

# A Bermuda Fisherman's Daughter

By Kate Upson Clark

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IN common with many of his fellow islanders, Thomas Gilbert found himself before he was fifty years old stiffening with rheumatism. He had been brought up to gardening and still assisted in the care of the rector's simple grounds, but most of the time he fished. Among the boats which drew up at the Hamilton wharf each night filled with rockfish, red and gray snappers, mullet, bream, sennet, hamlet, hogfish, chub, amber fish or divinely colored angelfish none had used to be finer than Thomas Gilbert's. Now his boat was not so well filled, and the long sail back to his home in Somerset tired him. His son Digby, a lad of sixteen, had preferred a place in a store to fishing with his father, though the store was as yet far less profitable to him. The finances of the Gilbert family felt the old man's disabilities, but Brenda looked upon Martin Mears with no more favor on this account.

Mrs. Gilbert had been taken from some charitable institution in London and brought to Bermuda in her childhood by the rector's wife. At that time Thomas Gilbert took care of the rector's horse and his gardens. The young people fell in love early, but they had been so happy in the rectory service that they had not married until they were past thirty.

There was an air of gentility about the small cottage of the Gilberts. It savored of the fineness of the rectory. Brenda Gilbert felt it. She had been named by the rector's wife and educated largely with her children. She was therefore better bred than most of those with whom she associated. More than that, there was not so beautiful a girl in all Bermuda as she. Brenda was a blond. That means as much in Bermuda as in Africa. Among the monotonously dark eyes and olive skin and jet black locks of her mates her flaxen tresses and brilliant blue eyes and dazzling complexion made her seem like a veritable seraph.

Martin Mears was a pilot, a good enough fellow, and, for a young Bermudian, he was rich. Brenda knew that he was perishing for love of her and was ready to marry her tomorrow, but he lacked the refinement to which she was accustomed. Then he was short and thickset and red faced, and, in her soul, in spite of the many considerations which her father and mother urged upon her in his favor, Brenda hated him.

It is computed that there are only about twenty square miles of territory in all Bermuda. It is not strange, therefore, that there are some men who know the faces of all the white inhabitants. The others, though nearly twice as many, count little to a Bermudian. Thomas Gilbert's beautiful daughter was naturally somewhat famous throughout the islands. Her mother would not allow her to go with the soldiers, and caste, which is powerful there and takes on a pettiness of detail commensurate with its geographical scope, forbade the young men of the local gentry to associate on terms of equality with a fisherman's daughter. Yet there was one of them who fell in love with her, and he cared nothing for wagging tongues nor for the comments of his proud mother and sisters.

To do John Masters justice he loved the girl's fine lack of coquetry and her goodness and gentleness as much as her beauty. Mrs. Gilbert knew that he had taken Brenda to some of the picnics and that he had walked home with her from church, but she knew, too, that he was poor. To be sure, he was the second son in a good family. His mother was an English officer's widow and an English gentleman's daughter and lived in a pleasant mansion in Warwick. But their income was small for the expenses which they were obliged to meet and the young man could not hope to marry for years to come, while here was Martin Mears, ready to wed the girl at once and put her and the rest of them beyond the reach of want. It was true that John Masters was handsome and polished and had all those high bred ways which count for so much with girls like Brenda, who had a nice little hauteur of her own, but Mrs. Gilbert reviled against the distaste which she knew the Masters family would feel for the match, and why wouldn't Brenda take Martin Mears?

One day the mother came upon her daughter crying among the lemon trees in the garden. "What is it?" she asked, sitting down beside the girl and taking her hand in her motherly lap. "He—he—he's going away!" sobbed the heartbroken beauty. "Who—Martin?" "No, John Masters." "Oh, that's nothing. He is of no account to you. I suppose he is going off to seek his fortune. He had better. They say he hasn't got a cent. Her money all goes to take care of them—four boys and four girls make a big family. He's good looking and all that, but you mustn't care about him, Brenda, and I've said so before. They wouldn't like it, and I could see that the rector's lady thought it wasn't suitable. Remember that you are in the station in which Providence has been pleased to place you. Why can't you oblige your father and mother and take Martin?"

by is doing pretty well, and father's rheumatism is better, and maybe I can help a little up at the hall, and so we can manage even if I am not married for two or three years. Oh, I love him so, mother! You can't imagine how I love him! And he is going away!" The mother could stand it no longer. She tossed Brenda's fair head away from her as if it had been a worthless sweet potato and marched into the house, mimicking her lovesick daughter's tone as she did so.

The day came when John Masters was to sail. The engagement was to be kept perfectly quiet for the present. In order to that end Martin Mears was to be allowed to come to the Gilbert cottage occasionally, but Brenda had declared that she should never say one word to any young man to amuse or entertain him. Her lover should never have the slightest cause for jealousy. As he walked off down the cedar avenue, tall, straight, dignified, she thought he was the handsomest and truest man in the world, and she was sure that none had ever loved anybody as he loved her. He had promised to write at once upon reaching America and to tell her then how to address him. Brenda waited eagerly for the letter.

The next steamer did not get in until a fortnight later. It arrived on a Sunday, and the mails were opened on Monday. Brenda could not get away in the morning. She thought it was not likely that she could receive the mail if she did, for such matters move slowly in the islands. In the afternoon she went; there was nothing for her. But that was not very strange, she reflected. She really ought not to expect anything before another steamer.

But that brought nothing and neither did the next. Brenda began to look pale and wretched. Six months passed. Still she had received no letter. All of this time Martin Mears was faithful, but not obtrusively so. When the West India boats came in, pomegranates and persimmons found their way humbly to Brenda from him. He brought his new horse up to show her. Horses are rare and expensive in Bermuda—but Martin was flourishing and gave her to understand that he did not mind a little thing like that.

When the year had rolled around again and still there had been no word for her from John Masters, Brenda was sitting under a great Pride of India tree near her home one evening when Martin came strolling up. She was in a soft and tender mood, and his deference and devotion seemed grateful to her humiliated spirit. He handed her a little book which he said he had found at the Tower of Hamilton as he was passing by. It was about the islands. Maybe she would like to have it.

She took it and began to glance over the pages in the dim light. He talked on quietly. Then he grew more earnest. "Oh, Brenda!" he pleaded, his face working with the passion which he had kept in leash so many months. "I've waited so long and loved you so all the time! I know about that young Masters—but, Brenda, he never meant anything. He's all right, over there in America—you can go up and ask his folks on the hill there if he isn't—but he isn't troubling himself about you. And I am waiting for you. You will never hear from him again. Probably he is courting another girl this very minute."

"You lie, Martin Mears! You know that you lie!" she cried huskily. "You make me creep and crawl! Go away!"



She thought he was the handsomest man in the world.

Go away!" And, thrusting her hands toward him with a gesture of utter loathing, she rushed into the house. She had been in a sort of stupor for the last few weeks. Now she was wide awake and her soul was on fire. How could she find out whether what Martin said was true? She had wandered past John Masters' mother's home in Warwick. She had seen his sisters driving in their pony carriage. She had come near throwing herself in front of them and crying, "For heaven's sake tell me is John living—and where is he?" But nobody was supposed to know that she was anything to John Masters—and her pride had kept her silent. Now she would know. She would go to his home and inquire. There was no one to go with her, but that made no difference. She would go as soon as she could get ready in the morning.

Dressing herself the next day with uncommon care, she set forth. Yes, Mrs. Masters was at home. Brenda had written her name on a plain card which she handed to the maid. She heard Mrs. Masters coming down the stairs. She rose, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Then it occurred to her that of course John was living. If he had died every body

would have known it. What a fool she had been to come here! Yes, Martin was right. He had a certain hard sense which she had always admired in him. Or perhaps she could get out without seeing anybody, after all! Her agony almost escaped from her in shrieks.

"Did you wish to see me?" A cold, stately personage stood before her. Brenda remained standing. She saw that the woman recognized her. How much had John told her? Oh, what should she say? The haughty woman waited, staring at her. A pitiful smile flitted over the girl's face underneath her dotted veil. She put her hands out as though to catch hold of something. Then she tottered and fell. The satin sofa caught her, and the cold woman was warmed up to the extent of lifting the fainting girl's veil and pulling off her gloves. While she rang the bell for assistance.

Before anybody could answer it Brenda had come to herself and had sat up on the sofa, looking the proud mother before her full in the eyes. "Tell me," she said breathlessly—"tell me before anybody comes—is John well? Tell me! Tell me!" "Yes," said John's mother, a scorn creeping over her handsome face, which was the counterpart of her son's. "I cannot imagine why you want to know. But John is finely established in New York. We have many friends and relatives there, and he is very happy."

"Oh, no, no!" breathed the girl, tears streaming slowly down her face. "So he writes," pursued the mother mercifully. "Tell him," Brenda said presently, with all her courage—"tell him that I am glad—that he is happy." Then her crushed pride gave a great recoil, and without intending the words or fairly knowing that she was uttering them she added, "Tell him that I—I am going to be married."

Somehow she emerged from the house and made her way home. She felt that everything was gone, and it did not make any difference now what became of her. She might as well please her father and mother and do what she could to make their lives easier. She broke into the quiet living room at home as though she were crazy. "Mother," she said, "you may tell Martin Mears that I will marry him." "When?" gasped the startled mother. "Tomorrow." And it was done.

Five years passed, and Brenda was the mother of two children. They were girls, with all of her blond beauty. Martin had been a devoted husband. He had put Brenda's brother Digby in the way of earning well, and all the comfort which the family had anticipated from the marriage had been realized. One day Brenda was in her store-room, when in moving a small box of her husband's, which he always kept locked, it fell to the floor. The lock broke, and a package of unopened letters dropped out. Brenda's blood froze in her veins as she looked at them. They were addressed to her in the handwriting of John Masters. She tore them open feverishly and read them—letters full of love at first, of agonized doubt and fear later, then of despair. One letter had been written after her marriage. "Oh, how could you leave me, my darling? Could you not wait for me? Have I not done all that I could for you? You have stripped life forever of all brightness for me. Oh, if I could only know what has come between us!"

She wept in great gusts of passion as she read on. And her husband had kept these letters from her. She hated him. When he came to his dinner the letters lay beside his plate. He recognized them instantly. One of the children was taking its noonday nap. He sent the other to be fed by the negro woman in the kitchen. Brenda was sitting in her place colorless and her eyes fixed on him and burning with reproach. He gazed at her a moment. Then he dropped upon the floor and groveled at her feet, and she spoke for the first time. "How could you, Martin; how could you?" "Oh, I know it wasn't right, Brenda!" he said hoarsely, "but I loved you! You don't know how I loved you! Nobody ever loved anybody so. I had to have you, and so I got Digby to get the letters, and I paid him not to let you have them. Oh, it wasn't right! But it was the only way that I saw to get you. And haven't I been good to you, Brenda? Haven't I done everything for you?"

She rose and left him. His touch seemed to poison her. A week followed of horrible, silent suffering for them both. Then came a scene which she had pictured to herself for many years. Even since her marriage she could not help sometimes imagining it, though she had tried to be a good and faithful wife to the one who, as she now knew, had robbed her of the only man whom she had ever loved. John Masters came back to Bermuda. She knew nothing of it until he appeared before her, though her husband had piloted in the steamer which had brought the exile into harbor on the previous day and had seen him among the passengers. He came to Brenda's home in the sweet twilight of a May evening. She was playing with her children under the blooming oleanders.

He entered the gate almost like an old man, though he was scarcely thirty. His face was strongly marked and his hair was streaked with gray. She had grown more beautiful than ever with motherhood. He turned pale as she came forward and took his hand. There were no formalities between them. She spoke as though they had been parted only a short time. "I never got your letters until last week, John," she said simply. "I am married, as you know. These are my children, but I married in a fit of wounded pride and despair because I

did not hear from you. I know now that I have always loved you just the same, though I am prepared to live on with my husband and to try to be a good wife to him and a faithful mother to my children. Come and tell me about yourself."

She led him to the vine wreathed porch, and they sat down together on the bench. The evening wore on. The negro nurse put the children to bed. Still the long separated man and woman talked on. Then Martin Mears came home. Brenda did not look toward him, and the stern expression upon the face of John Masters forbade any speech between him and the man who had so wronged him. Hubbly Martin Mears crept past them and went in.

The window of his room opened upon the porch. He threw himself down in his clothes upon the bed. The hours flew, and still John Masters and Brenda



"I cannot imagine why you want to know."

da talked on, unmindful of life or death or the lapse of time, while the miserable husband listened.

He heard a description of what the true lover of his wife had suffered. He heard her tell John Masters how she had watched and waited for a letter, then how she had married, but how an awful mystery had hung over her through it all and had made her different from her old self and like a person in a dream. Martin Mears groaned to himself. It was all true. She had been kind to him, but it was the kindness of one who knows not what she does. Suddenly a light began to shoot up from the east. "Is there a fire, Brenda?" asked John Masters.

She looked steadily for a moment toward the new light. "The sun is rising, John," she said. "We have talked all night, though it has seemed but an hour. It is the last day for us. You must go, and you must never come back. We must never see each other again."

She broke into a piteous sob. Martin Mears heard the man sob, too, as he tried to still her. "Don't, Brenda!" he pleaded. "It is harder for me than for you. Remember that I would love to gather you in my arms and comfort you. I could do that in the old days, but not now. You are another man's wife. It is true that he is a villain, but you are still bound to him. Our only solace must be that we have always been true, and I shall be yours until I die."

The man's self control and high principle astounded the listening husband. "He knows that I hear all that he says," he muttered to himself, "but he knows, too, that whatever he might do I could not say anything." He writhed upon his bed in an agony of remorse. He rose presently and passed them, jostling them rudely as they stood, pale and wretched, at the gate in the dawn.

During that day he fell over the side of his pilot boat—that was what the seamen said, and, indeed, the ocean was very rough—and was drowned. John Masters went back to America the following week, but a year later he returned and claimed his bride. The frequency of riots in great cities during strikes should warn visiting outsiders to avoid crowds during a period of excitement. The temptation is to wish to see what a city crowd will do, but the experience is often dearly bought. Guardians of order cannot well discriminate between mere curiosity seekers and the disorderly element, and outsiders should remember that they invite danger to themselves and may contribute to lawlessness by hanging about the curbs and increasing the throng.

A foreign investigator announces that the Germans outstrip Americans in longevity. In every 1,000 of population Germany has 170 between forty and sixty years of age, and the United States has 65. Germany has 78 in every 1,000 more than sixty years of age, while the United States has 65. Evidently the strenuous kaiser has not put the good old fashioned "leisure" of the fatherland out of business.

Uncle Sam's navy needs 6,000 recruits and wants them quick, but has decided to cut out deception in the recruiting service. Applicants are now told exactly what they will be "up against" on shipboard, thus removing at least one excuse for desertion.

## ORIGIN OF PIKE'S PEAK.

### Indian Legend of the Formation of This Famous Mountain.

The quaint Indian legend of the formation of Pike's peak is as follows: "At the beginning of all things the lesser spirits possessed the earth and dwelt near the banks of the great river. They had created a race of men to be their servants, but these men were far superior to the present inhabitants of the earth and made endless trouble for their creators. Therefore the lesser spirits resolved to destroy mankind and the earth itself, so they caused the great river to rise until it burst its banks and overwhelmed everything. They themselves took each a large portion of the best of the earth that they might create a new world and a quantity of maize, which had been their particular food, and returned to heaven. Arriving at the gate of heaven, which is at the end of the plains, where the sky and mountains meet, they were told that they could not bring such burdens of earth into heaven. Accordingly they dropped them all then and there. These falling masses made a great heap on the top of the world which extended far above the waters, and this is the origin of Pike's peak, which is thus shown to be directly under the gate of heaven. (It was formerly twice as high as now, but lost its summit, as is told in another legend.)

"The rock masses upon it and all about show that they have been dropped from the sky. The variety and extent of the mineral wealth in the region prove that the earth's choicest materials are deposited there. And still as the constellations move across the heavens and vanish above the mountain summits we may see the spirits rise from the great river and pass to the gate of heaven. The falling stars are their falling burdens or the dropping grains of maize."

## CULTIVATE TACT.

If You Do Not Possess It, Strive to Acquire It.

I want it recognized that tact should be taught continuously, seriously, thoroughly; that it should be placed in the forefront of education and take its natural first place side by side with the catechism, writes Frank Danby in Black and White.

A friend of mine recently suffering under a great bereavement was in the receipt of innumerable letters and telegrams from friends, acquaintances and the general public. Out of the 1,140 of such communications two only hit the right note. Among pages of sentimental and religious commonplace two messages alone touched the heart.

"He was a man I loved. I am with you in your grief," was one.

The other ran: "You have lost your best pal. He was mine too. God help us both."

Both of them epitomized the senders—men with great hearts. But the acquisition of tact by some of the other sympathizers would have supplied its place.

Again, paying an afternoon visit recently, my hostess, wanting a book to which our conversation had referred, rang the bell. Within two minutes the servant appeared with tea, and the following colloquy occurred: "Who told you to bring tea?" "Please, ma'am, I thought that was what you rang for."

"Well, please don't think I hired you to answer the bell. It wasn't the signal for a guessing competition. When I want you to do that I'll supply the kitchen with a copy of a newspaper."

I was not surprised to hear this lady changed her servants frequently.

## In Darkest London.

In his book, "Child Slaves of Great Britain," Robert H. Sherard writes: "There are thousands of our poor children in London starving not on account of the poverty of the parents, but by reason of the ignorance and sloth of the mothers. They know nothing of cookery; they wish to know nothing. They do not care for the trouble. In every London slum you will find a fried fish shop or a cooked meat shop or a grocer who sells cheese and pickles and potted things. It is much easier and 'less worriting-like' to send the children out with coppers for a pen-orth of fish and chips or a bit of cheese and pickles than to cook anything for them."

Cleanse your system of all impurities this month. Now is the time to take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It will keep you well all summer. 35 cents, tea or tablets. C. A. Jack.

## First Publication June 1, 1905. Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of twelve hundred and forty-six (\$1246) dollars, which is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by George H. Genow and Catharine A. Dickey, his wife, mortgagors, to M. S. Rutherford and Chas. A. Dickey, mortgagees, bearing date the 14th day of April, 1904, and with a power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, on the 19th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. in book O of mortgages, on page 59.

Which said mortgage, together with the debt secured thereby, was assigned by said M. S. Rutherford and Chas. A. Dickey, mortgagages, to George H. Newbert by written assignment dated the 8th day of February, 1901, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds, on the 13th day of February, 1901, in book L of mortgages, on page 321, and no action or proceeding having been instituted at law or otherwise to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

## First Publication May 25, 1905. STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILL LAKE—ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of John N. Berg, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Edward K. Evens, administrator, setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come into his hands, the disposition thereof, and how much remains undisposed of; the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, as far as the same can be ascertained; and a description of all the real estate, excepting the homestead, of which said deceased was seized, and the condition and value of the respective real estate or lots thereof; the persons interested in said estate, with their residences; and that license be to him granted to sell all of said real estate at private sale. And it appearing, by said petition, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrator to pay said debts and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary for the payment of such debts and expenses, and for the best interests of said estate, and of all persons interested therein, to sell all of said real estate at private sale.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this court on Saturday, the 17th day of June, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the court house in the village of Princeton in said county, then and there to show cause (if any) why license should not be granted to said Edward K. Evens, administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts and expenses, and for the best interests of said estate and all persons interested therein.

And it is further ordered, that this order shall be published once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Princeton Union a weekly newspaper printed and published at Princeton in said county.

Dated at Princeton the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1905. By the court, B. M. VANALSTEIN, Judge of Probate.

## First Publication May 11, 1905. STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILL LAKE—ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Robideau, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Robideau, deceased, late of the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, being granted to Julia Robideau.

It is ordered, that six months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of the order, in which all persons having claims or debts against the said estate 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 9th day of November 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M., at 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 debts.

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

Dated at Princeton this 4th day of May, A. D. 1905. By the court, B. M. VANALSTEIN, Judge of Probate.

## First Publication May 11, 1905. STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILL LAKE—ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Lewis C. Liske, deceased.

On receiving and filing the petition of Jennie Liske of the town of Princeton, representing, among other things, the Lewis Liske, late of the village of Princeton, of the 21st day of November, A. D. 1904, at said village of Princeton, died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of his death, and that the said petitioner is the surviving wife of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be granted to her.

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before this court on Thursday the 1st day of June, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the probate office in the court house in Princeton in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing, in the Princeton Union, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Princeton in said county.

Dated at Princeton the 10th day of May, A. D. 1905. By the court, B. M. VANALSTEIN, Judge of Probate.

## First Publication May 4, 1905. Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of one hundred sixty-five and 25/100 dollars, which is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by George H. Genow and Catharine A. Dickey, his wife, mortgagors, to M. S. Rutherford and Chas. A. Dickey, mortgagees, bearing date the 14th day of April, 1904, and with a power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, on the 19th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. in book O of mortgages, on page 59.

Which said mortgage, together with the debt secured thereby, was assigned by said M. S. Rutherford and Chas. A. Dickey, mortgagages, to George H. Newbert by written assignment dated the 8th day of February, 1901, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds, on the 13th day of February, 1901, in book L of mortgages, on page 321, and no action or proceeding having been instituted at law or otherwise 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 statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: The west half of the northwest quarter of section fifteen (15), in township thirty-six (36), north, of range twenty-seven (27) west, in Mill Lake county and State of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances; which sale will be made by the sheriff or said Mill Lake county at the front door of the court house in the village of Princeton in said county and State, on the 17th day of June, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt of one hundred sixty-five and 25/100 dollars, and interest, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and twenty-five dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law.

Dated April 29th, A. D. 1905. GEORGE H. NEWBERT, Mortgagee. CHARLES KEITH, Attorney.

## No. 7708. TREASURY DEPARTMENT. Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, D. C., April 25, 1905.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Princeton," in the village of Princeton, in the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking;

Now Therefore I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Princeton," in the village of Princeton, in the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of the Citizens State Bank of Princeton.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fifth day of April, 1905. WM. B. RIDGELY, Comptroller of the Currency.