THE PRINCETON UNION: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906.

wanderer on the face of the earththrew himself upon a carpet of pine needles in a little clump of timber, made a pillow of his saddle, drew the saddle blanket over his shoulders to keep out the night chill, loosened his belt and straightway fell asleep.

Before doing so, however, faint with hunger as he was and weary to the verge of collapse, he had a little ceremony to perform, and he performed it in answer to a sentimental fancy. With the point of his sword he found an earth bank free of rock and dug a trench there. In it he placed his sword in its scabbard and with its belt and sword knot attached. Then, drawing the earth over it and stamping it down, he said:

"That ends the soldier chapter of my life. I must turn to the work of peace now. I have no fireplace over which to hang the trusty blade. It is better to bury it here in the mountains, in the midst of desolation, and forever to forget all that it suggests."

When he waked in the morning a soaking, persistent, pitiless rain was falling. The young man's clothing was so completely saturated that as he stood erect the water streamed from his elbows, and he felt it trickling down his body and his legs.

"This is a pretty good substitute for a bath," he thought as he removed his garments and with strong, nervous hands wrung the water out of them as laundresses do with linen.

He had no means of kindling a fire, and there was no time for that at any rate. Guilford Duncan had begun to feel the pangs not of mere hunger, but of actual starvation-the pains that mean collapse and speedy death. He knew that he must find food for himself, and that quickly. Otherwise he must die there, helpless and alone, on the desolate mountain side.

He might, indeed, kill his horse and live for a few days upon its flesh until it should spoil. But such relief would be only a postponing of the end, and without the horse he doubted that he could travel far toward that western land which he had half unwittingly fixed upon as his goal.

He was well up in the mountains now and near the crest of the great range. The valley lay beyond, and he well knew that he would find no food supplies in that region when he should come to cross it. Sheridan had done a perfect work of war there, so devastating one of the most fruitful regions on all God's earth that in picturesque words he had said, "The crow that flies over the valley of Virginia must carry his rations with him."

In the high mountains matters were not much better. There had been no battling up there in the land of the sky, but the scars and the desolation of war were manifest even upon mountain sides and mountain tops.

For four years the men who dwelt in the rude log cabins of that frost bitten and sterile region had been serving as volunteers in the army, fighting for a cause which was none of theirs and which they did not at all understand or try to understand. They fought upon instinct alone. It had always been the custom of the mountain dwellers to shoulder their guns and go into the thick of every fray which seemed to them in any way to threaten their native land. They went blindly, they fought desperately, and they endured manfully. Ignorant, illiterate. abjectly poor, inured to hardship through generations, they asked no questions the answers to which they could not understand. It was enough for them to know that their native land was invaded by an armed foe. Whenever that occurred they were ready to meet force with force and to do their humble mightiest to drive that foe away or to destroy him without asking even who he was. During the absence of four years their homes had fallen into fearful desolation. Those homes were log cabins, clinked and daubed, mostly having earthen floors and chimneys built of sticks thickly plastered with mud. But, humble as they were, they were homes, and they held the wives and children whom these men loved. The little mountain homesteads had been spared devastation. But in war it is not "the enemy" alone who lays waste. Such little cribs and granaries and smokehouses as these poor mountain dwellers owned had been despoiled of their stores to feed the armies in the field. Their boys, even those as young as fourteen, had been drawn into the army. Their hogs, their sheep, the few milk cows they possessed, had been taken away from them. Their scanty oxen had been converted into army beef, and those of them who owned a horse or a mule had been compelled to surrender the animal for military use, receiving in return only Confederate treasury notes, now worth no more than so much of waste paper. Nevertheless Guilford Duncan perfectly understood that he must look to the impoverished people of the high mountains for a food supply in this his sore extremity. Therefore, instead of crossing the range by way of any of the main traveled passes, he pushed his grass refreshed steed straight up Mount Pleasant to its topmost heights. There, about noon, he came upon a lonely cabin whose owner had reached home from the war only a day or two

said the owner, "but sich as it is you're | ship, and not as 'pay' for anything at welcome.' Meanwhile he had given the horse dozen ears of corn, saying:

"Reckon 'twon't hurt him. He don't look 's if he'd been a-feedin' any too hearty, an' I reckon a dozen ears won't founder him."

For dinner there were a scanty piece of bacon, boiled with wild mustard plants for greens, and some pones of corn bread.

To Guilford Duncan in his starving condition this seemed a veritable feast. The eating of it so far refreshed him that he cheerfully answered all the questions put to him by his shirt sleeved host.

It is a tradition in Virginia that nobody can ask so many questions as a Yankee, and yet there was never a people so insistently given to asking questions of a purely and impertinently personal character as were the Virginians of anything less than the higher and gentler class. They questioned a guest not so much because of any idle curiosity concerning his affairs as because of a friendly desire to manifest interest in him and in what might concern him.

"What mout your name be, cap'n?" the host began as they sat at dinner. "My name is Guilford Duncan," re-

plied the young man. "But I am not a captain now. I'm only a very poor young man-greatly poorer than you are, for at least you own a home and a



Duncan began by asking for dinner for himself and horse.

little piece of the mountain top, while I own no inch of God's earth or anything else except my horse, my four pistols, my saddle and bridle and the clothes I wear."

"What's your plan-goin' to settle in the mountings? They say there'll be big money in 'stillin' whisky an' not broad in proportion. I'm in perfect a-payin' of the high tax on it. It's a resky business, or will be when the Yanks get theirselves settled down into possession, like, but I kin see you're game fer resks, an' ef you want a workin' pardner I'm your man. There's a water power just a little way down the mounting in a valley that one good man with a rifle kin defend."

"Thank you for your offer," answer ed Duncan. "But I'm not thinking of settling in the mountains. I'm going to the west if I can get there. Now, to do that I must cross the valley, and I must have some provisions. Can you to feed me better than I've been fed for sell me a side of bacon, a little bag of meal and a little salt?"

"What kin you pay with, mister?" "Well, I have no money, of course, six' revolvers, and I'd be glad to give

all. I want to give you this pistol, and I want you to keep it. I don't know where I am going to live and work in the west, and I don't know why I wrote 'Cairo, Ill.,' as my address. It simply came to me to do it. Perhaps it's a good omen. Anyhow I shall go to Cairo, and if I leave there I'll arrange to have my letters forwarded to me wherever I may be, so if you're in trouble at any time you can write to me at Cairo. I am as poor as you are nowyes, poorer-but I don't mean to stay poor. If you're in trouble at any time I'll do my best to see you through, just as you have seen me through this time."

CHAPTER III.

TALF an hour later the young man resumed his journey westward, passing down the farther slopes of the mountain.

"Wonder why I wrote 'Cairo' as my address," he thought as his trusty horse carefully picked his way among the rocks and down the steeps. "I hadn't thought of Cairo before as even a possible destination. I know nobody there. know absolutely nothing about the town or the opportunities it may offer." Then he began a more practical train of thought.

"I've food enough now," he reflected, to last me scantily for a few days. During that time I must make my way as far as I can toward the Ohio river at Pittsburg or Wheeling or Parkersburg. When I reach the river I must have money enough to pay steamboat fare to Cairo. There is no money in these parts, but West Virginia is practically a northern state, and there are greenbacks there. I'll sell my remaining pistols there. A little later I'll sell my horse, my saddle and my bridle. The horse is a good one, and so is the saddle. Surely I ought to get enough for them to pay my way to Cairo." Then came another and a questioning

thought:

"And when I get to Cairo-what then? I've a good university education, but I doubt that there is a ready market for education in any bustling Missouri river town just now. I'm a graduate in law, but heaven knows I know very little about the profession aside from the broad underlying principles. Besides, I shall have no money with which to open an office, and who is going to employ a wandering and utterly destitute stranger to take charge of his legal business?"

For the moment discouragement dominated the young man's mind, but

presently there came to him a reflection that gave new birth to his courage.

"I'm six feet high," he thought, "and physical health. I have muscles that nothing has ever yet tired. Between the Wilderness and Appomattox I have had an extensive experience in shoveling earth and other hard work. I'm in exceedingly good training, a trifle underfed, perhaps, but at any rate I carry not one ounce of superfluous fat on my person. I am perfectly equipped for the hardest kind of physical work, and in a busy western town there is sure to be work enough of that kind for a strong and willing man to do. I can at the very least earn enough as a laborer the four years of war."

Curiously enough, this prospect of work as a day laborer greatly cheered the young man. Instead of depressing except worthless Confederate paper, his spirits it for the first time lifted but I have two pairs of Colt's 'navy from his soul that incubus of melancholy with which every Confederate soldier of his class was at first opmy horse's feed and the provisions I pressed. Ever since Grant had refused in the Wilderness a year before to retire beyond the river after receiving Lee's tremendous blows Guilford Duncan and all Confederates of like intelligence had foreseen the end and had recognized its coming as inevitable. Nevertheless when it came in fact, when the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered and when the Confederacy ceased to be, the event was scarcely less shocking and depressing to their minds than if it had been an unfore seen and unexpected one. The melancholy that instantly took possession of such minds amounted to scarcely less than insanity, and for a prolonged period it paralyzed energy and made worse the ruin that war had wrought in the south. Fortunately Guilford Duncan, thrown at once and absolutely upon his own resources, thus quickly escaped from the overshadowing cloud. And yet his case seemed worse than that of most of his comrades. They at least had homes of some sort to go to; he had none. There was for them, debt burdened as their plantations were, at least a hope that some way out might ultimately be found. For him there was no inch of ground upon which he might rest even a hope. Born of an old family, he had been bred and educated as one to whom abundance was to come by inheritance, a man destined from birth to become in time the master of a great patrimo nial estate. But that estate was honeycombed with hereditary debt, the result of generations of lavish living, wasteful methods of agriculture and overgenerous hospitality. About the time when war came there came also a crisis in the affairs of Guilford Duncan's father. Long before the war ended the elder man had surrendered everything he had in the world to his creditors. He had then enlisted in the army, though he was more than sixty years old. He had been killed in the trenches before Petersburg, leaving his only son, Guilford, not only without a patrimony and without a home, but also without any family connection closer than some distant half theoretical cousinships. The young man's mother had gently passed from earth so long ago that he only dimly remembered the sweet nobility of her character, and he had never had either brother or sister.

He was thus absolutely alone in the world, and he was penniless, too, as he rode down the mountain steeps. But the impulse of work had come to him, and he joyfully welcomed it as something vastly better and worthier of his strong young manhood than any brooding over misfortune could be or any leading of the old aristocratic, half idle planter life, if that had been possible. In connection with this thought came another. He had recently read Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and as he journeyed he recalled the case there described of the French nobleman who for a time wasted his life and neglected his splendid opportunities in brooding over the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and in an obstinate refusal to reconcile himself to the new order of things. Duncan remembered how, aftter awhile, when the new France became involved in the Crimean war, the Frenchman saw a clearer light; how he learned to feel that, under one regime or another, it was still France that he

loved and to France that his best service was due. "That," thought Guilford Duncan,

was a new birth of patriotism. Why should not a similar new birth come to those of us who have fought in the



With mighty effort vaulted over it.

stored Union will be the only representative left of those principles for which we have so manfully battled during the last four years-the principles of liberty and equal rights and local self

At that moment the young man's horse encountered a huge bowlder that had rolled down from the mountain side, completely blockading the path. With the spirit and the training that war service had given him the animal stopped not nor stayed. He approached the obstacle with a leap or two and then with mighty effort vaulted over it. "Good for you, Bob!" cried the young

cles, and that's the way I am resolved to meet them."

ounces of salt.

The valley lay before him in all its

pistols, but as he pushed onward toward the Ohio river he found that both traveling and living in a prosperous country were far more expensive than traveling and living in war desolated and still moneyless Virginia.

His little store of funds leaked out of his pockets so fast that, economize as he might he found it necessary to ask for work here and there on his journey. It was springtime, and the farmers were glad enough to employ him for a day or two each. The wages were meager enough, but Duncan accepted them gladly, the more so because the farmers in every case gave him board besides. Now and then he secured odd jobs as an assistant to mechanics. In one case he stoked the furnaces of a coal mine for a week.

But he did not remain long in any employment. As soon as he had a trifle of money or a little stock of provisions to the good he moved onward toward the river.

His one dominating and ever growing purpose was to reach Cairo. What fortune might await him there he knew not at all, but since he had scratched that address on the butt of a pistol the desire to reach Cairo had daily and hourly grown upon him until it was now almost a passion. The name "Cairo" in his mind had become a synonym for "opportunity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.[

Stammer to Yourself.

To the many correspondents who have written inquiries and suggestions as to a cure for stammering we may state that this is not a medical bureau. This writer gave his own method of curing his own particular nervous disorder, which is probably shared by many of his fellow men. Let it be repeated in answer to many who seem to have seen the problem and missed the solution. Consume your own smoke. If you must stammer, try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gur-gurred sufficiently to yourself, you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whipped out! But there are some men who hug a stammer-stammering always in the right place-lifting curiosity to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could 1-1-1-l-ead it home." - London Spectator.

Not a Clothes Peg.

Peggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over. But as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrear, she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't." said Peg, wrathfully eving the faded old "A peg I may be by name, but cloak. I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on-not if I know it."-London Answers.

WAS A VERY SICK BOY

But Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoes Remedy.

"When my boy was two years old he had a very severe attack of bowel complaint, but by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy we brought him out all right," says Maggie Hickox of Midland, Mich. This remedy can be depended upon in the most severe cases. Even cholera infantum is cured by it. Follow the plain printed directions and a cure is certain. For sale by Princeton Drug Co.

A Government Bond.

To the henpecked husband, the bond of matrimony is a government bond. -Puck.

(First publication Sept. 27, 1906.) Order of Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Mille Lacs. In Probate Court. In the matter of the estate of Henry P Clark, decedent.

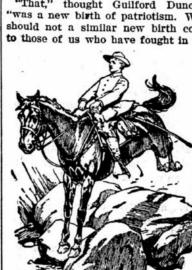
will and testament of Henry P. Clark having been presented to this court and the petition of Frank P. Clark being duly filed having been presented to this court and the petition of Frank P. Clark being duly filed herein. representing, among other things that said decedent, then being a resident of the county of Mille Lacs, state of Minnesota, died testate in the county of Mille Lacs, state of Minnesota, on the 15th day of May. 1906, and that said petitioner is a nephew of said de-cedent and that he is the person named as executor by said decedent and sole bene-ficiary named in said will and praying that said instrument be allowed and admitted to probate as the last will and testament of said decedent and that letters testamentary be issued to Frank P. Clark thereon. It is ordered, that said petition be heard be-fore this court, at the probate court rooms in the court house. in Princeton, county of Mille Lacs, state of Minnesota, on the 20th day of October 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., and that the citation of this court issue to all persons in-terested in said hearing and said matter, and that such citation be served by the publica-tion thereof in the Princeton Union, a weekly according to law. Dated September 21, 1906. By the court. [Probate Seal.] First Publication Sept. 27, 1906.

First Publication Sept. 27, 1906. Notice of Foreclosure Sale by Advertisement.

tisement. tisement. Whereas default has been made in the con-ditions of a mortgage, executed and delivered by William H. Evans (widower) mortgagor, to Thomas B. Ross mortgage, dated September rist. 1903, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Mille Lacs county, Min-nesota, on September 23, 1903, at 1 o'clock p. m. in book N of mortgages on page 417, on which there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred eight ab being the said mortgage or any part thereof. And whereof, said mortgage was duly as-signed by the said Thomas B. Ross to Cather-ine A. Callagher by assignment dated Febru-ary 10th, 1904. Mow wherefore notice is hereby given, that whore a power of sale contained in said mort-gage and pursuant to statute in such cases provided, said mortgage was duly as-sine d. Gallagher by assignment dated Febru-ary 10th, 1904. Mow mortgage and costs and expenses of sale. (of the mortgage dy remises by the shering to the highest bidder for cash, at the front do, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy said ongtage. and costs and expenses of sale. Induding the sum of twenty-five and no-tig boot at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy said mortgage. and exercibed in said mortgages the be sold are situated in Mille Lacs (bot, Minesota, on the ifth day of November, by ad toregare. The premises described in said mortgages the be sold are situated in Mille Lacs (be be sold are situated in Mille Lacs (be be sold are situated in said mortgages, the southeast quarter of the northwest out-ter (SE4 of NWA) of section seven (f) in seven (g) containing forty acres more or less. Date Marker A. GALLAGHER. Attorney for Assignee. First publication Sept. 20. 1906.

First publication Sept. 20. 1906. Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of seventy-one and 25-100(871.25) dol-lars, which is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by William Schel-ler and Anna Scheller, his wife, mortgagors, to L. R. Rutherford mortgage hearing due the



Confederate army? After all, the re-

government."

man. "That's the way to meet obsta-

But the poor horse did not respond. He hobbled on three legs for a space. His master, dismounting, found that he had torn loose a tendon of one leg in the leap.

There was no choice but to drive a bullet into the poor beast's brain by way of putting him out of his agony. Thus was Guilford Duncan left upon the mountain side, more desolate and helpless than before, with no possessions in all the world except a pair of pistols, a saddle, a bridle, a side of bacon, a peck of cornmeal and a few

barrenness. Beyond that lay hundreds

There was an air of desolation and decay about the place; but, knowing the ways of the mountaineers, the young man did not despair of securing some food there, for even when the mountaineer is most prosperous his fences are apt to be down, his roof out of repair and all his surroundings to wear the look of abandonment and despair.

earlier.

Duncan began by asking for dinner for himself and horse, and the response was what he expected in that land of poverty stricken but always generous hospitality.

"Ain't got much to offer you, cap'n,"

you one pair of them for my dinner, have mentioned."

"Now look a-here, mister," broke in the mountaineer, rising and straightening himself to his full height of six feet four, "when you come to my door you was mighty hungry. You axed fer a dinner an' a hoss feed, an' I've done give 'em to you free, gratis an' fer nothin'. No man on the face o' God's yearth kin say as how he ever come to Si Watkins' house in need of a dinner an' a hoss feed 'thout a-gittin' both. An' no man kin say as how Si Watkins ever took a cent o' pay fer a-entertainin' of angels unawares, as the preachers says. But when it comes to furnishin' you with a side o' bacon an' some meal an' salt, that's more differenter. That's business. There's mighty little meal an' mighty few sides o' ba con in these here parts, but I don't

mind a-tellin' you as how my wife's done managed to hide a few sides o' bacon an' a little meal from the fellers what come up here to collect the tax in kind. Ef you choose to take one o' them sides o' bacon an' a little meal an' salt an' give me one o' your pistols. I'm quite agreeable. The gun mout come in handy when I git a little still a-goin' down there in the holler."

"I'll do better than that," answered Duncan. "I'll give you a pair of the pistols, as I said."

"Hold on! Go a leetle slow, mister. an' don't forgit nothin'. You promised to gimme the p'ar o' pistols fer the bacon an' meal an' salt an' fer yer dinner an' hoss feed. I've done tole you as how Si Watkins don't never take no pay fer a dinner an' hoss feed, so you can't offer me the p'ar o' pistols 'thout offerin' to pay fer yer entertainment o' man an' beast, an' I won't have that, I tell you."

"Very well," said Duncan. "I didn't mean that. I'll give you one of the pistols in payment for the supply of provisions. That will end the business part of the matter. Now, I'm going to do something else with the other pistol -the mate of that one."

With that he opened his pocketknife and scratched on the silver mounting of the pistol butt the legend: "To Si

Watkins, in memory of a visit. From Guilford Duncan, Cairo, Ill." Then, handing the inscribed weapon

to his host, he said: "I have a right to make you a little

present, purely in the way of friend-

of miles of Alleghany mountains and the region farther on.

All this expanse he must traverse on foot before arriving at that great river highway, by means of which he hoped to reach his destination, a thousand miles and more farther still to the west. But the new manhood had been born in Guilford Duncan's soul, and he was no more appalled by the difficult problem that he must face than he had been by the fire of the enemy when battle was on. "Hard work," he reflected, "is the daily duty of the soldler of peace just as hard fighting is that of the warrior."

Strapping his saddle and bridle on his back, he took his bacon and his salt bag in one hand and his bag of meal in the other. Thus heavily burdened he set out on foot down the mountain.

"At any rate my load will grow lighter," he reflected, "every time I eat, and I'll sell the saddle and bridle at the first opportunity. I'll make the Ohio river in spite of all."

CHAPTER IV.

T was a truly terrible tramp that the young man had before him, but he did not shrink. So long as his provisions lasted he pushed forward, stopping only in the woodlands or by the wayside for sleep and for eating. By the time that his provisions were exhausted he had passed the valley and had crossed the crest of the Alleghanies.

He was now in a country that had not been wasted by war, a country in which men of every class seemed to be reasonably prosperous and hard at work.

There, by way of replenishing his commissariat, he sold the saddle he was carrying on his back, and thus lightened his load.

Fortunately it was a specially good addle, richly mounted with silver and otherwise decorated to please the fancy of the dandy Federal officer from whose dead horse Duncan had captured it after its owner had been left stark upon the field in the Wilderness. It brought him now a good price in money, and to this the purchaser generously added a little store of provisions, including, for immediate use, some fresh meat, the first that had passed Duncan's lips for more months past than he could count upon the fingers of one hand.

A little later the young man sold his Magazine.

01d Whist Terms. The following passage is from the

Adventurer, No. 35, March 6, 1753: "On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall, the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running without holding a swabber (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards and ordered Jemmy, the footboy, to sit cross legged for good luck), grew out of all patience and, taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room."

Swabbers are the ace of hearts, the knave of clubs and the ace and the deuce of trumps at whist. To furz or fuzz is to shuffle the cards very carefully or to change the pack .- London Notes and Queries.

Why Rain Clouds Are Black. The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface

by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

Tennis and Lawn Tennis.

There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis, the mother game, is always known as court tennis, whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different. The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker .- Fry's

ler and Anna Scheller, his wife, mortgagors, to L. R. Rutherford, mortgagee, bearing date the 23rd day of October, 1993, and with a power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Mille Lacs and State of Minnesota, on the 23rd day of December, 1903, at 1 o'clock p. m., in book O of mortgages, on page 283: and no action or proceeding having been insti-tuted, at law or otherwise to recore 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, viz: The north half of the southeast quarter (N½ of SE4) of section twenty-six (23). town-ship thirty-seven (37), range twenty-seven (37), in Mille Lacs county and State of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances; which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Mille Lacs county at the front door of the court house in the 37d day of November, 1906, at 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash. to pay said debt of seventy-one and 25-100 dollars, and interest, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and twenty-lave and 00-100 dollars, and subrems, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and twenty-lated in and by said mortgage in case of fore-closure, and the disbursements allowed by law: ubject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law. Dated September 17th, A. D. 1906. E. L. McMILLAN, Mortgagee, Attorney for Mortgagee,

E. L. MCMILLAN. Attorney for Mortgagee, Princeton, Minn. Mortgagee.

FirstPublication Aug. 30, 1906. Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

ESTATE OF HENRY P. CLARK. ate of Minnesota, County of Mille Lacs.-In

Probate Court. the matter of the estate of Henry P.

In the matter of the estate of Henry P. Clark, decedent. The State of Minnesota to all persons inter-ested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent: The petition of Rosa Lipsey having been filed in this court, repre-senting that Henry P. Clark, then a resident of the courty of Mille Lacs, State of Minnesota, died intestate on the 15th day of May, 1906; and praying that letters of administration of his estate be granted to Rosell E. Jones; and the court, having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition; Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court at the probate court rooms in the county of Mille Lacs, State of Minnesota, on the 21st day of September, 1906, at 10 of clock A. M., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 27th day of August, 1906. B. M. VANALSTEIN. [Probate Seal.] Judge of Probate.

E. L. MCMILLAN. Attorney for Petitioner, Princeton, Minn.

MARK, THE AUCTIONEER,

is Prepared to Hold Auctions at Farmors Private Residences.

hold furniture, live stock, farm machinery, etc., who are desirous of disposing of the same at their homes, should call on me. For a very reasonable commission I will conductheir auctions upon their own premt ises.

> Emmet Mark, Auctioneer, Princeton.

Persons about to sell their house-