

Chilcote—Chilcote with his position, his constituency—his wife. He half extricated his arm, but Fraide held it.

"No," he said. "Don't draw away from me. You have always been too ready to do that. It is not often I have a pleasant truth to tell. I won't be deprived of the enjoyment."

"Can the truth ever be pleasant, sir?" involuntarily Loder echoed Chilcote. Fraide looked up. He was half a head shorter than his companion, though his dignity concealed the fact. "Chilcote," he said seriously, "give up cynicism! It is the trademark of failure, and I do not like it in my friends."

Loder said nothing. The quiet insight of the reproof, its mitigating kindness, touched him sharply. In that moment he saw the rails down which he had sent his little car of existence spinning, and the sight daunted him. The track was steeper, the gauge narrower, than he had guessed; there were curves and sidings upon which he had not reckoned. He turned his head and met Fraide's glance.

"Don't count too much on me, sir," he said slowly. "I might disappoint you again." His voice broke off on the last word, for the sound of other voices and of laughter came to them across the terrace as a group of two women and three men passed through the open door. At a glance he realized that the slightest of the two women was Eve.

Seeing them, she disengaged herself from her party and came quickly forward. He saw her cheeks flush and her eyes brighten pleasantly as they rested on his companion, but he noticed also that after her first cursory glance she avoided his own direction.

As she came toward them Fraide drew away his hand in readiness to greet her.

"Here comes my godchild," he said. "I often wish, Chilcote, that I could do away with the prefix." He added the last words in an undertone as he reached them, then he responded warmly to her smile.

"What?" he said. "Turning the terrace into the garden of Eden in January? We cannot allow this."

Eve laughed. "Blame Lady Sarah," she said. "We met at lunch, and she carried me off. Needless to say I hadn't to ask where."

They both laughed, and Loder joined, a little uncertainly. He had yet to learn that the devotion of Fraide and his wife was a long standing jest in their particular set.

At the sound of his tardy laugh Eve turned to him. "I hope I didn't rob you of all sleep last night," she said. "I caught him in his den," she explained, turning to Fraide, "and invaded it most courteously. I believe we talked till 2."

Again Loder noticed how quickly she looked from him to Fraide. The knowledge roused his self assertion.

"I had an excellent night," he said. "Do I look as if I hadn't slept?"

Somewhat slowly and reluctantly Eve looked back. "No," she said truthfully and with a faint surprise that to Loder seemed the first genuine emotion she had shown regarding him. "No, I don't think I ever saw you look so well." She was quite unconscious and very charming as she made the admission. It struck Loder that her coloring of hair and eyes gained by daylight—were brightened and vivified by their setting of somber river and somber stone.

Fraide smiled at her affectionately, then looked at Loder. "Chilcote has got a new lease of nerves, Eve," he said quietly. "And I—believe—I have got a new henchman. But I see my wife beckoning to me. I must have a word with her before she flits away. May I be excused?" He made a courteous gesture of apology, then smiled at Eve.

She looked after him as he moved away. "I sometimes wonder what I should do if anything were to happen to the Fraides," she said, a little wistfully. Then almost at once she laughed, as if regretting her impulsiveness. "You heard what he said," she went on in a different voice. "Am I really to congratulate you?"

The change of tone stung Loder unaccountably. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he asked.

Without answering, she walked slowly across the deserted terrace and, pausing by the parapet, laid her hand on the stonework. Still in silence, she looked out across the river.

Loder had followed closely. Again her aloofness seemed a challenge. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he repeated.

At last she looked up at him slowly. "Have you ever given me cause to believe?" she asked in a quiet tone.

To this truth he found no answer, though the subdued incredulity nettled him afresh.

Prompted to a further effort, he spoke again. "Patience is necessary with every person and every circumstance," he said. "We've all got to wait and see."

She did not lower her gaze as he spoke, and there seemed to him something disconcerting in the clear, candid blue of her eyes. With a sudden dread of her next words, he moved forward and laid his hand beside hers on the parapet.

"Patience is needed for every one," he repeated quickly. "Sometimes a man is like a bit of wreckage. He drifts till some force stronger than himself gets in his way and stops him." He looked again at her face. He scarcely knew what he was saying. He only felt that he was a man in an egregious false position, trying stupidly to justify himself. "Don't you believe that flotsam can sometimes be washed ashore?" he asked.

High above them Big Ben chimed the hour.

Eve raised her head. It almost seemed to him that he could see her answer

trembling on her lips. Then the voice of Lady Sarah Fraide came cheerfully from behind them.

"Eve!" she called. "Eve! We must fly. It's absolutely 3 o'clock!"

CHAPTER X.

IN the days that followed Fraide's marked adoption of him Loder behaved with a discretion that spoke well for his qualities. Many a man placed in the same responsible and yet strangely irresponsible position might have been excused if, for the time at least, he gave himself a loose rein. But Loder kept free of the temptation.

Like all other experiments, his showed unlooked for features when put to a working test. Its expected difficulties smoothed themselves away, while others, scarcely anticipated, came into prominence. Most notable of all, the physical likeness between himself and Chilcote, the bedrock of the whole scheme, which had been counted on to offer most danger, worked without a hitch. He stood literally amazed before the sweeping credulity that met him on every hand. Men who had known Chilcote from his youth, servants who had been in his employment for years, joined issue in the unquestioning acceptance. At times the ease of deception bewildered him. There were moments when he realized that, should circumstances force him to a declaration of the truth, he would not be believed. Human nature prefers its own eyesight to the testimony of any man.

But in face of this astonishing success he steered a steady course. In the first exhilaration of Fraide's favor, in the first egotistical wish to break down Eve's skepticism, he might possibly have plunged into a vortex of action, let it be in what direction it might; but, fortunately for himself, for Chilcote and for their scheme, he was liable to strenuous second thoughts—those wise and necessary curbs that go further to the steadying of the universe than the universe guesses. Sitting in the quiet of the house on the same day that he had spoken with Eve on the terrace he had weighed possibilities slowly and cautiously. Impressed to the full by the atmosphere of the place that in his eyes could never lack character, however dull its momentary business, however prosy the voice that filled it, he had sifted impulse from expedience as only a man who has lived within himself can sift and distinguish, and at the close of that first day his programme had been formed. There must be no rush, no headlong plunge, he had decided. Things must work around. It was his first expedition into the new country, and it lay with fate to say whether it would be his last.

He had been leaning back in his seat, his eyes on the ministers opposite, his arms folded in imitation of Chilcote's most natural attitude, when this final speculation had come to him, and as it came his lips had tightened for a moment and his face become hard and cold. It is an unpleasant thing when a man first unconsciously reckons on the weakness of another, and the look that expresses the idea is not good to see. He had stirred uneasily, then his lips had closed again. He was tenacious by nature, and by nature intolerant of weakness. At the first suggestion of reckoning upon Chilcote's lapses his mind had drawn back in disgust, but as the thought came again the disgust had lessened.

In a week—two weeks, perhaps—Chilcote would reclaim his place. Then would begin the routine of the affair. Chilcote, fresh from indulgence and freedom, would find his obligations a thousand times more irksome than before; he would struggle for a time, then—

A shadowy smile had touched Loder's lips as the idea formed itself. Then would come the inevitable recall; then in earnest he might venture to put his hand to the plow. He never indulged in day dreams, but something in the nature of a vision had flashed over his mind in that instant. He had seen himself standing in that same building, seen the rows of faces first bored then hesitatingly transformed under the one great power he knew himself to possess—the power of eloquence. The strength of the suggestion had been almost painful. Men who have attained self repression are occasionally open to a perilous onrush of feeling. Believing that they know themselves, they walk boldly forward toward the highroad and pitfall alike.

These had been Loder's disconnected ideas and speculations on the first day of his new life. At 4 o'clock on the ninth day he was pacing with quiet confidence up and down Chilcote's study, his mind pleasantly busy and his cigar comfortably alight, when he paused in his walk and frowned, interrupted by the entrance of a servant. The man came softly into the room, drew a small table toward the fire and proceeded to lay an extremely fine and unscrutable looking cloth.

Loder watched him in silence. He had grown to find silence a very useful commodity. To wait and let things develop was the attitude he oftenest assumed, but on this occasion he was perplexed. He had not rung for tea, and in any case a cup on a salver satisfied his wants. He looked critically at the fragile cloth.

Presently the servant departed and solemnly re-entered carrying a silver tray, with cups, a teapot and cakes. Having adjusted them to his satisfaction, he turned to Loder.

"Mrs. Chilcote will be with you in five minutes, sir," he said.

He waited for some response, but Loder gave none. Again he had found the advantages of silence, but this time it was silence of a compulsory kind. He had nothing to say.

The man, finding him irresponsive,

retired, and, left to himself, Loder stared at the array of feminine trifles; then, turning abruptly, he moved to the center of the room.

Since the day they had talked on the terrace he had seen Eve only thrice and always in the presence of others. Since the night of his first coming she had not invaded his domain, and he wondered what this new departure might mean.

His thought of her had been less vivid in the last few days, for, though still using steady discretion, he had been drawn gradually nearer the fascinating whirlpool of new interests and new work. Shut his eyes as he might, there was no denying that this moment, so personally vital to him, was politically vital to the whole country and that by a curious coincidence Chilcote's position well nigh forced him to take an active interest in the situation. Again and again the suggestion had arisen that should the smoldering fire in Persia break into a flame Chilcote's commercial interests would facilitate—would practically compel—his standing in in the campaign against the government.

The little incident of the tea table, recalling the social side of his obligations, had aroused the realization of greater things. As he stood meditatively in the middle of the room he saw suddenly how absorbed he had become in these greater things—how, in the swing of congenial interests, he had been borne insensibly forward, his capacities expanding, his intelligence asserting itself. He had so undeniably found his sphere that the idea of usurpation had receded gently as by natural laws until his own personality had begun to color the day's work.

As this knowledge came he wondered quickly if it held a solution of the present little comedy; if Eve had seen what others, he knew, had observed—that Chilcote was showing a grasp of things that he had not exhibited for years. Then, as a sound of skirts came softly down the corridor, he squared his shoulders with his habitual abrupt gesture and threw his cigar into the fire.

Eve entered the room much as she had done on her former visit, but with one difference—in passing Loder she quietly held out her hand.

He took it as quietly. "Why am I so honored?" he asked.

She laughed a little and looked across at the fire. "How like a man! You



"Why am I so honored?" he asked.

always want to begin with reasons. Let's have tea first and explanations after." She moved forward toward the table, and he followed. As he did so it struck him that her dress seemed in peculiar harmony with the day and the room, though beyond that he could not follow its details. As she paused beside the table he drew forward a chair with a faint touch of awkwardness.

She thanked him and sat down. He watched her in silence as she poured out the tea, and the thought crossed his mind that it was incredibly long since he had seen a woman preside over a meal. The deftness of her fingers filled him with an unfamiliar, half inquisitive wonder. So interesting was the sensation that when she held his cup toward him he didn't immediately see it.

"Don't you want any?" She smiled a little.

He started, embarrassed by his own tardiness. "I'm afraid I'm dull," he said. "I've been so—"

"So keen a worker in the last week?" For a moment he felt relieved. Then, as a fresh silence fell, his sense of awkwardness returned. He sipped his tea and ate a biscuit. He found himself wishing, for almost the first time, for some of the small society talk that came so pleasantly to other men. He felt that the position was ridiculous.

He glanced at Eve's averted head and laid his empty cup upon the table. Almost at once she turned, and their eyes met.

"John," she said, "do you guess at all why I wanted to have tea with you?"

He looked down at her. "No," he said honestly and without embellishment.

The curtness of the answer might have displeased another woman. Eve seemed to take no offense.

"I had a talk with the Fraides today," she said, "a long talk. Mr. Fraide said great things of you, things I wouldn't have believed from anybody, but Mr. Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire.

He took a step forward. "What

things?" he said. He was almost ashamed of the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her words.

"Oh, I mustn't tell you!" She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up again with a change of expression.

"John," she said more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even, wonderfully direct for a woman, Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable charm might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads—idiots, amusements and incumbrances. Now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place—the place of a companion.

"You are very skeptical," he said, still looking down at her.

She did not return his glance. "I think I have been made skeptical," she said.

As she spoke the image of Chilcote shot through his mind—Chilcote, irritable, vicious, unstable—and a quick compassion for this woman so inevitably shackled to him followed it.

Eve, unconscious of what was passing in his mind, went on with her subject.

"When we were married," she said gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life. I had lived in politics, and I was marrying one of the coming men—everybody said you were one of the coming men. I scarcely felt there was anything left to ask for. You didn't make very ardent love," she smiled, "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah—married to a great man." She paused, then went on more hurriedly: "For awhile things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got your—your nerves."

Loder changed his position with something of abruptness.

She misconstrued the action. "Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said hastily. "I don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why—why I lost heart." "I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse, then still worse. You found interference useless. At last you ceased to have a husband."

"Until a week ago." She glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cured of Lung Trouble.
"It is now eleven years since I had a narrow escape from consumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a leading business man of Kershaw, S. C. "I had run down in weight to 135 pounds, and coughing was constant, both by day and by night. Finally I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and continued this for about six months, when my cough and lung trouble were entirely gone and I was restored to my normal weight, 170 pounds." Thousands of persons are healed every year. Guaranteed at C. A. Jack's drug store. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Two Views of the Canal.

Many men in a position to know what they are talking about, among them the late Collis P. Huntington, have expressed the opinion that a canal across the South American isthmus would be in the end disappoint the hopes of all who anticipate immense benefits to the nation from a waterway between the oceans. Perhaps these oracles have spoken their real minds, and then again interest or other motive may have colored their opinions. As a success the canal must seriously interfere with the colossal investments in transcontinental railroads. As a failure it will swallow up millions of the people's treasure and blast the expectations of those who look forward to the opening as a revolution in the marine transportation of two hemispheres.

In direct opposition to the pessimistic view cited above stands that of the people of this nation, a view wherein sentiment largely mingles with practical considerations. It is a national enterprise, one which by its boldness and magnitude is worthy of the American spirit. After weighing all the arguments for and against the canal the consensus of opinion is that the project is worth while and must be put through at every hazard and at any cost. But the typical American is as thrifty as he is daring. He wants his money's worth whether the investment be made for a return in kind or for a dividend of glory. The canal will never lack for popular indorsement and support so long as the appointed agents of the people are digging dirt and doing it with as little money as possible. In the end the people will not cavil over the sources of supply of labor and material, provided these vital factors in the undertaking are put to good use and the canal is dug.

Possesses wonderful medicinal power over the human body, removing all disorders from your system, is what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Makes you well, keeps you well. 35 cents, tea or tablets.

C. A. Jack.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Monumental agents wanted in this locality. Apply to Twin City Granite Works, 501-509 Rice St., St. Paul, Minn. 4-3t

Fire! Fire!
Don't run the risk of fire by having your chimney burn out. Have it cleaned in time. I guarantee a good job. Dan C. Mirick.

For Sale Cheap.
King Coral heater, used only a few months. Owner lives in Minneapolis and has no use for it. Can be seen at residence of Walter E. Brown, Princeton.

For Sale or Rent.
An 83-acre farm, three miles north-east of Princeton, good house, stable and well, 15 acres under cultivation. On easy terms, 10 years time if sold. Inquire of Henry Noth, 422 Newton ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 5-7

He Should Be Thankful Therefor.
Even when a woman buys her husband a Christmas present with his money she finds on that morning some one else has been forgotten and takes it away from him to use on the other. —New York Press.

A Jamaican Lays High of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mrs. Michael Hart, wife of the superintendent of Cart Service at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies Islands, says that she has for some years used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, croup and whooping cough and has found it very beneficial. She has implicit confidence in it and would not be without a bottle of it in her home. Sold by Princeton Drug Co.

Notice of Cancellation of Contract.

To Clarence T. Thompson:
Default has been made in the payments due November 1st, 1904, 1905 and 1906 respectively on that certain contract between Oliver H. Havill and Clarence T. Thompson dated November 1st, 1902, for the purchase of southwest quarter of northwest quarter of section twenty-eight (28), and southeast quarter of northeast quarter of section twenty-nine (29) all in township thirty-eight (38), range twenty-seven (27) Mile Lacs county, Minnesota, and whereas by an instrument in writing dated August 24th, 1904, the above described contract was assigned by Oliver H. Havill to the Citizens State Bank of Princeton of which bank the First National Bank of Princeton is the successor, now notice is hereby given that said contract will terminate and be cancelled thirty days after the service of this notice unless prior thereto the said purchaser, Clarence T. Thompson, shall pay to the First National Bank of Princeton \$1,262.80 together with the costs of the service of this notice. Such payment may be made at the First National Bank of Princeton, Minnesota.

Dated January 2nd, 1907.
First National Bank of Princeton, Minnesota.
By Jno. F. Petterson, Cashier.

First publication Jan. 24, 1907.

Summons.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss.
County of Mile Lacs. ss.
District Court, Seventh Judicial District.
Empire Real Estate & Mortgage Co., a corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
Carl J. Peterson, Defendant.
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 complaint has been filed in the office of the clerk of this court, at the Court House at Princeton, County of Mile Lacs, State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 705 Guaranty Building in the City of Minneapolis, Hennepin County, State of Minnesota, within twenty days after service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer said complaint within the time aforesaid, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said Complaint together with its costs and disbursements herein.

Dated September 24th 1906.
C. J. CAHALEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Guaranty Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.

First Publication Jan. 24, 1907.

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

ESTATE OF LOUIS PAYETTE.
State of Minnesota, County of Mile Lacs.—In Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Louis Payette, deceased.
The State of Minnesota to Mary Payette and all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this court his final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereunto entitled: 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 Mile Lacs, State of Minnesota, on the 16th day of February, 1907, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 22nd day of January, 1907.

B. M. VANALSTEIN,
Probate Judge.

First Publication Jan. 17, 1907.

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Foreign Will.

ESTATE OF LYDIA EICHER.
State of Minnesota, County of Mile Lacs.—In Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Lydia Eicher, deceased.
The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of the will of said decedent: The petition of Henry M. Eicher, representing that Lydia Eicher, then a resident of the county of Henry, State of Iowa, died on the 17th day of November, 1905, testate, and that her will has been allowed and admitted to probate in district court in and for the county of Henry, State of Iowa, being filed in this court, together with authenticated copies of said will and of the probate thereof in the court above named, and praying that said will be admitted to probate in this state, and that letters of administration with the will annexed be thereon granted to E. J. Eicher.

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 Mile Lacs, State of Minnesota, on the 1st day of February, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness the signature of the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 16th day of January, 1907.

B. M. VANALSTEIN,
Judge of Probate Court.

[Probate Seal.]

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, gives renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 53 cents, tea or tablets. C. A. Jack.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss.
County of Mile Lacs,
Village of Princeton.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made in writing to the village council of said village of Princeton and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1907, and terminating on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1908, by the following persons, and at the following place, as stated in said application respectively, to-wit: John Sjoblom and Andrew Sjoblom, as Sjoblom Bros., on the lower floor of the two-story brick building located on the south half of lot five (5) block six (6) of original townsite of Princeton, Minn.

Said application will be heard and determined by said village council of the village of Princeton at the special meeting in the recorder's office in said village of Princeton in Mile Lacs county, and state of Minnesota, on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of village of Princeton this 14th day of January A. D. 1907.

H. C. COONEY, President.

Attest: J. C. BORDEN,
[Seal.] Village Recorder.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss.
County of Mile Lacs,
Village of Princeton.

Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the village council of said village of Princeton and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing on the twenty-second day of February, 1907, and terminating on the twenty-first day of February, 1908, by the following person, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively, to-wit: Frank Behnke, on the lower floor of that certain two story frame building, located on the south half of lot eight (8), block two (2), of Damon's addition to the townsite of Princeton, Minn.

Said application will be heard and determined by said village council of the village of Princeton at the special meeting in the recorder's office in said village of Princeton in Mile Lacs county, and state of Minnesota, on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of village of Princeton this 14th day of January A. D. 1907.

H. C. COONEY, President.

Attest: J. C. BORDEN,
[Seal.] Village Recorder.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss.
County of Mile Lacs,
Village of Princeton.

Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the village council of said village of Princeton and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing on third day of February, 1907, and terminating on the second day of February 1908, by the following persons, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively, to-wit: Magnus Sjoblom and Swan Olson, as Sjoblom & Olson, the lower floor of that two-story frame building situate on the southwest corner of lot twelve (12) block six (6) of Princeton, Minn.

Said application will be heard and determined by said village council of the village of Princeton at the special meeting in the recorder's office in said village of Princeton in Mile Lacs county, and State of Minnesota, on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of village of Princeton this 14th day of January A. D. 1907.

H. C. COONEY, President.

Attest: J. C. BORDEN,
[Seal.] Village Recorder.

First publication Jan. 3, 1907.

Summons.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss.
County of Mile Lacs.
District Court, Seventh Judicial District.
Reinhold Swedberg, Plaintiff,
vs.
Christine Swedberg, Defendant.

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 complaint has been filed in the office of the clerk of this court at Princeton, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint upon the subscriber at his office in the city of Brainerd, in Crow Wing county, Minnesota, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail so to do the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint.

A. T. LARSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Brainerd, Minn.

First Publication Jan. 10, 1907.

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

ESTATE OF MARY CAMPBELL.
State of Minnesota, County of Mile Lacs.—In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Campbell, deceased.
The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent: The petition of Charles L. Campbell having been filed in this court, representing that Mary Campbell, then a resident of the county of Mile Lacs, State of Minnesota, died intestate on the 25th day of December, 1905, and praying that letters of administration of her estate be granted to Charles L. Campbell; and the court having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition:

Therefore, you, and each