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Administrator's Notice

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of T. A. Vickers, deceased, I hereby notify all parties having claims against said estate to present them to me daily verified on or before the 7th day of August, 1906, or this notice be placed in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement to the undersigned or his attorneys.

This the 7th day of August, 1907.  
William D. Vickers,  
Bramham & Brawley, Attorneys.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the notes secured by a deed of trust to me by T. J. Mangum on the 23rd day of February, 1906, as appears from Mortgage Book of Durham County No. 43, page 327, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction, for cash at the Court House door in the City of Durham, to the highest bidder on

Saturday, August 31, 1907,

at 12 o'clock M., in order to pay off said notes the following house and lot, lying and being in Durham City and Durham County, North Carolina and described as follows, to-wit:

Adjoining land of T. H. Scoggins, and beginning at the intersection of Owen and Elliott Sts., and running thence North 55° West 1.37 chains to a stake thence North 33 1/4° East 2.08 chains to T. H. Scoggins line; thence South 61° East 1.21 chains to the street ditch on the West side of New or Owen Street; thence South 39° West 2.21 chains to the beginning, containing 28.00 of an acre more or less, purchased of William Mangum on which is a new residence.

This July 31st 1907.  
V. S. BRYANT,  
Trustee.

## Isabel's Mission

By ANNE HEILMAN.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

“It's no use talking to me,” Isabel exclaimed. “My mind is fully made up.”

Jim rose and, limping slowly over to where the girl sat, stood looking down upon her intently. She shifted uncomfortably under his gaze and finally slipped from her chair and fled ignominiously to the farthest window, where, she felt sure, Jim, suffering from his swollen ankle, would not follow her.

“And, besides,” she continued loftily as he subsided into the chair she had vacated—“besides, I have no intention of ever marrying. I feel that I have a mission which is altogether too important.”

“Huh!”

“Oh, of course you are shocked—scandalized, in fact. Tom and Sally were both seemingly outraged when I told them what I had decided on. Every one seems to think it's plainly a girl's mission in life to marry the first man who condescends to ask her, but I have entirely different ideas on the subject, and I really feel that it is my mission to go and help teach those poor, ignorant Chinese—”

“To lie and cheat alike samee Mexican man instead of guileless heathen.”

Jim Brinson had never before proposed to a girl, and her calm refusal hurt.

“Where are you going?” he asked presently as Miss Amber in haughty silence commenced to pin on her hat.

“To the postoffice,” lily. “The letter announcing my appointment has certainly arrived by this time.”

“You surely ain't going to attempt to ride over to Klowa and back today?”

“I surely am.”

“But look at the weather! Can't you see there's a storm coming?”

“No, I cannot,” answered Isabel, donning a light jacket. “The day is beautiful.”

“Wait until tomorrow, and one of the boys can go. And, besides, Tom has taken your pony out on the range. There ain't a horse left that you can ride.”

“I intend to ride Firefly,” said Miss Amber shortly.

“Don't attempt to ride that cayuse,” warned Joe. “He needs a firm hand or he's liable to take the bit in his teeth any old time and go loping off after any stray horse he'd just grazing on the range. He ain't got a lick of sense and would be sure to balk and pitch you off soon's the storm strikes him. And there's a blizzard coming, and that right soon.”

“As I said before,” replied Miss Amber, “the day is perfect—a trifle hazy, but that is caused by smoke. Firefly is as gentle as one could wish. He suits me.”

“Some people appear to have as little knowledge about weather and horses as they have common sense,” returned Jim in no genial tone.

“Well, as the weather and horses and cattle evidently comprise the extent of a cow puncher's knowledge one ought not to be expected to excel them in their limited sphere,” answered the girl tauntingly as she abruptly left the room.

The air was deliciously fresh and clear, and the slightest indication of a storm, and it's as warm as one could wish,” Isabel murmured to herself as she centered blithely about the deeply marked trail. “How contrary a man is if he's thwarted in any little thing!”

And Tom and his wife are just as unreasonable. They think I ought to consider myself in great luck to marry a prosperous cattleman and settle down as their nearest neighbor. Well, I must admit I'll hate to leave them so soon. How quickly those two months have passed! I never thought I would like Colorado so well,” glancing approvingly around the undulating country. “How near the mountains seem! Yes, it's big and free and inspiring, but it's not for me,” and she sighed unconsciously.

Absorbed with her meditations, Isabel failed to notice that a misty veil was suddenly drawn before the far foothills. She was rudely brought to a realization of her whereabouts as the storm swept down upon her malignantly. Firefly was aimlessly picking his way up the side of a decidedly unfamiliar looking hill. Not a sign of the trail was to be seen. “And it was so plain a child could follow it,” his rider dolefully reflected.

The earth became blanketed with white, and surrounding objects grew dimmer. It was a new world—a threatening, confusing, shifting white world.

At the top of the hill they met the full fury of the first blizzard of the season.

“Joe was certainly right about the weather,” Isabel admitted shiveringly. “but he was entirely wrong about Firefly. He behaves admirably. It was not his fault that we are lost. He hasn't the slightest disposition to buck.”

The storm gave a whistling shriek. Suddenly there was a tumultuous upheaval of something somewhere—a brief, breathless sensation of flying through the air—and then a snowdrift received Miss Amber into its downy embrace.

It was a horrible shock. Isabel did not cry. She was too stunned and humiliated for that. To think that Firefly would pitch her off and abandon her on this desolate hill! She had not the slightest idea of what direction to take and wondered dumbly what she should do. Presently she heard the muffled tramping of boots and discover-

ed a horse and rider rapidly bearing down upon her. Not relishing the possibility of being run down, she struggled to her feet and uttered a belated but far from shrill shriek.

“Isabel,” called Jim's voice as he reined in his horse close beside her. “are you all right?”

“Oh, yes, I'm all right,” she answered sarcastically, shaking the snow from her skirts. “but where's my horse?”

“Pretty nigh home by this time if he keeps up the lick he was going. Lucky I saw him tearing down the hill or I'd never have thought to look for you up here. Put on this coat and wrap this scarf over your ears. Now, climb on that rock and get up behind me.”

“Dock won't carry double,” said Isabel argumentatively.

“He'll have to this time,” said Jim grimly, reining up close to a lone boulder. “Come here and climb on behind. Now put your arms around me—”

“whoa!” as Dock pitched violently and Isabel for the second time was hurled into a bed of snow.

She could hear the swish of Jim's quilt bringing swift retribution to Dock as Jim again forced him close to the rock.

“You're not hurt, Isabel?” anxiously. “Come on and try it again.”

“No, I'm not hurt,” reproachfully. “but I prefer to walk,” starting off valiantly.

“Isabel, if you walk, I'll walk!” Jim's voice was as decided as her own.

“Oh, just as you please,” she replied, trudging obstinately forward.

Jim swung down, took one stride toward her, then wavered and clutched the saddle.

The girl caught her breath sharply. “Why, you can't walk!” she cried penitently. “I forgot about your lame ankle!”

“Will you ride then?” Jim's face was white, but he would not give in.

“Yes—oh, yes! Don't stand there and look like that! Why did you venture on horseback? You know the doctor forbade it!”

“I'd like to know what would have become of you if I hadn't come! Now come on!”

Jim slowly remounted and rode to the boulder, where Isabel meekly followed and mounted again, clinging desperately in response to Jim's warning to hang on.

“This beats walking, don't it?” asked Jim after a few minutes' blissful realization of her clinging arms.

Isabel, though she made no reply, certainly did not deny the assertion. She could not forget Jim's face in that instant when he clung to the saddle, and she was consumed by a desire to know the exact state of his feelings toward her. Her mission to China grew all at once distasteful and stupid as viewed from behind the broad back of her brother's partner.

“The storm's lifting,” Jim remarked. “We'll be home in a little while now.”

“Jim—”

“What's that?” said Jim, turning his head.

“Jim, I'm—awfully—sorry.”

“Sorry? Because we're almost home? So'm I.”

The undoubted sincerity of his tone aroused Isabel's drooping courage.

“Oh, Jim, I'm sorry I said I knew more about horses and the weather than you did—and because you had to come after me—and—and—hurt your foot again.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes; I'm sorry for what I said about cow punchers and—and—everything.”

Jim managed to turn around enough to catch a glimpse of her face.

“Isabel, look here. You know what I asked you before you started out on your wild goose chase. Have you got a different answer now?”

“The same as my escape.”

“Er—yes—”

“And have you got any mission to go and teach the heathen Chinese?”

“No—that is—”

Jim groaned helplessly.

“And you're stuck there behind me where I can't—steady, now, Dock. Reach around here and kiss me, Isabel. If you don't I'll set Dock to bucking again.”

Isabel, thus intimidated, made haste to obey.

A Specimen of Italian Humor.

The following story is typical of one kind of Italian humor: Fasiolacci was a young idler. He had been spending money right and left, and one day found himself unable to pay his hotel bill. His father being very close with his money, he appealed to his uncle in this wise:

Dear Uncle—if you could see my shame while I write, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to write for 100 francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude.

No, it is impossible to tell you; I prefer to die.

I send you this by a messenger who awaits an answer.

Believe me, dear uncle, to be your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

FABOLACCI.

P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter, but I could not catch up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may get lost!

Touched by this appeal, the uncle replied:

My Beloved Nephew—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter.

Goodby. Your affectionate uncle,

ARISTIPPO.

Asleep in the Deep.

When the coast erosion commissioners visited Walton, on the Nahe, recently they were shown a spot north of the pier and about a mile from the shore which was formerly a churchyard. A quarter of a century ago the tombstones could be seen under the water at ebb tide, but since then the sea has further encroached, and even when the tide is extraordinarily low and the sea clear the old burying ground is scarcely discernible from the sea level. —London News.



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### Notice of Administration

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of H. B. Lewter, deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same to him on or before May 1, 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will come forward and pay up. This 30th of April, 1907.

G. F. LEWTER,  
Administrator.

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