

A HUMBLE THANKSGIVING.

We cannot show a grand array Of toothsome things Thanksgiving Day— The day so very near: Our little party will not boast Delicious viands by the host To every palate dear. 'Neath weight of all the good things known Our little table will not groan, No, not the very least: Our little home will not be blest With many a welcome, joyous guest To help us at the feast. Yet, notwithstanding what we lack, We'll not regretfully look back And sigh for better days: But we will fill in every part The spacious store rooms of our heart With gratitude and praise. We'll count our present blessings o'er, And we shall find they number more Than all our trials do: Our happy, thoughtful hearts shall be Delightful guests—right royally They will reward us, too. To seats we once did occupy We'll not look up with wistful eye And covetous unrest; But bending low down on our gaze To poorer homes, to sadder ways, Thank God we are so blest. Thank God that though our home is small, It still contains the dear ones all, Rich in affection's wealth; Thank God we have enough to eat, Thank God for clothing warm and neat, Thank God for perfect health. Thank God we feel the fire's warm glow, While many cold and fireless go, In many a cheerless home. Oh, yes, most gratefully we'll lift Our souls to God for every gift, And trust for all to come. Thus 'round our frugal little board, With cheerful hearts we'll praise the Lord, And keep the jubilee; Nor shall there anywhere be found, Within this nation's utmost bound, A happier family. FANSY PERCIVAL.

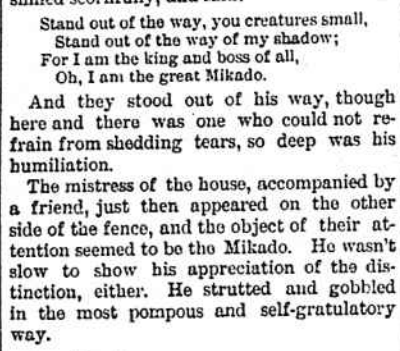
THE MIKADO'S FATE.

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

It was about the first of November that the big turkey, the Mikado of the farmyard, was given a house all to himself and everybody waited upon him in the most untiring manner. At first he was somewhat astonished at so unmarked a change in his fortunes. Such extraordinary consideration as he now received at everybody's hands amazed him for a time, but he soon settled it in his mind entirely to his satisfaction. "Ho! ho!" he said. "Ha! ha! They have just learned my worth. I have always known that I was a great genius, with a brain as big as a wash tub, and I think the other turkeys, poor insignificant things, and the chickens, sorry creatures, know it also. At least, they have all shown a wholesome respect for my power, but I must admit that I have been slow to impress the people with my importance. It has come at last, however. See how they truckle to me, how low to me, supply my every want almost before it is felt, and make menials of themselves to enter to my pleasure!" This he said to himself as he walked by himself. The other citizens of the farmyard looked at him with glowering faces and the bitterness of envy in their hearts. He had always tyrannized over them, and they hated him with a hatred all the more deadly because it was concealed under the mask of respect. Now, though he had never done a humane or generous thing in his life, they beheld him housed and feasted like a king, with the same of admiration served up to him every hour. They couldn't understand it; they saw no justice in it, and they murmured against it.

"Oh, I am the great Mikado." A poor, hard working hen who had brought up her family by the strictest economy and most faithful industry, and who had been robbed of her last bite again and again by the heartless Mikado, spoke her mind about it. "It's an outrage," she said, "an outrage on all decent fowls to see that brute of a Mikado in clover up to his comb while the rest of us scratch from morning till night merely to keep life in our bodies. Such things are rapidly creating an aristocracy of sex. In the future when male and female are both equal before the law there will be none of this. But it's the way of the world, and always has been. The basest and least deserving get into power, because they are so coarse that they can ride right over any obstacle, having no sensibilities to wound." Here a great swell of a cock, a monopolist of high degree, looked away and pretended not to hear; but the others listened attentively, sighed, and admitted that it was hard to rise in the world while such monsters as the Mikado had the power to oppress. A middle-aged anarchist sputtered around at a great rate; but as he had always talked rather more than he should they didn't give him the closest attention. A fair and fat hen of good figure smiled scornfully, and said that one could expect nothing but coarse vanity from a person of really low pedigree like the Mikado. For her part, come what would, she had the comforting knowledge that the blood of the Brahmins flowed in her veins. Her ancestors were Asiatic kings. Then she strutted around to show off her figure, which really was perfect. A young turkey, who was considered something of a crank because he wore glasses, was greatly given to philosophy and metaphysics, had gone so far as to lecture a little and was thinking of starting a newspaper, here piped up: "It is my opinion, friends, that we are to blame for our lack of success. The Mikado is merely carrying out the theories of the new school of Boston thinkers and the occultists of the east, which he has dropped on, I verily believe, through my teaching. He has a powerful will, and he has secretly and persistently demanded the good things of life and is getting them. The great force, my friends, is mind. But while we have been talking about it, he, like the pirate he is, has grabbed the idea and put it into operation." An old and opinionated cat that had been apparently sleeping on a fence post now had a word to say. "You are very inexperienced creatures. When you have lived as long as I have (which none of you are likely to do, I am sorry to say, for reasons it would be indelicate now to mention) you will know that

what appears sometimes to be great good fortune is really the greatest curse that could befall us. I will not here go into particulars, but I will entreat you not to be envious of the Mikado. This is a very dramatic world. The man who is up to-day may be down to-morrow. Envy no one. Perhaps your hard lot is better a thousand times for your soul's good than the wealth of a Gould or a Vanderbilt, or even the Mikado. Ben Franklin spoke wisely when he said: He that is down need fear no fall, He that is humble none at all." Just then the Mikado, whose doors had been opened by the beautiful daughter of the house to give him an hour's walk in the sunshine, came near them with lordly gait, head erect and wings scraping the earth in overwhelming pride. In spite of the cat's sermon on humility, in the face of the fact that they knew she spoke the truth, they felt shriveled and mean in the presence of this petted and admired creature. He walked near them, smiled scornfully, and said: Stand out of the way, you creatures small, Stand out of the way of my shadow; For I am the king and boss of all, Oh, I am the great Mikado. And they stood out of his way, though here and there was one who could not refrain from shedding tears, so deep was his humiliation. The mistress of the house, accompanied by a friend, just then appeared on the other side of the fence, and the object of their attention seemed to be the Mikado. He wasn't slow to show his appreciation of the distinction, either. He strutted and gobbled in the most pompous and self-gratulatory way.



THE MIKADO AT THE FEAST.

"Isn't he magnificent?" said the visitor. "I should think he would weigh nearly twenty pounds. Oh, isn't he a treasure?" The Mikado heard this remark and almost fainted with delight. "Ah," he thought, "I was right in always believing myself an important personage. I hear it now from the lips of those who have heretofore pretended to be my superiors." "What do you feed him on?" asked the visitor. "Oat meal scalded in hot milk and various little dainties. It's a joy to see him eat." At this the Mikado felt himself bursting with pride. "My daughter is to be married on Thanksgiving day, and he is to be the great feature of the table," said the hostess. "Oh, my," thought the Mikado, "won't that be fine? I am to figure at a wedding, to be the great feature of the whole proceeding, it seems. I must order something nice to wear." The cat on the fence post also heard, but she only licked her lips and smiled knowingly. The days went on and the Mikado only grew fatter and more domineering every hour, and the other fowls became more and more cast down.

On Thanksgiving morning his doors were opened and he was invited to come forth. This was the day on which he was to receive greater honors than ever, and he waddled out, cumbered by his excessive flesh, with more arrogance than usual. He was a little surprised when the hired man grabbed him by the legs and suddenly inverted him. It was an undignified attitude for a bird of his plumage, to say the least; but he reflected a moment and concluded that it was but fitting, after all, for a creature of his distinction to be carried, and of course this awkward fellow didn't know how to carry him gracefully or even comfortably. He had no time to frame other thoughts, for in a moment more the hired man had assassinated him, and his head was lying on one side of the chopping block and his body on the other. His late envious associates ran in all directions, chilled with horror, nor were they seen again that day. He graced the feast, to be sure; he was the great feature of it, but not in the capacity he had so conceitedly anticipated. Instead of the fine suit of fashionable garments he had expected to be arrayed in, he appeared shorn of his feathers, with his skin cruelly browned and his legs cut off at the knees, a sorry and humbled Mikado, surely.

In a short time his very memory was forgotten, or recalled only with a sneer, or to be cited as an example of what conceit will bring any one to. The day after Thanksgiving there was a little talk over his head and his bones, which were found in a ditch by his despised comrades. His fate was a lesson to them. "After all," said one, "we might have known that such a sudden rise into affluence could bode no good. Up like a rocket and down like a stick, you know." "Do you remember my words," said the cat, who came strolling along, bulging in body more than usual from having enjoyed extraordinary Thanksgiving blessings. "I told you to envy no one; that it was a dangerous thing to reach such eminence as the Mikado enjoyed. Poor fool, he did enjoy it while it lasted." "Could it be," said the young turkey with the eyeglasses and taste for metaphysics, "could it be that my doctrines led him astray? Still, he was a good illustration of the truth of what I have been preaching—that if you persistently desire the best you will get it. But the best, in his case, didn't seem to be really good for him, after all, and now the question arises: Is it good for any of us? I must admit that I am somewhat confused on this point, and, in spite of the Mikado's grave faults of character, I lament the tragedy in which he was the victim. For some reason, his death was the occasion of general rejoicing in the house, and I have even picked up a word here and there which goes to show that the people who were the cause of his death gave thanks over his body. They actually called the day 'Thanksgiving,' so grateful were they that he was gone. Perhaps they feared that in his excessive love of power he would rise some day, seize the reins of government, and trample them all under his feet. If so, I half excuse the murder, though I am too much of a Buddhist to sympathize with a festival which sanctions the destruction of living creatures, and the eating of them, too. In the round of existence, depend upon it, my friends, all such things are evened up. They who kill shall be killed in turn; if not in this life, in some embodiment in the far future." The hen who was in favor of equal suffrage said that after all there were compensations in life. She still held her old views; but she had learned a lesson in patience. Her dream of political equality would be realized; but she must wait, and while she waited work as well as talk. A very aged old bird of no particular lineage cleared his throat just then. As he was generally silent, he commanded great attention when he did speak. He said: "You are getting on to the true philosophy of life at last. Agitation doesn't accomplish half as much as people think it does. The influences which really move the world are



THE TALK OVER HIS HEAD AND BONES.

subtle. Your talkers think they revolutionize the world; but the real power comes from higher, much higher—and he subsided into silence. The noted anarchist rooster had nothing at all to say until his views were called for. Even then he evaded it until cornered and compelled to talk. Then he straightened up and put on his old time, important manner. "It is the beginning of the end, my friends," he said. "Monsters like the Mikado die of their own greed. They are their own executioners. Had he divided his abundance with us we would all have had a layer or so of the fat which encumbered him and brought him to grief, and he might have been alive to-day. But, no—he must have the earth. Nothing was too much for him. We had to starve that he might live. All of you can testify that he lived upon the proceeds of your labor, for you scratched and he came along just as your bite was ready for your mouth and snatched it from you, and you dared not say your souls were your own." "But what of the lady with the purest blood of Asia in her veins?" asked a dapper young cock. "I haven't seen her to-day." "Nor have I," said a dozen voices. Here the cat spoke again. "I am sorry to say that our fair friend has shared the Mikado's fate. The chief cause of pride with her proved her ruin. Her good blood gave her a fine figure, and the people of this country are a flesh-eating race. They have no scruples against eating any of you who are so unfortunate as to possess sweet, clean flesh. So you see that it is never safe to boast." "Oh, dear; what a difficult and dangerous world to live in!" said all in one voice. The old house dog, who was fond of Shakespeare, came on the scene, sniffed contemptuously at the Mikado's bones, and said: "Alas! he lived for self, and now none are so poor as to do him reverence." GERTRUDE GARRISON.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING. A Purely Puritan Festival of Rejoicing Over Worldly Things. As if to resist the bitterness and sadness of the failing year, the most genial and kindly of all our festivals occurs at the end of November. Its very name, "Thanksgiving," betrays its pious origin—an origin unmarked with any prior tradition. The great Christian festival of Christmas stretches backward to yule logs and mistletoes, to Scandinavian and Briton heathenry; nor does it lose by the graceful, happy association. But Thanksgiving is purely Puritan. It is the good, warm heart conquering the tough head and ascetic manner of the old pilgrims. In Elliott's "New England History" you may read that in 1623, after the harvest, Governor Bradstreet sent out a company to shoot game to furnish a dainty feast of rejoicing after the labors of the colony. Having followed the directions of the governor, and the principle of the excellent Mrs. Glass, they cooked their game and invited Massachusetts and some ninety other savages, and all fell to and devoured the feast, thanking God "for the good world and the good things in it."

Think of that little shivering band clustered on the bitter edge of the continent, with the future before them almost as dark as the forest behind them, many of them with such long lines of happy memories in Old England flashing across the sea into the gloom of their present position like gleams of ruddy freight that stream far out of the cheerful chimney into the cold winter night—and think of the same festival now, when our governors and our president invite millions of people to return thanks to the great giver of harvests; and the millions of people obeying, sacrifice hockombs of turkeys and pumpkins and pour out seas of cider and harmless wine.

I am first cousin of the late Ex-Governor Alexander H. Stephens, and have been postal clerk on different railroads since 1868. For ten years I have been a sufferer from a cancer on my face, which grew worse until the discharge of matter became profuse and very offensive. I became thoroughly disgusted with blood purifiers and pronounced them humbugs, as I had tried many without relief. Finally I was induced to use B. B. B., which was about the 1st of February, and continued its use until the latter part of April. The offensive discharge decreased at once and the hardness around the cancer disappeared. It improved my general health and I rapidly gained flesh and strength. The cancer gradually decreased and the cancer became less and less in size until nothing remains except a scar to tell the tale of a once dangerous cancer. All who have seen me since I have commenced the use of B. B. B. bear testimony of my great improvement, and the scar on my face shows that it cured the cancer. I find that B. B. B. comes squarely up to what it is recommended, and I cannot say too much in praise of this wonderful medicine. I have tried them all but B. B. B. stands at the top as a blood purifier. The above is copied from the Athens, (Ga.) Banner-Watchman, being the volunteer language of Mr. James A. Greer, which Editor Ganit indorses: "Mr. Greer is an honest, upright citizen of Athens, who had a bad cancer, and his numerous friends thought that he could not live very long, as the cancer was gradually sapping the foundation of his constitution, but now looks well and hearty."

Several physicians have pronounced my disease blood poison, caused by paint or lead in the paint, but they could not cure me. Last summer I used eighteen bottles of a largely advertised blood medicine, which did me no more good than so much water. I have used only two bottles of B. B. B. and am proud to say that I have received greater benefit from them than from the eighteen, and am now rapidly recovering. There is no question about the superiority of B. B. B. over all blood remedies. 215 Reynolds Street, W. H. WOODY, Augusta, Ga., April 21st, 1886.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address, BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Dismissal Notice. ON THE 2nd DAY OF DECEMBER next, we will file our final account with the Judge of Probate as Executors of the Will of Elyin E. Funches, deceased, and ask for a final discharge. O. D. J. COLLIER, J. S. FUNCHES, Executors. Nov 4-4\*

Dismissal Notice. ON THE 15th DAY OF DECEMBER next, I will file my final account with the Judge of Probate as Administrator of the Estate of Miss Adriana Fogle, and ask for a release from said Guardianship. BENJ. P. IZLAR, Nov 4-4 Judge of Probate and Guardian.

The World considers the President's theory of civil service reform an unconstitutional. Let the people veto it. Capt. F. W. Dawson, editor of the News and Courier, has made a noble and eloquent appeal to the people of South Carolina in behalf of the Hayne monument.

THE MIKADO AT THE FEAST.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. THIS POWDER NEVER VARIES. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall st., N. Y.

Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY forbid all persons from hunting, fishing, or otherwise trespassing upon his lands. All violations will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. D. FOGLE. Nov-2

Notice. ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the Estate of Mrs. E. M. Wolfe will present their duly attested and all indebted to the same will come forward and make payment to MRS. T. C. KEITT. Nov 25-4

The State of South Carolina, ORANGEBURG COUNTY. BY BENJ. P. IZLAR, ESQ., PROBATE JUDGE. WHEREAS, Lawton H. Wannamaker, C. C. P. has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the derelict Estate and effects of Margaret Ann Garlick: THESE ARE THEREFORE to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Margaret Ann Garlick, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Orangeburg Court House on the 31st day of December next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 23rd day of November, Anno Domini 1886. BENJ. P. IZLAR, Probate Judge O. C. Nov 25-6

The State of South Carolina, ORANGEBURG COUNTY. BY BENJ. P. IZLAR, ESQ., PROBATE JUDGE. WHEREAS, L. H. Wannamaker, C. C. P. has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the derelict estate and effects of Sam'l Farrison, deceased: THESE ARE THEREFORE to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Sam'l Farrison, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Orangeburg Court House, on the 31st day of December next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 22nd day of November, Anno Domini, 1886. BENJ. P. IZLAR, Judge of Probate. Nov 25-6

Ex-Gov. A. H. Stephens' Cousin. I am first cousin of the late Ex-Governor Alexander H. Stephens, and have been postal clerk on different railroads since 1868. For ten years I have been a sufferer from a cancer on my face, which grew worse until the discharge of matter became profuse and very offensive. I became thoroughly disgusted with blood purifiers and pronounced them humbugs, as I had tried many without relief. Finally I was induced to use B. B. B., which was about the 1st of February, and continued its use until the latter part of April. The offensive discharge decreased at once and the hardness around the cancer disappeared. It improved my general health and I rapidly gained flesh and strength. The cancer gradually decreased and the cancer became less and less in size until nothing remains except a scar to tell the tale of a once dangerous cancer. All who have seen me since I have commenced the use of B. B. B. bear testimony of my great improvement, and the scar on my face shows that it cured the cancer. I find that B. B. B. comes squarely up to what it is recommended, and I cannot say too much in praise of this wonderful medicine. I have tried them all but B. B. B. stands at the top as a blood purifier. The above is copied from the Athens, (Ga.) Banner-Watchman, being the volunteer language of Mr. James A. Greer, which Editor Ganit indorses: "Mr. Greer is an honest, upright citizen of Athens, who had a bad cancer, and his numerous friends thought that he could not live very long, as the cancer was gradually sapping the foundation of his constitution, but now looks well and hearty."

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COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES. WE WILL OFFER FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS Dress Goods, Silks, AND TRIMMINGS FOR LESS MONEY THAN ANY ESTABLISHMENT IN THE STATE. Remnants OF DRESS GOODS AT HALF THEIR COST. Families TO YOUR LOOK INTEREST.

GEO. H. CORNELSON.

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD REGENERATOR RELIEF! FORTY YEARS A SUFFERER FROM CATARRH, WONDERFUL TO RELATE! "FOR FORTY YEARS I have been a victim to CATARRH—three-fourths of the time a sufferer from EXCORIATING PAINS ACROSS MY FOREHEAD and MY NOSTRILS. The discharges were so offensive that I hesitate to mention it, except for the good it may do some other sufferer. I have spent a young fortune on my earnings during my forty years of suffering to obtain relief from the doctors I have tried patent medicines—every one I could learn of—from the four corners of the earth, with no relief. And AT LAST (67 years of age) have met with a remedy that has cured me entirely—made me a new man. I weighed 128 pounds and now weigh 146. I used thirteen bottles of the medicine, and the only regret I have is that being in the 'humble walks of life' I may not have influence to prevail on all catarrh sufferers to use what has cured me. Guinn's Pioneer Blood Regener. "HENRY CHEVES, "No. 207 Second St., Macon, Ga." "Mr. Henry Cheves, the writer of the above formerly of Crawford county, now of Macon, Georgia, merits the confidence of all interested in catarrh. W. A. HUFF, Ex-Mayor of Macon. A SUBBERB FLESH PRODUCER AND TONIC! Guinn's Pioneer Blood Regener. Cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores. A perfect Spring Medicine. If not in your market it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small bottles \$1.00 large \$1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. MACON MEDICINE COMPANY, Macon, Ga.

HAMILTON'S INSURANCE AGENCY LICENSE. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER GENERAL. COLUMBIA, S. C., April 1, 1886. I certify that Mr. John A. Hamilton, of Orangeburg, S. C., Agent of the NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE, QUEEN INSURANCE Companies of North America, WESTERN ASSURANCE, FACTORS and TRADERS, PEICAN and HOME INSURANCE COMPANIES, has complied with the requisitions of the Act of the General Assembly entitled An Act to regulate the Agencies of Insurance Companies not incorporated in the State of South Carolina, and I hereby license the said JOHN A. HAMILTON Agent aforesaid, to take risks and transact all business of insurance in this State in the County of Orangeburg and in behalf of said Companies. Expires March 31st, 1887. W. E. STONEY, Comptroller General.

I. W. MORDECAI. Old Postoffice Building, Russel St. ORANGEBURG, S. C. UPHOLSTERER -AND- REPAIRER OF FURNITURE. Particular attention given to all repairs of every kind of Furniture, SAFES, LOUNGES and MATTRESSES made to order and renewed, chairs resealed from 25 cents and upwards, according to size and style. All work done first-class, at lowest prices and with promptness. A share of your custom is respectfully solicited. Nov 4-anos

Executors' Sale. ON THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-FIFTH day of November, 1886, the undersigned will sell at public auction, at Branchville, S. C., at the residence of the late James D. Rhoads, all the perishable property belonging to the estate of the said James D. Rhoads, deceased, consisting of contents of Store, Buggies, Wagons, Hauls, Cattle, Hogs, Plantation Tools, Provisions, &c., &c. Sale will begin at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms cash. M. S. RHOADS, A. F. H. DUKES, Qualified Executors. Nov 11-

For Sale at a Bargain. A PLANTATION, DISTANT two miles from Fort Motte, A dwelling house of six rooms and farm buildings and laborers' houses upon it. Apply to J. K. HANE, or W. C. HANE, Fort Motte, S. C. Oct. 28-

Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY forbid all persons from hunting, or otherwise trespassing upon his lands. All violations will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. HESS ANDREWS. Nov 4-

Estate of Jacob G. Keitt. ON THE THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER, 1886, I will apply to the Judge of Probate of Orangeburg County for a final discharge as Administrator of said estate. LAWRENCE M. WHALEY, Administrator. Nov 4-4

Notice. ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY forbidden to hunt, or in any way trespass upon my lands. All persons disregarding this notice will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. A. WOLFE. Nov 4-4

Dismissal Notice. ON THE 1st DAY OF DECEMBER next, I will file my final account with the Judge of Probate, as Administrator of the Estate of Sydney K. Till, deceased, and ask for a discharge. JOHN C. FANNING, Executor. Nov 4-4

Dismissal Notice. ON THE 15th DAY OF NOVEMBER next, we will file our final account with the Judge of Probate as Executors of the Will of Jacob Snider, and ask for a discharge. W. J. SNIDER, A. M. SNIDER, Executors. Nov 4-4