

desired to behold the face of none of his friends until he had fought out some things within himself. So he strode on toward nowhere.

Day was breaking when Mr. Gray climbed the stairs to his room. There were two flights, the ascent of the first of which occupied about half an hour of Crasley's invaluable time, and the second might have taken more of it or possibly consumed the greater part of the morning had he received no assistance; but, as he reclined to meditate upon the first landing, another man entered the hallway from without, ascended quickly, and Crasley became pleasantly conscious that two strong hands had lifted him to his feet and presently that he was being borne aloft upon the newcomer's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was soothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes until he found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he smiled amiably and, looking up, discovered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scrawls beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crasley.

"First time, you know," said Crasley, with difficulty. "You'll admit first time completely incapable? Often needed guiding hand, but never—quite—before."

"Yes," said Tom quietly, "it is the first time I ever saw you quite finished."

"Think I must be growing old, and constitution refuses bear it. Disgraceful to be seen in condition, yet celebration justified. H'rah for the news!" He waved his hand wildly. "Old red, white and blue! American eagle now kindly proceed to scream! Star spangled banner intends streaming to all the trade winds! Sea to sea! Glorious victories on political thieving exhibition—no, expedition! Everybody not responsible for the trouble to go and get himself patriotically killed!"

"What do you mean?" "Water!" said the other feebly. Tom brought the pitcher, and Crasley, setting his hot lips to it, drank long and deeply; then, with his friend's assistance, he tied a heavily moistened towel round his head. "All right very soon and sober again," he muttered and lay back upon the pillow with eyes tightly closed in an intense effort to concentrate his will. When he opened them again, four or five minutes later, they had marvelously cleared and his look was self contained and sane.

"Haven't you heard the news?" He spoke much more easily now. "It came at midnight to the Journal."

"No; I've been walking in the country." "The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande on the 26th of last month, captured Captain Thornton and murdered Colonel Crook. That means war is certain."

"It has been certain for a long time," said Tom. "Polk has forced it from the first."

"Then it's a pity he can't be the only man to die!" "Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.

"No, but if the news is true they will." "Yes," said Tom, and as he reached the hallway he paused. "Can I help you to undress?"

"Certainly not!" Crasley sat up indignantly. "Can't you see that I'm perfectly sober? It was the merest temporary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered and came to the door with infirm steps.

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better." "No," answered Crasley. "Are you?" "No. I'm going to work."

"You've been all up night, too, haven't you?" Crasley put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Were you hunting for me?"

"No; not last night." Crasley lurched suddenly, and Tom caught him about the waist to steady him.

"Sweethearting, tippling, vint-et-un or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickly, with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old smug face, up to my bad tricks at last!" But, recovering himself immediately, he pushed the other off at arm's length and slapped himself smartly on the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—only a bad wave now and then. A walk will make me more a man than ever."

"You'd much better go to bed, Crasley." "I can't. I'm going to change my clothes and go out."

"Why?" Crasley did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, summoning the faithful to mass, pealed loudly on the morning air, and the steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested upon the reckless eyes of the man beside him as they listened together to its insistent call. Tom said gently, almost timidly:

"You have an engagement?" This time the answer came briskly. "Yes. I promised to take Fanchon to the cemetery before breakfast, to place some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died. This happens to be his birthday."

"It was Tom who averted his eyes, not Crasley." "Then you'd best hurry," he said hesitatingly; "I mustn't keep you," and went downstairs to his office with flushed cheeks, a hanging head and an expression which would have led a stranger to believe that he had just been caught in a lie.

He went to the Main street window and seated himself upon the ledge, the only one in the room not too dusty for occupation, for here, at this hour, Tom had taken his place every morning since Elizabeth Carewe had come from the convent. The window was a coign of vantage, commanding the corner of Carewe and Main streets. Some dis-

tance west of the corner the Catholic church cast its long shadow across Main street, and in order to enter the church a person who lived upon Carewe street must pass the corner or else make a half mile detour and approach from the other direction, which the person never did. Tom had thought it out the first night that the image of Miss Betty had kept him awake, and that was the first night Miss Carewe spent in Rouen. The St. Mary's girl would be sure to go to mass every day, which was why the window ledge was dusted the next morning.

The glass doors of the little corner drug store caught the early sun of the hot May morning and became like



It seemed quite a journey.

sheets of polished brass; a farmer's wagon rattled down the dusty street; a group of Irish waitresses from the hotel made the board walk rattle under their hurried steps as they went toward the church, talking to one another, and a blinking youth in his shirt sleeves, who wore the air of one newly but not gladly risen, began to struggle manfully with the shutters of Madrilion's bank. A moment later Tom heard Crasley come down the stairs, sure of foot and humming lightly to himself. The door of the office was closed. Crasley did not look in, but presently appeared on the opposite side of the street and offered badinage to the boy who tolled at the shutters.

The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady, dressed plainly in black, but graceful and tall, came rapidly out of Carewe street, turned at the corner by the little drug store and went toward the church. The boy was left staring, for Crasley's banter broke off in the middle of a word.

He overtook her on the church steps, and they went in together.

That afternoon Fanchon Bareaud told Tom how beautiful her betrothed had been to her. He had brought her a great bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley and had taken her to the cemetery to place them on the grave of her baby brother, whose birthday it was. Tears came to Fanchon's eyes as she spoke of her lover's goodness and of how wonderfully he had talked as they stood beside the little grave.

"He was the only one who remembered that this was poor tiny Jean's birthday," she said and sobbed. "He came just after breakfast and asked me to go out there with him."

CHAPTER XII.

M. CAREWE returned one warm May afternoon by the 6 o'clock boat, which was sometimes a day late and sometimes a few hours early, the latter contingency arising, as in the present instance, when the owner was aboard. Nelson drove him from the wharf to the bank, where he conferred briefly in an undertone with Eugene Madrilion, after which Eugene sent a note containing three words to Tappingham Marsh. Marsh tore up the note and sauntered over to the club, where he found General Trumble and Jefferson Bareaud.

"He has come," said Tappingham, pleased to find the pair the only occupants of the place. "He saw Madrilion, and there's a session tonight."

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed the stout general, rising to his feet. "I'll see old Chenoweth at once. My fingers have the itch."

"And mine, too," said Bareaud. "I'd begun to think we'd never have a go with him again."

"You must see that Crasley comes. We want a full table. Drag him if you can't get him any other way."

"He won't need urging," said Jefferson. "But he cut us last time."

"He won't cut tonight. What hour?" "Nine," answered Tappingham. "It's to be a full sitting, remember."

"Don't fear for us," laughed Trumble. "Now for Crasley," Jefferson added. "After so long a vacation you couldn't keep him away if you chained him to the courthouse pillars. He'd tear 'em in two!"

But Jefferson did not encounter the alacrity of acceptance he expected from Crasley when he found him half an hour later at the hotel. Indeed, at first Mr. Gray not only refused outright, but seriously urged the same course upon Jefferson. Moreover, his remonstrance was offered in such good faith that Bareaud, in the act of swallowing one of his large doses of quinine, paused with only half the powder down his throat, gazing, nonplused, at his prospective brother-in-law.

"My immortal soul!" he gasped. "Is this Crasley Gray? What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," replied Gray quietly. "Only don't go; you've lost enough."

"Well, you're a beautiful one!" Jefferson exclaimed, with an incredulous laugh. "You're a master hand. You

to talk about losing enough!"

"I know, I know," Crasley began, shaking his head, "but"—

"You've promised Fanchon never to go again, and you're afraid Miss Betty will see or hear us and tell her you were there."

"I don't know Miss Carewe." "Then you needn't fear. Besides, she'll be out when we come and asleep when we go. She will never know we've been in the house."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Crasley impatiently, and he was the more earnest because he remembered the dangerous geography of the Carewe house, which made it impossible for any one to leave the cupola room except by the long hall which passed certain doors. "I will not go, and, what's more, I promised Fanchon I'd try to keep you out of it hereafter."

"Lord, but we're virtuous!" laughed the incredulous Jefferson. "I'll come for you at a quarter to 9."

"I will not go, I tell you." Jefferson roared. "Yes, you will. You couldn't keep from it if you tried!" And he took himself off, laughing violently, again promising to call for Crasley on his way to the trust and leaving him still warmly protesting that it would be a great folly for either of them to go.

Crasley looked after the lad's long, thin figure with an expression as near anger as he ever wore. "He'll go," he said to himself.

"And—ah, well—I'll have to risk it! I'll go with him, but only to try to bring him away early—that is, as early as it's safe to be sure that they are asleep downstairs. And I won't play. No, I'll not play; I'll not play."

He went out of the hotel by a side door. Some distance up the street Bareaud was still to be seen, lounging homeward in the pleasant afternoon sunshine. He stopped on a corner and serenely poured another quinine powder into himself and threw the paper to a couple of pigs that looked up from the gutter maliciously.

"Confound him!" said Crasley, laughing ruefully. "He makes me a missionary—for I'll keep my word to Fanchon in that, at least! I'll look after Jefferson tonight. Ah, I might as well be old Tom Vanrevel, indeed!"

Meanwhile Mr. Carewe had taken possession of his own again. His daughter ran to the door to meet him. She was trembling a little and, blushing and smiling, held out both her hands to him, so that Mrs. Tanberry vowed this was the loveliest creature in the world, and the kindest.

Mr. Carewe bowed slightly, as to an acquaintance, and disregarded the extended hands.

At that the blush faded from Miss Betty's cheeks, she trembled no more, and a salutation as icy as her father's was returned to him. He bent his heavy brows upon her and shot a black glance her way, being, of course, immediately enraged by her reflection of his own manner, but he did not speak to her.

Nor did he once address her during the evening meal, preferring to honor Mrs. Tanberry with his conversation, to that diplomatic lady's secret anger, but outward amusement. She cheerfully neglected to answer him at times, having not the slightest awe of him, and turned to the girl instead; indeed, she was only prevented from rating him soundly at his own table by the fear that she might make the situation more difficult for her young charge. As soon as it was possible she made her escape with Miss Betty, and they drove away in the twilight to pay visits of duty, leaving Mr. Carewe frowning at his coffee on the veranda.

When they came home three hours later Miss Betty noticed that a fringe of illumination bordered each of the heavily curtained windows in the cupola, and she uttered an exclamation, for she had never known that room to be lighted.

"Look!" she cried, touching Mrs. Tanberry's arm, as the horses trotted toward the gates under a drizzle of rain. "I thought the room in the cupola was empty. It's always locked, and when I came from St. Mary's he told me that old furniture was stored there."

Mrs. Tanberry was grateful for the darkness. "He may have gone there to read," she answered in a queer voice. "Let us go quietly to bed, child, so as not to disturb him."

Betty had as little desire to disturb her father as she had to see him; therefore she obeyed her friend's injunction and went to her room on tiptoe. The house was very silent as she lit the candles on her bureau. Outside the gentle drizzle and the soothing tinkle from the eaves were the only sounds. Within there was but the faint rustle of garments from Mrs. Tanberry's room. Presently the latter ceased to be heard, and a wooden moan of protest from the four poster upon which the good lady reposed announced that she had drawn the curtains and wooed the rulers of God.

Although it was one of those nights of which they say, "It is a good night to sleep," Miss Betty was not drowsy. She had half unfastened one small sandal, but she tied the ribbons again and seated herself by the open window. Peering out into the dismal night, she found her own future as black, and it seemed no wonder that the sisters loved the convent life; that the pale aunts forsook the world wherein there was so much useless unkindness, where women were petty and jealous, like that cowardly Fanchon, and men who looked great were tricksters, like Fanchon's betrothed. Miss Betty clinched her delicate fingers. She would not remember that white, startled face again.

Another face helped her to shut out the recollection—that of the man who had come to mass to meet her yesterday morning and with whom she had taken a long walk afterward. He had shown her a quaint old English garden or who lived on the bank of the river,

had bought her a bouquet, and she had helped him to select another to send to a sick friend. How beautiful the flowers were and how happy he had made the morning for her with his gaiety, his lightness and his odd wisdom! Was it only yesterday? Her father's coming had made yesterday a fortnight old.

But the continuously pattering rain and the soft drip, drip from the roof, though as mournful as she chose to find them, began after awhile to weave their somnolent spells, and she slowly drifted from reveries of unhappy sorts into half dreams, in which she was still aware she was awake, yet stubborn, heavy eyed, stirring from the curtains beside her with the small night breeze, breathed strange distortions upon familiar things, and drowsy impossibilities moved upon the surface of her thoughts. Her chin, resting upon her hand, sank gently until her head almost lay upon her relaxed arms.

"That is mine, Crasley Gray!" She sprang to her feet, immeasurably startled, one hand clutching the back of her chair, the other tremulously pressed to her cheek, convinced that her father had stooped over her and shouted the sentence in her ear. For it was his voice, and the house rang with the words. All the rooms, halls, and even the walls, still seemed murmurous with the sudden sound, like the tinkling of a bell after it has been struck. And yet—everything was quiet.

She pressed her fingers to her forehead, trying to untangle the maze of dreams which had evolved this shock for her, the sudden clamor in her father's voice of a name she hated and hoped never to hear again, a name she was trying to forget, but as she was unable to trace anything which had led to it there remained only the conclusion that her nerves were not what they should be. The vapors having become obsolete for young ladies as an explanation for all unpleasant sensations, they were instructed to have "nerves." This was Miss Betty's first consciousness of her own, and, desiring no greater acquaintance with them, she told herself it was unwholesome to fall asleep in a chair by an open window when the night was as sad as she.

Turning to a chair in front of the small oval mirror of her bureau, she unclasped the brooch which held her lace collar and, seating herself, began to unfasten her hair. Suddenly she paused, her uplifted arms falling mechanically to her sides.

Some one was coming through the long hall with a soft, almost inaudible step, a step which was not her father's. She knew at once, with instinctive certainty, that it was not he. Nor was it Nelson, who would have shuffled; nor could it be the vain Mamie, nor one of the other servants, for they did not sleep in the house. It was a step more like a woman's, though certainly it was not Mrs. Tanberry's.

Betty rose, took a candle and stood silent for a moment, the heavy tresses of her hair, half unloosed, falling upon her neck and left shoulder like the folds of a dark drapery.

At the slight rustle of her rising the steps ceased instantly. Her heart set up a wild beating, and the candle shook in her hand. But she was brave and young, and following an irresistible impulse, she ran across the room, flung open the door and threw the light of the candle into the hall, holding it at arm's length before her.

She came almost face to face with Crasley Gray.

The blood went from his cheeks as a swallow flies down from a roof. He started back against the opposite wall with a stifled groan, while she stared at him blankly and grew as deathly pale as he.

He was a man of great resource in all emergencies which required a quick tongue, but for the moment this was beyond him. He felt himself lost, toppling backward into an abyss, and the uselessness of his destruction made him physically sick. For he need not have been there; he had not wished to come; he had well counted the danger to himself, and this one time in his life had gone to the cupola room out of good nature. But Bareaud had been obstinate, and Crasley had come away alone, hoping that Jefferson might follow. And here he was, poor trapped rat, convicted and ruined because of a good action! At last he knew consistency to be a jewel and that a greedy boy should never give a crust; that a fool should stick to his folly, a villain to his devilry and each hold his own; for the man who thrusts a good deed into a life of lies is wound about with perilous passes, and in his devious ways a thousand unexpected damnations spring.

Beaten, stunned, hang-jawed with despair, he returned her long, dumfounded gaze hopelessly and told the truth like an inspired dunce.

"I came—I came—to bring another man away," he whispered brokenly; and, at the very moment, several heavy, half suppressed voices broke in to eager talk overhead.

The white hand that held the candle wavered, and the shadows glided in a huge, grotesque dance. Twice she essayed to speak before she could do so, at the same moment motioning him back, for he had made a vague gesture toward her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Afflicted With Rheumatism. "I was and am yet afflicted with rheumatism," says Mr. J. C. Bayne, editor of the Herald, Addison, Indiana Territory, "but thanks to Chamberlain's Pain Balm am able once more to attend to business. It is the best of liniments." If troubled with rheumatism give Pain Balm a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Princeton Drug Co.

Safety in Elevators.

Many persons have an objection to riding in elevators, or, more properly speaking, this objection should be classed as a feeling of dread or fear. But according to the superintendent of a big office building in Philadelphia the safest place for a person to be is in an elevator—that is, statistically speaking. In the set of elevators for which statistics have been kept by the superintendent there has been an average transportation of 2,400,000 persons each year for seven years, an aggregate of 16,800,000, and of this number but one person has been injured, and that injury did not result fatally.—Rochester Post-Express.

A Famous Widow.

One of the most famous widows of antiquity was Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus. During the lifetime of her husband she attended him in all his campaigns and shared his dangers. Suspecting that her husband had been poisoned, she had his presumed murderer assassinated and was herself soon after treated with such indignity by Tiberius that she was driven to despair and starved herself to death.

Tradition Defied.

The bull had just entered the china shop. "Here," he remarked, "is where I knock tradition aside." Carefully backing from the place without so much as jarring a saucer, he inquired the route to the stockyards and went his way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A friend of the home— A foe of the Trust.

Calumet Baking Powder

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of all States.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mill Lake, ss. Village of Princeton.

Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the common council of said village of Princeton and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing on 15th day of April, 1906, and terminating on the 14th day of April, 1907, by the following person, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively, to-wit: Albert H. Smith. That certain room on the lower floor of the brick building situated on the central twenty feet of lot six (6), block three (3), of Damon's addition to the townsite of Princeton, Minn., and commonly known as Kallier's barber shop.

Said application will be heard and determined by said common council of the village of Princeton at the recorder's office in the village of Princeton in Mill Lake county, and State of Minnesota, on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1906, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of village of Princeton this 6th day of March, A. D. 1906.

J. C. BORDEN, Village Recorder. (Corporate Seal.)

Annual Town Meeting.

The citizens of the town of Princeton and the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, who are qualified to vote at general elections, are hereby notified that the annual town meeting of said town will be held at the Armory Hall over the Caley Hardware Co.'s store in the village of Princeton in said town, on Tuesday, the thirteenth day of March next, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, of the same day, for the following purposes, viz:

To elect one supervisor for the term of three years to fill the place of M. A. Carlson, whose term expires; one town clerk, one treasurer, one assessor, one justice of the peace, one constable, one overseer of roads for each road district in said town, and to do any other business proper to be done at said meeting when convened.

Given under my hand this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1906. OTTO HENSCHELL, Town Clerk.

Notice.

All persons holding Bogus Brook town orders are requested to present same for payment to the treasurer, as interest will cease thirty days from this date.

February 22, 1906. 11-3t Peter Jensen, R. F. D. No. 5, Princeton, Minn.

First Publication Mar. 1, 1906. STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILL LAKE, ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel A. Carew, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Theresa Earley, claiming to be entitled to the conveyance of certain real estate from the executors of said estate, setting forth that Samuel A. Carew, deceased, was bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate to the said Theresa Earley, as assignee of said contract, upon the terms and conditions therein stated, and the facts upon which such claim to conveyance is predicated, and praying that the probate court make a decree authorizing and directing the said executors to convey such real estate to said petitioner as the person entitled thereto.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate may appear before this court, at a special term thereof to be held on Thursday, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the probate office in the court house in the village of Princeton in said county, and oppose said petition.

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 1st day of March, A. D. 1906. By the court, B. M. VANALSTEN, Judge of Probate. [Probate Seal.]

First Publication Feb. 22, 1906. Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered, and now in my hands, issued out of the district court of the Seventh Judicial District, State of Minnesota, in and for the county of Mill Lake, in favor of Farmers State Bank of Minn., plaintiff therein and against Esther Kimball and J. H. Ward, defendants therein. I have levied upon the following described real property of said defendant, Esther Kimball to-wit: Lot five (5) in block three (3) of Oakland, according to the recorded plat thereof in the register of deeds of said county. And that I shall, on Saturday, the seventh day of April, A. D. 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the front door of the court house in Princeton in the county and state of Minnesota, sell to the right, title and interest of the above named judgment debtor Esther Kimball in and to the above described property, to satisfy said judgment and costs, amounting to three hundred twenty-five dollars and fifty-five cents, together with all accruing costs of sale, and interest on the same from the 15th day of February 1906, at the rate of six per cent per annum, at public auction; to the highest bidder for cash.

HARRY SHOCKLEY, Sheriff of Mill Lake County, Minn. CHARLES KEITH, Plaintiff's Attorney. Dated February 21st, 1906.

Notice of Expiration of Redemption.

Office of County Auditor, County of Mill Lake, State of Minnesota.

You are hereby notified that the following described piece or parcel of land, situate in the county of Mill Lake and State of Minnesota, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lots one (1) and five (5), in section eighteen (18), in township forty-three (43) north, of range twenty-seven (27) west, is now assessed in your name.

That on the 7th day of May A. D. 1900, at the sale of land pursuant to the real estate tax judgment, duly given and made in and by the district court, in and for the county of Mill Lake, on the 21st day of March A. D. 1900, in proceedings to enforce the payment of taxes delinquent upon real estate for the year 1899, for the said county of Mill Lake, the above described piece or parcel of land was bid in for the state of Minnesota, for the sum of \$17.24; and on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1905, the county auditor of said county, by direction of the state auditor, sold and conveyed said land in fee to the said sum of \$17.24, the amount due thereon, and the amount required to redeem said piece or parcel of land from said sale, exclusive of the costs to accrue upon this notice, is the said sum of \$124.36, the amount of the said tax deed has been presented to me by the holder thereof for the purpose of having notice of expiration of redemption from said sale given and served, and that for redemption of said piece or parcel of land from said sale will expire sixty (60) days after the service of this notice and proof thereof has been filed in my office.

Witness my hand and official seal, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1906.

E. WHITNEY, County Auditor of Mill Lake County, Minn. [Official Seal.]

Summons.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Mill Lake, ss. District Court, Seventh Judicial District, vs. Charles H. Rines, Plaintiff, vs. Hollis Smith, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

The State of Minnesota, to the above named defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which complaint has been filed in the office of the clerk of the district court, at the village of Princeton, county of Mill Lake and state of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the village of Princeton, in the county of Mill Lake, within twenty (20) days after service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for relief demanded in said complaint, together with plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein.

CHARLES KEITH, Plaintiff's Attorney, Princeton, Minn. [First publication Mar. 8, 1906.]

Notice of Lis Pendens.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Mill Lake, ss. District Court, Seventh Judicial District, vs. Charles H. Rines, Plaintiff, vs. Hollis Smith, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that an action has been commenced in this court by the above named plaintiff against the above named defendants; that the object of said action is to determine the adverse claim of the defendants, and each and all of them, and the rights of the parties respectively herein and to the real estate hereinabove described, and that said estate hereinabove described is the same as that said adverse claim of the defendants, and each of them, may be adjudged by the court null and void, and that the rights of the plaintiff may be adjudged and decreed to be in the plaintiff, and that the premises affected by said action, situated in the county of Mill Lake and state of Minnesota, are described as follows: The south half of the southwest quarter of section twenty (20) in township thirty-seven (37), range twenty-six (26).

CHARLES KEITH, Plaintiff's Attorney, Princeton, Minn. [First publication Mar. 1, 1906.]

Summons.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Mill Lake, ss. District Court, Seventh Judicial District, vs. Peter S. Bareaud, Plaintiff, vs. The State of Minnesota, to the above named defendant.

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action which is filed in the office of the clerk of the district court of the Seventh Judicial District in and for the county of Mill Lake and state of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the village of Princeton in said county, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of eighty dollars, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the date of hearing of July, 1904, together with the costs and disbursements of this action.

CHARLES KEITH, Plaintiff's Attorney, Princeton, Minn. [First Publication Mar. 1, 1906.]

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILL LAKE, ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel A. Carew, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Theresa Earley, claiming to be entitled to the conveyance of certain real estate from the executors of said estate, setting forth that Samuel A. Carew, deceased, was bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate to the said Theresa Earley, as assignee of said contract, upon the terms and conditions therein stated, and the facts upon which such claim to conveyance is predicated, and praying that the probate court make a decree authorizing and directing the said executors to convey such real estate to said petitioner as the person entitled thereto.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate may appear before this court, at a special term thereof to be held on Thursday, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the probate office in the court house in the village of Princeton in said county, and oppose said petition.

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 1st day of March, A