

The Wilson Advance,

By W. L. CANTWELL.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Entered in the Post Office at Wilson, N. C., as second class matter.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

Subscription Price:
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Advertising Rates furnished on application.
No communication will be printed without the name of the writer being known to the Editor. Address all correspondence to THE ADVANCE, Wilson, N. C.

THURSDAY, November 2, 1893.
THE UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL.
At Last Passes.

After a long and weary fight the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver bill has passed the Senate. The vote was taken Monday evening at 7:45 p. m. and resulted in a victory by 43 to 32. Senator Sherman voted for repeal and Senator Vance against it. The bill will now go back to the House of Representatives where it will probably be confirmed in short order.

Now that this great financial question will be settled we trust that there has been less reason to complain of close money—not that we think the Sherman bill had any real bearing upon the matter, we are fully persuaded that it was but an imaginary scare. The farmers have money, more than they have had for years before, but owing to this and other causes they have been hoarding it up at home, fearing that should they spend that which they had no more would be forthcoming to take its place. This hoarding of small amounts all over the country has taken vast sums out of circulation and as a consequence, merchants have failed, Banks have closed their doors, and large Railroad corporations have suspended operations. The people were persuaded that all this calamity was brought about by the Sherman bill, and demanded its repeal. It has been repealed, now lets go ahead and let each man pay every cent he can on his just debts, and we will soon forget there was ever such a thing as a money panic.

WHAT MAY WE EXPECT NEXT.

We have heard of men killing each other for money, for revenge, in a fit of passion and under a hundred other circumstances, but never before can we recall an instance where a man was murdered in cold blood, simply because he would not give the murderer an office. This last atrocity was left for that progressive western town, Chicago. Judge Lynch may be a little quick in rendering his decisions, but under some circumstances the quicker the step the better. If public men are to be subjected to such danger, where are we going to find good men willing to incur such a risk? Mayor Harrison was a man respected even by his political opponents and his untimely taking off is a shock alike to friend and foe.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY IN VIRGINIA.

Next Tuesday will witness a trial of strength between the Democrats and People's party of Virginia. This will be about the first time that the People's party have entered the race in the South, with any real prospect of success. It is already certain that they will elect a number of members of the Legislature, how many no one can tell. Their chance to elect a Governor is not very good but the race will be close enough to make it interesting to watch. Let it turn out as it will the cause of the people will be strengthened.

COLUMBIAN HALVES.

World's Fair Managers Will Give Them Back to the Treasury.
The souvenir half dollars issued to the World's Fair managers are to be re-coinced into half-dollars of the ordinary kind. This is the decision of the World's Fair managers as communicated to Secretary Carlisle. The managers do not care to put them in circulation at their nominal value because they think it would be unfair for the thousands of people who have paid a dollar apiece for the coins. There are still undistributed of about \$1,500,000 worth of the coins, or about 3,000,000 pieces.

Heroism at the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Egbert Smith, of Greensboro, who has been conducting a series of services at the Presbyterian church, left Tuesday for the Synod which convened at Tarboro yesterday. Mr. Smith, during his week's stay at Wilson, made for himself many friends and warm admirers. His earnest and persuasive sermons succeeded in attracting the thoughtful attention, not only of the members of his own denomination but those of every church in the town. Mr. Smith always spoke to a full congregation, and never have we seen a man give more general satisfaction.

The Cotton Planters and Members of the Alliance of the Cotton States.

"This has been a bad year for cotton; with storms and floods and droughts, with the elements and seasons out of joint, as it were, the crop is short. There will be no cotton worth speaking of to pick after the first of November in the Atlantic States. The Texas crop is reported to be from 300,000 to 500,000 bales less than last year. The price of cotton is about the average cost of production. American spinners are, in a large measure, out of the market, on account of the impossibility of procuring money on time loans to invest in cotton, and the price is governed by what Europe will pay for it. Now, what are you going to do? He that provideth not for his own household hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. The cotton farmer can command the situation by holding on to his cotton until trade conditions improve, and those who want it are obliged to have it come after it with their money. In Hold on to every bale of cotton when you can possibly do so without injury to your creditor, until the price advances. Make every honorable effort to meet your obligations, but hold your cotton; you are entitled to a higher price if there is any virtue in the law of supply and demand. There is neither justice nor reason in the farmer always sacrificing himself that others may have a fortune.

"But the present action is not all that is necessary. Plan for the future. The farmer buys too much; he should be always a seller. Prepare to reduce the cotton acreage for next year and to raise your corn, wheat and bacon at home. Not until you do this will you be independent and able to fix your own price."—The Bulletin.

MILTON.

John Milton, the most distinguished of English poets, and one whose exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty must ever entitle him to the grateful regards of his countrymen, was born in Bread Street, December 9th, 1608. His birthplace was almost beneath the bells of Bow church, within hearing of the war of chapsade, near the Mermaid tavern, the resort of the Elizabethan wits and not far from old St. Paul's and the tower.

His father, at an early age had been disinherited for abandoning the Catholic faith, and though a serious man and inclined to puritanical habits he had cultivated literature, and was so skilled in music that he holds a respectable rank among the contemporary composers of songs and psalms. This young Milton not only received in boyhood the devout and dutiful training of a Puritan family, but was also taught the art and science of music, for which nature had granted him the ear and the passion, and became an accomplished organist.

His father secured for him the best educational advantages, sending him first to St. Paul's school and afterwards to Christ's college, Cambridge, and he showed himself to be "severely and constantly studious." Though destined from childhood to the church, he resolved early in his university career upon a life of continued study and no professional aim whatever, but with a view to the ultimate display of his powers in authorship.

In 1638 Milton left England for the purpose of completing his education by foreign travel and visited many places on the continent. He remained abroad about fifteen months and on his return, did not resume his residence with his father, but, feeling that he must adopt some way of earning his bread by his own exertions, he hired a house in St. Bride's church-yard, and opened a school which was so successful that he shortly afterwards removed to a house nearer the business part of the city. He married a daughter of Mr. Powell, a firm Royalist, and at first this marriage seemed very inauspicious, for from naught of congeniality in sentiments and feelings, they had only been married a month when his wife deserted him, and returned to her friends. She made no reply to his repeated letters, which so incensed him that he published several pieces on the subject of divorce. He had proceeded to pay his addresses to another lady when his wife made him a visit and on her knees implored pardon and reconciliation. This waked his tenderest feelings and he received her with kindness to his bosom.

After his sight failed him his wife, daughters and other persons were at different times employed to read and write for him.

He attended no church, belonged to no religious communion, and never had social prayers in his family. He died in London, November 8th, 1674. Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement, but Milton did not think so. Of all poetic geniuses the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration and wrote with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet.

Milton is thought of as the author of "Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained," while his other works are neglected by many through ignorance rather than naught of interest in the writings themselves. As an epic poet he has no rival in the grandeur of his subject and the power of his style. That Joyful Feeling With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

The Lover's Leap.

In Virginia, about twelve miles above the city of Lynchburg, projects from a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the James river, an immense rock several hundred feet from the surface of the water. The rock is generally known as "The Lover's Leap." The story of this rock is a sad one and runs as follows: "Many years ago there lived several miles back on this rock an old farmer who had three sons and only one daughter, in whom he placed all his hopes and pride. He had always been a kind and an indulgent father, and left nothing undone which he thought would contribute to her happiness. She was well educated and was fitted to become any man's wife. Soon her father saw that he was about to have a rival in his daughter's affections, and that too in the shape of a poor country lad, whose only recommendation was his noble heart and generous nature. In vain he pointed out to his daughter the folly of marrying this poor young man, when she could pick her choice from the whole country. At length he became so enraged that he forbade the lover to enter his home again. She, forgetful of all her father's past kindness, and unmindful of his advice, determined to marry her lover at all hazards. The lovers met clandestinely and conspired a plan to elope. A certain night was agreed on, in which she was to slip in the dead of night from the house and meet him at the gate, where he was to wait with his horse, for he had only one. The evening in which she was to leave the home of her childhood, the home that had nursed her from infant morn, was the scene of a dreadful storm. Nature seemed to be angry with herself. The winds howled in the greatest fury and then died away in piteous moans, while the rain poured down in torrents. Around the hearthstone of the old old farmer, all the faces were bright and cheerful save that of the daughter. Soon the rest of the family retired and left father and daughter alone. She came and clasping him around the neck sobbed, "Father, if you were to lose me would you care much?" He, thinking she was frightened by the storm, replied, stroking her hair, "My child, my darling do not talk like this. You know I could not live without you, and I know God is too good to take you from me." "O, my dear father, when I am gone you will not remember that to-night I love you, and remember what a kind, dear father you have been to me. And will you not forgive your little daughter for all the trouble and the care she has imposed upon you?" The old man was so overcome he could not speak, while she trembling found her way up stairs to her room. Listen! The clock strikes twelve! The wind is still raging, while dark clouds like phantoms, now and then pass under the moon. She takes a small bundle under her arm and starts for the door. How the floor creaks! What was that—only the occasion of the blind. She reaches the front door. How it creaks! As she passed through she wept bitterly and murmured, "God, forgive me, I am doing wrong." Remembering her lover she hurries swiftly to the gate. He dismounts hastily, and taking her upon his arm, springs into his saddle and swiftly gallops toward the ferry. Occasionally the cracking of a limb would tell them what a rough night it was. "Hark!" cries the girl in tones of fright, "I hear the sound of approaching hoofs!" Ere long they became painfully distinct. "It is father and my brothers," exclaimed the girl in tones of agony. "Never mind," he replied, "we will soon turn into the by-path and mislead them." He turned into an unfortunately the moon darted from behind the clouds to show the pursuers which route the lovers had taken. The moon again disappeared behind the clouds boiling up from the west. On rushed the pursuers and the pursued. The lover lay his spur into his horse side and urged the frantic steed on. Listen! It is the roar of the river; they are going down a slope. In vain the lover endeavors to stop his horse, but it is too late. The neigh of the flying horse echoes a splash, and the cruel waves, like a child clapping his hands for joy, beat upon the banks. The father springs from his horse and rushes to the edge of the rock just as the water grows calm, as if to hide its crime. "My child, my child! O! come back my child!" he cries in deepest agony. His sons bore him home. Next day the river was dragged, and the two lovers were found locked in each other's arms. At the old family grave yard was soon added another tomb stone for the mother of the unfortunate girl. The old man lost his mind, and still over the idea that a stranger goes there, he always meets him at the door, and with a look of gladness in his eyes, asks him, "have you seen my daughter?" She has been gone so long, and she told me she loved me." When answered the negative, he gives way to his grief: "O! bring me back my child, my only daughter."

"The Struggle in the Senate" will be discussed in the November number of the North American Review, by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, whose article will be entitled "Misrepresentation of the Senate," and by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who will write on "Obstruction in the Senate."

WANTED.
A good manager in every county west of Wilmington & Weldon Railroad in North Carolina.
Address,
R. E. JONES,
U. S. Life Insurance Co.,
Winston, N. C.

Don't know how much better you will feel if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will drive off that tired feeling and make you strong.

A LANSINGBURG MIRACLE.

A RAILWAY MAN TALKS.

Literally Half Dead, His Case Pronounced Hopeless by Prominent Physicians. A Story of Surprising Interest Verified under oath. (From Troy, N. Y., Times.)
I am the most conservative reporter on the staff. I despise the chimerical, I court the real. I burrow in facts. I am from Lansingburg. We don't often get a good thing from there, but here is one. F. C. Kimball last night gave me the following: "I am a plain straightforward man. Originally from Lansingburg, where now reside my mother, brother and sister. Several years ago I moved to Rochester. There I was in the employ of the Erie Railroad as yard and freight superintendent. After a strain to my back, caused by heavy lifting, three years ago, I developed so-called rheumatism. It was an increasing thing for two years—at times worse, again better, I worked intermittently. If I would shut my eyes I would fall down. My feet and legs soon lost feeling—were numb. This extended to my stomach and at times to my hands. Doctors Lee and Spencer of Rochester finally pronounced my case progressive locomotor ataxia, said it was incurable, and that they could only ease my sufferings, and so I lay. Up to this time I had not been nearly two years. Before this and for several months I was confined to my bed. Pins stuck into my limbs the whole length gave me no feeling whatever; my legs seemed wooden. To pound them gave a noise like wood. So I say, as I lay there I was absolutely one-half dead—dead from the waist down. There was one word written in large characters all over that sick room—C. L. A. Y. Life departed from my limbs, that word best expressed what was left. You, of course, have read of John Marshall. The reporter, in describing him described me exactly. I sent for the remedy which cured him—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to Schenectady, N. Y., and tried them. I took them irregularly for two months. They didn't seem to help. All of a sudden one morning one of my legs began to prickle—seemed as though rubbed with nettles. Then, perhaps you think I did not investigate that medicine. I began to mend fast; got some circulation, got control of my bowels and after a few weeks got out of my bed and tried to stand. At last I fetched it. Could walk—now can run. And Pink Pills cured me. The doctors said I couldn't be cured, but I am. What I am now telling you is merely a reiteration of what I long ago wrote to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at Schenectady, and my affidavit to the same is now in their hands. Here also is a letter which my mother wrote to them and to which she has made affidavit, as you see."

DEAR SIR:—My son Fred has just written you a letter concerning himself to which I desire to add a few words in entire corroboration of all he has said. He has told you of his agony and his cure. The remembrance of the whole thing makes me shudder as I think of it. It is all too wonderful for me. I was resigned to his fate. Now as I look at him walking about and feeling well, with his old health and ambition returned, it does seem that he has been born again and rescued from death for a fact. Could I, therefore, say too much to you of thanks in the fullness of my gratitude? Can I well cease blessing you? Yet the intensity of my feelings make my words of thanksgiving to you seem but empty indeed; for the lost is found, and he that was dead is alive again.

FIFTY THOUSAND RAGPICKERS.

The Army of People Who Explore the Rubbish on Paris Streets.
The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city amount to millions, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. There are more than fifty thousand persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gatherings of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about twelve hundred tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale ragdealers for some seventy thousand francs. At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, a lantern in one hand and in the other a stick with an iron hook on the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, grease, metal, etc., they show away in their baskets. In the morning, in front of each house, you see men, women and children sitting before the breakfast cart. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated ragpickers, who seem to work with less method than the others and with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices; men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for their living like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers, who pay for the privilege of sifting the dust-bins of a certain number of houses and of trading with the results. The rest, the majority, are the couriers, the runners, who exercise their profession freely and without constraint, when they please and looting when they please. They are the philosophers and adventurers of the profession, and their chief object is to enjoy life and meditate upon its problems.

Cataract Cannot be Cured with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hood's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hood's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

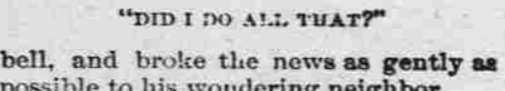
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless. A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Osego Co., N. Y. "Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and having toiled with it my Liver and Kidneys gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no energy left. I bought Hood's Sarsaparilla and was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After that I ate three bottles I could eat anything that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

Continued from the 4th. page
one can disturb you. I've sent away my—
"He was ashamed of the shot as soon as he had fired it, and still more ashamed when he discovered that it did not take effect. Then he remained on guard over both houses, entertaining officers and all other curious people, and forbidding that anyone should even ring Mrs. Maytham's door bell—the poor lady's nerves had been terribly shaken. Later in the day he watched carefully for the return of his family, and warned Mrs. Maytham in time.
"The greatest news! Mr. Bortley, as her husband met her at the gate.
"The greatest news! I bought an evening paper as we left New York, and what do you think? Mr. Maytham isn't a defaulter at all. The securities he is said to have taken have been found, and the real thieves have confessed, and—
"Give me that paper," interrupted Zenas. He glanced over the story, and as he read his wife exclaimed:
"How what do you think?"
"I think," said Zenas, "that our neighbor will call on us to-day." Then he dashed into the house, showed the newspaper to his hidden guest, hurried downstairs and over the fence, rang the bell, and broke the news as gently as possible to his wondering neighbor.
"You will excuse me, I trust, madam, if I present you to my wife when you come over? She is the head of the family when she is at home."
"I shall do myself the honor to tell Mrs. Bortley how loyal a neighbor, how brave a soul and how noble a man her husband is," said Mrs. Maytham, "and I shall beg her to let me be her husband's devoted friend by sitting and sorting the gathered-in of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about twelve hundred tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale ragdealers for some seventy thousand francs. At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, a lantern in one hand and in the other a stick with an iron hook on the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, grease, metal, etc., they show away in their baskets. In the morning, in front of each house, you see men, women and children sitting before the breakfast cart. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated ragpickers, who seem to work with less method than the others and with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices; men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for their living like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers, who pay for the privilege of sifting the dust-bins of a certain number of houses and of trading with the results. The rest, the majority, are the couriers, the runners, who exercise their profession freely and without constraint, when they please and looting when they please. They are the philosophers and adventurers of the profession, and their chief object is to enjoy life and meditate upon its problems."



"DID I DO ALL THAT?"

AYER'S PILLS ARE SUGAR-COATED, EASY TO TAKE, AND A SURE CURE FOR Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, and Dyspepsia.



They Keep the System in Perfect Order.
"For years," writes CARRIE E. STROCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me AYER'S PILLS, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble which yielded readily to the same remedy."

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of AYER'S PILLS, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—MANUEL JOSE PEREIRA, Oporto, Portugal.

AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

W. P. SIMPSON, President. J. C. HALES, Cashier
A. P. BRANCH, Assistant Cashier

Branch & Co., BANKERS, Wilson, - - - N. C. TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS IN ITS FULLEST SCOPE. SOLICITS THE BUSINESS OF THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

MILLINERY!
Our Fall stock of NOTIONS is daily arriving. Everything you need in the Millinery Line can be found at our store.
Call and be convinced that we have the best selected stock in the city.
DRESS MAKING.—We have secured the services of Miss Anna Davis, of Baltimore, an experienced Dress-maker. Satisfaction guaranteed to all who will favor me with their orders.
MRS. S. I. GRIFFIN, Next to Post Office.

Centre Brick Warehouse HAS OPENED UP.
20,873 Pounds Sold on the First Day!

Our Sales Floor is the best lighted of any warehouse ever built, containing 140 solid Skylights, diffusing the light evenly over ALL the floor space.
Remember!
When you hear a blab-mouth talking about us, some dog has been hit with a brick, hence the "halloo!"
We are here to serve you, and it shall be our pleasure to stand close up to your every interest in the sale of your TOBACCO, let our sale be first or last.
Consult us before selling and we will give you our best advice.
Your Friends Truly,
Pace, Cozart & Co., Proprietors.

FIRST-CLASS Grocery and Bar.

I take this method to inform my friends and the public that I am receiving daily,
Fresh Goods.
Cash or trade given for all kinds of country produce.
Give me a trial and I am sure to get your trade in the future as I will convince you that I'll give more goods than any man in town for the same money.
Hoping to receive a call from you, I am
Respectfully,
E. G. ROSE, South Tarboro Street, below R. R. WILSON, N. C.

WOODARD & YARBOROUGH, Att'ys. sept 21-6t

Notice.
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed by me Jesse Dew and wife, recorded in the Register's office of Wilson county in book No 27, Page 63, I will sell at the Court House door in the town of Wilson on Monday, the 4th day of December, 1893, that certain tract of land lying on the waters of Contentnea creek, and being situated in Wilson county, Wilson township, adjoining the lands of Thos. Jordan, T. B. Sugg, Barnes Dantz and others, known as the Jesse Dew farm, containing 2695 acres more or less.
TERMS OF SALE CASH.
This is a valuable farm, well equipped with good buildings &c.
JAS. T. WIGGINS, Trustee.
JOHN F. BRITTON, Attorney.

Notice.
On Wednesday, November 15, 1893, I will sell for cash, to the highest bidder, at the late residence of Stephen Cherr, in the town of Wilson, Wilson county, the property belonging to said estate, consisting of crops, stock, farming implements, and household and kitchen furniture.
R. H. MOORE, Administrator, October 16, 1893.

Notice.
The insurance agency of L. R. Jordan & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to the firm will make payments to E. F. McDaniel, who will conduct the business at the old stand, in Dr. Moore's building on Nash street.
He represents, among other companies, the Liverpool and London and Globe, the Phoenix, of Hartford, Continental, London and Lancaster, and Southern Insurance Companies.
L. R. JORDAN, E. F. McDANIEL, Oct. 24th, 1893.

Notice.
Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of Stephen Cherr, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them duly verified to the undersigned, or his attorneys, on or before the 20th day of October, 1894, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery.
R. H. MOORE, Administrator.
WOODARD & YARBOROUGH, Att'ys. WILSON, N. C., Oct. 16, 1893.

Notice.
The firm of M. Rountree & Co., having assigned their entire business to me, this is to notify all persons having claims against said firm to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of October, 1894, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said firm will please come forward and make immediate settlement.
W. J. DAVIS.

Notice.
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Dr. H. D. Lucas, deceased, late of Black Creek, Wilson County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 10th day of October, 1894, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
W. E. YELVERTON, Administrator.
JNO. F. BRITTON, Attorney. This October 17, 1893.

Notice!
HAVING qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Silas Lucas, Sr., deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 2nd day of September, 1894, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
J. T. LUCAS, J. H. LUCAS, Executors.
J. D. BARDIN, Attorney. Sep. 2nd, 1893.