

GOODBY

By Guy de Maupassant

The two friends had finished their dinner. From the windows of the cafe they overlooked the boulevard, which at this hour was crowded with people.

One of them, Henri Simon, said to his companion, with a profound sigh:

"I feel that I am growing old, my friend. On such a night as this in days gone by I was keenly alive to the pleasures of existence. Tonight I have nothing but regrets. Life is short at best."

He was a man about forty-five years old, a little stout and quite bald.

The other, Pierre Carnier, not his senior in appearance by any means, but more slender and vivacious, replied:

"I, my friend, have grown old without noticing it. I was always gay and jolly, vigorous and all that. For when one looks at himself in the glass every day in the year the ravages of age are not apparent. They are slow and regular and work such gradual changes that the transition is not noticeable. We can hardly perceive it. To see it plainly one should not look into a mirror for six months at least, and then—ah, what a shock!

"And the women, old fellow—how I pity them! All their happiness, their power, their life, is in their beauty, and that lasts but ten years at best.

"As for myself, I grew old without suspecting it. I thought myself still a youth when I was near fifty years of age. Free from infirmities of any kind, I was going my way, happy and content. But the revelation of my decline came upon me in such a simple yet startling manner that I felt the effects of the shock six months afterward. Then I accepted my fate gracefully.

"I have often been in love, like all men, but once in my life I was quite hard hit. I met her at the seashore, Etretat, about twelve years ago, not long after the war. There is nothing more delightful than that beach in early morning at the bathing hour. It is not very extensive, is curved like a horseshoe and encircled by tall, white cliffs, pierced with singular holes called 'the Gates.' One of these cliffs is enormous and stretches its gigantic length to the water's edge. The other is round and flat. The women swarm over this narrow strip, with its pebbled walks, and transform it into a brilliant garden of summer toilets within walls of rock. The sun shines full upon the coast, over parasols of every imaginable color and over the sea of topaz blue. It is a jolly picture, enchanting to the eye. Close by the water's edge the people lounge in the sand, watching the bathers as they come tripping down in their flannel bathrobes, which they discard with a pretty movement as soon as the white fringed waves play around their feet. Then they run in with swift little steps, while the water sends thrills of a delicious chill through their veins.

"Few women are made to endure the crucible test of the bath. Their figures stand revealed from ankle to throat. As they emerge from the embrace of the briny waters either their shortcomings are made plain to the eye or the rounded contours of form and limb are enhanced by the clinging, dripping garments.

"The first time I saw the young woman of whom I have spoken I was carried away by her charms. Few women possess the beauty of form that is startling and overpowering at the first glance—that seems to a man as if he had suddenly met the creature he was born to love. I experienced that sensation and that shock.

"I was introduced to her and was more deeply smitten than ever in my life. She made me her slave, and it was both terrible and delicious to submit thus to the reign of a woman. It is torture and indescribable felicity at once. Her look, her smile, the little tendrils of hair round her neck ruffled by the breeze, every line in her face, her slightest movement, captivated my senses and ensnared and drove me to distraction. She took complete possession of me.

"She was married. Her husband came every Saturday and departed again on Monday. I was not in the least concerned about him nor jealous of his relation to her. No living creature ever seemed of less consequence to me than this man.

"Ah, how I loved her, she who was so gay, so pretty and so graceful! She was youth, elegance and freshness personified. I never felt more keenly than I did then that a woman is a sweet, lovely and delicate being made of charms and graces. Never before had I discovered the beauty that lay in the rounded contour of a cheek, the movement of a lip, the curves and creases of a little ear, the shape even of that stupid feature the nose.

"This lasted three months, when I was called to America, whither I went with a crushed and broken heart. Even away from her I was her slave still. Years went by. I could not forget her. Her charms were constantly before my eyes and in my heart. I cherished her memory with a tenderness that had grown calm, and I loved her as one loves a dream of a most beautiful and enchanting thing.

"Twelve years do not mean much in the life of a man. They pass almost unnoticed. One follows upon the other slowly yet swiftly. Each is long, yet soon at an end. Although they multiply rapidly, they leave few traces behind and vanish so completely that when one looks back upon them there is nothing left to remind us of their flight, and age creeps on without warning.

"It seemed to me that only a few years separated me from that delightful season on the beach at Etretat.

"One day last spring I went to dine with friends at Maisons-Lafitte. Just as the train was about to start a portly matron entered the coach I occupied accompanied by four little girls. I could not help looking curiously at this large, rotund, motherly creature, whose face was like the full moon under a beribboned hat. She puffed and panted from the exertion of her hurried walk. The children began to babble, and I unfolded my newspaper and commenced to read. As we passed Asnières my neighbor suddenly accosted me:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you not M. Carnier?"

"Yes, madame."

"She laughed with the contented laugh of a cheerful woman, but there was just a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"Do you not recognize me?"

"I hesitated. It seemed to me that I had seen her face before, but I could not tell when and where. I answered:

"Yes and no—I certainly know you, but I cannot recollect your name." She blushed a little.

"Mme. Julie Lefevre."

"I was startled out of my wits. For a moment the earth seemed to reel around me, and a veil was rudely torn from my eyes which made me see things with terrible, heart-rending clearness.

"It was she! This stout, common woman, the mother of these four girls! I eyed the little creatures with as much astonishment as I did their mother. They had followed her; they had taken their places in life, already half women, and she counted for nothing—she who had once been such a marvel of delicate and coquettish charms!

"It seemed to me that I had known her but yesterday, and to find her thus again! It was impossible! A violent pang wrung my heart. I rebelled against Nature and her brutal, infamous work of destruction. I looked at her with frightened eyes. When I took her hand in mine, tears dimmed my vision. I wept for her youth; I wept for her death. This stout woman was a stranger to me.

"She, too, was touched, and she faltered: 'I am much changed, I know, but it is only natural. I am a mother now—nothing but a mother—a good mother. Farewell to everything else that is passed. I did not think that you would recognize me or that we should ever meet again. You yourself are not as you used to be. It took me some time to decide whether I was mistaken in my surmise. Your hair has grown quite gray. Think of it—twelve years is a long time. My oldest daughter is nearly ten years old.'

"I looked at the child and discovered in her some of the old charms of her mother, undefinable as yet, unformed and in the bud, and life seemed to me nothing more than a rapidly passing train. We arrived at Maisons-Lafitte. I kissed my old friend's hand and parted from her with a few trivial phrases. I was too deeply moved to speak.

"In the evening when I was alone I examined my face a long time in the mirror and ended by recalling to my mind the picture of myself as I had been in bygone days, with brown mustache and black hair and a young, fresh face. But now I was old. Farewell!"

Beauty Versus Brains.

A physician with wide experience among the insane has come to the conclusion after examining the brains of 1,600 subjects that nature makes palpable differences between male and female brains, and he fears that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose beauty. He instances the Zoro women of India. They are supreme. They woo the men, control the affairs of the home and the nation, transmit property and leave men nothing to do. Result, they are the ugliest women on earth!

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Would a Glimpse of the Picture Thus Presented Be Helpful?

In spite of the curiosity of most of us to know what others really think of us it is doubtful whether the man lives who would not rise in wrath if compelled to listen to what others do think of him. It is odd that we are all so ready to swallow unstinted praise, but are at the same time equally ready to resent any unfavorable criticism. The latter we cannot but think is the result of lack of comprehension even if not actually barbed with malice or envy.

Burns asserted that if we could see ourselves from the standpoint and through the eyes of others

It was five months a blunder free us An foolish notion.

Nothing of the kind! It would, on the contrary, simply confirm us in our opinion that we were very harshly misjudged and altogether misunderstood, and instead of lowering our estimate of ourselves would make us think still less of the acumen of our judges. And when we again turn to the mirror to convince ourselves that we are not as we are painted we are more than ever at a loss to comprehend how the eyesight of others can be so defective without their knowing it. Human nature is such that correct descriptions of the follies and foibles of others are deemed sarcastic and witty; those of our own ill-natured and stupid.

How many of us are satisfied with a good portrait? How few of us think that a photograph flatters us? All the same, the photographer's art lies in making a picture which, while like us, is not too much like us. What we need is not to see ourselves as others see us, but to see ourselves as we are, which is quite a different matter—just as different, in fact, from the reality as our own view. A composite of the two negatives, how we see ourselves and how others see us, would make a good positive; but, like most good photographs, would neither be flattering nor acceptable to the subject.

—L. De V. Matthewman in Brandur Magazine.

The Marechal Niel Rose.

Although many flowers owe their names to famous people, there is only one instance known when a man and a flower received a title at the same moment. When Niel, a brave French general, was returning from the scene of his victories in the war between France and Austria, he received from a peasant who wished to honor the hero a basket of beautiful pale yellow roses. One of the stems, which happened to have roots clinging to it, the general took to a florist in Paris, in whose care it remained until it became a thriving bush covered with blossoms. Niel then took the plant as a gift to the Empress Eugenie. She expressed a great admiration for the exquisite flowers, and on learning that the rose was named said significantly: "Then I will name it. It shall be the Marechal Niel," and at the same moment she bestowed upon the astonished general the jeweled baton that betokened his promotion to the high office of marshal of France.

The Bench Was Barred.

A king's counsel was appearing in a case of slander, which was being heard before a certain judge, with whom outside court he was on the best of terms.

The chief witness was a woman, who appeared to testify to the alleged slander.

"Now, madam," began the king's counsel, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear," was the emphatic response as she looked indignantly at the barrister.

"Then," said the king's counsel coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."—Answers.

"Campbells Are Coming."

In one of the noonday prayer meetings held in a small country town in Scotland one of the leading lights tried to tell the story of the Scotchman in Lucknow whose quick ear first discerned the music which announced the approach of the British army to raise the siege. He told the story very well until he came to her rapturous exclamation, which he gave thus: "Then, starting up and listening intently, she cried: 'Dinna ye hear it? The camels are comin'! or the elephants—I forget which it was.'—Scottish American.

Wills.

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world when the knowing man said: "There's nothing like force of character, old man. Now, there's Jones. Sure to make his way in the world. Has a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favor."

"What's that?"

"A will of his uncle."



Mrs. Laura S. Webb,
Vice-President Woman's Democratic Club of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell \$1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

A Clergyman's Slip of the Tongue.

A clergyman hurriedly entered a railway station to pursue a journey, and, hearing the bells ringing to announce the departure of the train, hastily handed his bag and a rug to a porter nearby. He rushed to get his ticket and then ran on to the platform.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the guard.

"Only a bug and a rag," breathlessly replied the clergyman.—New York Times.

Caution!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boscbee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At Hood Bros., druggists.

HOUSE MOVER. I can move any house you want moved at reasonable rates. People wanting that kind of work done please let me know. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mr. J. M. McLamb, Benson, N. C., is with me.

J. N. CREEL, Dunn, N. C.

Treasurer's Card.

John W. Futrell, Treasurer of Johnston County, will be in Smithfield every Monday and Saturday and Court Weeks.

Office in back room of the Bank of Smithfield. In his absence county orders will be paid at the Bank.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

G. S. GODWIN,
...Dealer in...
BEEF AND OTHER FRESH MEATS.
Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle.
ICE A SPECIALTY.
Smithfield, - - - N. C.

DR. L. A. MUNS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Lee's Drug Store,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Calls will receive prompt attention.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

A Weak Stomach

Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonic Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fullness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

Kodol Nature's Tonic.
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 81c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c size.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD

And Branches
AND FLORENCE RAILROAD.
(Condensed Schedule.)

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated May 25, 1902.	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14	No. 15
	AM	PM	PM	AM	PM	PM
Lv Weldon	11:50	9:15
Ar Rocky Mt.	1:00	10:30
Lv Tarboro	12:25	7:25
Lv Rocky Mt.	1:05	10:02	7:02	5:45	12:50
Lv Wilson	1:59	10:20	6:31	6:26
Lv Selma	2:45	10:10
Lv Fayetteville	4:41	1:25
Ar Florence	7:30	3:35
	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	PM
Ar Goldsboro	9:50
Lv Goldsboro	7:31	8:11
Lv Weldon	10:10	5:4

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Dated May 25, 1902.	No. 16	No. 17	No. 18	No. 19	No. 20	No. 21
	AM	PM	PM	AM	PM	PM
Lv Florence	10:05	8:30
Lv Fayetteville	12:40	10:25
Lv Selma	2:10	11:40
Ar Weldon	5:27	12:30
Lv Wilmington	7:00	9:20
Lv Magnolia	9:37	12:20
Lv Goldsboro	7:35
	PM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM
Lv Wilson	3:25	8:30	12:30	10:35	1:15
Ar Rocky Mt.	3:30	9:00	12:10	11:23	1:50
Lv Tarboro	9:54
Lv Rocky Mt.	12:43
Ar Weldon	1:57
	PM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Yadkin Division Main Line—Train leaves Wilmington 9:10 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 12:20 p. m., Fayetteville 12:42 p. m., arrives Sanford 3:10 p. m., returning leaves Sanford 3:30 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 4:30 p. m., leave Fayetteville 4:40 p. m., arrives Wilmington 7:25 p. m.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch—Train leaves Bennettsville 8:11 a. m., Maxton 9:05 a. m., Red Springs 9:32 a. m., Parkton 10:41 a. m., Hope Mills 10:55 a. m., arrive Fayetteville 11:10. Returning leaves Fayetteville 5:00 p. m., Hope Mills 5:25 p. m., Red Springs 5:53 p. m., Maxton 6:18 p. m., arrives Bennettsville 7:25 p. m.

Connections at Fayetteville with train No. 78, at Maxton with the Carolina Central Railroad, at Red Springs with the Red Springs and Bowmore railroad, at Sanford with the new Board Air Line and Southern Railway, at Guilford with the Durham and Charlotte Railroad.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3:15 p. m., Halifax 3:29 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 4:10 p. m., Greenville 5:47 p. m., Kinston 6:45 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7:30 a. m., Greenville 8:30 a. m., arrives Halifax at 11:05 a. m., Weldon 11:29 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leaves Washington 8:00 a. m. and 1:45 p. m., arrives Parmlee 8:55 a. m. and 3:10 p. m., returning leaves Parmlee 9:15 a. m. and 5:22 p. m., arrive Washington 10:35 a. m. and 6:15 p. m., daily except Sunday. Train leaves Tarboro daily except Sunday at 4:35 p. m., Sunday 4:35 p. m., arrives Plymouth 6:35 p. m., 6:30 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and Sunday 9:0 a. m., arrives Tarboro 9:55 a. m., 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland, N. C., Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday 5:10 a. m., arrive Smithfield 6:10 a. m., returning leave Smithfield 7:00 a. m., arrive Goldsboro 8:25 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rock Mount at 9:30 a. m., 4:00 p. m., arrive Nashville 10:20 a. m., 4:23 p. m., Spring Hope 11:00 a. m., 4:45 p. m., returning leave Spring Hope 11:20 a. m., 5:15 p. m., Nashville 11:45 a. m., 5:45 p. m., arrive at Rocky Mount 12:10 a. m., 6:20 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday 8:30 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond.

H. M. EMMERSON,
Gen'l Passenger Agt.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
T. M. EMMERSON Traffic Man'r.

The Southern Railway

ANNOUNCES THE
OPENING OF THE WINTER
TOURIST SEASON
AND THE PLACING
—ON SALE OF—
Excursion Tickets
TO ALL PROMINENT
POINTS IN THE
South, Southwest, West Indies,
Mexico and California,
INCLUDING
St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami,
Jacksonville, Tampa, Port Tampa,
Brunswick, Thomasville, Charleston, Aikin, Augusta, Pinehurst,
Asheville Atlanta, New Orleans,
Leans, Memphis and
THE LAND OF THE SKY.
PERFECT DINING AND SLEEPING CAR
SERVICE ON ALL TRAINS

SEE THAT YOUR TICKET READS
Via Southern Railway.

Ask any Ticket Agent for full information, or address

R. L. VERNON, C. W. WESTBURY,
Tr'ling Pass. Agt., Dis. Pass. Agt.
Charlotte, N. C. Richmond, Va.
S. H. HARDWICK,
General Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, W. A. TURK,
Traffic Man. Asst. Pass. Traffic Man
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Weak Stomach

Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonic Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fullness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

Kodol Nature's Tonic.
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 81c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c size.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

By virtue of the authority vested in me by a judgment in the special proceeding styled Wm. M. Jernigan, and others vs. Mary E. Jernigan, petition to sell land for division, I will offer for sale at the office of J. M. Morgan in the town of Benson, at 12 o'clock M., on Saturday, November 29th, 1902, the following two tracts of land:

FRUIT PLANT.—Beginning at a stake formerly a red oak in M. E. Benson's line and runs as his line S. 75 E. 18.70 chains to a post oak Benson's corner; thence N. 3 E. 23.90 chains to a stake at a circle southeast of driving branch; thence N. 76 W. 19.30 chains to a pine north side of driving branch, J. P. Canaday's corner; thence as his line and passing his and J. M. Morgan's corner and the corner Morgan's line S. 5 W. 28 chains to the beginning, containing (55) acres more or less.

SECOND FRACT.—Beginning at the corner of lot No. 1 at the south side of the Drayton branch and runs as said line S. 5 W. 27 chains to a stake, the Benson corner; thence as her line and passing her corner and with Joel McLamb line S. E. 78 chains to a stake; thence McLamb's corner; thence McLamb line N. E. E. 3.55 chains to a stake his corner; thence as his line N. E. 35 chains to a stake his corner; thence as his line N. E. 30 chains to a stake; thence as Henry Duncan's line S. W. 1 1/2 chains to the beginning, containing (81) acres more or less.

Terms of sale half cash, balance in 12 months. Title reserved until purchase money paid in full.

JAS. A. WELLS,
Commissioner.

NOTICE!

On Thursday, December 4, 1902, on premises I will sell to the highest bidder, that valuable tract of land belonging to the estate of G. S. Leach, deceased, to make assets for creditors. This is a valuable tract well timbered, and includes 15 acres cleared, a good house, school and a good neighborhood. Adjoining the lands of W. G. Wrenn, Nellie H. Thompson, A. H. Gray, and J. D. Eason, and is good for tobacco, wheat and cotton. Also parties desiring to purchase, apply to me. Terms cash.

This November 1, 1902.

E. N. BOOKER, Executor.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a power of sale, contained in a certain Mortgage deed, executed to I. D. Manning by Leroy Stiles and wife Roxanna Stiles, January 17th 1899, and duly registered in the Registry of Johnston County, North Carolina in Book U, No. 7 page 384, I will sell for cash to the highest bidder at public auction, on Monday, December 8th 1902 at 12 o'clock M., the following tract of land lying and being in O'Neals township, Johnston County, North Carolina, and described as follows: On the North by Moccasin creek, on the East by the lands of Hunyan creek; on the South by the lands of S. W. Creech; on the West by the lands of Clem Creech, containing forty acres.

The object of this sale is to collect balance due on the bond of I. D. Manning with the Mortgage. The bond is past due.

This November 6, 1902.

I. D. MANNING,
Jno. A. Narron, Attorney, I. D. Manning, Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Harriet Brannan, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 6th day of November 1902 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 6th day of November 1902.

JNO. A. NARRON, Administrator.

NOTICE!

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a judgment of the Superior Court in a special proceedings before the Clerk in an action by the administrator of R. B. Ryals, deceased, to sell land for assets. The undersigned commissioner will offer for sale, at public auction, for cash at the store of Preston Woodall, in the town of Benson, Johnston County, N. C., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1902,
to the highest and last bidder, the following tract of land: That tract of land lying and being in Johnston county, Banner township, adjoining the lands of W. G. Woodard, corner of Roger Langdon, Benj. Tiner, and situate on White Oak swamp, containing 30 acres. Being the home and farm of the late R. B. Ryals, deceased.

This October 18th, 1902.

H. B. RYALS,
Commissioner.
For further information call on
JOHN A. NARRON, Attorney.

NOTICE!

By virtue of the authority contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed to me by Stephen Stevens and Sula Stevens, and dated October 12, 1898, and duly recorded in Book F, No. 7, page 452 in the Registry of Johnston County, I shall sell at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Smithfield, N. C., on Monday, December 1, 1902, a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Johnston County, N. C., in Boon Hill township, and described as follows: Beginning at W. G. Woodard's corner; then south with big branch to the Woodard road; then down said road to W. G. Woodard's line; then west with his line to the beginning, containing 17 acres, more or less.

This November 1st, 1902.

J. U. HOWELL, Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Robert R. Eason, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 10th day of November, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This November 8th 1902.

X. D. VINSON, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late George F. Uzzle, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me duly verified on or