

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY			
THE COMFORTABLE WAY.			
GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
6:20 a.m.	Duluth	9:40 p.m.	Duluth
9:15 a.m.	Brook Park	6:40 p.m.	Brook Park
9:35 a.m.	Mora	6:17 p.m.	Mora
9:45 a.m.	Ogilvie	6:00 p.m.	Ogilvie
10:20 a.m.	Milaca	5:35 p.m.	Milaca
10:30 a.m.	Peace (T)	5:24 p.m.	Peace (T)
10:40 a.m.	Long Siding (T)	5:13 p.m.	Long Siding (T)
10:45 a.m.	Brickton (T)	5:07 p.m.	Brickton (T)
10:55 a.m.	Princeton	4:48 p.m.	Princeton
11:10 a.m.	Zimmerman	4:32 p.m.	Zimmerman
11:35 a.m.	Elk River	4:26 p.m.	Elk River
12:00 p.m.	Anoka	4:05 p.m.	Anoka
12:45 p.m.	Minneapolis	3:25 p.m.	Minneapolis
1:10 p.m.	St. Paul	2:55 p.m.	St. Paul
(T) Stop on signal.			
ST. CLOUD TRAINS.			
GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
10:15 a.m.	Milaca	5:25 p.m.	Milaca
10:30 a.m.	Princeton	5:10 p.m.	Princeton
11:15 a.m.	St. Cloud	5:25 p.m.	St. Cloud
WAY FREIGHT.			
GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Tue. Thu. and Sat.	Mon. Wed. and Fri.		
10:45 a.m.	Milaca	2:30 p.m.	Milaca
12:30 p.m.	Princeton	1:40 p.m.	Princeton
2:45 p.m.	Elk River	11:35 a.m.	Elk River
5:00 p.m.	Anoka	10:00 a.m.	Anoka

It was not until Monty was summoned to rescue Reggie Vanderpool from the stern arm of the law that he discovered the identity of Punchinello. Manifestly he had not been in a condition to recognize his assailant, and a subsequent disagreement had driven the first out of his head. The poor boy



Monty's arrival gave him a new conception of the strenuous life.

was sadly bruised about the face, and his arrest had probably saved him from worse punishment.

"I told you I couldn't wear a mask," he explained ruefully as Monty led him home. "But how could I know that he could hear me all the time?"

The day after the carnival Brewster drove his guests over to Monte Carlo. He meant to stay only long enough to try his luck at the tables and lose enough to make up for the days at sea when his purse was necessarily idle. Swarengen Jones was forgotten, and soon after his arrival he began to plunge. At first he lost heavily, and it was with difficulty that he concealed his joy. Peggy Gray was watching him and in whispers implored him to stop, but Mrs. Dan excitedly urged him to continue until his luck changed. To the girl's chagrin it was the more reckless advice that he followed. In due desperate a situation he felt that he could not stop. But his luck turned too soon.

"I can't afford to give up," he said miserably to himself after a time. "I'm already a winner by \$5,000, and I must at least get rid of that."

Brewster became the center of interest to those who were not playing, and people marveled at his luck. They quite misinterpreted his eagerness and the flushed anxious look with which he followed each spin of the wheel. He had chosen a seat beside an English duchess whose practice it was to appropriate the winnings of the more inexperienced players, and he was aware that many of his gold pieces were being deliberately stolen. Here, he thought, was at least a helping hand, and he was on the point of moving his stack toward her side when DeMille interfered. He had watched the duchess and had called the croupier's attention to her neat little method. But that austere individual silenced him by saying in surprise, "But she's a duchess—what do you expect?"

Not to be downed so easily, DeMille watched the play from behind Monty's chair and cautioned his friend at the first opportunity.

"Better cash in and change your seat, Monty. They're robbing you," he whispered.

"Cash in when I'm away ahead of the game? Never!" and Monty did his best to assume a joyful tone.

At first he played with no effort at system, piling his money flat on the numbers which seemed to have least chance of winning, but he simply could not lose. Then he tried to reverse different systems he had heard of, but they turned out to be winners. Finally in desperation he began doubling on one color in the hope that he would surely lose in the end, but his particular fate was against him. With his entire stake on the red, the ball continued to fall in the red holes until the croupier announced that the bank was broken.

Dan DeMille gathered in the money and counted \$40,000 before he handed it to Monty. His friends were overjoyed when he left the table and wondered why he looked so downhearted. Inwardly he berated himself for not taking Peggy's advice.

"I'm so glad for your sake that you did not stop when I asked you, Monty, but your luck does not change my belief that gambling is next to stealing," Peggy was constrained to say as they went to supper.

"I wish I had taken your advice," he said gloomily.

"And missed the fortune you have won? How foolish of you, Monty! You were a loser by several thousand dollars then," she objected, with whimsical inconsistency.

"But, Peggy," he said quietly, looking deep into her eyes, "it would have won me your respect."

CHAPTER XXI.

MONTY'S situation was desperate. Only a little more than \$6,000 had been spent on the carnival, and no opportunity of annihilating the roulette winnings seemed to offer itself. His experience at Monte Carlo did not encourage him to try again, and Peggy's attitude toward the place was distinctly antagonistic. The Riviera presenting no new opportunities for extravagance, it became necessary to seek other worlds.

"I never before understood the real meaning of the phrase 'tight money,'" thought Monty. "Lord, if it would only loosen a bit and stay loosened!" Something must be done, he realized, to earn his living. Perhaps the role of the

prince prodigal would be easier in Italy than anywhere else. He studied the outlook from every point of view, but there were moments when it seemed hopeless. Baedeker was provokingly barren of suggestions for extravagance, and Monty grew impatient of the book's small economies. Noticing some chapters on the Italian lakes, in an inspired moment he remembered that Pettingill had once lost his heart to a villa on the lake of Como. Instantly a new act of the comedy presented itself to him. He sought out Pettingill and demanded a description of his castle in the air.

"Oh, it's a wonder," exclaimed the artist. And his eyes grew dreamy. "It shines out at you with its white terraces and turrets like those fascinating castles that Maxfield Parrish draws for children. It is fairyland. You expect to wake and find it gone."

"Oh, drop that, Petty," said Brewster, "or it will make you poetical. What I want to know is who owns it and is it likely to be occupied at this season?"

"It belongs to a certain marquise, who is a widow with no children. They say she has a horror of the place for some reason and has never been near it. It is kept as though she were to turn up the next day, but except for the servants it is always deserted."

"The very thing," declared Brewster. "Petty, we'll have a house party."

"You'd better not count on that, Monty. A man I know ran across the place once and tried for a year to buy it. But the lady has ideas of her own."

"Well, if you wish to give him a hint or two about how to do things, watch me. If you don't spend two weeks in your dream castle I will cut the crowd and sail for home."

He secured the name of the owner and found that Pettingill had even a remote idea of the address of her agent. Armed with these facts, he set out in search of a courier, and through Philippe he secured a Frenchman named Bertier, who was guaranteed to be surprisingly ingenious in providing methods of spending money. To him Brewster confided his scheme, and Bertier realized with rising enthusiasm that at last he had secured a client after his own heart. He was able to complete the address of the agent of the mysterious marquise, and an inquiry was immediately telegraphed to him.

The agent's reply would have been discouraging to any one but Brewster. It stated that the owner had no intention of leasing her forsaken castle for any period whatever. The prodigal learned that a fair price for an estate of that kind for a month was 10,000 francs, and he wired an offer of five times that sum for two weeks. The agent replied that some delay would be necessary while he communicated with his principal. Delay was the one word that Brewster did not understand, so he wired him an address in Genoa, and the flitter was made ready for sea. Steam had been kept up, and her coal account would compare favorably with that of an ocean liner. Philippe was breathless with joy when he was paid in advance for another month at the hotel on the assumption that the party might be moved to return at any moment. The little town was gay at parting, and Brewster and his guests were given a royal farewell.

At Genoa the mail had accumulated and held the attention of the yacht to the exclusion of everything else. Brewster was somewhat crestfallen to learn that the lady of the villa haughtily refused his princely offer. He won the lifelong devotion of his courier by promptly increasing it to 100,000 francs. When this, too, met with rejection there was a pause as well as a serious consultation between the two.

"Bertier," exclaimed Brewster, "I must have the thing now. What's to be done? You've got to help me out."

But the courier, prodigal as he was, of gestures, had no words which seemed pertinent.

"There must be some way of getting at this marquise," Monty continued reflectively. "What are her tastes? Do you know anything about her?"

Suddenly the face of the courier grew bright. "I have it," he said, and then he faltered. "But the expense, monsieur—it would be heavy."

"Perhaps we can meet it," suggested Monty quietly. "What's the idea?"

It was explained, with plenty of action to make it clear. The courier had heard in Florence that madame la marquise had a passion for automobiles. But with her inadequate fortune and the many demands upon it it was a weakness not readily gratified. The machine she had used during the winter was by no means up to date. Possibly if monsieur—Yet it was too much. No villa—

But Brewster's decision was made. "Wire the fellow," he said, "that I will add to my last offer a French machine of the latest model and the best make. Say, too, that I would like immediate possession."

He secured it, and the crowd was transferred at once to fairyland: There were protests, of course, but these Brewster had grown to expect; and he was learning to carry things with a high hand. The travelers had been preceded by Bertier, and the greeting they received from the steward of the estate and his innumerable assistants was very Italian and full of color. A break in their monotony was welcome.

The loveliness of the villa and its grounds, which sloped down to the gentle lake, silenced criticism. For a time it was supremely satisfying to do nothing. Pettingill wandered about as though he could not believe it was real. He was lost in a kind of atmosphere of ecstasy. To the others, who took it more calmly, it was still a sort of paradise. Those who were happy found in it an intensification of happiness, and to those who were sad it offered the tenderest opportunities

for melancholy. Mrs. Dan told Brewster that only a poet could have had this inspiration. And Peggy added: "Anything after this would be an anticlimax. Really, Monty, you would better take us home."

"I feel like the boy who was shut in a closet for punishment and found it the place where they kept the jam," said Subway. "It is almost as good as owning Central park."

The stables were well equipped, and the days wore on in a wonderful peace. It was on a radiant afternoon, when twelve of the crowd had started out after tea for a long ride toward Lugano, that Monty determined to call Peggy Gray to account. He was certain that she had deliberately avoided him for days and weeks, and he could find no reason for it. Hour after hour he had lain awake wondering where he had failed her, but the conclusion of one moment was rejected the next. The Monte Carlo episode seemed the most plausible cause, yet even before that he had noticed that whenever he approached her she managed to be talking with some one else. Two or three times he was sure she had seen his intention before she took refuge with Mrs. Dan or Mary Valentine or Pettingill. The thought of the last name gave Monty a sudden thrill. What if it were he who had come between them? It troubled him, but there were moments when the idea seemed impossible. As they mounted and started off the exhilaration of the ride made him hopeful. They were to have dinner in the open air in the shadow of an abbey ruin some miles away, and the servants had been sent ahead to prepare it. It went well, and with Mrs. Dan's help the dinner was made gay. On the return Monty, who was off last, spurred up his horse to join Peggy. She seemed eager to be with the rest, and he lost no time with a preamble.

"Do you know, Peggy," he began, "something seems to be wrong, and I am wondering what it is."

"Why, what do you mean, Monty?" as he paused.

"Every time I come near you, child, you seem to have something else to do. If I join the group you are in it is the signal for you to break away."

"Nonsense, Monty! Why should I avoid you? We have known one another much too long for that." But he thought he detected some contradiction in her eyes, and he was right. The girl was afraid of him, afraid of the sensations he awoke, afraid desperately of betrayal.

"Pettingill may appeal to you," he said, and his voice was serious, "but you might at least be courteous to me."

"How absurd you are, Monty Brewster," the girl grew hot. "You needn't think that your million gives you the privilege of dictation to all of your guests."

"Peggy! How can you?" he interjected.

She went on ruthlessly. "If my conduct interferes with your highness' pleasure I can easily join the Prestons in Paris."

Suddenly Brewster remembered that Pettingill had spoken of the Prestons and expressed a fleeting wish that he might be with them in the Latin quarter. "With Pettingill to follow, I suppose," he said icily. "It would certainly give you more privacy."

"And Mrs. Dan more opportunities," she retorted as he dropped back toward the others.

The artist instantly took his place. The next moment he had challenged her to a race and they were flying down the road in the moonlight. Brewster, not to be outdone, was after them, but it was only a moment before his horse shied violently at something black in the road. Then he saw Peggy's horse galloping riderless. Instantly, with fear at his throat, he had dismounted and was at the girl's side. She was not hurt, they found; only bruised and dazed and somewhat lamed. A girl had broken and her saddle turned. The crowd waited, silent

Instantly he had dismounted and was at the girl's side.

and somewhat awed, until the carriage with the servants came up and she was put into it. Mrs. Dan's maid was there, and Peggy insisted that she would have no one else. But as Monty helped her in he had whispered: "You won't go, child, will you? How could things go on here?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What is the human appendix like? Where is it located? What is its function? What is appendicitis and how is it caused? Can it be cured and how? Ninety-nine out of one hundred people are unable to answer these questions. Can you? If not, we would advise you to call at our store for a free copy of Dr. Adler's book on appendicitis. Read it and get posted. Home Drug Store.

Among the list of birds which were quite plentiful when the western prairie region was first settled fifty years ago and which have entirely disappeared are the small gull, the long billed curlew, the plover and the blue winged teal.

Have any of our readers ever tried the ferret as a means of getting rid of the pocket gopher? We should be glad to hear from them if they have, or to receive the details of any other plan that has been found successful in eradicating the pest.

A poultry fancier living near Chicago will this year raise 5,000 English pheasants. It has been found that these birds do very well in confinement, while it is claimed they will bring good prices both for useful and ornamental purposes.

Under modern scientific methods the art of buttermaking has attained such perfection that it is doubtful if any better butter will ever be made than has been and is being made. The only trouble is that there is not enough of the best butter made.

STATISTICAL SITUATION OF FLAX

By Chas. H. Thornton, Publisher
Duluth Commercial Record.

In the two previous articles on seeding that have been furnished the Northwestern press the writer has rather strongly favored the seeding of flaxseed, barley and durum wheat.

To a very large extent the strong export situation in all three of these grains has been the main reason for feeling that they would prove the most profitable crops for Northwestern grain growers. During the past eight months we have exported quite largely of flaxseed, barley and durum wheat and not very largely of either spring or winter wheat or flour, although it is generally conceded that the country raised a liberal export surplus of both winter and spring wheat.

It is undoubtedly a fact that speculative influences were instrumental in keeping our wheat markets above an export basis and thereby keeping the surplus in the country to be carried into the new crop.

On the other hand the export demand in the three grains mentioned above has been good throughout the entire year and practically every bushel available has been cleaned up and we shall go into the new year with clean boards or nearly so.

This is especially true of flaxseed. Ever since the large crop of 1902 this country has been lugging along a large surplus of seed, all of which has been consumed or sold for export this year, and the foreign situation is still very strong. As late as April 20 one of the very best posted students of European seed conditions in writing the author said:

"The events of the past few days have made the situation clearer and it would appear as if this season's supplies would prove lighter than expected, especially from Argentina. India also has lessened her offers and Bombay advices state that this year's exports are not likely to exceed 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 bushels, compared with 7,500,000 bushels last year."

In view of the above statements and the fact that American supplies of seed have been, or will be, pretty well cleaned up a short summary of the European situation for two years past and the supplies of seed in sight for the current calendar year will probably prove interesting.

The European crop years in seed, it should be remembered, coincide with the calendar year and statistics are made up from January to January. The following table shows the exports of seed to Europe during each of the past two years and the amount expected during the current year, as figured by the best posted authorities:

	1904	1905	1906
India	21,480,000	13,480,000	12,000,000
Argentina	36,400,000	26,100,000	21,000,000
Russia	3,050,000	3,750,000	3,500,000
U. S.	1,000	875,000	4,000,000
Total	60,931,000	44,205,000	40,500,000

From the 61,000,000 bushels of 1904 to the 40,500,000 bushels of 1906 this is a big drop and that it is so regarded by Europe is evidenced by the fact that they have bought so freely of the United States seed during the past three months and are still buying. It is altogether likely that without the large shipments of 1904, part of which were carried into 1905, Europe would have been unable to get along with the small 44,000,000 bushel shipments of last year and with less quantities in sight for this year it is possible to run into very high prices for seed during the ensuing twelve months.

Of course every farmer must figure out for himself the crop that is liable to prove the most profitable to him, being guided largely by conditions on his own farm, but it does seem that at 80 cents for wheat and \$1.20 for flax a little area seeded to flaxseed would prove profitable.

A very important item to be remembered in connection with the seeding of flaxseed this year is the universally excellent quality of the seed available for seeding. It is doubtful if seed of such a good quality was ever before available in the quantities in which it can be had this year and too much stress cannot be made of this point. Practically all of the 1905 seed was equal to pedigreed seed, was almost entirely free of weed and in oil producing qualities was very satisfactory. Seed of that character should produce better than average yields and should be valuable for seeding purposes another year.

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Under modern scientific methods the art of buttermaking has attained such perfection that it is doubtful if any better butter will ever be made than has been and is being made. The only trouble is that there is not enough of the best butter made.

"YOUR MONEY IS NO GOOD"

and will be refunded to you if after using half a bottle of

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6088

RHEUMATISM and BLOOD CURE

You are not satisfied with results. This is our guarantee which goes with every bottle.

For Sale and Guaranteed Only by
C. A. JACK, Princeton, Minn.

For Sale or Rent.

Farm of 166 acres, 2½ miles from Princeton; 60 field, 60 fine meadow, balance pasture; all fenced. Might sell on crop payments or exchange for Minneapolis property. Apply to R. W. Freer, Princeton, Minn., or E. H. Bass, Guaranty Building, Minneapolis, Minn. 21-tf

First Publication May 17, 1906.

Notice of Cancellation of Contract.

Princeton, Minn., May 15, 1906.

To Christian Strand:

You are hereby notified that in accordance with the conditions of a contract made and entered into by and between you and Aug. Rines & Co. for the sale by the said Aug. Rines & Co. to you of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section seventeen (17) township thirty-eight (38) range twenty-seven (27) payment of the taxes of 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, duly assessed and levied thereon, became due and payable by you thereon prior to this date, as agreed in said contract, and no part of the same has been paid by you; and that payment by you of the sum of \$220 under the terms of said contract, was due on the 29th day of March, 1905, and that no part of the same has been paid, and you, the said Christian Strand are further notified that the whole of the unpaid payments and interest specified in said contract, amounting to the sum of \$259.60 and the said taxes are now due and payable, such being the election of the said Aug. Rines & Co. and that said contract will be cancelled and terminated unless you, the said Christian Strand within thirty days from the service of this notice upon you, pay or cause to be paid to the said Aug. Rines & Co. the several amounts specified in the said contract, and interest thereon, and the costs of the service of this notice upon you. Such sum of money can be paid to said Aug. Rines & Co. at the First National Bank of Princeton, Minn., at any time before the expiration of thirty days from the date of the service of this notice upon you.

AUG. RINES & CO.
Dated May 15, 1906.

(First publication May 17, 1906.)

Notice of Cancellation of Contract.

Princeton, Minn., May 10, 1906.

To Herman Noldner:

You are hereby notified that in accordance with the conditions of a contract made and entered into by and between you and Sylvester Kipp for the sale by the said Sylvester Kipp to you of southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section twelve (12), township thirty-seven (37), range twenty-six (26), payment by you of the sum of \$120 under the terms of said contract, was due on the 6th day of February, 1906, and that no part of the same has been paid, and you, the said Herman Noldner are further notified that the whole of the unpaid payments and interest specified in said contract, amounting to the sum of \$360 are now due and payable, such being the election of the said Sylvester Kipp, and that said contract will be cancelled and terminated unless you, the said Herman Noldner within thirty days from the service of this notice upon you, pay or cause to be paid to the said Sylvester Kipp the several amounts specified in the said contract, and interest thereon, and the costs of the service of this notice upon you. Such sum of money can be paid to said Sylvester Kipp at the First National Bank of Princeton, Minn., at any time before the expiration of thirty days from the date of the service of this notice upon you.

SYLVESTER KIPP.
Dated May 10, 1906.

(First publication May 3, 1906.)

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF MILLE LACS.—ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, April 25th, 1906.

In the matter of the estate of Eureka Kane, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of T. E. Potts, the administrator of the estate of Eureka Kane, deceased, representing, among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the final account of his administration, and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law:

It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard, by this court, on Saturday, the 25th day of May, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the probate office in the court house at Princeton in said county.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to 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 28th day of April, A. D. 1906.

By the court.

B. M. VANALSTEN,
Judge of Probate.

[Probate Seal]

The Black Percheron Stallion

ROI D'YUETOT

(46222)

Was imported from France in 1902 by Robert Burgess & Son of Winona, Ill., and is registered in the Percheron Stud book of America as No. 26,709. Color, black; with star, snip.

Will stand for the season of 1906 at Mark's barn, Princeton.

To insure, \$10.00.

ELLIOTT & MARK,

Owners.

ELK RIVER TRAINS.

(Great Northern.) For St. Paul and Minneapolis, trains leave at 6:00 A. M. and 11:35 A. M. For stations west to Williston, N. D. via Crookston 9:53 P. M. (at tank).

(Northern Pacific.) West bound. North Coast Limited, 11:50 A. M. (at tank). Minnesota Local, 10:08 A. M.; Manitoba Express, 11:47 P. M. (at tank). East bound. Manitoba Express, 5:40 A. M.; Twin City Express, 6:02 A. M. (at tank); Minnesota Local, 4:14 P. M.; North Coast Limited, 12:45 P. M. (at tank), and at depot Sundays.

MILLE LACS COUNTY.

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