

a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprinted at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
While we go marching on."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum, of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it—these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mold—
..... we go march on."

CHAPTER X.

AT the city hospital in Rouen that night a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, superintendent of police; Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and—"

"He paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took him silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man, the Teller, with us if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the superintendent. "Your friend made it very hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and hacked up his mother wouldn't know him if she wanted to. At least that's what they say out here. We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants found him in the freight yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night. And Slattery—that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hat—owned up that they beat their way on that freight. Looks like Slattery—let the Teller do all the fighting. He ain't scratched. We've been at Slattery pretty hard, but he won't open his head, and we hope to get something out of this one. He's delicious, but they say he'll come to before he dies. Do you want to go in with us?"

"Yes," said Meredith simply, and a young surgeon presently appeared and led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low, and the dimness was imbued with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it a nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller.

The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white sheet the man looked immensely tall—as Horner saw with vague misgiving—and he lay in an odd, inhuman fashion, as though he had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and he as constantly continued such attempts, and one hand, though torn and bandaged, was not to be restrained from a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He had entered the room with a flare of hate for the thug whom he had come to see die and who had struck down the old friend whose nearness he had never known until it was too late. But at first sight of the broken figure he felt all animosity fall away from him. Only awe remained and a growing traitorous pity as he watched the long white fingers of the Teller pick at the coverlet. The man was muttering rapid fragments of words and syllables.

"Somehow I feel a sense of wrong, Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he knew. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself, as if it were all out of gear. I know now how Henry felt over the great Guisard. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand."

The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained, but they had been good once, especially the linen."

Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will you? I want to talk to you as a friend."

The incoherent muttering continued. "See here, Jerry!" repeated Barrett more sharply. "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping cry.

"Let me," said Gay and swiftly in-

terposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Plattville when you got through with him. He can't remember, and he thinks there was money left on him. Slattery's head was hurt. He can't remember. He'll go shares with you when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money."

The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shaken. "Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up when he gets it. He'll stand by you, old man."

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly—"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?"

The surgeon drew back, with an exclamation, but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to himself. Meredith moved forward, with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or something," said Barrett, bending over to listen.

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers never ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down and gently moved the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the semblance of an old ballad that Meredith knew. The whisper grew more distinct. It became a rich but broken voice, and they heard it singing like the sound of some far, halting minstrelsy:

"Wave willows—murmur waters—golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music—cannot waken—lovely—Annie Lisle."

Meredith gave an exclamation.

The bandaged hand waved jauntily over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he said, almost clearly, and tried to lift himself on his arm. "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There will be little left of anything that stands against them. It's our championship. Did you see Jim Romney ride over his man this afternoon?"

As the voice grew clearer the sheriff stepped forward, but Tom Meredith, with a loud cry of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot and seized the wandering fingers in his own. "John!" he cried. "John, is it you?"

The voice went on rapidly, not heeding him. "Ah, you needn't howl! Well, laugh away, you Indians! If it hadn't been for this ankle—but it seems to be my chest that's hurt—and side—not that it matters, you know. The sophomore's just as good or better. It's only my egotism. Yes, it must be the side—and chest—and head—all over, I believe. I'll try again next year—next year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen—I mean Miss—Miss—Fisbee—no, Sherwood—but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world—you'll forgive me?—and please tell Parker there's no more copy and won't be—I wouldn't grind out another stick to save his immortal—she said—ah, I never made a good trade—no—unless—they can't come seven miles—but I'll finish you, Skillet, first; I know you! I know nearly all of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'—"

He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Tom Meredith, and sobbed outright. "My boy, my boy—old friend!"

The cry of the classmate was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him.

Two pairs of carriage lamps sparkled in front of the hospital in the earliest of the small hours, these subjoined to two deep hooded phaetons, from each of which quickly descended a gentleman with a beard, an air of eminence and a small, ominous black box, and the air of eminence was justified by the haste with which Meredith had sent for them and by their wide reputation. They arrived almost simultaneously and hastily shook hands as they made their way to the ward down the long hall and up the narrow corridor. They had a short conversation with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of manner. They stayed a long time in the room without opening the door.

Meredith went out on the steps and breathed the cool night air. A slender taint of drugs hung everywhere about the building, and the almost imperceptible permeation sickened him. It was deadly, he thought. To him it was imbued with a hideous portent of suffering. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and they seemed to shine from a chamber of horrors, while he waited as a brother might have waited outside the inquisition, if indeed a brother would have been allowed to wait outside the inquisition.

Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men sometimes do lose track of their best beloved, but it had always been a comfort to know that Harkless was somewhere, a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like others, he had been waiting for John to turn up on top of course—he had such ability, ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so that he would be shoved ahead no matter how much he bungled himself; but Meredith had not expected him to turn up in Indiana.

He remembered now hearing a man who had spent the day in Plattville on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be governor in a few years. He's a sort of dictator. Runs the party all over that part of the state to suit his own sweet will just by sheer personality. And there isn't a man in the district who wouldn't cheerfully lie down in the

road to let him pass over dry. It's that young Harkless, you know. Owns the Herald, the paper that downed McCune and smashed those imitation 'White Caps' in Carlow county." He had been struck by the coincidence of the name, but he had not dreamed that the Carlow Harkless was his friend until Helen's telegram had reached him that evening.

He shivered. His name was spoken from within, and Horner came out on the steps with the two eminent surgeons, and the latter favored him with a few words which he did not understand. He did understand, however, what Horner told him. Somehow the look of the sheriff's Sunday coat, wrinkling forlornly from his broad, bent shoulders, was both touching and solemn. He said simply: "He's conscious and not out of his head. They're gone in to get his antemortem statement." And they re-entered the ward.

Harkless' eyes were bandaged. The lawyer was speaking to him, and as Horner went awkwardly toward the cot Warren said something indicative



"John, is it you?"

of the sheriff's presence, and the hand on the sheet made a formless motion which Horner understood, and he took the pale fingers in his own very gently and then set them back. Smith turned toward Meredith, but the latter made a gesture which forbade the attorney to speak to him and went to a corner and sat down, with his head in his hands.

A sleepy young man had been brought in, and he opened a notebook and shook a stylographic pen so that the ink might flow freely. The lawyer, briefly and with unalloyed agitation, administered an oath, and then there was silence.

"Now, Mr. Harkless, if you please," said Barrett insinuatingly, "if you feel like telling us as much as you can about it."

He answered in a low, rather indistinct voice very deliberately, pausing before almost every word. It was easy work for the sleepy stenographer.

"I understand. I don't want to go off my head again before I finish. If it were only for myself I should tell you nothing, because if I am to leave I should like it better if no one were punished. But that's a bad community over there. They are everlastingly worrying our people. They've always been a bother to us, and it's time it was stopped for good. I don't believe very much in punishment, but you can't do a great deal of reforming with the Crossroads unless you catch them young, before they're weaned. They wean them on whisky, you know. I realize you needn't have sworn me for me to tell you this."

Horner and Smith had started at the mention of the Crossroads, but they subdued their ejaculations, while Mr. Barrett looked as if he had known it, of course. The room was still, save for the dim voice and the soft transcriptions of the stylographic pen.

"I left Judge Briscoe's pen and went west on the pipe to a big tree. It rained, and I slipped under the tree for shelter. There was a man on the other side of the fence—Bob Skillet. He was carrying his gown and hood—I suppose it was that—on his arm. Then I saw two others a little farther east in the middle of the road. I think they had followed me from the Briscoe's or near there. They had their foolish regalia on, as all the others had. There was plenty of lightning to see. The two in the road were simply standing there in the rain looking at me through the eyeholes in their masks. I knew there were others—plenty—but I thought they were coming from behind me—the west."

"I wanted to get home—the courthouse yard was good enough for me—so I started east toward town. I passed the two gentlemen, and one fell down as I went by him, but the other fired a shot as a signal, and I got his hood off his face for it. I stopped long enough, and it was Force Johnson. I know him well. Then I ran, and they followed. A little ahead of me I saw six or eight of them spread across the road. I knew I'd have a time getting through, so I jumped the fence to cut across the fields. I lit in a swarm of them. It had rained them just where I jumped. I set my back to the fence, but one of the fellows in the road leaned over and smashed my head in, rather—with the butt of a gun, I believe. I came out from the fence, and they made a little circle around me. No one said anything. I saw they had ropes and saplings, and I didn't want that exactly, so I went in to them. I got a good many marks off before it was over, and I can swear to quite a number besides those I told you."

He named the men slowly and carefully. Then he went on: "I think they gave up the notion of whipping. We all got into a bunch, and they couldn't

get clear to shoot without hitting some of their own, and there was a lot of gouging and kicking. One fellow nearly got my left eye, and I tried to tear him apart, and he screamed a good deal. Once or twice I thought I might get away, but somebody hammered me over the head and face again, and I got dizzy, and then they all jumped away from me suddenly, and Bob Skillet stepped up and—shot me. He waited for a flurry of lightning, and I was slow tumbling down. Some one else fired a shotgun, I think, I can't be sure, about the same time from the side. I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and then they got together for a consultation. The man I had hurt—I didn't recognize him—came and looked at me. He was nursing himself all over and groaned, and I laughed, I think; at any rate my arm was lying stretched out on the grass, and he stamped his heel into my hand, and after a little of that I quit feeling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Obed Instructions.

A prominent racing man tells the following story on himself:

His jockey fell ill on the eve of an important race, and left him without a rider for the horse which he had entered for the event. In looking about for a substitute he decided that his stable boy, who was thoroughly familiar with Spitfire's ways, would fill the bill very acceptably.

"Now, you must be careful," he warned him, "to use Arizona as a pacer; he is a wonder, and will lead the track; follow him closely until just before the finish—don't pass him under any circumstances until you get within a few lengths of the line; then let Spitfire out for all you're worth."

The capitalist paused in his recital, and turned his eager meditatively in his fingers.

"Well, did he obey your instructions?" asked one of his listeners.

"Yes," answered the owner, to the letter. He kept just behind Arizona until they were almost at the finish line, and then he spurred ahead in great shape, but, fortunately, there were four horses ahead of Arizona."

—Harper's Weekly.

Try DeBell's Kidney Pills.

They are the only kidney medicine that positively cure all diseases arising from disordered kidneys, poor nerves and a thin watery condition of the blood such as nervous headache, dizziness, weak back, rheumatism, diabetes, scalding urine and other kidney troubles. DeBell's Kidney Pills, the great kidney remedy. Every box warranted, 25 cents per box. For sale by C. A. Jack.

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Jewelers Sell it for \$1.50.

This is a rich quality hard rubber, highly polished Fountain Pen; screw section, and fitted with an improved Feeding Device, allowing the ink to flow easily without blotting. The gold nibbed pen is 14-Kt. fine, Iridium pointed. The complete Fountain Pen is fully guaranteed by the manufacturers and will be exchanged by them if not entirely satisfactory. Each box contains a single pen and a guarantee. If the pen is not absolutely perfect, send it back to the factory and get one that is. It will not cost you a cent.

The Pioneer Press—
St. Paul, Minn.—
Gentlemen: Send to me, absolutely free and postpaid, a guaranteed solid gold-nibbed Fountain Pen. Enclosed herewith find \$1.50 in advance for subscription to the Daily and Sunday or Weekly Pioneer Press.

Name

Street

Town

State

Tax Judgment Sale!

Pursuant to a real estate tax judgment of the district court, in the county of Mill Lake, State of Minnesota, entered the 18th day of March, A. D. 1904, in proceedings for enforcing payment of taxes and penalties upon real estate in the county of Mill Lake, State of Minnesota, remaining delinquent on the first Monday of January, 1904, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, I shall, on the second Monday, being the

9th day of May, A. D. 1904,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the court house, in the village of Princeton, county of Mill Lake, Minnesota, sell the lands which are charged with taxes, penalties and costs in said judgment, and on which taxes shall not have been previously paid.

E. E. WHITNEY,
Auditor Mill Lake County, Minn.
(Seal.)
Dated at Princeton this 8th day of April, A. D. 1904.

Big Discount Sale

of Dry Goods, Shoes, Overshoes & Rubbers.

This big sale is for cash. Sale will last 20 days.

Come in and look over goods.

NORGREN & MOREHOUSE,

FORESTON, MINN.

THREE REASONS WHY

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

SHOULD HAVE A PLACE IN YOUR HOME

1st It is brim full of special features. Illustrated short stories by prominent authors. Success Series (life stories of eminent men). Articles by Charles Battell Loomis (the great American humorist). Four Pages of Comics. Four Pages of Magazine. Eight Pages of Colors every Sunday.

2d It will print the New York Herald war news. The Globe has made an arrangement with the Herald which places its army of special and staff correspondents at the service of its readers. If you would have the first and most reliable war news, you must read The Globe.

3d If you are a Democrat, The Globe will keep you posted in politics; if a Republican, it will keep you informed of the doings of the other side. The Globe is the only Democratic daily in the state.

Write for particulars in regard to our offer of **A FREE TRIP TO THE WORLD'S FAIR**

His Remains.

A caller stopped at the house of John Duncan Brice and asked if he was at home.

"Deed, an' he's not."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I could not."

"When did you see him last?"

"At his funeral."

"And who may you be?"

"I'm his remains," said the widow, and she closed the door.—Boston Traveler.

"I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets with most satisfactory results," says Mrs. F. L. Phelps, Houston, Texas. For indigestion, biliousness and constipation these tablets are most excellent. Sold by Princeton Drug Co.

First Publication March 17, 1904.
Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of two hundred and thirty-seven and 67/100 (\$237.67) dollars, which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage duly executed and delivered by John B. Dahlquist and Lina Dahlquist, his wife, mortgagors to John Humphrey, mortgagee, bearing date the 14th day of May, A. D. 1903, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Mill Lake, State of Minnesota, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock P. M. in book "N" of mortgages on page 385. That no action or proceedings at law or otherwise having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statutes in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described in said mortgage, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-one, township forty-two, range twenty-five, containing fifty acres.

Will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to pay the debt and interest, and twenty-five dollars attorney's fees stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure and disbursements allowed by law; which sale will be made by the sheriff of Mill Lake county, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Princeton, in said county and state, on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1904, at one o'clock P. M. of that day.

Dated March 10th, 1904.
J. C. POPE, JOHN HUMPHREY,
His Attorney. Mortgagee.
Mora, Minn.

First publication April 14, 1904.
Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default has been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Fred Goulding, mortgagor, to Jean M. Newbert, mortgagee, dated January 21st, A. D. 1901, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Mill Lake county, Minnesota, January 21st, A. D. 1901, at one o'clock P. M. in book "K" of mortgages on page 385.

And no action or proceeding has been instituted at law to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage at the date hereof is two hundred forty-four and 80/100 (\$244.80) dollars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale therein contained and pursuant to the statute in such case provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by the sheriff of Mill Lake county, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Princeton, in said county and state, on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock A. M., to pay the amount then due on the said mortgage, together with the costs of such foreclosure, including the sum of twenty-five and no more (\$25.00) dollars attorney's fee stipulated in said mortgage.

Dated April 8th, A. D. 1904.
JEAN M. NEWBERT,
NOW JEAN M. O'KELLER,
Mortgagee.
E. L. MCILLAN,
Attorney for Mortgagee,
Princeton, Minn.

Notice.

Persons holding county warrants numbered as follows:

COUNTY REVENUE.
2770 2773 2822 2834 2825 2836 2877 2899 2888 2893
2886 2843 2849 2842 2850 2789 2800 2801 2802 2858
2887 2889 2856 2801 2841 2795 2802 2828 2837 2840
2844 2845 2847 2852 2859 2843 2796 2798 2878 2879
2880 2881 2882 2883 2884 2846 2832 2834 2751 2802
2885 2834 2862 2836 2884 2848 2873 2863 2857
2867 2856 2860 2859 2858 2874 2855 2865 2862 2863
2853 2740 2850 2752 2857 2880 2701 2843 2866 2839
2838 2875 2876 2838 2830 2805 2807 2831 2882 2886
2887 2889 2890 2890 2881 2883 2865 2864

COUNTY POOR.
2827 3811 3802 3881 2897 2792 2848 3333 2334 3807
3384 2849 3850 3876 3877 3834 3611 3873 3812 3703
3868 2800 3874 3875 2888 2890 2895 4027 4023 4026
4024 4011 4042 4079 4024 4025 4015

Will please present same for payment at county treasurer's office, Princeton, Minn. Interest will cease on the above numbered warrants thirty days from and after the date hereof.
Dated Princeton, Minn., April 7, 1904.
K. H. BURRELL,
County Treasurer, Mill Lake Co.

First Publication April 7, 1904.
STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF
Mill Lake, ss.—In Probate Court.
Special Term, April 3rd, 1904.

In the matter of the estate of Julius O. Foss, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Julius O. Foss, deceased, late of the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, being granted to Anna Foss. It appearing on proper proof by affidavit of the administratrix made and filed herein, as provided by law, that there are no debts against the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered, that three months be and the same is hereby allowed from which the date of this order, in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased are required to file the same in the probate court of said county, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is further ordered, that the 5th day of July, 1904, at 10 o'clock A. M., as a special term of said probate court, to be held at the probate office in the court house in the village of Princeton, in said county, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said probate court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And it is further ordered, that notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate by forthwith publishing this order once in each of three successive weeks in the Princeton Tribune, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Princeton, in said county.

Dated at Princeton, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1904.
By Court,
B. M. VANALSTEIN,
Judge of Probate.

(Probate Seal.)
CHAS. KEITH,
Attorney for Administratrix.

First publication April 14, 1904.
Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 10th day of December, A. D. 1902, executed and delivered by George Huber and Tressa Huber, his wife, mortgagors, unto Carrie T. Mitchell, mortgagee, which mortgage was on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock in the office of the register of deeds within and for Mill Lake county, Minnesota, in book "N" of mortgages on page 384 thereof;

And Whereas, said default consists in the failure to pay certain of the interest due upon said mortgage and the note which the same secures, and by reason of such default the owner and holder thereof has exercised the option specified in said mortgage, and has declared the principal sum secured thereby now due and payable;

Whereas, there is now due and claimed to be due at the date of this notice, upon the said mortgage, the sum of two hundred and nineteen dollars (\$219.00) and no proceedings at law, or otherwise, have been instituted to recover said amount, or any part thereof;

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and therewith recorded, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by the sheriff of Mill Lake county, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Princeton, in said county and state, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay the sum then due on said mortgage, and to pay the sum of said principal, and twenty-five dollars attorney's fees therein stipulated to be paid in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law.

Dated at St. Cloud, Minnesota, April 11th, A. D. 1904.
—CARRIE T. MITCHELL,
STEWART & BROWER,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.