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- JACOB A. LONG, 4

40*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0 MASTER and SLAVE

By T. H. Thorpe.

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe. 5:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0 made up your creed."

Quillebert's philosophical ske-

not sell her charm for my gold?"

gold the mintage mark of hell."

Quillebert.

be a good one

lously inquired.

buy her," Dede replied. "You risk fall

gold alone, for the priests have put on

you the brand of heretic and on your

"Except what I give them," snarled

"And what is that?" Quillebert anx

"Laure Luneau." Dede answered.

election of the bell's godmother, and

she is your friend for that. Moreover,

she hates that overbearing American

Oakfell and the simpering doll Estelle

Latiolais, and she is a true Gasconne.

Her grandmother will do for her what

she might deny to the rest of the world.

"You are right, Dede, and your Gas-

con wit has not been entirely burned

out by your rum, which is so flery that

say my gold is coined. Give me anoth-

er glass of it, and I will see my little

partisan this very day. Gascon shrewd-

ness is a match at any time for hector

ing Americanism, and we'll head off

this infernal abolitionist Oakfell yet."

ist!" exclaimed Dede, placing before

his patron the brimming glass of liquor

"Not so loud, idlot!" Quillebert said,

and, with the look of cruel ferocity

which came into his visage wheneve

his malevolence was at work, he added

fn a low, grumbling tone: "Did not his

speech at Baton Rouge prove him an

abolitionist? I believe he has been

tampering with that rascal Leon. I be-

lieve he is at the bottom of all this

scare about an uprising among the ne-

groes if Leon should give the pretext

by dying. I believe he has been bar-

gained with by the abolitionists to be

for his services in setting all the others

free. But say nothing about this now,

Emptying the glass at one draft,

though the liquid heat forced the brine

to his hardened eyes, he mounted his

TIT

She was unaware of Quillebert's presence

swamp in the direction of Mother De-

shautelles' house, leaving Dede with

bristling brows drawn down, bloated

chin lowered to his chest and counte-

nance of tarnished brass wrapped in

The dwelling of the doctress was a

tight and durable cottage built of cy-

press logs daubed with mud, resting

into four large chambers, which were

divided by a broad hallway, with the

inevitable deep veranda in front and

the usual kitchen accessories in the

logical aberration in this region of dead

levels, where swamp forest broke upon

Bayous Rouge and Des Glaises. Moth-

of her own or planting interests, but

had made the income of a small for-

tune inherited in France suffice for the

frugal yet comfortable maintenance of

herself and daughter and, after the lat-

ter's death, her granddaughter Laure

In former years she had been much in

demand as midwife and sick nurse

Her rewards enabled her to hire a

negro man to cultivate her garden and

provide fuel and a woman for kitchen

and cow sheds; also to purchase the

largest stoutest of buggles and the

most powerful of mules to draw it, for

she was a person of heroic stature, and

now in octogenarian years her obesity

Her journeyings, accomplished with exertion and discomfort, were limited

was such that only with much

could she walk from room to

and Christmas and responses

the bare alluvion at the junction

rear. Its site was an eminence, a geo

upon pillars of cypress butts, arrange

an expression of deep cogitation.

Dede; only watch and listen.'

"What is that you say? Abolition

I believe it is distilled where the priests

Seek Laure and at once."

"And if you will never go back there, ear grandfather." Estelle exclaimed, both you and I will be the gainers." "You are weeping, child," said the old man, seeing the tears that blinded ber eyes. "I should not have harrowed you with such a recital."

"You did right to tell me, that I may have the best of causes to entreat you to stay away from blm. Oh, my kind protector, he is not fit to associate with you! He is an atheist, a flend, a brute, and you are a Christian gentleman. He is not the equal in character of the poor negro he tortured, maybe murdered. Never permit him to speak to Do not expect me to notice him if he does. Never invite him to come here. If he enters that gate, I will set all the dogs on him."

"Calm yourself, my little one," the grandfather said soothingly, "and renember that Constant is a white man and Leon only his negro slave." "Grandfather," the girl replied spir-

itedly, "it is more probable that Leon is not Quillebert's negro slave than that Quillebert is deserving to be called a white man" "What do you mean. Estelle?"

"I cannot tell you now, but time will explain this saying of mine in both its parts. Only promise me this-that never shall one of our slaves be put to the lash or tortured." "I promise that sincerely."

"Then, dear grandfather, let us talk no more of this unhappy subject. You need your supper and pipe." "Yes, dear, and tell old Julie to drip

the coffee extra strong to quiet my Passing into the hall, Estelle found Odette sobbing bitterly and, taking her

hand, said in a low tone: "You heard what my grandfather told me?" "Yes, mamselle. Forgive me for lis-

tening." "Remember, then, Odette, what Lec uffered for your sake and be you as brave and silent for his. The God of mercy will right all this wrong. Trust in God and Mr. Oakfell.'

"Yes, and you, dear mistress." "Go now, bathe your eyes in cool wa ter and wait on us at table with a face showing no trace of weeping."

Estelle proceeded to her own room and, closing the door, knelt at the pretty little priedleu near her bed. Bowing her beautiful head and closing her eyes, ahe addressed her petition for the succor of the oppressed to heaven, but in her involuntary vision she saw only the face of Oakfell. From the happiness of this dual devotion she was summoned

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTRESS. EON'S life hung for weeks on the merest thread. Fever consumed his body and mind, creating hallucinations peopled by Odette, Oakfell and Estelle, whose names were oftenest on his parched lips. The excess of his punishment was discussed throughout the parish in terms condemnatory of Quillebert, to prosecute whom should the Jockey die determination was expressed. The medication of Dr. De Roux eemed impotent, a profound and omi nous gloom settled upon the slaves on all the plantations, the patrol of constables was nightly re-enforced by voluniteers, Quillebert's bottle and card fa- horse and briskly rode down into the miliars obscured themselves, and he felt deeply disturbed by the entire situation. He drank brandy at home and rum at Dede's cabaret at Mansura. In this latter he was blasphemously inveighing against the doctor's unskill-

fulness when Dede remarked: "It is you who lack sense. don't you stop throwing away money on De Roux and drop a gold eagle in the lap of old Mother Deshautelles, Laure Luneau's grandmother?"

"What can she do, you pitted idiot?" Quillebert snapped. "She can cure your jockey and save you from being tarred and feathered, you Gascon hog," retorted Dede. "She is a doctress served by the saints themselves. Alexe Boudreau's fine trotter could not touch his right hind foot to er Deshautelles had never had slaves the ground for four days. Alexe called on Mother Deshautelles. She gave him a dry piece of fiannel to put on the horse's hoof. He did so and dealt him a sharp blow. Down went the hoof, and the horse has not limped since. During 48 hours Tatin's boy could not swallow. He was carried to Mother Deshautelles, who laid her hand on his throat just for one second. As soon as he got home he ate a quart of gumbo and can now swallow an egg without breaking it. Bertrand Dufilbo called to his wife one night for a candle. She asked him, 'Where is the candle?' For three days she kept repeating, 'Where is the candle, where is the candle? She did not est or sleep and continued saying, 'Where is the candle, where is the candle? Dr. Leme was called to exertion and discomfort, were limited ber, but he could do nothing. Her to attendance at the mass at Easter but he could do nothing. Her her to bed. Still she went on asking, "Where is the candle? The priest was sent for, and sprinkled water and talked Latin, but she kept on asking. "Where is the candle? Pinally dla, where is the candle? Pinally Bertrand brought Mother Deshautelles, where is the candle, where is the candle, where is the candle, and touching her whore is the candle? And, touching her whore is the candle and touching her with a candle she had carried there, said to her. There, the candle? the candle and touching her with water lilies and swarming with the candle and force the candle and face which are to the calls of neighbors who had exceptional claims to her consideration. Her massive head and face whith he are to the calls of neighbors who had exceptional claims to her consideration. Her massive head and face whith he are to the candle and face whith he are to the calls of neighbors who had exceptional claims to her consideration. Her massive head and face whith he are to the calls of neighbors who had exceptional claims to her consideration. Her massive head and face whith her and undimmed eyes still spoke strength of character. She was in truth a woman of forceful personations and truth a woman of forceful personations. strength gave out, and they had to put her to bed. Still she went on asking, where is the candle? and, touching her lips with a candle she had carried there, said to her. There, the candle?

with water illies and swarming with ecrevises, the red crayfish of Lou-Mme. Dufilbo opened her eyes and, islans. Barebesded, barefooted and looking first at the candle and then at Mother Deshautelles, closed them again and immediately fell asieep. From that day to this she has never asked, Where day to this she has never asked, Where day to this she has never asked, 'Where is the candle?' "Do you take me for a fool, Deda, of are you really simple enough yourself to believe such crazy stuff?' exciaimed Deda, "I "Crazy stuff?' exciaimed Deda, "I tell you. Quiliebert, those are facts, and there are hundreds more known, and there are hundreds more known, and there are hundreds more known, and brown and red chesks of the unconscious girl, he laughed aloud and accounted her:

"Ha, little Gasconne, what a picture—"Ha, little Gasconne, what a picture—"Ha, little Gasconne, what a picture—"

cured the bishop of Natches of a snake the forest, the marsis, the it

bite. But it isn't every one she will nut brown maid with twinkling feet serve, for she is a pious woman. She and blushing cheek! Father Grhe has may refuse you, who are such a fool no painting in his church at Mansura as not to believe what you cannot unto match this one in my church, the derstand, who do not believe in God great church of nature."

or the saints or the devil. When your "M. Constant," she cried, "it is not jockey dies and the planters begin to nice to creep out of the bushes at one meetings, perhaps you will no like this! Go away-at least until I longer believe in rum, cards, ox whip can put on my stockings and shoes!" and yourself, which thus far have The flush in her face was for surprise, but the sparkle in her black eyes was not for offense. was demolished by this last stroke of

"I will not budge an inch," he said, Dede's, and, visibly frightened, be said: "so come out, my nymph, for I want "And do you think this old witch will your aid." "Though she takes it. gold cannot

"Glad to be of service to you, M. Con stant, but I will not stir a step till you are out of view," said Laure, with a ure if you depend upon yourself and resoluteness which he saw it was use less to combat. He knew she would stand there like a statue until the stars came out if her demand was not complied with.

"That's plain," laughed Dede. "They "And how long shall I be kept out of purify by exorcism whatever goes to view, my empress? their holy uses. But there is just one "When I am ready," she replied, "I will singchance for you. Constant, and it should

"Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me. "But that will bring every gallant within hearing of your siren voice," said Quillebert, "and I crave a secret "You made a great fight for her at the

conference with you." "Then I will sing so low that only the Chevaller Constant de Quillebert shall hear," she said, with a mock air of lofty assurance.

"Pray abbreviate the banishment of your languishing knight as much as you can, for-

"I have little to say And far to go, Quick, dear, quick!" rejoined Quillebert and rode back into the forest.

Laure stood motionless until she could no longer hear the sound of the horse's feet; then, peering searchingly into the thick undergrowth behind which her visitor had disappeared, she tripped lightly out of the water and, dropping net and basket, seized her shoes and hose. With the nimbleness of a doe she sprang behind a huge cypress tree and the concavity of its trunk converted into a tollet, where, drying her feet with grass and leaves, she was quickly shod. Taking her had from the palmetto spike on which it hung, she adjusted it fetchingly upon her head and, stepping out, took up the net rod and leaned lightly upon it as a staff. Verily she looked the sylvan beauty of the poets as in rich contralto she sang:

"Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me. Quillebert could not have been far distant, for the line was hardly finishpaid double the price of his own slaves ed when he emerged from the bushes having tied his horse to a tree. "What a change, my little actress from the bewitching to the bewilder

ing!" he said. "I do not like to bear an old mag talk so, and young men never say such things to me," she complained.

"Be patient, Laure. You will hear enough of that sort from acceptable lips. Now, little one"-Quillebert had suddenly become grave—"listen to some serious talk, for I am troubled. Will you do me a friendly turn? It is not for nothing. I have at home a beautinestle beneath the satin belt you will wear at the next ball."

"M. Constant, surely I need no bribe to serve you. I am already under more obligation than I can ever dis-

"Nonsense, child. I do not mean to bribe you, but I do mean that no one can ever confer a benefit on Constant Quillebert without being the gainer thereby."

"What is it you desire me to do?" "It is this: My jockey has been very sick since he was whipped for running away. Some think he will die. That incompetent De Roux does not know how to handle the case. Oakfell, who is thought to be paid by the abolition ists, if in an underhand way seeking to arouse public sentiment against me and has already excited old Latiolais' shallow headed granddaughter, who has said some bitter things to the priest Grbe and others. She has the notion that the swaggering American is looking her way, and she struts

mightily."
"The double faced thing!" exclaimed Laura vindictively.

"Should Leon die," continued Quillebert, "it is thought Oakfell will urge a popular demonstration, maybe a pro ecution. I would avoid all this. If Leon recovers, I will pay back the conspirators with interest. "Estelle, too?" demanded Laure.

"If she gets in the way, she shall have her share," he answered. "Then what can I do?" she asked with a satisfied air.

give you the cure for Leon." "Ob. M. Constant! I fear your un

"How? Does any one here give mor to the priests and the convents than I But that is not to the point. I am not sick. The cure is for Leon. Besides, I am your friend. Laure, and

your enemies are my enemies. "Must you have it today?" . There is not one minute to If Leon is not better by to-

"I will try," Laure consented after "Take this; it may belp your argu

ment," said Quillebert, handing ber a abining double eagle goldpiece. "Back into the busbes, then, till I re-

ebert did as be was bidden, and he girl walked rapidly to the cottage The half hour of her absence appe to him all but interminable, and it wa as one freed from long imprisonment that be sprang from the matted vine and brush when she stopped beside the tree holding her hands behind her and

She was very unwilling," said she.

"I got it," she anticipated his ques-ion. "Here it is." And, holding forth er bands, she exhibited in one a narrow band of snow white cloth about ten lockes in length made of unspun cotton fiber beaten and pressed while anturated with unter. The other held s roll of the cured skin of a gartish, in

by her brother, who was a soldler of the emperor. She had every boll taken from the stalk as it opened and carried to her room. With her own hands she picked the lint, muttering prayers and crossing berself all the while. She

soaked and pressed it with her own fin gers, and I am sure she put a prayer between every two layers. She says that if before 9 o'clock tonight this holy filet is laid over Leon's eyes and temples he will get well."

"Pretty one, you are a Jeanne d'Arc! Give me the fillet," Quillebert eagerly demanded.

"Take it and win," said Laure. "And share the spolls of victory with my little lieutenant," he added, rolling the strip and replacing it in the fish skin. In an instant his horse was heard bounding through the dry swamp.

Another sound of borse's feet fell up on Laure's ear, and she ran to the skirt of the wood to receive a most elaborate bow from the exquisite Evariste Oakfell as he cantered along the opposite bank of the bayou and to catch the notes of his fine tenor voice caroling: "Boldier, soldier, marry, marry me."

Her heart best wildly with a delight she could scarce explain, but was suddenly stilled by the thought that Evariste may have seen Quillebert, heard her signal to him and construed their meeting as she would not for the world have him construe it.

The gait of Quillebert's steed was not lowered from a run until, throbbing and covered with foam, he was halted at his stable. Quillebert took no chances with the clock, but at once proceeded to the cabin where lay the emaciated, sinking, faintly breathing jockey. Producing the gleaming fillet, he stretched it over the closed eyes and sunken temples of the seemingly dying man and on their lives charged the awed negroes in attendance to see that there it remained till morning.

Leon slept fitfully through the night. At break of day he awoke from de-lirium, Odette and freedom to consciousness, Quillebert and shackles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Salt Sea Yarn. The Bowdoin Quill tells this sea yarn: "It was back in 1870, and the coaster Jonathan Bell was beating her way from Boston to Rockland, when, mistaking the light of a jogging old trampsteamer shead for the Monhegan light, she shaped her course by it, and had the uncanny experience of following this receding lighthouse all night and getting 50 miles off her course. Head winds made the Bell three days late into Rockland, and the captain lost his job.

"In explaining his mistake the old salt said: 'You see, the masthead light of the tramp was hoisted on the for'ard side of the mast, so that the mast was in between the lantern and our bost. That night the swell was pretty regular; but, as is always the case, every minute or so there is a heavier roll than usual. That exwith rubles and diamonds. If what 1 tra heavy roll was just enough to wish is accomplished, that watch shall swing the light out from behind the mast so we could see it, so that the old tramp, with the ocean to help, was doing an imitation of Monhegan just to take in fools like us. Well, we chased her 50 miles, but there's no use crying over it."

a Close Floted Banker Came to

Change His Mind. Robert Carrick was one of the earliest bankers of Glasgow. He went to the city a poor boy, but became the leading partner of the old Ship bank. He lived and died a grim, penurious man and left not s penny to any benevolent institution in the city where all his wealth had been accumulated.

Once, however, according to Mr. Paxton Hood, he was obliged to act with an appearance of generosity. He was waited on by three fellow citizens for a subscription to the Royal infirmary, then in its infancy. They wished him to head the sub-

scription, and to their mortification and surprise he put down his name for only 2 guineas, and when they besought him to increase the smount he became indignant and threatened to withdraw his name

altogether.

He could not really afford even so much as two guiness, he declared. The deputation proceeded next to the office of Mr. Milquham, one of the great manufacturers of Glas-

He looked at the paper and ex-"Bless me, what's this? Banker

Carrick only 2 guiness!"

They told him that the banker had said he could not really afford

"What's that you say?" He turned to his faithful cashier.
"Jamie, bring me the bankbook."
Then he wrote a check on the Ship bank for 10,000 pounds. "Now, Jamie, run to the bank

and bring that money to me."

The check was presented. Old Robin stared. "Go back," said he. "There's some mistake," and presently he came running into Milquham's counting room in great anx-

lety. "What's wrong wi' ye the day?" seked the banker.

"Nothing in the least degree wrong with me. But I suspect there's something wrong with you and the bank," answered the manufacturer, "for these good gentlemen sitting here have assured me that in your own office, and out of your own mouth, you declared you could only afford them 2 guiness. And, that being the case, I think it is enly afford them 2 guiness. And, that being the case, I think it is high time I removed my deposits." Mr. Carrick was in a hard place, but he finally put down his name for 50 guiness. Then Mr. Milquham canceled his check, and the deputa-

ing Highways. The first three important points to

ROAD BUILDING.

onsider in the construction of a road, says a road engineer, are grade, cost of maintenance and cost of construction.
Speaking of the grade, he says that
theoretically a level road is the one
sought after, but experience teaches
that a one-half or 1 per cent grade is
the sought after the description preferable, securing better drainage, which is the basis of life of a road. A level road through low lands is a very expensive thing. A road needs the sun as much as a crop and should have locations on the sides of hills to suit the sun. Distance should always be sacrificed in favor of grade. The grade should never break in a fill, but at elther end, so as to keep as much of the water off the grade as possible. Ditches should be made on all embankments to prevent washes.

After the establishment of the grades with cuts and fills by the engieers, the preparation of the roadbed is turned over to the supervisor. He depends almost entirely upon road machines in placing the earth for a bed



with the same crown which is ready ed, depressions are filled and spongy places cut out and filled with dry earth. The surface is now ready to receive the

The bedrock consists of six inches of broken stone passed through a three inch ring. These broken stones should be spread with a dumping wagon or with a shovel. It is bad to dump the stone from a wagon in one place and spread with a rake by pulling. This always leaves the most stone where the dump was. A heavy harrow should be used in leveling the broken stone. The second layer should consist of

three or four inches of stone broken to go through a two inch ring, with everything which will go through a one inch ring taken out. This layer should be sprinkled and rolled until perfectly

The third and last layer should consist of the screenings and any stone less than one inch in diameter, spread to a thickness of one and a half to two inches. If possible, it is best to flood stand overnight. This should be done instead of using the rolls when the road is dry. The top coat should be rolled until it is hard enough so that it will crush like material when rolled on its surface, instead of forcing the solid pieces down into the road. The experier should be tried frequently.

This would appear to be a solid and enduring piece of road. And it is. But it needs attention. The repairing of a macadam road requires more skill and attention than the original construc ing of any depression and the filling up of the same with broken stone will keep the road in good shape if care is used. But after five years, resurfacing with four or five inches of stone is

Stop the Blight

It is a sad thing to see fine fruit trees spoiled by the blight. You can always tell them from the rest. They never do well afterwards but stay small and

It is worse to see a blight strike children. Good health is the natural right of children. But some of them don't get their rights. While the rest grow big and strong one stays small and weak.

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strength in it—the kind of strength that makes things grow.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as the administrator the setate of J. R. Shoffber, deceased, I be by notify all persons having chims to prestite to see, or to J. A. Leog. my attention payment within the time required by a critical notice will be played in her and

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1901