

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TABLE

THE COMFORTABLE WAY.

GOING SOUTH GOING NORTH

7:55 a.m.	Sandstone	8:55 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Brook Park	8:00 p.m.
9:10 a.m.	Mora	7:30 p.m.
9:25 a.m.	St. Cloud	7:05 p.m.
9:38 a.m.	Book	6:50 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	Milaca	6:35 p.m.
10:10 a.m.	Wadena	6:15 p.m.
10:22 a.m.	Long Siding (7)	6:00 p.m.
10:27 a.m.	Brickton (7)	6:00 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	Princeton	5:55 p.m.
10:35 a.m.	Zimmerman	5:45 p.m.
11:02 a.m.	Elk River	5:15 p.m.
11:25 a.m.	Anoka	4:45 p.m.
11:55 a.m.	St. Paul	4:00 p.m.
1:25 p.m.	St. Paul	3:30 p.m.
(7) Stop on signal.		

ST. CLOUD TRAINS.

GOING WEST	GOING EAST	
3:30 p.m.	Milaca	10:00 a.m.
3:37 p.m.	Foreston	9:45 a.m.
4:40 p.m.	St. Cloud	8:30 a.m.

WAY FREIGHT.

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH	
Daily, except Sun.	Daily, except Sun.	
8:30 a.m.	Milaca	2:10 p.m.
9:30 p.m.	St. Cloud	1:00 p.m.
10:30 p.m.	Elk River	10:30 a.m.
8:00 p.m.	Anoka	8:00 a.m.

Any information regarding sleeping cars or connections will be furnished at any time by J. W. MOSSMAN, Agent, Princeton, Minn.

HUNTING THE WOLF

In Russia the Vicious Brute, if Full Grown, Is a Marvel.

FLEET, FIERCE AND STRONG.

He is Often More Than a Match For a Pack of Trained Hounds and Fairly Fights His Way to Freedom—An Exciting Chase With a Grand Duke.

Hunting wolves with dogs is one of the most engrossing and exciting of the winter sports in Russia, and in the pursuit of the full grown wild beast three types of dog are used—the ordinary foxhound pack, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, and the bear hound, a type which is becoming rarer all the time. The Russian Imperial hunt, which is situated at Gatchina, about thirty miles from St. Petersburg, is the scene of most of these sporting events.

The method of hunting is to employ a "ring" or locate the animal by means of his tracks in a certain portion of the forest, the mounted huntsmen remaining quietly about, with groups of borzois in leash, three together. The next step is to send the foxhounds into the forest to force the wolf to break cover, and on his appearance the wolfhounds are slipped. If the quarry can survive two miles of hard pressure he will have outlasted the pace and staying powers of his pursuers, but if not the wolfhounds will have pulled him down. They can make no impression on his hide, however, but must wait until the first horseman comes up. The wolf is either killed then by knife, or his legs and jaws are bound up, and he is taken back home and exhibited a few days in captivity, when he is turned loose to furnish sport at a future time.

In the London Times N. Kravtchenko tells of a hunt in company with a grand duke, in which one of these full grown vicious brutes proved too much for the hounds:

We had reached our stations and became accustomed to patient, motionless waiting when far away was heard the voice of a bound on the scent. Soon a whole chorus joined in, and a little later the wood in front of us began to fill with noise, and then suddenly, not far from us, appeared a huge full grown wolf.

He seemed to be absolutely undisturbed and trotted off as if nothing particular was occurring, but in reality he was traveling at great speed and had almost covered half the distance when the grand duke unleashed upon him. Like lightning the wolf turned and retreated, but the dogs were quicker. "Let go!" shouted the grand duke, and my leash quickly followed. Every moment I thought the dogs would roll the wolf over and pin him. But the task was evidently no easy one. The wolf went on and on. Now and then he would turn his head when some more enterprising hound pressed him with his attentions. It seemed that there was nothing particularly menacing in the act, but so quickly did the mighty jaws snap that we could only tell as one hound after another fell away with ripped sides that it had been far more than a mere head shake. The incredible strength and agility of the beast and the apparent ease with which he dealt with six of the mightiest and best borzois of the grand ducal kennel compelled one's respect and admiration.

But now came a whirlwind directly in his path—two borzois, dark as night, galloping toward the pursued, intent at the risk of their lives to overturn him. I thought to see him torn to pieces in a few moments. But it is not in vain that according to the rules of wolf coursing a grown wolf has the honors of the whole kennel—all the borzois on the field must be unleashed—besides his strength the grown wolf is extraordinarily agile and intelligent. All these qualities he displayed to the full before me. For the first time I saw a grown wolf at bay, and I was no longer disposed to feel any surprise that so many dogs should be unleashed against one beast. Without changing his course or his gait, suddenly, under the very noses of the borzois that were rushing upon him, he turned to the right and headed straight toward us. Some dogs, trying to turn quickly, fell, but jumped up again and gave chase. But the wolf, it seemed, continued on his course at the same quiet gait, as if he felt no need to expend his strength on such foes.

Not far from me the dogs almost overtook him. I thought that one had gripped him, but he turned his head, and those terrible fangs of his again did their deadly work. Saplings of birch and oak, the outposts of the forest, were already nigh. The dogs made a last desperate effort and almost surrounded him on the very edge of the wood. We saw how they all came together, and then we heard the howl of one dog after another as the wolf snapped them off and his gray body disappeared in the thicket. Then the borzois began to call their dogs together and to gather up the wounded.

So we coursed the grown wolf. In twenty-five years the Pershino hunt has taken only fifty-six of them, whereas the number of cubs and yearling wolves that have been taken by the grand duke's borzois is 625.

Most Unfortunate. Belle—My disposition is so forgiving; I make up so easily. Nell—It is a pity you can't apply your disposition to your face.—Baltimore American.

Do not hunt for temptation just for the sake of wrestling with it.

ON THE WINGS OF A CYCLONE

Whirling Storm Brought Freedom to a Convict.

Ralph Kirby, convict, having a good record, was ordered to work with a party outside the prison inclosure. Of course prison officials stood over the workmen with loaded rifles.

But something came up in comparison with which the rifles of the guards were but as popguns. Kirby looked up from his work and saw a black cloud coming that looked more terrible than the judge who years before had passed sentence upon him. It was balloon shaped, the neck trailing on the ground. He glanced at the guards and saw that they were standing with their backs to the prison wall, with the cloud also behind them.

It passed between him and his guards. Being forewarned, he threw himself flat on the ground and held on to a stout bush. When it had passed the guards were nowhere to be seen. There was method in what he did when he started to run in the wake of the storm. It was the only direction he could go to find possible safety. He ran a mile over a ruined strip of country, when he came to a small village that had been wrecked. Before a house that had been turned around and blown over on its side a man was lying on his back dead. Kirby noticed that the head had been disfigured beyond recognition. He was planning ahead, and his plans were made with lightning rapidity. He took the dead man's clothing for himself and put his stripes on the dead man. Then, taking up the body, he carried it to a distance from the wrecked village and threw it in a ditch.

The storm had no sooner passed than parties were sent out to scour the country for those convicts who had escaped. But they were not the only persons moving about. Without the narrow belt traversed by the storm no one had been injured, and rescue parties were coming from all directions. Kirby, whose long confinement had brought ill health, had by this time used up all his strength. In the outskirts of the village a house had been reduced to a heap of kindling wood. Kirby decided to crawl in under the wreck. He had wormed himself in as far as possible when a rescue party came along and, seeing his boots, uncovered him. Feigning death, he lay on his back, but one of the party put his ear to the convict's heart and heard it throbbing. Liquor was poured down his throat, and he knew that his sham could not be kept up. Through partly closed lids he saw that no prison official was present, and he opened his eyes. He begged the party to leave him and go on to others who needed their attention. They were persuaded and did as he suggested.

Then came another party, and the convict, mistaking them for searchers from the prison, again feigned death. By this time it was dark, and his effort was more successful—almost too successful. They began to dig beside him, and when they had made a shallow grave they put him in and covered him with earth. He was about to cry out when it occurred to him that they were not burying him deep and the earth above him would be loose. No sooner had he the shovelfuls of clods ceased to pound him than he began to push them away for air.

Meanwhile all who could be spared from the prison were scouring the country far and wide. Judging that those who had escaped would attempt to hide in the track of the storm, they followed it, and one of them, Jim Mackin, came upon the body wearing Kirby's stripes. He identified it as Kirby by the clothes and concluded that there was one less prisoner to be recaptured. Being well armed, he pushed on alone. As the burying party were completing their work of covering Kirby, Mackin was approaching the grave, and they disappeared in the darkness just before he came up. Seeing something moving directly before him, Mackin threw a light from his lantern upon the spot just in time to strike the corpse-like face of Convict Kirby rising from the grave.

Prison officials are not likely to be easily rattled, but Mackin had a few minutes before seen the body of the convict, and the sight of the dead man's features confronting him in this fashion was too much for his nerves. Throwing down his gun and lantern, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him. Kirby, kicking off the earth, arose from his grave, picked up the lantern and was hurrying away when he saw the light glisten on metal and found the gun. This gave him courage. He could either appear to be hunting for bodies or convicts, as he liked. He worked his way through the people scurrying about till he heard a distant locomotive whistle. A few minutes later he struck the rails and by the lights near by a station. Best of all, the locomotive headlight shone far down the road and was slowly growing brighter. Throwing away his gun and lantern, he ran for the station and reached it just as the train pulled out. Being without money and fearing the station would be watched, he darted under a car and clung to the bottom.

Ralph Kirby is now a sheep raiser in Australia. He has been hunted for, not to be again imprisoned, but to be informed that the man who committed the crime he was convicted of has confessed.

FOR THE CHILDREN

My Aunt's Garden.

The children sit in a circle, and one, usually the oldest of the group, is chosen speaker. The speaker begins by saying: "I come from my aunt's garden. In my aunt's garden are four corners."

Each player in turn must repeat the same sentences, not omitting or changing a word. If a mistake is made the child making it is placed in the center of the circle to be disposed of later, and the person next to him goes on with the game. After each has had his or her trial at repeating after the speaker the latter again has the floor.

"I come from my aunt's garden. In my aunt's garden are four corners. In each corner grow a rose and a lilac bush."

Again the members of the company in turn repeat the words of the speaker, and those making mistake are placed with the first culprits inside the circle, sitting cross legged on the floor. Again the speaker takes up the thread of the game.

"I come from my aunt's garden. In my aunt's garden there are four corners. In each corner grow a rose and a lilac bush. And three bees gather honey from the rose. And a worm eats at the lilac blossoms."

Again the process of repeating after the speaker is gone through, and the game continues as before, the speaker using her or his own judgment as to just how long to make the story of the "aunt's garden." At the close of that part of the game the culprits in the center of the circle are made to pay some fun making forfeits.

A Fighting Pair. Dogs fight; you all know that. But did you ever hear of scissors being quarrelsome? Here is a fable called "The Cross Scissors."

"Why must we always keep together, fastened up tight by that tiresome screw?" So cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors.

"How much more work we could do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold the finger or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can get rid of that screw we'll be as wide apart as we can!"

So the two points of the scissors were stuck out on each side as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings, till they looked as cross as could be. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide, but it was very clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart.

"After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left side to the right.

So the two rings touched, and the two tips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Tools of the Ancients. Of the materials used by the ancients in making tools nothing is known, nor are the methods employed by them known, but we do know that their tools for stone work were equal to anything in use by us.

They used both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills were set with jewels, probably corundum, and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills, it is said, and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in the hard granite give no indication of the wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth part of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout.

Lynch Law. Very often when a crowd has taken the administration of justice into its own hands you will hear mention of the lynch law.

The name "Lynch" was that of a United States planter of the eighteenth century who undertook on his own account to support the government of his region and protect society, according to his way of thinking, by punishing with stripes or banishment all lawless persons.

Today the term lynch law is used to describe all means by which a crowd wreaks its vengeance against a prisoner without the presence of judge, counsel and witnesses.

Beheadings and Curtailings. 1. Behead and curtail to frighten one and leave a traveling conveyance. 2. Behead and curtail a worthless, lazy fellow and get a male animal. 3. Behead and curtail summer insects and get a falsehood.

Answers.—1. s-car-e; 2. t-r-a-m-p; 3. f-l-e-s.

Dressing Up. Do you think that mother will mind if I dress in her loveliest things? There is nothing much lacking, I find. Except just her beads and her rings.

Do you think she will get a surprise when I come with the train in my hand? These slippers are more than my size, but the buckles are perfectly grand!

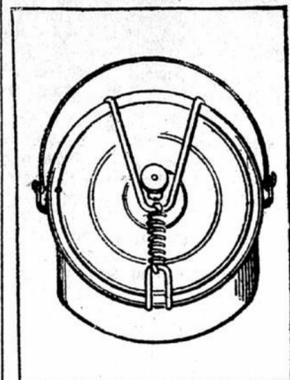
It will be so funny to see the look that will come to her face! I know it's becoming to me—That scarf of beautiful lace!

What was that? A step on the stair? It is certainly coming this way! What a pity it is! But, there, I can try it again some day!

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Device That Holds Lid Firmly on the Kettle.



Every woman who has anything to do with the kitchen work knows how hard it is to keep the lid on some of the utensils which are made use of in the culinary work. Placed on the stove with water or other liquid in it, the steam arising will frequently have force enough to dislodge it. The device shown in the cut is a simple effort to remedy this, and the apparatus was recently granted a patent. It consists of a V shaped wire loop, with the ends bent so as to overhang the edge of the kettle, and the other end is supplied with a spring, one end terminating in the same kind of clamp. When this is in place there are three points of contact by which the lid is held in a perfectly secure manner.

Buttermilk Sweet Cake. Three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of currants, one tablespoonful of molasses, quarter of a teaspoonful of mixed spices, one egg, two ounces of lard or drippings, two ounces of sugar, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking soda and half a pint of buttermilk. Rub the lard or dripping into the flour, add all the dry ingredients together except the baking soda, blend the baking soda in a little buttermilk, put the egg, molasses and rest of the buttermilk together; then add the dry ingredients to make a stiff batter, beat well and the last thing add the blended baking soda. Bake at once in a moderate oven for an hour.

Leftover Croquettes. Take soup meat, trimmings of beef or any meat that has been left. Put twice through the chopper until perfectly smooth. Make a cupful of thick white sauce and mix with the meat until like stiff dough. Spread in a biscuit tin and set away till cold and stiff. Roll into croquette shape, dip in fine crumbs, in half beaten egg, in crumbs again and set away for two hours or longer. Cook the croquettes two at a time in deep fat. Lay on paper in oven to drain and serve with tomato sauce.

Old Fashioned Cream Cookies. One-third of a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sugar, two eggs, half a cupful of thin cream, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of yellow ginger and flour to roll. Cream the butter, add the sugar, the eggs and the cream. Sift thoroughly the flour, the baking powder, the salt and the ginger and chill. Roll on a floured board as thin as possible, using a small part of the dough at a time. Cut into shape and bake in a moderate oven.

Little Helps. To remove the stain from enameled ware which has had food burned in it put a tablespoonful of soda into it, fill with water and boil. We have all struggled with shoe laces that have lost their tips. The next time you have this difficulty dip the ends in melted glue and allow them to dry. In washing and drying woollens hang the garments on the line dripping wet. Do not wring the water out.

Care of the Eyes. When your eyes become tired stop working if possible. Bathe them. An eyecup is almost a necessity for this. It costs 5 or 10 cents. It should be scalded before and after using each time. Put a little boric acid or witch hazel in it, fill it with water and bathe the eyes thoroughly. Hot water is far more restful to some eyes than cold, and vice versa. Use whichever sort soothes your eyes most quickly.

Fried Salsify. Wash, scrape, cut lengthwise and throw into water to which has been added a little flour. The flour will prevent them from turning dark. Place in a pan with water and boil until nearly tender. Drain off the water. Dip the pieces in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot butter that has been seasoned with salt and pepper.

Cane Seat Cleaner. A rapid and practical method of removing stains and discolorations from the cane seats of chairs and wickerwork is to use oxalic acid and powdered pumice. Dissolve the oxalic crystals in hot water and saturate a small stiff brush in it, then dip the brush in the powdered pumice and rub the discolored cane briskly with the brush.

CRYING FOR HELP.

Lots of It in Princeton But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed; not one more important to health. The kidneys are the filters of the blood. When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous. There can be no health where there is poisoned blood. Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble. It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it. Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys. Proof of merit in the following statement:

Mrs. A. Thorpe, Elk River P. O., Otsego, Minn., says: "I have known of Doan's Kidney Pills for years. They have relieved me of sharp, shooting pains through my back and in my hips. There is nothing too good for me to say about Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers or upon receipt of price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Adv.

No Beat for Him.

Young Giles, eager to join the force, came to New York to pass the necessary medical examination. This he easily did, and the next day he was interviewed by a high official.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "you look a promising sort of fellow. Where were you educated?"

"Oh," said the recruit, "I was educated at a public school."

"Ah! And you have good general knowledge, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"I wonder can you tell me, for example, how many miles it is from New York to Boston?"

At this the recruit became nervously agitated, and at length he blurted out:

"Look here, if you're going to put me on that beat I'm done with the force."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

(First Pub. Apr. 9)

Order Limiting Time to File Claims Within Three Months and for Hearing Thereon.

ESTATE OF THOMAS LEE.

State of Minnesota, County of Mille Lacs, in Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Lee, decedent.

Letters of administration this day having been granted to Oscar E. Stark, and it appearing by the affidavit of said representative that there are no debts of said decedent:

It is ordered that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to three months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 13th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the probate court, rooms at the court house at Princeton, in said county, be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Princeton Union as provided by law.

Dated April 7th, 1914.

WM. V. SANFORD, Judge of Probate.

(Court Seal)

BLACK SILK LIQUID STOVE POLISH

Keeps Your Stove "Always Ready for Company"

A bright, clean, glossy stove is the joy and pride of every housekeeper. But it is hard to keep a stove nice and shiny—unless Black Silk Stove Polish is used.

Here is the reason: Black Silk Stove Polish sticks right to the iron. It doesn't rub off or dust off. Its shine lasts four times longer than the shine of any other polish. You only need to polish one-fourth as often, yet your stove will be cleaner, brighter and better looking than it has been since you first bought it. Use

BLACK SILK STOVE POLISH

on your parlor stove, kitchen stove or gas stove. Get a can from your hardware or stove dealer. If you do not find it better than any other stove polish you have ever used before, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. But we feel sure you will agree with the thousands of other up-to-date women who are now using Black Silk Stove Polish and who say it is the "best stove polish ever made."

LIQUID OR PASTE ONE QUALITY

Be sure to get the genuine. Black Silk Stove Polish costs you no more than the ordinary kind. Keep your grates, registers, fenders and stove pipes bright and free from rusting by using BLACK SILK AIR-DRYING ENAMEL. Brush free with each can of enamel only.

Use BLACK SILK METAL POLISH for silverware, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily, and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works STERLING, ILLINOIS

MILLE LACS COUNTY.

TOWN CLERKS.

Rogus Brook—A. J. Franzen, Route 2, Milaca
 Borgholm—Geo. Hubert, R. 1, Milaca
 Dalley—Chas. E. Johnson, Onamia
 East Side—O. C. Anderson, Onamia
 Greenbush—Oscar Erickson, R. 1, Foreston
 Hayland—C. W. Willis, Milaca
 Isle Harbor—N. Foster, Wadena
 Milaca—H. C. Merbach, Milaca
 Milo—R. N. Adkinson, Foreston
 Onamia—G. H. Carr, Onamia
 Sage—August Anderson, R. 2, Milaca
 Princeton—Albert Kuhfield, Route 2, Princeton
 Kathio—E. E. Dinwiddie, R. 1, Garrison
 South Harbor—F. W. Miller, Oove

VILLAGE RECORDERS.

E. W. Hatch, Princeton
 W. A. Erickson, Milaca
 Sylvan Sheets, Foreston
 Olof Wasenius, Onamia
 B. H. Potts, Wabikon
 L. A. Matter, Isle

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

Baldwin—P. A. Christom, R. 4, Princeton
 Blue Hill—H. B. Pratt, R. 2, Zimmerman
 Spencer Brook—O. W. Blomquist, R. 3, Princeton
 Wyanett—Emanuel Lundgren, R. 2, Princeton
 Ylviska—E. A. Smyth, Zimmerman
 Santiago—Geo. Roos, Santiago
 Dalbo—John D. Sarnar, Dalbo
 Bradford—Wm. Conklin, R. 3, Cambridge
 Stanford—A. Peterson, St. Francis
 Spring Vale—Henry A. Olson, R. 5, Cambridge

PRINCETON LODGING

NO. 93, K. of P.

Regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

W. C. DOANE, C. C.
 G. E. CHUTE, K. R. & S.
 FRANK GOULDING, Master of Finance.

Princeton Homestead No. 1867

Regular meeting nights second and fourth Wednesday in each month.

F. J. DARRAH, Cor. and M. of A.
 A. M. Jones, Foreman

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEORGE PRENTICE ROSS,
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ELVERO L. McMILLAN,
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 Townsend Building.
 Princeton, Minn.

DR. F. L. SMALL,
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 Office hours: 9 a. m. to 12 m. 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
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 Office and Residence over Jack's Drug Store
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 Will take full charge of dead bodies when desired. Coffins and caskets of the latest styles always in stock. Also Springfield metalies.
 Dealer in Monuments of all kinds.
 E. A. Ross, Princeton, Minn. Telephone No. 39

First Pub. Mar. 26—3t

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

Estate of Ole Olson Groven, also known as Ole Olson Groven.
 State of Minnesota, County of Mille Lacs, in Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Ole Olson Groven, also known as Ole Olson Groven, decedent.

The State of Minnesota, to the next of kin and all persons interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent:

The petition of Edna L. West having been filed in this court, representing that Ole Olson Groven, also known as Ole Olson Groven, then a resident of the county of Crow Wing, state of Minnesota, died intestate on the 9th day of March, 1914; and praying that letters of administration of his estate be granted to said Edna L. West, 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 court house, in the village of Princeton in the county of Mille Lacs, state of Minnesota, on the 20th day of April, 1914, at two o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 25th day of March, 1914.

Wm. V. Sanford, Probate Judge.
 T. C. Blewitt, Attorney for Petitioner,
 Brainerd, Minn.