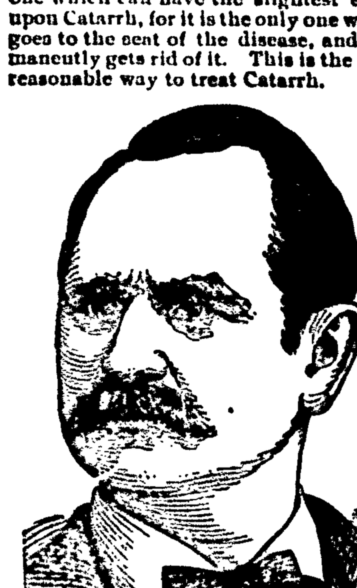
How to Cure Catarrh.

Every sufferer from Catarrh should know that it is impossible to cure the disease with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc., which are universally used. In fact, the experience of growing worse all the while is proof that the treatment is all wrong. Many who have been under treatment for years and met with disappointment instead of benefit are willing to doubt that there is any cure for Catarrh.

The trouble is that all of the treatment they have received has been misdirected, and has not touched their trouble. Catarrh is a stubborn deep-seated blood disease, and everybody should know that to simply treat the surface, that is, the local irritation, does not reach the disease. A blood remedy is needed, but it must be a good one; a remedy which goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces it out. S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) is the only one which can have the slightest effect upon Catarrh, for it is the only one which goes to the seat of the disease, and permanently gets rid of it. This is the only reasonable way to treat Catarrh.



Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "I could see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhaling remedies—in fact, I could feel that each winter I was worse than the year previous.

"Finally it was brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface. I then decided to try S. S. S., and the results were gratifying, for after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing to take the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete and permanent cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), a remedy which can reach the disease and cure it."

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases. It is a real blood remedy, and cures Catarrh, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Eczema, Cancer, Scrofula, and all other blood diseases. S. S. S. is guaranteed

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THE AGED SHOULD BE TREATED WITH MORE CONSIDERATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon—He Makes a Tender Plea for the White Hairs—Rewards in Heaven for Those Who Treat Them Kindly—Christ as an Example.

Washington, Oct. 3.—Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, shows us a scene of tenderness and reverence, and tells us how we ought to treat old people. His text is Gen. 45:28: I will go and see him before I die.

Jacob had long since passed the hundred-year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after, persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to one hundred and forty years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness-stand in England swore that he remembered an event one hundred and fifty years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at one hundred and forty years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived one hundred and forty years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived one hundred and forty years, and the names of eleven persons who lived one hundred and fifty years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty years in his high having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long-absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? my dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready. I warrant you He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and unfailing thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot sun of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and now they are seventy-five, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at seventeen years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are our yet and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy of seventeen years of age, and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O, parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the reigning splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm-house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was president of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost the midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again.

You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindnesses. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what door sill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs and walking over those mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where the old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by his heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and his son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store and get something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount which they never pay! I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past; and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when life had passed, the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible, and carried him to the village Machpelah, and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is, that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who stayed on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation, until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one a nickname. God calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half-dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood six thousand years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some especial mission are the names of Anna Ross, and Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Shelton, the angels of the battle-fields of Fair Oaks, and Lookout mountain, and Chancellorsville, and Cooper Shop Hospital; and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibrates.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitish caravan? Yet God brought him to that emblazoned residence; and if you will trust His grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be emphasized. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne room and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now and the epauletted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

But, oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world; but you have repented, our prayer has been answered and you are here, and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" And mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the Cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famine-struck Padanaram turned into the rich pasture field of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

Game Plentiful.

Doves have been more plentiful this summer on the eastern shore of Maryland than for many years past, and excellent sport has been enjoyed. The same is true of woodcock. One hunter has killed this season several hundred woodcock and sold them in New York for from forty to fifty cents apiece, thus realizing over $100 from the sport. Rabbits and partridges promise to be very plentiful this fall.

WHAT KEEPS THE SUN HOT.

It Will Probably Keep Warm for Twenty Million Years.

According to the most recent investigations the temperature of the sun is somewhat between 5,000 and 6,000 degrees centigrade, and there are reasons for believing that for hundreds of thousands, perhaps for millions of years, it has been radiating heat into space with no appreciable loss of temperature. Were the sun simply a cooling mass of stone or metal it must ages ago have lost both its heat and its light; were it a globe of burning carbon it can easily be calculated that it would have burned out in about 6,000 years. Where, then, does it get its heat supply? is a question frequently asked.

We are accustomed to regard fire, combustion, as the principle source of heat, or at any rate, of intense heat, that it is not easy to realize that there may be other sources, equally abundant from which the sun may obtain its perennial supply of this article. Astronomers long since discarded the idea that there is any sort of combustion going on in the sun, its heat is, more probably, of that sort known in physics as mechanical heat—heat that is produced by friction, by hammering or compression. We are familiar enough with the first two sources, though ordinarily the amount of heat which we perceive to be thus developed is not great; but heat produced by compression is not so often brought to our notice. From a variety of experiments, however, it can be shown that whenever a metal, as a piece of lead, or the air, or, indeed, any gas, is forcibly compressed, heat is evolved, and this is the source to which astronomers are now inclined to look for the main supply of the solar energy. This idea was first suggested by Helmholz, and it has been taken up elaborated by Lord Kelvin. According to the theory of these scientists, the sun, which is simply a mass of gaseous matter is now and has been for ages contracting its dimensions—is growing smaller, and the mechanical heat produced in this process is precisely that which it is continually throwing off into space. Lord Kelvin calculated that a contraction of the sun, under the force of gravity, which diminished its diameter to the extent of four miles a century, would fully account for the heat supply, enormous as it is. The sun might contract at this rate for several thousand years before there would be any diminution of its size perceptible even through a telescope. Of course, this process has a limit, and eventually the sun, having become too dense to contract further, must begin to cool off; but not for some ten or twenty million years, says Lord Kelvin.—Exchange.

COLLARS AND COLLARETTES.

The Net Stock With Lace Ends Is One of the Favorite Styles.

This season the changes in fashion are more marked in neck wear than in almost anything else, excepting of course the difference in the style and size of sleeves. No longer is it possible for a woman to tie a bit of ribbon, black or colored, around her neck and feel she is correctly gowned, no matter if the rest of her costume be shabby. Just as much attention must now be paid to neck wear as to any other important detail of one's wardrobe.

To begin with, white has again come into fashion for collars, ruches, etc. There may be worn colored stocks black ruches, etc., but inside all must be a line of white that comes directly against the skin. Fortunately this is one of the most becoming of all fads, both to young and old, and the cream-white laces are used in preference to the blue-white, which makes them still more becoming. The net stock with lace ends is one of the favorite styles. This is made of a length of net half a yard wide, across the ends of which is sewed lace; it is long enough to go around the neck twice and tie in a tight sailor knot. Of course net and lace must be of a kind that will wash, for these stocks must always be immaculate.

Ribbon is still used for stocks, but in a variety of new ways. A pretty fashion is a yard of satin ribbon three inches wide, which is put on the collar in standing pleats at the back, and in front is brought down into just a line. Directly in the back the ribbon is put on in a double box-pleat, and from either side are the side pleats; inside the ribbon is a fall of lace. The ribbon bows at the back of the neck have given place to these box-pleats, and also to points of ribbon, silk or satin, with the lace falling over, while the ribbon which goes around the neck meets exactly even and is fastened with invisible hooks and eyes.

With the shirt waists Windsor and four-in-hand ties are worn instead of the small bows and neck-ties of last season. It looks odd to see these big ties in their entirety, for when men wear them the ends are covered by the waistcoat; but women have apparently adopted the fashion permanently. Judging from the number that are seen. Black satin, black silk, or moire is the smartest, but for every day wear there is no end of linen ties shown in brilliant colorings.

Some eccentric styles of collars stand out from the neck, or are cut in points, but these are too marked to be really smart. The narrow plain turned-down kind are much the best. High standing collars are also in fashion, and the turned-down ones of last year are not absolutely tabooed, although no longer new style. One and all are made so that they can be attached to any band or collar.—Harper's Bazar.

Breathe Properly.

Do you know what an "active chest" is? Probably not; but your chest ought to be active—that is, lifted up—two-thirds of the time you are awake. Stand up and take a long breath. A slight movement is all that is necessary for normal breathing; but now you have let your chest fall! You are so tired you can't hold it up! That shows a very bad, unnatural state of things; the normal human being, whenever he is not relaxed, walks with his chest up; and when he talks with vigor or interest, it is with his chest up, and you can't hold yours up three minutes without fatigue—you can't do it at all for five. Do you know that the preservation or achievement of a round, slender waist will be your reward if you will strengthen your muscles and learn to keep your chest up? It will certainly, except if you become hopelessly fat, and even then good breathing will do much to preserve some good outlines in your figure.

Proper breathing and the habit of keeping the chest up will keep all the internal organs in their proper place and keep them from spreading the waist in any way that is unsightly and shows not Greek health, but deficient vitality. The first thing is to get so you can hold the chest up. Walk across the floor three times, holding up your chest (just as you do when you try to fasten a tight skirtband), at the same time breathing deeply from the abdomen. After the three times you are exhausted; rest and try it again; to-morrow you can perhaps do it four; don't tire yourself, but keep at it till you have strengthened the muscles that hold your chest up, just as you would strengthen the muscles of your arms, with use. Always practice out of doors or with your windows up. There are many good breathing exercises, and but few can very well be conveyed in print, but the main thing is very simple; breathe with your chest up, and keep on doing so till you do it naturally, all the time that you are not relaxed.

One good exercise that can be taught is to simply stand and take as long a breath as you can, chest well up, and then hold it long as you can. This exercise used for a few minutes every day is most beneficial, and physicians recommend it for strengthening and expanding the lungs.

Professor Tyndall said that as a broad, general rule, any air out of doors was better than any air indoors. Breathing exercises are most effective outside the house, and generally they are not conspicuous even on a city sidewalk.

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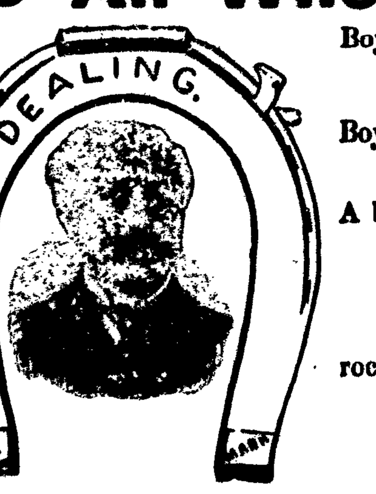

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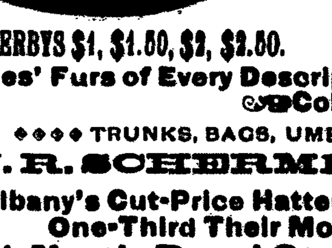

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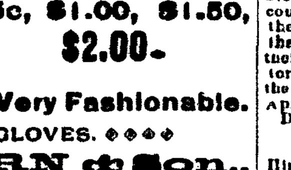

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Elizabeth H. Niver late of the city of Albany in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscribers, the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased at their place of transacting business as such executors at the office of McCall & Dyer, 467 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of March next.

Dated this 10th day of September A. D. 1897.
CAROLINE N. HOTALING,
JOHN D. PARSONS, JR.,
Executors.
McCall & Dyer,
Att'ys for executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Isaac Roach late of the town of Knox, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such executor, at the office of McCall & Dyer, 467 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., on or before the 5th day of March next.

Dated this 1st day of September A. D. 1897.
PAUL ROACH,
Executor.
McCall & Dyer, att'ys for executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the County of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Margaret Willcox, late of the town of Berne, in said County, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such administrator, at his residence at Clarksville, Albany Co., N. Y., on or before the 22th day of February next, 189-.

Dated Albany this 4th day of August A. D. 1897.
JACOB M. WRIGHT,
Administrator.
Smith O'Brien,
Att'y for Administrator,
Graff Building, Albany, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the County of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against George C. Lamoreaux, late of the town of Coeymans in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the Administratrix of said deceased, at her place of transacting business as such administratrix, at Law offices of Dyer and Ten Eyck Nos 80 and 82 State Street, Albany, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of February next.

Dated Albany, N. Y., this 20th day of July A. D. 1897.
EMILY A. LAMOREAUX,
Administratrix.
Dyer and Ten Eyck, Att'ys for Administratrix, 80 and 82 State St., Albany, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against James S. Morton late of the city of Albany in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administratrix of the goods, chattels, etc., of said deceased, at her place of transacting business as such administratrix at law office of William Loucks, No. 50 State street, Albany, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of December next.

Dated Albany, this 2d day of June, A. D. 1897.
ELIZABETH MORTON,
Administratrix, etc. of James S. Morton, deceased.
William Loucks, Attorney for administratrix, 50 State street, Albany, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Mary Van Houck late of the town of Bethlehem in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administrator of the goods and chattels of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such administrator at his residence, at Guilderland Centre, Albany county, and state of New York on or before the 10th day of December next.

Dated Albany this 26th day of May A. D. 1897.
JACOB L. HOUCK,
Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the County of Albany. Notice is hereby given according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Peter Bassler, late of the town of Berne, N. Y., in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such executor at his dwelling house in the town of Berne, N. Y., on or before the 5th day of October next.

Dated this 20th day of March A. D. 1897.
ALBERT BASSLER,
Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, Surrogate of the County of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Stephen Truax, late of the town of Knox, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscribers, the executors of said deceased, at their place of transacting business as such executors at the dwelling house of the subscribers in the town of Knox, on or before the first day of April next.

Dated this 21st day of September A. D. 1897.
MARY CATHERINE TRUAX, Executrix.
GRANT TRUAX, Executor.
Hiram Griggs,
Attorney.

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