

DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

In the fatal year 1641, her husband, his parents, two young sisters, and a whole household of faithful domestics had fallen—fallen within her view, and under circumstances of aggravated cruelty, while maternal love for the helpless babe that slumbered in her arms, prompting the hope of screening him from those gory knives and pikes, nerved her to, remain a concealed and silent spectator of these horrors. Shane O'Connell, returning from a mission to the neighboring barony, had providentially escaped falling in with the assassins; and by him she was borne away from the scene of blood, nearly in a state of insanity. Long, very long, it was ere her lacerated mind could endure the slightest allusion to that hour; and even then the wildest spirit of vindictive passion that ever raved in the unsubdued bosom of an O'Neill, would impetuously break forth as she looked upon her sickly child, and vowed to train him for the work of vengeance. And well was she qualified by nature for such a perception, the masculine strength and daring of her character having been conspicuous from the cradle. But better things were in store for the bereaved and desolate sufferer; her deep afflictions melted the heart of a pious minister, who had brought into a strange land all the devoted ardour of a Scottish Covenanter. He, too, had his tale of wrongs and domestic anguish to tell; and having thus engaged her sympathy, he turned to the best and holiest of purposes the advantage gained. Before his white hairs descended to a peaceful grave, the widow of M'Allister was enabled to cheer his dying pillow with those sweet words of gospel promise which had sounded strangely to her ear when first brought under his teaching; and the boy, so early dedicated to the work of unhalloved wrath, was trained, and lived, and died, a meek follower of his compassionate Saviour.

But strong, indelibly strong, was the impression left by that fearful scene of massacre; and her mind would ponder and revolve it under every change of character and circumstance. She had beheld those murderers kneel in prayer, before they plunged their weapons into bosoms that pleaded for them with their last throbs—for the M'Allisters were more than nominally christians—and she had also seen and heard their solemn act of thanksgiving over the mangled bodies. The retrospection led to deep musings on the nature of that delusion under which they acted, and the Lady of M'Allister had achieved the noblest victory that human nature is capable of, in its renewed and sanctified condition; for her keenest wrongs now formed an argument wherewith to disarm her own and others' resentment; and she dwelt upon them but as an incentive to redoubled exertions in rescuing souls from that mother of abominations, so drunken with the blood of the saints, with the life-blood of all that had been most dear to her own agonized bosom. When a blessing had been given to her zealous and patient endeavors for the conversion of some poor ignorant follower of Rome—and more than one or two had crowned those efforts—she would smile, and say, "Behold my triumphant revenge for the slaughter of my house!"

It will not be doubted that the progressive advance of James II, towards a re-establishment of popery, had excited in her mind the most acute and painful interest; while a just view of what the Scriptures inculcate of submission to constituted authorities, taught her to shrink from the prospect of popular insurrection on the part of the aggrieved Protestants. The act of abdication, therefore, by which the monarch subsequently vacated his throne, she hailed as a most providential interposition; the very name of William of Nassau sounding in her ears a tale of hope and joy. Beneath her calm deportment, there lay concealed an anxiety the most intense; and while her thoughts pursued, with eagle glance, the relative position of the contending parties throughout the British Isles, that little spot to which the family had been recently removed, acquired an importance abundantly verified by the sequel. She doubted not but that a perilous fermentation pervaded the Scottish clans, and that to secure a northern point of rapid communication between that country and Ireland—such as the port of Derry could supply, would be found essential to the success of James, who had sufficiently shown that he hoped to recover by force what in a moment of panic he had so hastily relinquished. These views were often communicated to her little family circle, as an incentive to more earnest prayers, since nothing short of Divine power could interpose between the project and its accomplishment. Bryan was fully convinced that she predicted rightly, as to the importance of that post; and the subject was frequently canvassed among his young companions, who entered into its discussion with

the vivid feelings of men whose earthly all was involved in the question. Tyrconnel, the unprincipled vicar of James, had, in his eagerness to swell his master's disposable forces, withdrawn from Derry its accustomed garrison—a welcome relief to the minds of the many who dreaded such defenders far more than any evils from which they might assist to shield them. Entire subservience to the views of James had rendered these troops a terror to their Protestant fellow-subjects; and now, whilst almost every other place of note was strongly garrisoned by the partisans of James, Derry enjoyed the singular privilege of being under the guardianship of her own citizens. Whispers were abroad in the street that such a privilege would not be lightly relinquished; and looks more eloquent than words gave frequent pledge of mutual fidelity, as from their barrier-walls they gazed upon the winding Foyle, and calculated the strength of their position. But these were ebullitions of youthful spirits, extorting the smile of pity, or provoking the rebuke of prudence, from their more experienced companions.

CHAPTER II.

The chills of December were now striking their paralyzing influence into every department of the natural world, and its snows began to whiten on the neighboring hills. The Protestants of Derry remained unmolested, but conscious that perils were thickening around them; the numerous Roman Catholics within its walls generally wearing an aspect calculated to increase the perturbation, and with trembling solicitude was the appearance of Bryan M'Allister hailed whenever he approached the retired dwelling of his kindred.

Even old Shane now found a ready audience for his exaggerated reports; and it was with no slight degree of terror that Letitia and Ellen beheld him break abruptly into their sitting-room, after a short absence, with a countenance full of important information.

"What is it, Shane?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Indeed, and it's bad enough for the like of you to hear, poor fatherless cratures that ye be! It's out and out true, the next Sunday, the ninth of this very month, every Protestant soul will be murdered. I'm just after seeing the letter come in from Enniskillen, where the brave lads are defending the place; and there's a big army coming up upon us, to be here in no time at all; and the bloody Papists whetting their knives in open day, all over the town. Musha, but we'll all be slaughtered like a flock of sheep!"

Before the old man could recover his breath, Bryan entered; his countenance was pale, but an air of fixed determination pervaded every feature, and seemed to nerve his whole frame. With a rapid but silent glance, he scanned the agitated circle, and then rested his intelligent eyes on his grandmother.

"It is true," he said, "what Shane has no doubt communicated to you. A plan of general massacre is divulged, and the day after tomorrow fixed for its perpetration. Lord Antrim's regiment of Irish and Scotch, alike hostile to our faith, is on the advance toward us; and the ferocious soldiery are even outnumbered by more furious women and wild young boys, armed with skenes, with pikes, and whatsoever instruments of destruction they can get hold of."

Ellen flew to her mother, who with a sigh of silent despair clasped her arms around the shuddering girl. Letitia sunk back on her seat, gazing with bewildered looks from one to another of the party. Bryan remained, his eyes fastened on those of his grandmother, who raised them to heaven, while Shane exclaimed, "The gates, Master Bryan, we were talking of that!"

"Of the gates?" said the old lady, casting an inquiring glance at her grandson.

"There was a talk among us of closing them," said Bryan, "but the corporation checked that suggestion; and yet—grandmother—where the means are at hand."—He was proceeding in a tone of deepening energy, when another young man of the city rushed into the house.

"M'Allister," he exclaimed, "why do you loiter? Our lives hang by a wisp of hay. Those white-livered aldermen are temporising and giggling, ready enough to sacrifice us all as the price of their own proper immunity."

"For shame, Ross," interrupted Bryan; "you wrong them."

"Then let them right themselves, the calculating drones. M'Allister, do you flinch? You were forward enough just now. Why, man, there are already two companies of infernals arrived at the Water-side, attended by a host of furios, actually drunk with rage, and yelling for blood; while the little butchering ruffians, boys from eight to twelve years old, are brandishing their knives, and preparing to take their initiatory lesson in the art of torturing from their more practised companions."

"Away!" exclaimed Bryan; and regardless even of the cries that implored his return, in voices so dear to him, he ran off at full speed with Ross.

To describe the state of the city is utterly impossible; groups of terrified

Protestants were seen congregated in the streets, their low whisper and stilling glance of half-suppressed suspicion, following the steps of every neighbor who held the contrary persuasion. Undiminished triumph sat on the features of many friars and priests who, in evident expectation, paraded the town; while, in strong contrast, an Episcopal or Presbyterian minister, with meek resignation portrayed on his countenance, might be seen encouraging his trembling hearers to a firmer trust in the Most High. Others of the clergy, with official men, merchants, and here and there a military officer, were grouped in close and earnest debate. Rapidly passing by these, the two young men reached that quarter of the city which fronts the Foyle; and there, on the opposite bank, called the Water-side, Bryan beheld an ample confirmation of his friend's report.

At this period, the two officers in command were crossing the river in a ferry-boat, for the purpose of demanding admission for their companies; and these crowding to the water's edge, presented a most appalling spectacle to the devoted inhabitants. Ross had by no means exaggerated the horrors of their aspect. A more formidable body of assailants the imagination could not picture. Wild, fierce, and restless, their very look was a menace; and the regular troops were mingled with such a motley crowd as gave them the aspect of a promiscuous banditti; while the impatient gestures and shouts of their female followers, accompanied by an immense number of young boys, exactly answering to Ross's description, imparted a character more dreadful than could have attached to a regular army of military besiegers. The object of their cries—the intent with which those weapons flashed in the sunbeam—was but too little questionable; and maddening were the thoughts that crowded upon those whose domestic circles were threatened by a visitation so horrible.

Our youths found themselves surrounded by a number of lads and young men, apprenticed to the different merchants and tradesmen: these eagerly greeted their arrival, and pointed to the opposite side.

"It cannot be—it shall not be," cried Bryan—"By timely resistance we may avoid the effusion of blood. Admit those forces, and our houses will be deluged in the blood of their inmates."

"To the gates, boys!" shouted several voices; and the mob re-echoed the words.

The deputy-mayor hastily approached, and demanded that the cry should be silenced.

"Never mind him, boys," said Ross, "he's in the pay of the old papist. Sheriff Kennedy tells us another story."

The courteous reception given to the officers, and the manifest determination of some among the leading men to admit their followers, increased the irritation of the apprentices; nor was this mitigated when they perceived the foremost of the two companies already in the act of crossing the river, to force admittance.

"Now or never!" was shouted by the agitated lookers-on.

Bryan's mind was in a tumult of opposing principles and harassing doubts; how far they should be justified in resisting what would soon be an overwhelming force, and thus increasing the certainty of slaughter, was a matter of severe perplexity to him. But then the firm conviction that their city was formed to be the earthly bulwark of a righteous cause—an assurance that there was no restraint with the Lord to save by many or by few, and the evident fact that butchery would be retarded, if not altogether averted, by a measure so purely defensive—all wrought with him to obey the impulse of strong natural feeling. One fervent prayer he breathed to the Helper of the oppressed, and then raising his voice to its utmost pitch, cried out, "For our altars and our homes! To the guard-house, boys! Seize the keys!" and away they started.

Some severe struggling took place before the keys were wrested from those who had them in charge; but the rapid approach of the soldiers to within three hundred yards of the gate, nerved every arm among the youthful band of resolute defenders with supernatural strength. The scuffle was quickly over, the keys were won; and, with the rapidity of hounds in full chase, the boys rushed to the ferry-gate, the drawbridge of which they instantaneously drew up; and as the massive gates swung heavily forward, and the coarse key grated harshly upon its wards, it told that the deed was done—a deed to which, under the all-directing power of the Most High, may doubtless, in some measure, be traced the blessings that for one hundred and forty years crowned our country. A deed achieved by unarmed boys, baffling the wily counsels of kings, impeding the progress of victorious armies, setting at naught the exterminating thunders of vindictive Rome, and proving by what seemingly inefficient means the Lord of hosts wills to accomplish the dictates of Almighty wisdom.

At the moment when the ferry-gate was closed, Lord Antrim's myrmidons had approached with sixty yards of its portal. The other city gates were next

secured and guarded by the enthusiastic spirit of those who volunteered for the duty. The hand of Bryan had been conspicuously active in assisting to perform all that his voice counselled, and he now led back his exulting comrades to the market place; whence, after a vain attempt on the part of the deputy-mayor to induce a reception of the enemy, they again sallied to repel a meditated movement, by which their exploit would have been rendered unavailing, and the gates thrown open. Popular feeling was now too strongly excited on their behalf to leave any doubt of the general resolution to defend the city, and the threats of bringing a piece of ordnance to bear on the intruders, sent them in disorder back to their companions, leaving the town to the guardian protection of her devoted young apprentices.

During the whole of this tumultuous scene old Shane had endeavored to keep Bryan in his view; but the tottering limbs of the veteran were unequal to the task. Indeed, the celerity of the young man's movements was such, that to Shane's vision he appeared as a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, darting along various points of the horizon. However, the powerful tones of his voice, continually rising above others as he shouted forth the words of direction and encouragement, were faithfully echoed by Shane, whose inmost soul revelled in the luxury of what he considered the first act of vengeance wrought on the part of an injured family.

At length he bethought himself of the terrified and anxious women, to whose abode the uproar must have penetrated; and he hobbled away from the scene of action, to place before them a glowing picture of Bryan's achievements. "The real M'Allister; the true blood of him that was now revenged."

It was late at night before the youth could snatch an hour to satisfy his family that he was unhurt. The highest animation played upon his features, and enlivened every gesture as he explained the events of that memorable day; and the Lady of M'Allister never sat more erect in native dignity than while she listened to his accents, and marked the strong traits of character endeared by cherished remembrances.

Yet a tear fell as the ejaculations of thankfulness for the past, and earnest supplication for the future, ascended from her lips; and the less subdued emotion of the mother and sisters, who hailed in their most endeared relative a deliverer from imminent destruction, sweetened Bryan's hasty meal into luxury. But in the open expression of delight old Shane far outdid all the rest, and frequently extorted a smile by the extravagance of his commendations on the heroes of the day.

"What are you dreaming of, Shane?" asked his young master, archly; "the honor and glory of an apprentice boy?"

"Hush, my child!" said the Lady of M'Allister; "and you, Shane, forbear to take from the Lord the praise which is due to Him alone. The weakness, the inadequacy of the instruments this day employed, give promise that the work will prove to have been of God; and if so, it will be a mighty and a perfect work. He who says to the foaming billows, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further; here shall thy proud waves be stayed,'—may have blessed our little fortress to be the feeble but sufficient barrier against the progress of His church's foes. Here He may be about to kindle a fire through which they cannot pass; a fire whose intensity shall try us, even as silver is tried. We are now pent up, beset by open foes, and in manifest peril of being surrounded by accumulating hosts, not one man of whom can set upon us to hurt us, unless the Lord give the word. Oh, my children! shall we trust to an arm of flesh, and cast away the shield of the Almighty, by boasting in our own prowess? Let us rather turn unto Him in weeping and supplication, and pray that in these kindling flames we may be purified, and made white, and shine—for in the straits of this siege, the slain of the Lord shall be many." She then read the first two chapters of Joel, and offered up an impressive prayer.

"Grandmother," said Bryan, as he took her hands on rising to depart, "when I ran down to the portal, when I laid hold on the pulleys of the bridge, when I lent my strength to close those heavy gates—the sound of whose creaking hinges I never, never shall forget—the prayer of David was in my heart and on my lips, 'Let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great; and let us not fall into the hand of man!'"

"Peace and blessing be with my dear boy!" she replied; and the tears of all mingled on his cheek as they bade him a reluctant farewell.

"Heaven bless her ladyship!" muttered Shane, as he secured the door, after wringing his young master's of fered hand, "the like of her isn't above ground for throwing a wet blanket. And she's right, too, I'm entirely certain, in respect to the siege; for when the boys slammed the old gates in the faces of you spalpeens, thinks I, it's your heart's blood that'll spout upon 'em yet, jewels of the world! And Shane O'Connell's old ears will tingle when your merry voices are turned into dying groans, and the roar of big guns, be your allaloo!" And, overcome with

this picture that his fancy drew, he slunk away to his little dormitory.

(To be Continued.)

NEBRASKA AMERICANS.

Are Your Names Enrolled on the List of A. P. A.'s—Read the Principles.

We have received the following letter from the state president of the American Protective Association:

Editor of THE AMERICAN, Omaha, Neb., Dear Sir:—Believing the publication of an outline of the principles of the American Protective Association would be beneficial to the order in the state of Nebraska, and knowing it will heighten the interest in and favor for the association if the public is placed in possession of a brief outline of our policy, belief and principles, I would respectfully ask you to publish the following:

First—The members of the American Protective Association believe in the perpetuation of the public school system as it exists today;

Second—They believe in a complete separation of church and state; by which we mean no laws shall be enacted respecting the establishment of any religion; and that no money shall be appropriated from either the national, state or municipal treasuries for sectarian purposes;

Third—They believe in the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience;

Fourth—They believe in free speech, an untrammelled press and one ballot for each and every citizen fairly cast and honestly counted;

Fifth—They esteem all persons—whether rich or poor, high or low,—who come to this country, with a desire to familiarize themselves with our laws and form of government, and who swear allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation in favor of any foreign prince, potentate or pope, as men worthy of being clothed with that highest honor—American citizenship;

Sixth—They believe in the restriction of immigration, so as to protect the honest citizen-aborer from the depressing effects of the criminal, contract and pauper Roman Catholic horde that is swarming to our shores;

Seventh—They welcome to their council chambers men of all nationalities, believing that the accident of birth is not a true test of Americanism;

Eighth—They are willing to lay down their lives, to spend their fortunes, and, if need be, to take up arms in defense of their country and her institutions;

Ninth—They are unalterably opposed to priestly dictation and interference in the affairs of state, knowing that whenever church has been placed above the state, the liberties of the people have not only been jeopardized but completely overthrown.

These, Mr. Editor, are what you ought to term the cardinal principles of the order, and if they meet with the approval of any of your readers who are not members of the order, we would be glad to have them unite with us. The order is not partisan. Democrats, republicans, prohibitionists, independents and mugwumps compose its membership. There are but two requirements—that you are not a Roman Catholic and do not recognize the church as being above the state.

To conclude, if any member of the order knows where a council can be organized he is requested to communicate with me, and upon recommendation from such member's council that he is reliable I will grant a dispensation to such member to organize a council at the point designated.

By concerted action the membership in Nebraska can be doubled inside of sixty days and the number of councils can be increased even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine members of the order; and to that end I earnestly request the hearty co-operation and assistance of every member of the order. Let us all go to work. Ask your neighbor what he knows about the A. P. A. Show him the principles of the order. If they meet his approval ask him why he does not join. Let us work! Let us agitate.

Yours in F. P. P.,
J. S. HATFIELD,
State President.
COLUMBUS, Neb., May 2, 1893.

Read and Reflect, A. P. A. Primer is just the thing to work men into the A. P. A. organization. It is a 12-page pamphlet, 5 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches in size. Express prepaid, \$5.50 per 1,000; \$2.80 per 500. By mail, 70 cents per 100, 35 cents per 50, 25 cents, 3 copies 5c. Address, J. W. Hile, 424 Minn Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

In ordering by council or as an A. P. A., stamp your order with the seal of your council for private instructions.

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C. F. BRESSELET,
1921 Leavenworth Street.
Remember the place and give us a call.
4-7-41

The A. P. A.
If any reader of this paper desires to have a council of the A. P. A. instituted in the town where he resides, and will write us to that effect, we will be glad to turn over this letter to the instituting officer, who will immediately respond and give full instructions for organizing. We would be glad to know that a council of this grand American order has been instituted in every town throughout the United States, and the sooner the better. Delays are dangerous, and we trust that every true American, regardless of his political affiliations, will do all in his power to advance the order in his community. Church and state must be kept separate, and the "Little Red School House" protected against the enemies of free education. All correspondence confidential.

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You should all remember that C. F. Shaw & Co., 518 S. 16th St., has always on hand, Vegetable, in season; also a full line of Staple Groceries. Do not forget us when down town.

Americans Should Read.
Rev. Charles Chiquiquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," price \$2.00.
Also "The Priest, The Woman and The Confessional," price \$1.00.
T. M. Harris' "Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," price \$2.50.
"Maria Monk," price 75c.
"Secrets of the Jesuits Exposed," by Rev. Thomas Leyden, price 75c.
"Our Country," by Rev. Josiah Strong price 35c.
"Why Priests Should Wed," by J. D. Fulton, price 50c and \$1.00.

Our FRIENDS should all remember when they want a new hat, or an old one repaired, to call on us. We will give them good satisfaction.
NEBRASKA HAT MFG CO.,
Over 207 North 17th St.

Take your repairing to The Drummond Carriage Co., 18th and Harney Sts. Opp. the County Jail.

It Costs More to stay at home than to take advantage of the Burlington's ten dollar excursion to Sheridan, Wyo., Tuesday, May 30th. Ask the ticket agent at 1324 Farnam street for further particulars.

Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Douglas County, Neb., and to me directed, with return made at June A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot number fourteen (14) in block number four (4) in Routes 1 and 2, addition to the city of Omaha, in the county of Douglas, and state of Nebraska, said property to be sold subject to a certain mortgage in the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00) in favor of the American Loan and Trust Company, and to satisfy Frederick J. Burnett the sum of four hundred, seventy and 4/100 dollars (\$474.00) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 9th, 1892; to satisfy the Nebraska Savings and Exchange Bank the sum of one hundred, one and 3/100 dollars (\$101.30) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 9th, 1892; to satisfy the Nebraska Savings and Exchange Bank the sum of five hundred, twenty-two and 0/100 dollars (\$522.00) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from May 9th, 1892; to satisfy the Nebraska Savings and Exchange Bank the sum of three hundred, forty-two and 0/100 dollars (\$342.00) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 9th, 1892; together with accruing costs according to judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1892, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Frederick J. Burnett was plaintiff and Frank C. Proctor, Joseph Dworak and others were defendants.
Omaha, Nebraska, May 24, 1893.
GEORGE A. BENNETT,
5-26-5 Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Montgomery, Charlton and Hall, attorneys.

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.
Douglas County, ss.
In the County Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, May 24th, 1893.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Barrett:
The creditors of said estate and all other persons interested in said matter will take notice that the creditors of said estate will appear before the court on the 26th day of July, 1893, on the 25th day of September, 1893, and on the 25th day of November, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administratrix to settle said estate, from the 18th day of May, 1893. This notice will be published in THE AMERICAN for four weeks successively prior to the 25th day of July, 1893. All claims not filed on or before the 27th day of November, 1893, will be forever barred from consideration in the final settlement of said estate.
Witness my hand and official seal this 15th day of May, 1893.
[SEAL.] 5-26-4 J. W. ELLER,
County Judge.

Notice to Creditors.
STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.
Douglas County, ss.
In the County Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, May 10th, A. D. 1893.

In the matter of the estate of Reubin J. Pickett:
The creditors of said estate and all other persons interested in said matter will take notice that the creditors of said estate will appear before the court on the 25th day of July, 1893, on the 25th day of September, 1893, and on the 25th day of November, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims, and one year for the executrix to settle said estate, from the 15th day of May, 1893. This notice will be published in THE AMERICAN for four weeks successively prior to the 25th day of July, 1893. All claims not filed on or before the 27th day of November, 1893, will be forever barred from consideration in the final settlement of said estate.
Witness my hand and official seal this 10th day of May, 1893.
[SEAL.] 5-26-4 J. W. ELLER,
County Judge.