MY CAPTIVE.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER,
Author of "A Soldier of Manhattan," "The Sun of Saratoga," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

JULIA'S REVENGE.

We walked for nearly an hour and during the last three-quarters of it kept straight to the northwest, in which direction I thought Morgan, with his little army, lay, or rather marched. At last the bush began to grow thinner and the trees to stand farther apart. I inferred that we were approaching the end of the forest, and I was not sorry, as the traveling was hard, and I believed that we had lost our pursuers. Presently we came into the open, and I let the girl's hand drop.

"Which way are we going now?" she asked.

"Wait a moment," I said.

I put two fingers to my lips and blew between them a whistle, soft and long and penetrating.

"Why do you do that?" asked the girl in a fright, coming toward me. "You will bring them upon us again."

"Wait," I repeated, and I blew the whistle a second time. We stood motionless for two minutes, and then I heard a faint crush, crush, as of approaching footsteps.

"They are coming!" cried the girl, seizing my arm. "Let us run into the wood again."

"Wait," I said for the third time.

The footsteps approached rapidly, and a figure, gigantic and formidable in the gray light, appeared through the trees. The girl cried aloud in a panic of terror and gripped my arm.

"Don't be alarmed, Julia, dear," I said. "See who it is!"

Old Put walked up to me, gave his glad, familiar whinny and rubbed his nose on my disengaged arm. Then he started back, and his eyes flamed with wrath.

"Don't be angry, old comrade," I said. "It is true I wear a red coat, but it is only a disguise, a ruse, and I will get rid of it as soon as I can."

He wagged his head as a sign that my apology was sufficient and made no further protest. I slipped the bridle over his head, and the girl broke into a nervous laugh of relief.

"Did you think Old Put would desert a comrade?" I asked.

"Wait here just a moment," I continued. I led Old Put a little distance, and gathering up some dry leaves wiped the stains off his hoofs. Then I returned with him to her and told her to jump upon his back, but the horse shied away from her, showing aversion and anger.

"Never mind, Old Put," I said. "It is all right. She won't beat you again. She likes us both."

"It seems to me that you are rather exclusive in your statements," she said.

"Get up," I said, and, giving her a hand, I assisted her to jump upon the back of Old Put, who had received my explanation with perfect confidence and assumed a protecting air toward her.

"And now once more for Morgan," I said.

"Which, of course, means Tarleton in the end," she said. "And I want to say, Mr. Marcel, that when the rebel army is taken I shall not forget the service that you have done me at a great risk to yourself. My father has influence with Colonel Tarleton, and I shall ask him to secure your good treatment while in captivity.

She spoke with quite an English—that is to say, quite a patronizing—air.

"You are very kind," I said, "but Morgan has not been caught yet, has he, Old Put?"

Women think it their right to abuse a man and receive nothing but chivalry in return.

The old horse shook his head defiantly, and I felt encouraged. We had entered a good country for traveling and at last came into something that was meant evidently for a road, but it very much more resembled a gully washed out by the rains. It led in the right direction, and I followed it, despite my persuasion that we were now in territory practically occupied by the British and were much more likely to meet them in the road than in the fields or forest. But I was tired of such difficult traveling, and, being extremely anxious to rejoin Morgan, I chose the course which promised the best speed.

Old Put carried the girl, and I walked on before, holding his bridle in my hand. I sank into a kind of walking doze—that is, I slept on my feet and with my feet moving. I was but dimly conscious, but I knew that I could put my trust in Old Put and that he would warn me if she made any attempt to escape. Whether the girl was asleep or wide awake I knew not, for my brain was too tired and dull then to tell me; but, looking back once, she seemed to be awake. She had slept well in the hut, while only a short nap had fallen to me.

We were in the darkest hours, those that stretch out their length between midnight and dawn, and I walked on over a dim and shadowy world. Sometimes I was not conscious that my feet touched anything but air. This queer feeling that I was walking on nothing lasted for more than half an hour, and then my half sleep took another phase. I came back to earth, and the red clay of the road took on for awhile the color of blood. The trees by the roadside raced past, rows of phantoms, holding out withered arms and making gestures that I did not understand. Once the dead face of Crowder rose up out of the road and confronted me, but when I said, "You were a murderer and worse and compelled me to kill you," and walked boldly at him he melted away like so much smoke, and I laughed aloud at such a poor kind of a ghost that would run at the first fire.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" demanded the girl from the horse's back.

I awoke with a jerk and replied:

"At your gratitude."

But I was on the verge of sleep again in five minutes, and the trees and the hills and the bushes were playing new tricks with me. The bushes were especially impudent, nodding to me and then to each other and then saying aloud:

"Here he goes! Look at him—making a fool of himself and wasting his time over an English girl who hates him and all his countrymen!"

I picked up a stone, threw it at one excessively impudent bush and shouted at the top of my voice:

"It's a lie!"

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Marcel," cried the girl, "what's the matter? Have you a fever?"

"I was dreaming," I said confusedly, and I made no further explanation, for she asked no more, merely saying that she hoped it was no worse than that.

The trees and bushes did not cease to nod at me and waggle their heads at each other and make jeering remarks about me, but I paid no further attention to them, treating them with the lofty scorn of silence, which is supposed to be the most effective of all replies. The road led into hilly country, but I tramped on in my dream, becoming dimly conscious that it was growing light. Afar off there in the east, just where the sky touched the earth, was a bar of light shining like silver. As I looked it broadened and began to roll up like a great wave of molten silver. On the horizon the hills and trees rose out of the darkness.

Old Put turned his face to the daylight and whinnied approval. An answering whinny came as 20 cavalrymen galloped around a hill, opening in two lines and closing up again, with us in the center.

"Wake up! Wake up, man! Why, you'll walk into a river or over a cliff if you sleep on in this way," said one of the cavalrymen, leaning over and slapping me vigorously on the shoulder.

I awoke and looked up at his bewhiskered English face and his bestriped English coat and was filled with confusion and dismay.

"Why, he isn't awake even yet!" said the officer, with a laugh. "Are you from Cornwallis?"

His tone, though eager, was friendly, and the reason for his question flashed upon me. It was the red coat that I wore, Crowder's coat, which had served me one good turn already.

"Yes," I said, "my name's Hinkle, and I'm from Cornwallis with an important message for Tarleton. I was pursued last night by a gang of rebels, who shot my horse, but I escaped them in the wood. An hour ago I overtook Miss Howard here, who also has an important dispatch for Tarleton, and I am trying to pilot myself and her to him at the same time."

The officer raised his hat to Miss Howard and regarded her with open admiration.

"Your bravery and loyalty equal your beauty, Miss Howard," he said. "England can never suffer when we have such as you. Don't you remember me? I'm Lieutenant George Cuthbert, and I had the honor of an introduction to you at Lord Cornwallis' ball in Charleston some months ago."

"Indeed I do," she said in a tone of recognition "and I hope that we shall meet again soon under such peaceful circumstances, but now I must hasten on, for my message will not wait, and so must this kind soldier, who has been such an assistance and protection to me. Can you direct us by the best road to Tarleton?"

"Keep straight on the way you are going," said the officer, "and if you hurry you ought to overtake Tarleton before noon. Have no fear of the rebels, for Tarleton is driving them all ahead of him, except one small party to the south of here, for which we are looking. I'd give you an escort into Tarleton's camp, but I need all my troopers for the task I have in hand."

"I thank you for your courtesy and information, Lieutenant Cuthbert," she replied, "and I hope that we will meet again soon in Charleston when all these rebels are taken."

"And that will not be long, Miss Howard," he said, with a gallant bow.

He gave the word to his troopers, and they galloped on.

During this ordeal the behavior of Old Put was something wonderful to see. Though he hated a redcoat as a cat hates a snake, he seemed to understand that he had a part to act and that he must act it well. All his true character disappeared. He was a shambling, drooping horse, with his head down and ready to submit to anything, just an ordinary, oppressed British horse of the lower classes, not a proud spirited American horse, conscious of the Declaration of Independence and the truth that all men and horses are born free and equal.

But when the last of the British troops had disappeared around the hill and the gallop of their horses had sunk into a mere echo Old Put resumed his former and true character—his figure expanded, he held up his head once more. He was the true patriot, equal to all. I was glad to see the change, for that was the character in which I liked him best.

We went on for a long time in silence, barring a request from the girl that I ride and let her walk in my place. I declined abruptly, saying I was a cavalryman, with such few opportunities for walking that I intended to enjoy one when I had it.

The sun, following the new light in the east, had appeared above the hills. The far crests and forests flamed with red gold, and we trod silently on in the shining light of the morning. "Why did you not take your opportunity," I asked at length, "and return to your own people? Why did you not tell them back there who and what I was?"

She remained silent, and I looked back at her.

"Julia," I said, and she did not seem to notice that I had called her by her first name again despite her command, "why did you not tell them who I was and let them take me a prisoner?"

"I have called you a rebel, with a noose around your neck, and it is true. The noose is always there, and it was pressing very close then. For you to have been taken a prisoner then meant your death. I could have taken the chance of returning to my own people then only by hanging you."

"How? I do not understand you."

"Look at the red coat you wear. 'A spy!' says Tarleton, who knows no mercy. 'Hang him at once!' and you are hanged."

I had forgotten the coat, which, having served me well twice, might serve me very ill the third time.

"I must get rid of this coat soon," I said. Then I added as an afterthought: "But what is it to you were I hanged? It would be only one more wicked rebel meeting the fate that he deserves. Why should you put yourself to trouble for me?"

I looked back over my shoulder, though I may not have had the appearance of looking. I saw a flush as of the morning that was around us overspread her face, and she looked afar over my head, her eyes shining with something I had not seen there before. I asked her no more, but the morning continued to grow into a splendor and radiance passing all previous knowledge of mine.

The sun crept up, and the light reached all the earth, west as well as the east. We were still in the red clay road, winding among lone hills and deserted fields and patches of primitive forests. We came to a brook of cool, clear water, babbling over the stones.

"Here we rest," I said, "and eat breakfast. Jump down, Julia."

She sprang down, and all three drank at the brook—Julia, Old Put and I. Then we ate the remains of our provisions, while the horse found some tender stems of grass by the brookside.

"I think we had better leave the road now," I said, "for this is the enemy's country, and I do not want to meet any more of Tarleton's men."

It was my purpose to make a circuit around Tarleton and join Morgan, and she made no objection, but suggested that she walk with me.

"I am tired of riding," she said, "and it will be good for the horse too."

I threw the bridle reins over Old Put's head, told him to follow us, and we started on our great curve around Tarleton. Being a Charleston man, I knew very little of that part of the country, but in my campaigning with Greene and Morgan I had obtained some idea of the lay of the land, and I knew the general course I ought to follow. Besides, I felt very good, and I was full of enthusiasm. But little of the country had been cultivated, and as the forest was not dense there was nothing to stay our progress. We marched steadily on, and what impressed us most was the desolation of the land. But thinly peopled in the first place, everybody here, as in the country through which we had traveled the day previous, had fled before the advance of the armies. We passed two abandoned cabins in the scanty fields, but saw no other sign of human habitation. Yet it did not sadden me. The sunshine was beautiful, and the old world was fresh and young.

"In a few years, Julia," I said, "when the last of Tarleton's raiders is sent across the sea or to his final home and we win our freedom, all this will be peaceful and populated."

She said nothing—nothing about the valor of the English and the speedy destruction of the rebels—but looked abroad over the country with kindling eyes. It was fair to see, even in winter, with its rolling hills and sloping valleys and streams of sparkling water, a fit place for a noble race of freemen to grow. But just then it was the most unhappy part of all our continent. Neither man nor woman could expect mercy where Tarleton's raiders came, and all the books will tell you, and tell you rightly, that the war was more ferocious in the south than in the north and most ferocious of all on the soil of South Carolina. Where partisan bands ravage and fight and the people of the soil themselves are set and imbittered against each other then war is seen at its worst.

[CONTINUED.]

SHIP SUBSIDY BILL.

IT IS INDEFENSIBLE FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW.

Even the Protectionists Cannot Defend It—The New York Press Vigorously Opposes the Measure—The Bill Designed For the Personal Gain of a Few Big Shipowners.

A striking feature of the pending discussion of the Hanna-Frye-Payne subsidy proposals is the extent to which political and economic theories are relegated to the rear. The reason for this is plain, however, when the bill itself is considered.

Politically our people are divided as to the theory of paternalism between protection and free trade, and as to each, while its opponents may not concede its propriety, on the one hand they are prompt to appreciate the weight of certain considerations urged in its behalf and to recognize the sincerity with which these are pressed, and on the other, as to matters not involved by their opposing theories, they are apt to agree on first principles. Here, for example, the general distrust of the legislation proposed and the growing opposition to it involve no political theory.

From a free trade standpoint one could defend a bill to facilitate export of American products in ships owned by American citizens by granting to American capital that freedom to purchase foreign ships which by our laws is given American shipbuilders and owners to purchase foreign materials and supplies, including labor, and from a protectionist standpoint one could champion a measure which would try to attain the same end by distributing government aid either to exporters inducing shipments abroad or to vessel owners in such way as to prompt them to carry export cargoes at lower rates. The trouble with this bill, however, is that on inspection it has become clear to our citizens of all political beliefs that as an economic measure it is equally indefensible from either a "free trade" or a "protection" standpoint; that our export trade, our shipbuilding industries, our ocean carrying business, as such, are each equally far from the aims of the concern of the promoters of this bill—that is, it is in no proper sense even a protective or other public measure at all, but simply a steal, defended by hypocritical concern for interests which it is not intended to subserve and worthy of support only by those whose expected share in the proceeds shall be such as to justify the loss, great or little, of self respect and repute involved in thus conniving to deadbeat the public for personal gain.

The present issue, therefore, is not for or against any economic theory, but on behalf of the taxpaying public, that earns its own living, against tax eating capitalists, to whom, for example, the most representative "protection" newspaper of the United States, the Republican New York Press, thus editorially alludes in its issue of Dec. 15, 1900:

THE SHIP SUBSIDY JONAHS.

The "nine gentlemen" of the American line are engaged in an entirely legitimate business. They are carrying American mails, and they ought to be paid so that they can carry them in American Deutschlands and Oceanics instead of sticking to little, slow, old Parises and New Yorks. They should not be let off again with the building of St. Pauls and St. Louises, but compelled to the construction of vessels which the postoffice would select with the sole eye which it is bound to have to celerity of service. The increase of the mail subsidy of 21 knot vessels when 23 knots is the typical speed of the fast mailboat of the day is a farce, not to call it anything harsher, upon its face. But, whatever it is, let the government deal with it separately upon its merits and not muddle it up with a measure designed to freight the surplus products of American "farms, mines, forests and factories" which these vessels—having no cargo space for grain, coal, lumber and locomotives—never carry.

With this separation the bill would be without logical opposition in congress or the country, and we fail to see why it should lose the votes of the many senators and representatives whom the American line has been carrying to Europe and back every summer for the last ten years in anticipation of this particular roll call. It may be true of our government, as Hamilton said of the English, that it cannot be worked without bribery, but there is no reason why the measures and men which require bribery should be mixed up with those which do not.

Just before the late Christmas vacation it was announced that arrangements had been made to "take in" all recalcitrant shipping interests, and it may therefore be expected that with great flourish of trumpets there will soon be announced amendments which, it will be claimed, will so broaden the scope of the bill as to make it truly popular. In view, however, of three years' experience with amendments to this very bill, announced in just this way, we may be entirely confident that, so far as concerns the lion's share of the subsidy provided for, it will not be diverted from the pockets of those who devise this bill.

It may well be, indeed, that Dives has quieted Lazarus with a few cold victuals and the little dogs with a distribution of bones, but that he has actually reformed and has either given his goods to the poor or stopped stealing their earnings for himself is too much to believe. The Hanna-Griscom coterie is most decidedly "not made that way." It will be easy at any moment by watching its attitude to know the character of the bill in whatever shape it may be amended. If it is really made such as mainly to benefit the interests it professes to favor, it will be practically without supporters, except new ones. If the Hanna-Griscom interests are still clamorous in behalf of any amended bill, it will mean that they who know best just what will be its effect are still convinced that it is in the main for their personal benefit.

It Goes Too Far.

Some of the best friends of the protective system are afraid of the reaction likely to be induced by the subsidy. The North American quotes Senator Cullom as saying, "I believe there is grave danger that the principle of subsidy for ships and protection for American manufactures may in future be arrayed against each other."

Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure Constipation and Sick Headache. Only 25c. at K. O. Wold's drug store.

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Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court:
Special term, February 2, 1901.
In the matter of the estate of Malena Rasmussen, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of John Christ, of town of Clayton, in the county of Mower, representing, among other things, that Maleua Rasmussen, late of town of Clayton, Mower county, Minn., on the eighth day of March, A. D. 1900, at Rolling Bay, county of Kitsapp, state of Washington, died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is a son and heir of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John Christ granted:

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before this Court, on Monday, the fourth day of March, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock a. m. at the probate office in the city of Austin in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the second day of February, A. D. 1901.

By the Court. S. S. WASHBURN,
[SEAL] Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Feb. 6, 13, 20].

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court,
Special term, February 2, 1901.
In the matter of the estate of Amanda Clark, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Frank Clark, of the city of Austin, Minn., representing, among other things, that Amanda Clark, late of of Austin, Mower county, Minn., on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1898, at the city of Austin, Mower county, Minn., died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is a son and heir of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John F. Fairbanks granted:

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before this court, on Monday, the fourth day of March, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office in the city of Austin in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the second day of February, A. D. 1901.

By the Court:— S. S. WASHBURN,
[Seal.] Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Feb. 6, 13, 20].

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
General term, February 4th, 1901.
In the matter of the estate of M. O. Wilson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Andrew M. Wilson, of town of Lyle, county of Mower, Minn., representing, among other things, that M. O. Wilson, late of town of Lyle, Mower county, Minn., on the twenty-ninth day of December, A. D. 1900, at the town of Lyle, county of Mower, Minn., died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is a son and heir of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to Martha Wilson granted;

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before this Court, on Monday, the fourth day of March, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office in the city of Austin in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the fourth day of February, A. D. 1901.

By the Court— S. S. WASHBURN,
[SEAL] Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Feb. 6, 13, 20].

Order to Examine Accounts.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special term, January 23, 1901.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph Adams deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Frances J. Adams, administratrix of the estate of Joseph Adams, deceased, representing among other things, that she has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the final account of her administration, and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law.

It is ordered, that said account be examined and petition heard by this court, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of February, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office in the city of Austin in said county.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing this order, once in each week, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the twenty-third day of January, A. D. 1901.

By the Court,
[SEAL] S. S. WASHBURN,
Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Jan 30, Feb 6, 13.]

Notice of Mortgage Sale by Advertisement.

Default has been made in the payment of the sum of two hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty cents which is claimed to be due, and is due at the date of this notice, upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by Stephen Schaeffer and Lisa Schaeffer his wife, to Jacob F. Emter, bearing date the 26th day of November A. D., 1894, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, in and for the County of Mower, and State of Minnesota, on the third day of December A. D., 1894, at 11 o'clock a. m. in Book 20 of Mortgages, on page 112.

Said Mortgage was, on the 4th day of December A. D., 1894, duly assigned and transferred by the said Jacob F. Emter to Jacob Weisel and said assignment was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds aforesaid, on the 31st day of December A. D., 1900, in Book 33 of Mortgages, on page 180.

Said Mortgage is conditioned that if default be made in any of the provisions therein contained, it shall be lawful for said Mortgagee, or his assigns, or attorney, to declare the whole amount thereof to be due, and pursuant to said conditions, the whole amount secured by said Mortgage remaining unpaid, to-wit: the sum of two hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty cents, is hereby declared to be due, and the said sum is claimed to be due at the date of this notice;

And no action or proceeding at law or otherwise having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said Mortgage, or any part thereof:

Now therefore, notice is hereby given, That by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said Mortgage will be foreclosed, and the promises described in and covered by said Mortgage, viz:

The east half of lots nine, (9) ten (10) and eleven (11), of block seven (7), of Lake Park addition to Austin, in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances,

Will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to pay said debt and interest, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and twenty-five dollars attorney's fee part as stipulated in and by said Mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; which sale will be made by the Sheriff of said Mower County, at the west front door of the court house, in the city of Austin, in said County and State, on Saturday the second day of March A. D., 1901,, at ten o'clock a. m., of that day, subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, January 7, A. D. 1901.

JACOB WEISEL.
W. W. RANNEY, Assignee of Mortgagee.
Attorney for Assignee of Mortgagee.
[Publ. Jan. 9, 16, 23, 30, Feb. 6, 13, 20.]

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special term, January 23, 1901.

In the matter of the estate of Flora Belle Coram, formerly Ferris, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James A. Coram, of Kalispell, Montana, representing, among other things, that Flora Belle Coram, formerly Ferris, late of Kalispell, Montana, on the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1900, at Kalispell, Flathead county, Montana, died intestate, and being a resident of said county at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county of Mower, Minn., and that the said petitioner is the husband of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to James A. Coram granted:

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before this court, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of February, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock a. m. at the probate office in the city of Austin, in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin, in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the twenty-third day of January, A. D. 1901.

By the Court:
[SEAL] S. S. WASHBURN,
Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Jan. 30, Feb. 6, 13.]

Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special term, January 18, 1901.

In the matter of the estate of Aurilla Wilkins, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto W. L. Wilkins, of said county:

It is ordered, that all claims and demands of all persons against said estate be presented to this court for examination and allowance at the probate office in the court house in the city of Austin, in said county, on Monday, the 29th day of July, 1901, at ten o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered, that six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented to said court, or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for cause shown further time be allowed.

Ordered further, that notice of time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks, in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at the city of Austin, in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minn., the eighteenth day of January, A. D., 1901.

By the Court:— S. S. WASHBURN,
[Seal] Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Jan. 23, 30, Feb. 6.]

Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special term, February 5, 1901.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Jane Lyons, deceased.

Letters of testamentary on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Daniel B. Vaughan of said county:

It is ordered, that all claims and demands of all persons against said estate be presented to this court for examination and allowance at the probate office in the court house in the city of Austin, in said county, on Monday, the sixteenth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered, that six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented to said court, or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for cause shown further time be allowed.

Ordered further, that notice of time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minn., the fifth day of February, 1901.

By the Court:— S. S. WASHBURN,
[SEAL.] Judge of Probate.
[Publ. Feb. 13, 18, 20.]