

Fred A. Hedberg	5.25
John Dallen	10.00
C. W. Burnham, paid on road	150.00
grader	
Total	\$1,012.70
Road Work, Commissioner District No. 4	
M. S. Cone	855.00
E. H. Cone	121.34
Total	\$1,012.70
Total disbursements	\$1,243.04
Total receipts to January 7, 1901	\$1,255.14
Total disbursements	1,243.04
Balance in treasury January 7, 1901	\$7.10

## PRIVATE REDEMPTION FUND.

RECEIPTS.	
Balance in treasury January 1st 1900	\$117.60
Max Kuschke	35.81
Abraham Nelson	1.00
John Nelson	.49
L. J. Chadbourne, administrator	.73
Andrew Negard	.32
James V. McHugh	1.20
W. D. Washburn, Jr.	4.16
Chas. F. Dutcher	.94
James H. Barnard	.50
Idella Cushman	10.32
Nels Halvorsen	43.44
Gust Strand	.75
Paul W. Goldsberg	.81
Chas. J. Rutherford	4.16
Jacob VanRhee	15.23
Howell W. Young and S. A. Clark	6.37
Olof O. Searle	13.87
O'Neal Bros.	12.34
Mrs. T. R. Medd, by F. D. McMillen	25.11
Ally	10.32
Nels M. Peterson	255.84
E. M. Farnham	17.87
Theo. P. Koch Land Co.	39.94
Samuel M. Cook	11.46
Alex. Hestrom	32.85
Frank C. Foltz	63.59
F. D. McMillen	
Total receipts	\$720.27
DISBURSEMENTS.	
S. M. Cook	\$34.81
Sylvester Kipp	57.50
A. P. Barker estate	17.91
I. S. Mudgett estate	17.91
Mary E. Chadbourne	4.13
William Hendricks	15.23
Jacob VanRhee	5.08
A. J. Prins	74.11
W. B. Mitchell	255.84
The Mills Lumber Co.	43.94
Citizens State Bank of Princeton	11.46
Graves & Vinton Company	32.85
Total disbursements	\$507.75
Total receipts	\$720.27
Total disbursements	507.75
Balance in treasury January 7th 1901	\$192.52

## INTEREST AND SINKING FUND.

RECEIPTS.	
Balance in treasury January 1st, 1900	\$15,061.91
From tax collections	6,062.28
Total receipts	\$21,124.19
DISBURSEMENTS.	
First National Bank, St. Paul, interest	\$1,530.00
Balance in treasury January 7th 1901	\$20,594.19
Court house bonds	
RECEIPTS.	
Balance in treasury January 1st 1900	\$8,622.93
From tax collections	3,301.79
Total receipts	\$11,924.72
DISBURSEMENTS.	
State treasurer, principal and interest	2,850.67
Balance in treasury January 7th 1901	\$14,074.05

## CURRENT SCHOOL FUND.

RECEIPTS.	
Balance in treasury January 1st, 1900	\$5.00
State apportionment, March	1,867.50
State apportionment, October	4,422.84
Fines	11.00
Total receipts	\$6,336.35
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Appropriated to school districts, March	\$1,807.50
Appropriated to school districts, Oct.	4,428.85
Total disbursements	\$6,236.35
Financial Condition of the County January 7th, 1901.	
RESOURCES.	
Cash in treasury January 7th, 1901	\$29,719.22
Uncollected taxes of 1899 and prior years	40,539.85
Tax levy of 1900 current funds	17,445.36
Accrued costs, penalties and interest	7,048.19
Total	\$94,743.52
LIABILITIES.	
County orders outstanding	\$10,323.19
Five per cent. railroad bonds	30,000.00
Four per cent. court house bonds	10,000.00
Four per cent. county funding bonds	10,000.00
Interest on railroad bonds due July 1st	1,509.00
Interest on court house bonds due July 1st	400.00
Interest on county funding bonds due July 1st	400.00
Due school districts	400.00
Due towns and villages	214.18
Due State of Minnesota	544.84
Total	\$64,083.70
Total resources	\$94,743.52
Total liabilities	\$64,083.70
Excess of resources over liabilities	\$30,709.82
INVENTORY OF COUNTY.	
Court house, 1 block of land, books, furniture and fixtures	\$21,000.00
The Gage house and lot	400.00
The NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 9, T. 37, R. 27	400.00
Test scales, weights and measures	405.50
County surveyors outfit	90.00
Total	\$22,295.50

Taxable Assessed Valuation of the County A. D. 1900.	
Real estate	\$1,075,525.00
Personal property	233,490.00
Total	\$1,309,015.00
Amount Levied for Each Fund.	
State revenue fund	\$2,046.53
State school fund	1,008.87
Interest on State loans	7,760.69
For county purposes	17,445.36
For township purposes	\$1,167.37
For school district purposes	15,303.49
Total	\$32,211.62

The foregoing statement prepared by the County Auditor is approved by this board, and respectfully submitted to the tax payers of the county.

Dated at Princeton this 8th day of January A. D. 1901.

L. S. LIBBY,  
JOHN MCCOOL,  
T. P. NORTON,  
NELS M. PETERSON,  
GEORGE H. DEANS,  
Attest: Board of County Commissioners.  
E. E. WHITNEY,  
County Auditor.

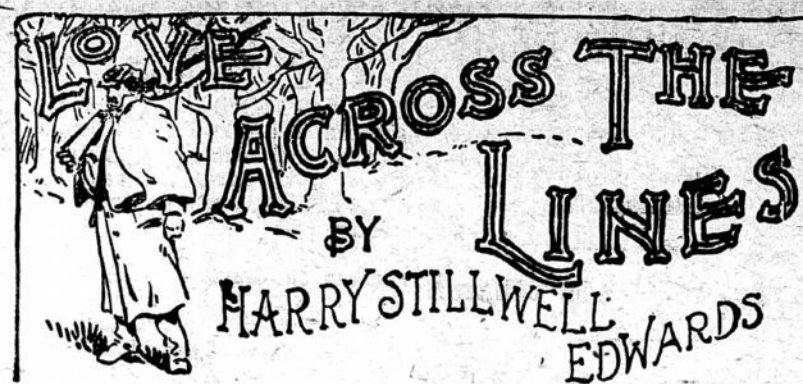
## School District Notice.

Whereas, a petition duly signed and the signatures thereto duly acknowledged, has been duly presented to the board of county commissioners of Miller Lake county, Minnesota, at a session of said board held on the 28th day of February, A. D. 1901, asking for the formation of a new school district to be composed of the following described territory, to-wit: The south half of section twenty-five (25), the south half of section thirty-five (35), and all of section thirty-six (36), township thirty-three (33), range twenty-six (26), in Miller Lake county, and all of sections one (1) and two (2), and the east half of section three (3), township thirty-five (35), range twenty-six (26), in Sherburne county.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that a hearing of parties interested in the matter of said petition will be granted at the next session of said board, commencing on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1901, at the office of the county auditor, in the Village of Princeton, in said county.

By order of the board of county commissioners.  
E. E. WHITNEY,  
Clerk of the Board.

Taken this month keeps you well all summer. Greatest spring tonic known. Rocky Mountain Tea, made by Madison Medicine Co. 35c. C. A. JACK.



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## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Brodnar looked steadily into the glad, bright face of his friend, who was upon his feet in an instant and full of excitement.

"Will you report there?"

"Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar!—but—but—you were saying—"

"Nothing."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"No member of the family, Dick, you have entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between the woman and—"

"My country? Is that it? How would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar was silent, looking away. "Take this message to her for me, my friend; it is the last request, perhaps, I shall ever make to you—"

"Dick—"

"Say to her that Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth. Say that for me; and then, farewell."

The morning sun striking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there. She was dressed as for the street, but her hair was loose and fell about her shoulders in gleaming, golden masses. Even in the trying light upon it her face was beautiful. Perfectly oval, it possessed a combination of dark shadings rarely found in blonde types, and the even brows were as delicate as though penciled by an artist. Upon her cheeks lay long, dark lashes. Sleeping, she seemed scarcely more than a girl in age, the few lines upon her face fading out of prominence; and yet there was a womanliness in her trim, settled figure that told of years not otherwise to be suspected.

The bell of a tower clock near at hand rang out loudly the hour. The sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full consciousness returned, bounded from the bed to the floor. In the quick look she gave to her surroundings terror was apparent. A moment later she had pulled the bell-cord and was waiting, her watch in hand, by the door. A negro servant knocked and was admitted. She did not notice his old-fashioned and courteous salute.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agitation.

"We call 'tree times, ma'am—'tree times; we call 'all right' ev'ry time, ma'am."

"I answered?"

"Yes, ma'am. An' we t'ink, ma'am, mebbey you done change yo' min'."

Something like despair came to her face.

"The time now?"

"Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clocks struck, ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis cyard, ma'am, an' say—"

The gentleman in question passed the speaker, stepping across the threshold.

"You may go," he said, curtly, and waited until the old servant had retired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman.

"And now, madam, what does this mean?"

"Raymond!"

"Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face, she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence.

In the presence of this pantomime, the man's face lost its cynicism and sternness. He was unmistakably astonished.

"Well," he said, at length, "what is it?"

"You here!" the exclamation was but a whisper. "I thought—"

"Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? I was not in the city yesterday, nor last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed—that you come to this city—that you follow me up in public!—Name of Heaven, woman, what is the matter with you?"

"Not in the city last night! Not in the city! Then—then—" She caught a chair. "Oh, I am ill—ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is some—mistake!" she whispered. "Some awful—mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way at the same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its violence. He stooped impatiently, broke her clasp with a violent effort, and half pushed, half lifted her into the chair. Burying her face in her hands, she gave way to violent weeping while he stood by.

The man was of medium height and fine figure, his faultless dress and his every motion revealing the fashionable world. His face might have been handsome at one time, and something had come to it since then. That which had come men usually call the marks of dissipation; that which had fled they had no name for.

He might have been genuinely indignant or playing a part, but he gazed sternly a few moments only upon the agitated woman, his black eyes gleaming wickedly; then, with a sneer and slight gesture of dismissal, turned away. Taking from his pocket a case, he proceeded calmly to select and light a cigarette, and walking unconcernedly to the fireplace, tossed his match into it. Standing with his back towards her, he busied himself with a hunting scene above the mantel. And thus, presently, the woman, ceasing to cry, found him. She clasped her hands upon her chair-arm convulsively and lifted her head.

With a few rapid motions she twisted the fallen hair into position and arose to her feet.

"When you have finished with the picture," she said, "listen to me."

Startled, he whirled and faced her. Her figure was now erect and head lifted. The tenderness was gone from her eyes. Wide open, they seemed to measure and threaten him. He came slowly forward, the sneer upon his face.

"You gave me your promise to remain in London until I returned," he said, "and you have broken it."

"And you! you told me that you were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediately. You had no idea of returning. You intended to desert me. You lied! Where is my child, sir?"

The man's face flushed and grew deathly pale. He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. "It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a coward—and I was not. Look to yourself!"

She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him. "I found this after your departure; it is from your mother." His assumed indifference vanished. Furious, he snatched the letter from her and raised his arm.

"Wretch!"

"Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are dealing with a desperate woman. You are welcome to your letter. I know it by heart. In it I am called by a vile name—and you are told that a bride and fortune await you at home. You came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated himself.

"There is no need to deny it now," he said. "Sit down, Louise." She waited a moment, and moving a chair a few feet away, seated herself, facing him.

"We have both made mistakes," he said, coolly, preparing to light another cigarette, "and I am willing to admit that in all the matters between us I have been equally to blame, but," he added between puffs, as he smoked, "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time

to end it has come." She made no reply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his.

"You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My little property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second marriage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact—"

"You have known this all along—?"

"Yes; and while the child was growing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I settle it?"

"I see!"

"You are practical enough to understand that I am helpless. If I should refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little—Nanon."

The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself.

"Where is she?"

He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length:

"I have her in good hands." Their eyes met.

"And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to

your plans?" Again he was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh.

"You told me that you—to try and get—your mother interested—in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that."

"Well?"

"I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and," he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it."

"Inhuman wretch!" The exclamation was little more than a gasp.

"From your standpoint—yes."

"Ah," she whispered, "the infamy! the infamy of it!" She hesitated a moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said, returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her excitement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?"

He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle sir. The settlement! the settlement!"

"I propose to marry my mother's stepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts me as her husband on or before her twenty-first birthday. From this money I propose to provide liberally for you and your child, with the understanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over to see you occasionally, Louise—after all, you are the only woman I ever cared for. This lily bride awaiting me is out of my class entirely—high-faloot, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman, Louise."

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place it beyond your power to marry me, as you have promised during all these years—you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling.

"She need never know—no one need know. And where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the servants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you anything—nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her bridegroom, and you—would lose your child."

"That is all?" she asked—"there is nothing more?"

"Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will you favor me with a cigarette?"

He laughed, evidently relieved. "Why, certainly! Getting into your old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, light up and be sensible. You know what I think of you. All will work out right, and, as the stories say, 'we may be happy yet.'"

She lit her cigarette by his, and, leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips.

"There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length.

"Yes? What is that?"

"You do not leave—the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman."

"I do not understand."

"You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette. "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!"

"If I live!"

"If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you? I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake—and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!"

"Are you insane?" he cried, rising, angry and amazed.

"Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you!" Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife—or a murderer. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night! As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been

erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair.

"Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and then in awe he said: "Insane!" She made no resistance. A tide of memories had swept over the new issues.

"No," she moaned, "not yet. Would to God I were! You do not believe me, Raymond. Listen. I found out where you were stopping in the city. I found the street and number. I had determined to go in and bring the horrid uncertainty to an end, for you had not answered my letter—you had not come!"

"But you did not go in!" he said, terrified. "Surely, you did not—"

"No. I walked by again and again. I went around to the side street and looked into the garden; but I said: 'I will see him first; Raymond cannot mean to be so base!' Still you did not come. Will you believe it, I went back at night, hoping to see you? I could not stay here alone in this room—I slipped out! Two men entered that gate, and one of them I would have sworn was you. I followed and saw them enter the wing room. While I waited there, wondering if you would appear again—it was but a few minutes, I think—one of the men came from the wing-room, passed me, and, going out, locked the gate. I was a prisoner, for the fence was tall with spikes of iron. Then I went and stood under the window, thinking the room was yours, and I might attract your attention; and I heard your voice and a woman's in there—"

"It is a lie—a lie! the room belongs to Frances. I was not in the city."

"Frances? Who is Frances? But no matter, they were there all night; and I, crazed and abandoned, wept and raged outside."

"You are simply daft, Louise; you don't know what you are saying."

"They were there, I tell you. Once a match was struck, and I could hear a woman pleading; and—there I was, lying upon the ground, the window just out of my reach. Then I found myself climbing the ivy and clinging to the shutters; and I saw you sitting there, this woman with curly golden hair kneeling in her night dress before you, her hand upon your shoulder, saying good-by to her lover while she held a lighted match above his face—"

"Louise, this is unbearable!" Holbin was beside himself.

"I thrust your pistol between the shutters, took aim at you and fired; my aim was true; the man fell forward into the darkness, and I backed upon the wet grass. Look! See the stains of the crushed ivy! see the soil upon the gown! see the blistered hands! look at your pistol! The hammer is upon an empty shell! I got up and ran for the gate, but a man was entering and his carriage stood opposite. Crouching in the shrubbery, I saw him come back—his voice sank to a whisper—'with a dead man in his arms. I got here—how, I do not know—and looked myself in. When you came I thought it was your spirit. What will they do with me? Will they lock me in gaol? Will they hang me? Why don't you speak to me, Raymond? Why do you look at me that way? Raymond! Raymond! I did not know what I was doing! I was insane, jealous! I had lost my child—oh, they ought to know that, Raymond, before they judge me too harshly. Raymond, Raymond, answer me—answer!' He mastered his emotion by a powerful effort."

"You have had your revenge!" he said, hoarsely, his lips parting in a soundless laugh. "The shot went to the mark!" He sank in his chair by the table and gazed helplessly upon her agitated face, his thoughts elsewhere.

"But I do not understand," she said. "My revenge, if you were not the man—"

"Why, it is incredible!" he cried, angrily. "Give me the key! the key! the key! Quick! the clock is striking ten—the key!"

"You will not give me up, Raymond—the mother of your child!—you will not—"

"Ah—no, no, Louise. You are safe while I live. Quick! the key!" She gave it to him, and, passing out, he said, sternly: "Stay here! Don't let your face be seen outside this door. Change your dress, remove every stain upon it, and be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. Courage! I will save you if I can." As he stepped into the hallway he muttered to himself: "Now for the will! Long live the nightmare! and yet—" He added, pausing in doubt: "Suppose it were true? He unbreached the pistol. "One cartridge is gone! the muzzle stains my finger! Louise! Louise—" He turned, locked the door and vanished.

"The woman in 28," he said to the clerk, "has escaped from an asylum. Keep a watch in her hall until I return, and let no one enter."