

Hannah Tyler's Will

Written for the Democrat and Chronicle by Harry A. Hemmway.

HANNAH TYLER was dead. The curtains at the window of the tiny white cottage at the end of the village street were tightly drawn, and from the front door knob crepe streamers fluttered in the brisk December breeze. Further down the street two neighbors were conversing about the event.

"Just to think," Mrs. Daggett was saying to her friend Mrs. Bates, "that only yesterday morning I was talking to Hannah in the postoffice and she seemed as chipper as ever. Why, I never supposed heart trouble would carry her off so sudden. Doctor Hitchcock says she was sitting in her rocking chair as natural as life."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Bates, "she certainly passed away very suddenly. But in the midst of life we are in death, you now." Then she asked if it surprised her that she would get her money—Hannah had over \$3,000 in the Crosbyville bank—and then, there's the house and land, too."

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Daggett, "but there is one of the boys that you'll get guss, and he is Frank Elliott. You know his aunt was sitting in her rocking chair as natural as life."

"Well, all I can say is that if she hasn't given Frank an equal share in her property it is a shame!" warmly responded the other. "Every one knows that Jennie has made Frank a good wife and they are working so hard to pay off that mortgage on their place; Frank needs a lift more than the others."

VIEWERS' NOTICE. NOTICE OF VIEWERS' REPORT.

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Table with columns: Lot, Block, Owner, Location, Amt. of Benefits assessed. (FIFTH WARD CONTINUED.)

SIXTH WARD.

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It Depended. Two old time dinkies were engaged in a discussion of death and its mysteries when Uncle Mose said: "Reuben, does you believe dat with a passion dies dat he kin turn to a dog or chicken?"