room above.

Mark had very little idea how long a minutes, it might be half an hour, it entered the water. might possibly be not till morning, though of this he had little hope. He Jakey. What had they done to Souri

He had been about the town enough to know the direction of the river and started toward it. During the day he had thought over what he would do in case Souri's ruse should be successful, and made up his mind that any delay in getting across the river would be fatal. He was at home in the water, and determined that he would not attempt to Souri had told Jakey to inform Mark of her presence, and that she would try to get into his room as soon as she could be intrusted with a meal for him.

Again at noon she offered to take in Again

e greatly increased. As he drifted Though Markchad been in prison but away he saw the relief approach and the be greatly a few days the transition from duress picket changed. All this while Souri was thinking of a to freedom was very grateful. It was a soft summer evening, and the larger stars had already begun to shine. Casting a glance to the right he saw a streak bend. Here the bank was low, and as of light over Missionary ridge and Mark was getting chilled he swam to knew that before long he would be at a the southern bank for rest. He haid disadvantage from the rising of a full himself down for a few moments on the moon. He walked briskly whenever dry ground, and then getting up walked any person was in sight, and when he back and forth rapidly, swinging his thought that he was unobserved he ran. secure an entrance into Mark's room at When he first left the jailyard his heart lation and fit him to endure a longer any time after dark, she would give him | was in his throat. His agitation dimin- stay in the water. He looked about for ished as he proceeded, and in five min-utes he had come down like one in a float farther. There were logs of vari-

and Mrs. Triggs went down the stairs outside to get something she wanted in the yard.

No one of the few people who passed the strapping negro girl, whose face was hidden within the blue check sunstraight past the guard into Mark's room before, that the scaffold was help.

the river. And it was fortunate for the larger than an ordinary skiff, but as it flying soldier they did not, or he would was in a shadow he could not tell what never even have got half a mile from kind of a craft it was. As it came over

briskly alternately, till he came to a soon found that he was in danger of girl.

place where a board fence was capped meeting it in the middle of the stream. "H by a narrow strip. He mounted it and walked as far as the fence extended, perhaps a hundred yards, hoping by this means to throw the dogs off the scent Mark, who knew the location of Brown's for a few minutes, and thus gain a little ferry from the maps, judged that it was Then he jumped down and hur- the boat belonging there.

was a runaway slave. At last the grateful sight of the river what to do. At last the grateful sight of the river met his gaze. It cheered him and seemed to seekon him on to rest upon its bosom, or, as an alternative with the dreadful tragedy of the morning, to find oblivion beneath its surface. Between the river before him, and the jail, the dogs and the gibbet, for a time his feelings of hope and fear neutralized each other and left his faculties free to act with perfect coolness.

with perfect coolness.

He stood for a moment beneath a low clump of trees on the bank listening and looking up and down the river. A liam's island, and knew that it was boat was passing, and he felt it necessary to wait for it to go by. He lost five minutes, but it seemed half an hour.

Then taking off his dress and shoes and Then taking off his dress and shoes and between the north and south end of this bonnet he put the dress and the shoes in island, and on his right, if he rememthe bonnet and tied the strings around bered aright. He had about a mile to his neck, resting the bundle on his back. | go to reach the mouth of this creek. Going down to the margin, and again listening a moment to make sure he was the eastward of the island and swam

to find the water warm. His expecta-tions were realized to a reasonable de-gree, and he felt that he could remain in it a long while without being chilled. His plan was to drift down a consider-able distance. He might be expected to swim across as ravidly as he could not

had weighed all these circumstances, and determined to drift down as far as sently he came to the crossing of a road. e could find one, enter it and swim or around. As a scout he had long been walk up it in the water, thus rendering accustomed to keep his mind fixed on difficult for the dogs to track him. He swam slowly till he reached the middle of the river; then, floating with could be called a bridge—he knew that feet, he permitted himself to drift down

with the current. A favorite way with him, when a boy, of resting in the water, had been to float on his back. Unmindful of the wetting he would give the clothes tied around his neck, he turned over and drifted with his arms spread beside him, his eyes turned lirectly to the sky.

It may seem singular that a man who

death should have thought of anything else. But Mark did not want to think of it. He had never been unnerved ex-Souri stood in the corner with her back to him, and taking off her dress threw it certain execution before him, and felt it to him. Mark took off his outer clothes best to let his mind drift into other and threw them to her. Each put on channels. Then danger is not, and was not, especially with Mark, to be comhead in the sunbonnet.

Looking the gratitude he did not dare soldier on the field of battle is a differ pared with certain destruction. The ent man from one who awaits the bullets of a file of soldiers drawn up in line The guard wondered why Souri looked to take his life deliberately. Mark was

a changed man from the moment he got into the river, for he then felt that he In the position on his back he could only look upward at the stars. There He had always been fond of the stars, and in order to divert his mind picked out constellations with which he was familiar. In this way he diverted his mind

until his nerves became quite steady. His observations were suddenly checked by a sound. It was very faint, but enough to freeze the marrow in his bones. It was the distant bark of a dog. He listened and presently could hear ore. Evidently there was a pack. They drew nearer. Then they ceased for awhile. Perhaps they had come to the place where he had walked on the fence. Then the barks began again, growing only slightly louder as they ame, for Mark was floating rapidly from the point where he had entered the

He involuntarily turned over on his chest and struck out lustily. The curent was swift; swimming would not add to his safety-it would only tax his strength and render him more liable to recapture on the other shore. But swim he must. With the terrible sound of those dogs in his ears he could not lie idly on the water and leave the current to bear him onward.

Soon there came another cessation of time would elapse before it would be sound from the dogs far above on the discovered that Souri was in his place shore, and Mark judged that they had and he had escaped. It might be a few lost the scent at the place where he had

believed that within half an hour he when they had discovered her trick? would be pursued, and as he was well Would they punish her? Would they acquainted with the methods in vogue in the south at the time he knew he would be traced by bloodhounds.

Would they punish her? Would they treat the boy harshly? He was comforted with the thought that there would not be nothing gained by this. be nothing gained by this-it would not

find a boat, but would plunge in and owl on their summit, watching the risswim for his life. The width of the ing moon, occasionally gave a dismal would have to pick up the scent on the other side, and if he should permit the Jakey in his arms a few rights before. current to carry him far down the So close was he that he could see a man ing that Mrs. Triggs' wardrobe might stream the difficulty in doing so would walking back and forth outhevery best

He was bornetdirectlytunder Lookout to make an attempt. Then she began to think over a plan to gain an entrance at a specified time.

In the evening her patience was re
utes ne nad come down like one in a race to a concentration of all his faculties—a gathering of all his forces for the struggle between life and death before home in the water that he was not dis-

straight past the guard into Mark's room with it. Mark, who had been informed of her coming by Jakey, was expecting her. When he sawthe mulatto girl he grasped her hand.

"Souri! God bless you!" he said in a low tone.

"Souri! God bless you!" he said in a low tone.

"I ain't got no time ter talk. I'm look and look ain't got no time ter talk. I'm look and look ain't got no time ter talk. I'm look and look and look ain't got no time ter talk. I'm look and look

the jail.

He sped onward, running and walking and Mark was drifting toward it, he

ried forward. A man passed and called But Mark was concerned with other to him, but he paid no attention to the considerations besides his location just call, and the man stood looking after then. He was too late to get out of the him, doubtless suspecting that the girl way unobserved by swimming aside. He made up his mind in a twinkling Drawing several long

yards above him and to the west of him Another mile brought him to an island.

Striking out, he directed his course to not observed, he waded out as far as he could touch bottom, and then began to Along this he floated with scarcely a wim.

As it was midsummer he had expected shore, watching eagerly for the mouth to find the water warm. His expecta-tions were realized to a reasonable de-

swim across as rapidly as he could, and | But the knowledge that the dogs the current in this case would land him perhaps a mile below the town.

Those who would follow him with dogs would doubtless track him to the river margin, then take the dogs across

The thouseholder would follow him perhaps a party would cross the neck of Moccasin point, thus cutting off a greater part of the long distance over which he had floated. and endeavor to pick up the scent some distance below on the other side. Mark ble, land at the mouth of a creek if He drew himself up on to it and looked points along the paths he traveled, in order that he might know them again. he was on the Chattanooga pike, over which he had passed a few days before, and at the junction of the creek running

near the Fains' plantation. Mark had not considered what he would do in case he should succeed in getting safely across the river. While in jail he felt that once out and across the Tennessee he would feel assured of Now this had been accomwas being carried from so dreadful a plished, he began to realize that but half the battle had been won. Indeed there were more chances that he would be retaken than that he would ever reach the

Union lines. He wrung the water from his clothes and put them on, shielding his face with his sunbonnet, for, though he had no mirror to inspect his features, he fancied they must be streaked with burnt cork softened by water. Then setting out toward the Fain plantation he deliberated what he should do. It was now between eleven and twelve

o'clock-so Mark judged by the moon being on the meridian—and he knew that all the Fains were asleep. He reached the corner of the yard and was about to enter it when he heard a clat-tering of hoofs behind him. He had hardly time to vault the fence and crouch behind it when a troop of horsemen rossed the bridge over the creek. They drew rein on the hither side not a hundred yards away from him. Mark heard

"Lieutenant, take ten men and scour the bank of the river from this on to the next creek, where I will make another

The lieutenant with his men broke away from the column, which moved forward, passing within fifty feet of where Mark lay crouching. Mark was for a few moments so com-

pletely overcome by the narrowness of his escape that he seemed to have no power to move. If he had been five minutes later, his capture would have been almost certain, for they would likely have discovered him between the road and the river, which space they were evidently intending to scour.

He got up, and getting on the outside of the fence walked beside a portion of it which led back from the road, designing to enter the negro quarters in the rear. He feared that the dogs were loose in the yard, and that he would have trouble with them; he therefore stole along till he came to the neares point to one of the negro cabins. A do sleeping in the moonlight near the house gave a low moan. Mark pages a moment and listened; then enter... the grounds he walked in a stooping posture, keeping one of the cabins le-

tween him and the dog. He wanted to reach the rear door. ers would not be likely to intrude he with you .- Chicago Tribune. would be lost. He well knew that every foot of ground within five or ten miles of Chattanooga would be alive with peowould not be safe, for no searching party would respect them. There was but one chance for him. He must effect

character of but one person-Laura Fain. He reached the negro cabin and knocked.

'Who dar?" "Whar Uncle Dan'l sleep?" "Nex' to de lef'."

Mark went as directed and called up Uncle Daniel. He heard a movement as of some one getting up, and presently the old man stood at the open door. "Uncle, I'ze got a message fo' yo' young mistress.

Who from?" "De po' white man what war hyar las' week wid he little brudder." "Nice man, dat. Hab he got in trou-

"Nebber mind dat, uncle. Go in de house 'n wake up Missie Laura." "Ain't got no key." "Can't you wake up some one inside?"
"Why don' yo' wait till mornen?" "Can't do dat no how. De message

mus' be giben at once."
"Waal," said Daniel at last, "I do what I can fo' dat man; he berry fine gentleman ef he war po' white.' Mark followed the old man to the rear door of the basement. On the way a huge dog bounded at them, but seeing Daniel his fierceness ended in play. Daniel succeeded in waking a negro

woman who slept within; the door was opened, and they stepped inside.
"Go tell Missie Laura a culled gal want to speak to her right off. Say she got message from de man what war hyar wid he little brudder," said Daniel.

heard steps and saw the light returning The negro woman was followed by Laura Fain, dressed in a wrapper. She knew Mark from the moment she saw

"Hab message fo' yo', Missie Laura, you sick? but cain't tell it to yo' widout dese nig gers git away."

"Come with me." She took the candle and led the way to the dining room above, leaving the two colored people below. Then she turned to Mark: "Why in heaven's name did you come

back here? death. I escaped this evening from Chattanooga, where I was to be hanged tomorrow morning. Every place of con-cealment on this side of the river will be entered and searched. If conces this house, occupied by a family of white people and Confederates, I may not be found. Otherwise my recapture is cer-

She thought a moment, rubbing her palms together, as was her habit when excited. Then she called to the servants

"Go to bed, Uncle Daniel, and you, too, auntie. This girl is worn out with traveling, and I am going to fix a place for her to sleep."

Then turning to Mark she motioned

him to follow her.

They went up two flights of stairs stepping on tiptoe, and at last reached a landing from which a pair of steps led to a trap door. "Go up there," she whispered.

Mark climbed the stairs, pushed the
trap open and entered the inclosure of

the roof. Before lowering the door he looked back to whisper a "God bless

you," but all was dark. Laura had gone. BE CONTINUED.]



'Say, chappie, old fel, how in



"I'll nevah sa, anything against adies wearing trailing skirts again, my

All a Mistake. It was about 1:30 a. m. Mr. Rampo ther Mrs. Rampo, looking stern, forbidding and uncompromising, satawaiting him. His left eye was frescoed in dack and blue, his right check was ornamented with a large and imposing knob, some of his hair was missing, one forlorn, stuck out appealingly over his shoulder, and he had the general aspect of a man who had general aspect of a man who had gone head-first through a corn-sheller.

"Absalom." exclaimed Mrs. Rampo poor, is eating dinner with some rich relatives, one of whom says: you have been mixed up in a fight!" Absalom shook his head.

"No, Nanshy," he said, with the slow, dinner—better than at home? deliberate emphasis of one who knew "It doesn't taste much be what he was talking about, "I-I don't get through as soon as I do at wasn't in it, m' dear."—Chicago Trib-Anxious to Know.

"Have you fixed up my will?" said the

sick man to Lawyer Quillins. "Yes. "Everything as tight as you can make "Entirely so."

about economy since.-N. Y. Herald "Well, now, I want to ask you some thing-not professionally, but as a plain, everyday man. Who do you honestly think stands the best show for -but you know what the poet sa "Into each life some rain must fall." getting the property?"-Washington

A Patul Error. Ringway-What's the matter, old man? You look troubled. Featherstone-1 have made the mis ake of my life. You know I have a rich maiden aunt who lives in the country, and I sent her up a foldingbed for Christmas.

Ringway-Well, wasn't she pleased Featherstone (sorrowfully)-No. The old lady is very angry. She says there's it.-Brooklyn Life

The Way to Work It. Hotel Clerk (to wild-eyed more who wants a room)-1 am sorry, sic. but o house is full to overflowing afrends Wild-Eved Man (producingold valis -I'm coing to stay here, anyhow, if have to sleep in a chair. Here s my-Hotel Clerk Gooking at it with blanched face)-Front! Show the gen-Mark felt assured that unless he could theman to parlor A. first floor. Oblig be concealed in some place where search me, my dear sir, by taking your bag rage

Lav's labor Lost. Public-Spirited Citizen-I am taking of Chattaneoga would be alive with peo-ple hunting for him. The negro cabins whitney, the inventor of the cotton ladigua t Old Lady-Fer the land's but one chance for him. He must effect an entrance into the Fain house, and build a manument to the inventor of that with the knowledge as to his true peach broudy! You git out o' here!

Chicago Tribune. Agent - see here, my little man, what beautifal things I have in my wagon. I'm sell. ; bicycles. Ask your father if he doe it want to get one for you. Farm . Doy-What's the price? Agent - rifty dollars. Boy-Phow! I say. You tell pa that's

new in . dine for plantin' pot toes and maybe he'll buy one .- Good News. More Power Needed. Minister-I think we should have conregational singing.

Organist-Then we must have a new "Why so?" "This instrument isn't powerful enough to drown 'em out."-N. Y.

Weekly. A Last Resource. First Washington Correspondent-News is frightfully scarce. Second Correspondent - Yes. I'll start the report that Mrs. General Logan is to be married again and you can deny it. - Judge.

An Astounding Move.

First Statesman (blankly)-Say, the farmers are solid for free mail delivery. They declare they've got to have it. Great Cæsar! They'll be demanding de cent schools next.—Good News. A Serious Matter.

"Hoffy's met with a dweadfully dis-

you lately. You have always know your lessons perfectly, and now you not seem able to comprehend a thing no matter how much I explain it. Are

Boy-No, ma'am; but papa and mamma is away on a visit, and now there isn't anybody home to explain your explanations so I can understand

Good News. Caller-Your daughter is at hor low, is she not? I heard she had gradnated at the Artistic literary and scien Hostess—She is not at home. tific university.

"Why, what for?" "Oh, to learn how to enter a roo and sit down, and hold a fan, an blush, you know."-N. Y. Weekly. .The Condition.

Benedick-I'll give you the money for your shopping on one condition.

Mrs. Benedick—I know what that condition is. That I don't ask for too

Benedick-No; that you don't ask me o go with you .- Puck. Worth Worship.

MRS SIN . The half at ghren

Sound from the steps-Zw-i-i-pp.

want dat hall ile-cloth all mussed up

Larrabee?

vas it?

Watts.

bers 'fore yo' comes in, Ruby. I don'

Miss Ruby-Wasn't it sad about Mr.

Mr. Gimp (an old bachelor)-What

"He was married on Tuesday and

died on the following Friday."
"Yes, it's sad; but, then, marriage

doesn't always prove fatal so soon.

Futlle Malevolence

"There were more than three hur

swered Potts, who had once bought a

Little Mamie, whose parents are

"Well, Mamie, how do you like your

"It doesn't taste much better, but I

Mr. Wall-We'll have to economiz

Mrs. Wall-Very well, dear; you can

And Mr. Wall hasn't said a word

pathizing Friend-Your loss by

Berd-Rearted Thieves.

hat burglary was certainly very heavy

Mrs. De Luge (weeping)-Y-e-s-and

the mis-miserable thieves even took

my um-um-brella.-Puck.

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More Belts Made

and Sold and

More Sufferers

Cured than by

all other Electric

Belts combined.

Dr. Milee' New Heart Cure at Drugglata.

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Anagreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

buy my bonnets and I'll select your

Mr. Wall Suppr

this year, Annie.

lot from the late Mr. Gibson.

fred people at Gibson's funeral," said

Voice from above-Tek off yo'

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon. sole executor of the last will and testament of Josish Taylor, late of said county, deceased, and that he has duly qualified as such executor.

Therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby required to present them to the undersigned at his residence near Whiteson, in said county, with the proper youchers Chicago Belle-I fear you do not realv and truly love me. Ardent Suitor-1 worship the very round you walk on. dersigned at his residence hear the in said county, with the proper vouchers therefor, within s'x months from the date of this notice. Chicago Belle-Of course. It's worth 900 a front foot.—N. Y. Weekly.

Dated May 11th, 1863.

A. M. WADDEL, Executor.

Rankey & Fenton, Attys for Estate. ON A BAINY NIGHT.

Executor's Notice.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the under signed has been by the County Court for Yamhill County, Oregon, duly appointed executor of the estate of J. H. Walker, deceased. All persons, therefore, having any clai against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me, duly verified, at the office of McCain & Magers, McMinnville Oregon, within six months from this 11th

day of May, 1893, DANIEL A. WALKER, Executor of Said Estate McCain & Magers, Attorneys.

The Yaquina Route Oregon Pacific Rail \mathbf{C} o $\hat{\mathsf{U}}$ $\hat{\mathsf{G}}$ H E. W. HADLEY, RECEIVE WITH Direct Line. Quick Dispatch. BETWEEN WILLAMETTE VALL

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