Uncle Terry

.... By ....

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapters I and II—Uncle Terry is the keeper of the Cape light on Southport island. He has an adopted daughter Telly (Etelka), grown to womanhood, who was rescued when a babe from the wreck of the Norwegian ship Peterson. III—Albert and Alice Page are two orphans with a heritage of debt, living in the village of Sandgate. Albert is a college graduate, and through the influence of his chum, Frank Nason, gets a position in the law office of "Old Nick" Frye in Boston. IV—Frye is a scoundrel and is the attorney for Frank's father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He wants Albert to keep up his intimacy with Frank, who has a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. V and VI—In an evening's outing with Frank, Albert fritters away $20. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. Frye increases Albert's pay from $75 to $175 a month as a bribe to spy upon the Nasons. VII and VIII—Albert tells Frank of his debts, Alice's struggles and his dislike of expensive follies. Frank confesses his disgust with an idle life and induces his father to make Albert his attorney in place of Frye. IX, X and XI—Albert has $2,500 a year to attend to Nason's affairs. He takes Frank to his village home for Christmas, with the inevitable result that his friend is smitten with Alice. XII—Frank is delighted with the country holiday of sleighrides and skating. Alice keeps him at a distance and tells her brother that his chum ought to work for a living.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN summer Southport island, as yet untainted by the tide of outing travel, was a spot to inspire dreams, poetry and canvases covered with ocean lore. Its many coves and inlets where the tides ebbed and flowed among the weed covered rocks, its bold cliffs, sea washed, and above which the white gulls and fishhawks circled; the deep thickets of spruce through which the ocean winds murmured and where great beds of ferns and clusters of red bunch berries grew were one and all left undisturbed week in, week out.

At the Cape, where Uncle Terry, Aunt Lissy and Telly lived their simple home life, and Bascom, the storekeeper and postmaster, talked unceasingly when he could find a listener, and Deacon Oaks wondered why "the grace o' God hadn't freed the land from stuns," no one ever came to disturb its quietude. Every morning Uncle Terry, often accompanied by Telly in a calico dress and sunbonnet, rowed out to pull his lobster traps, and after dinner harnessed and drove to the head of the island to meet the mail boat; then at eventide, after lighting his pipe and the lighthouse lamp at about the same time, generally strolled over to Bascom's to have a chat, while Telly made a call on the "Widder Leach," a misanthropic but pious protegee of hers, and Aunt Lissy read the paper.

Once in about three weeks, according to weather, the monotony of the village was disturbed by the arrival of a small schooner owned jointly by Uncle Terry, Oaks and Bascom, and which plied between the Cape and Boston. Once in two weeks services were held, as usual, in the little brown church, and as often the lighthouse tender called and left coal and oil for Uncle Terry. Regularly on Thursday evenings the few piously inclined, led by Deacon Oaks, gathered in the church to sing hymns they repeated fifty-two times each year, listen to a prayer by Oaks that seldom varied in a single sentence, and heard Auntie Leach thank the Lord for his "many mercies," though what they were in her case it would be hard to tell, unless being permitted to live alone and work hard to live at all was a mercy. The scattered islanders and the handful whose dwellings comprised the Cape worked hard, lived frugally and were unconscious that all around them was a rocky shore whose cliffs and inlets and beaches were so many poems of picturesque and charming scenery.

This was Southport in summer, but in winter, when the little harbor at the Cape was icebound, the winding road to the head of the island buried beneath drifts and the people often for weeks at a time absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of the world, it was a place cheerless in its desolation. Like so many woodchucks then the residents kept within doors or only stirred out to cut wood, fodder the stock and shovel paths so that the children could go to school. The days were short and the evenings long, and to get together and spend hours in labored conversation the only pastime. It was one of those long evenings and when Aunt Lissy and Telly were at a neighbor's and Uncle Terry left to himself, was reading every line, including the advertisements, in the last Journal, that the following met his eye:

WANTED.—Information that will lead to the discovery of an heir to the estate of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and shipbuilder of Stockholm, Sweden, whose son, with his wife, child and crew, was known to have been wrecked on the coast of Maine in March, 187—. Nothing has ever been heard of said Peterson or his wife, but the child may have been saved. Any one having information that will lead to the discovery of this child will be amply rewarded by communicating with NICHOLAS FRYE, Attorney at Law, — Pemberton Square, Boston.

"Waal, I'll be everlastin'ly gol darned!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he had read it for the third time. "If this don't beat all natur I'm a goat."

It was fortunate he was alone, for it gave him time to think the matter over, and after half an hour of astonishment he decided to say nothing to his wife or Telly.

"I'll jist breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I was crossin' thin ice, an' if nothin' comes on't nobody 'll be the worse for worryin'."

Then he cut the slip out and hid it in his black leather wallet, and then cut out the entire page and burned it.

"Wimmin are sich curis creeters they'd be sure to want to know what I'd cut out o' that page," he said to himself, "an' never rest till I told 'em."

When Aunt Lissy and Telly came home Uncle Terry was as composed as a rock and sat quietly puffing his pipe, with his feet on top of a chair and pointing toward the fire.

"Were you lonesome, father?" asked Telly, who usually led conversation in the Terry home. "We stopped at Bascom's, and you know he never stops talking."

"He's worse'n burdock burs ter git away from," answered Uncle Terry, "an' ye can't be perlite ter him unless ye want t' spend the rest o' yer life listenin'. His tongue allus seemed ter be hung in the middle an' wag both ways. I wasn't lonesome," he continued, rising and adding a few sticks to the fire as the two women laid aside their wraps and drew chairs up. "I've read the paper purty well through an' had a spell o' livin' over bygones," and then, turning to Telly and smiling, he added: "I got thinkin' o' the day ye came ashore, an' mother she got that excited she sot the box ye was in on the stove an' then put more wood in. It's a wonder she didn't put ye in the stove instead o' the wood!"

As this joke was not new to the listeners no notice was taken of it, and the three lapsed into silence.

Outside the steady boom of the surf beating on the rocks came with monotonous regularity, and inside the clock ticked. For a long time Uncle Terry sat and smoked on in silence, resuming, perhaps, his bygones, and then said: "By the way, Telly, what's become o' them trinkets o' yourn ye had on that day? It's been so long now, 'most twenty years, I 'bout forgot 'em. I s'pose ye hain't lost 'em, hev ye?"

"Why, no, father," she answered, a little surprised. "I hope not. They are all in a box in my bureau, and no one ever disturbs them."

"Ye wouldn't mind fetchin' 'em now, would ye, Telly?" he continued after

She watched him take out the contents.

drawing a long whiff of smoke and slowly emitting it in rings. "It's been so many years, an' since I got thinkin' 'bout it I'd like to take a look at 'em, jest to remind me o' that fortunate day ye came to us."

The girl arose and, going upstairs, returned with a small tin box shaped like a trunk and, drawing the table up in front of Uncle Terry, set the box down upon it. As he opened it she perched herself on the arm of his chair and, leaning against his shoulder, passed one arm caressingly around his neck and watched him take out the contents.

First came a soft, fleecy blanket, then two little garments, once whitest muslin, but now yellow with age, and then another smaller one of flannel. Pinned to this were two tiny shoes of knitted wool. In the bottom of the box was a small wooden shoe, and though clumsy in comparison, yet evidently fashioned to fit a lady's foot. Tucked in this was a little box tied with faded ribbon, and in this were a locket and chain, two rings and a scrap of paper. The writing on the paper, once hastily scrawled by a despairing mothers' hand, had almost faded, and inside the locket were two faces, one a man's with strongly marked features, the other girlish with big eyes and hair in curls.

These were all the heritage of this waif of the sea who now, a fair girl with eyes and face like the woman's picture, was leaning on the shoulder of her foster father, and they told a pathetic tale of life and death; of romance and mystery not yet unwoven.

How many times that orphan girl had imagined what that tale might be; how often before she had examined every one of those mute tokens; how many times gazed with mute eyes at the faces in the locket; and how, as the years bearing her onward toward maturity passed, had she hoped and waited, hoping ever the some word, some whisper from that faroff land of her birth might reach her!

And as she looked at those mute relics which told so little and yet so much of her history, while the old man who had been all that a kind father could be to her took them out one by one, she realized more than ever what a debt of gratitude she owed to him. When he had looked them over and put them back in the exact order in which they had been packed, he closed the box and, taking the little hand that had been caressing his face in his own wrinkled and bony one, held it for a moment. When he released it the girl stooped and, pressing her lips to his weather browned cheek, arose and resumed her seat.

"Waal, ye better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll jest go out an' take a look off'n the p'int, and then it'll be time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I'VE got ter go ter Boston," said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "Thar's some money due us that we ain't sartin we'll git. You an' Telly can tend the lights for a couple o' nights, can't ye? I won't be gone more'n that. Bascom's to take me up to the head, an' if the boat's runnin' I'll be all right."

This plan had cost Uncle Terry a good deal of diplomacy. Not only did he have to invent a reasonable excuse for going by exciting the fears of both Bascom and Oaks regarding money really due them, but he had to allay the curiosity of his wife and Telly as well. In a small village like the Cape every one's movements were well known to all and commented on, and no one was better aware of it than Uncle Terry. But go to Boston he must, and to do so right in the dead of winter and not excite a small tempest of curious gossip taxed his Yankee wit.

At Bath he had a few hours' wait and went to the bank and drew a sum of money from his small savings.

"Lawyers are sech sharps, consarn 'em!" he said to himself. "I'd better go loaded. Most likely I'll come back skinned. I never did tackle a lawyer 'thout losin' my shirt."

When, after an all night ride, during which he sat in the smoking car with his pipe and thoughts for company, he arrived in Boston, he felt, as he would phrase it, like a cat in a strange garret. He had tried to fortify himself against the expected meeting with this Frye, who, he felt sure, would make him pay dearly for any service. When he entered the rather untidy office of that legal light Uncle Terry looked suspiciously at its occupant.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Frye after his visitor had introduced himself.

"Waal," answered Uncle Terry, taking a seat and laying his hat on the floor beside him, "I've come on rather a curis errand." And, taking out the slip he had a few days before placed in his wallet, he handed it to Frye with the remark, "That's my errand."

Frye's face brightened.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Terry," he said, beginning to rub his hands together. "If you have any facts in your possession that will aid us in the search for an heir to this estate we shall be glad to pay you for them, provided they are facts. Now, sir, what is your story?"

Uncle Terry looked at the lawyer a moment before answering.

"I didn't come here to tell all I knew the fust go off," he said. "I know all 'bout this shipwreck an' a good deal more that'll consarn ye, but fust I want to know who is lookin' for the information an' what's likely to cum on't."

It was Frye's turn to stare now.

"This man won't be any easy witness," he thought, and then he said. "That I am not at liberty to disclose until I know what facts you can establish, but rest assured that any information you may have, if it be proved of real value, will entitle you to an ample reward."

"I reckon ye don't quite ketch on to my drift," replied Uncle Terry. "I didn't cum here lookin' fer pay, but to see that justice was sarved an' them as had rights got thar dues."

"Well, sir," said Frye in a suave voice, "we, too, are looking to see the ends of justice served, but you must understand that in a matter of this importance we must make no mistakes. An estate awaits a claimant, but that claimant must establish his or her identity beyond the shadow of a doubt in order, as you must see, that justice may be done."

"Waal," replied Uncle Terry, stroking his chin with his thumb and finger while he deliberated, "I s'pose I may as well tell ye fust as last. I cum here for that purpose, an' all I want to fix is, if thar's nothin' in it ye'd keep it a secret an' not raise any false hopes in the minds o' them as is near and dear to me."

"It's a lawyer's professional duty never to disclose any business confidence that a client may confide to him," answered Frye, with dignity, "and in this matter I infer you wish to become my client. Am I right, Mr. Terry?"

"I didn't cum here exactly purposin' to hire ye," answered Uncle Terry, "I cum to find what's in the wind, an' if 'twas likely to 'mount to anything to tell all I knew an' see that them as had rights got justice. As I told ye in the fust on't, I'm keeper o' the light at the end o' Southport island, an' have been for thirty year.

"One night in March, just nineteen year ago comin' this spring, thar was a small bark got a-foul o' White Hoss ledge right off'n the p'int and stayed thar hard an' fast. I seen her soon as 'twas light, but thar was nothin' that could be done but build a fire an' stand an' watch the poor critters go down. Long toward noon I spied a bundle workin' in, an' when it struck I made fast to it with a boat hook an' found a baby inside an' alive. My wife an' I took care on't and have been doing so ever since. It was a gal baby, and she growed up into a young lady. 'Bout ten years ago we took out papers legally adoptin' her, an' so she's ourn. From a paper we found pinned to her clothes we learned her name was Etelka Peterson, an' that her mother, an' we supposed her father, went down that day right in sight o' us. 'Thar was a locket round the child's neck an' a couple o' rings in the box, an' we have kept 'em an' the papers an' all her baby clothes ever since. That's the hull story."

"How did this child live to get ashore?" asked Frye, keenly interested.

"That's the curis part," replied Uncle Terry. "She was put in a box an' tied 'tween two feather beds an' cum ashore dry as a duck."

Frye stroked his nose reflectively, stooping over as he did and watching his visitor with hawk-like eyes.

"A very well told tale, Mr. Terry," he said at last. "A very well told tale indeed! Of course you have retained all the articles you say were found on the child?"

"Yes, we've kept 'em all, you may be sure," replied Uncle Terry.

"And why did you never make any official report of this wreck and of the facts you state?" asked Frye.

"I did at the time," answered Uncle Terry, "but nothin' cum on't. I guess my report is thar in Washington now, if it ain't lost."

"And do I understand you wish to retain me as your counsel in this matter and lay claim to this estate, Mr. Terry?" continued Frye.

"Waal, I've told ye the facts," replied Uncle Terry, "an' if the gal's got money comin' I'd like to see her git it. What's goin' to be the cost o' doin' the business?"

"The matter of expense is hard to state in such a case as this," answered Frye cautiously. "The estate is a large one. There may be, and no doubt will be, other claimants. Litigation may follow, and so the cost is an uncertain one. I shall be glad to act for you in this matter and will do so if you retain me."

It is said that those who hesitate are lost, and at this critical moment Uncle Terry hesitated.

He did not like the looks of Frye. He suspected him to be what he was—a shrewd, smooth, plausible villain. Had he obeyed his first impulse he would have picked up his hat and left Frye to wash his hands with invisible soap, and laid his case before some other lawyer, but he hesitated. Frye, he knew, had the matter in his hands and might make the claim that his story was false and fight it with all the legal weapons Uncle Terry so much dreaded. In the end he decided to put the matter in Frye's hands and hope for the best.

"I shall want you to send me a detailed story of this wreck, sworn to by yourself and wife," said Frye; "also the articles found on this child, and I will lay your affidavits before the attorneys for this estate and report progress to you later on."

When Uncle Terry turned his face toward home his pocket was lighter by $200.

"I s'posed I'd git skinned," he muttered to himself after he was well on his way home, "an' I reckon I have! A lawyer knows a farmer at sight, an' when he ketches one he takes his hay! He's taken mine fur sartin, an' I begin to think I'm a consarned old fool, that don't know 'nuff to go in when it rains! How I'm goin' to git the wimmin to give up them trinkets 'thout 'lowin' I've lost my senses is one too many fur me!"

To be Continued.

G. A. R. Special Train to Denver via Chicago, Milwaukee &St. Paul Railway.

Standard sleeping cars through to Denver without change will leave August 31st from the following stations: Faribault, Austin, Mason City, Decorah, West Union, Dubuque and Cedar Rapids, and on September 1st from Perry and Spencer.

Free reclining chair cars will leave from Emmetsburg and Calmar August 31st. This is an unusually good opportunity to visit Colorado as the rates are very low this trip.

For complete information regarding rates and train service ask the ticket agent. Folder containing itinerary descriptive trip free on request. Address John R. Cook, Excursion Agent, West Union, Iowa, or write to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms of indigestion and biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy, for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at K. O. Wold's drug store, price 25c.

To Land Agents and Homeseekers.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will on the first and third Tuesday of each month to December inclusive sell round trip tickets at only one fare plus $2 00 to points in the following states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mexico, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Wyoming and Virginia; also to Alberta, Assiniboia, Canadian Northwest, Manitoba, West Ontario and Saskatchawan. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A. St. Paul, Minn.

Low Rates to Portland, Ore., via Chicago Great Western Railway.

Tickets on sale frequently beginning May 23rd till Sept. 29th. Also very low rates to Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham and Everett, Wash., Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., and San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal. For low rates, dates of sale and other information apply to any Great Western Agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Flax Straw Wanted.

The Austin Tow Mill will pay highest cash price for flax straw. Farmers should see us before making contracts to sell to others. Mill now located in Austin north of Milwaukee depot. Premium paid for early threshing Telephone 237 L. new phone, 194 Northwestern.

28 AUSTIN TOW MIL

PROF. L. R. ALLUM,

TEACHER OF

Piano, Harmony and Stringed Instruments

Graduate of the Dixon Conservatory of Music and a pupil of Dr. Bungorathe, of Leipsic, Germany. Call or address, 1018 East Water St.

Notice for Bids for Municipal Bonds Proposed to be Issued by the Village of Lyle, Mower County, Minn.

Notice is hereby given, that sealed bids will be received by the undersigned village recorder of the village of Lyle, Mower county, Minnesota, at his office in said village until 4 o'clock p. m., on Monday the 18th day of Sept. 1905, for the purchase of the bonds of said village to be issued in the sum of five thousand dollars in denominations and payable as follows: viz:

$500 on the 1st day of June 1907, $500 on the 1st day of June 1908, $500 on the 1st day of June 1909, $500 on the 1st day of June 1910, $500 on the 1st day of June 1911, $500 on the 1st day of June 1912, $500 on the first day of June 1913, $500 on the 1st day of June 1914, $500 on the 1st day of June 1915, $500 on the 1st day of June 1916.

Each drawing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable annually, which said bonds are issued for the purpose of raising money with which to build and construct a village hall and jail in said village pursuant to a resolution passed by the village council on the twenty-fourth day of July 1905, and to the determination of the legal voters at a special election called and held on the seventh day of August 1905.

The bonds of said village in denomination and amount as aforesaid will be issued to the party or parties proposing to take such bonds at the lowest rate of interest and upon the most favorable terms to said village, reserving, however, the right to reject any and all bids.

The village council of said village will meet at it's council rooms at 8 o'clock, p. m., on the 18th day of September, 1905, for the purpose of receiving, opening and acting on such bids.

Dated at Lyle, Minnesota, August 19th, 1905.

L. A. SHERMAN, Village Recorder.

Aug. 23, 30, Sept. 6, 13.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of Thirty-Three Hundred and Ten Dollars ($3310) which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by Ole L. Bungum and Godve Bungum, his wife, mortgagors, to Lizzie D. Williams, mortgagee, bearing date the 3rd day of February, A. D., 1898, and with a power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Mower and State of Minnesota, on the 15th day of February, A. D., 1898, at 4 o'clock p. m., in book 24, of Mortgages, on page 467, and no action or proceeding having been instituted, at law or otherwise, to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof;

Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided the said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: The northwest quarter of section No. two (2) in township one hundred and four (104), north of range No. sixteen (16) west, in Mower county and state of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances; 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 Friday, the 29th day of September, A. D, 1905, at 2 o'clock p. m. of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt and interest, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and fifty dollars attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law.

Dated August 3, A. D., 1805.

LIZZIE D. WILLIAMS.

JOSEPH UNDERLEAK, Attorney, Chatfield, Minn.

Aug. 16, 23, 30, Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of eight hundred eighty-six and 85-100 dollars ($886.85) which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by Ole L. Bungum and Godve Bungum, his wife, mortgagors to Lizzie D. Williams, mortgagee, bearing date the 24th day of February, A. D., 1898, and with a power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Mower and state of Minnesota, on the 26th day of February, A. D., 1898, at 3:30 o'clock p. m., in book 24 of Mortgages, on page 473 and no action or proceeding having been instituted, at law or otherwise, to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof;

Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: The north half (½) of the north half (½) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section No. two (2) of township one hundred and four (104), north of range sixteen (16) west, there being forty acres in Mower county and state of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances; 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 Friday, the 29th day of September, A. D., 1905, at 2:30 o'clock p. m. of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt and interest, and the taxes, if any on said premises, and fifty dollars attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law.

Dated August 3, A. D., 1905,

LIZZIE D. WILLIAMS.

JOSEPH UNDERLEAK, Attorney, Chatfield, Minn.

Aug. 16, 23, 30, Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27.

Order for Hearing on Petition for Settlement of Account and on Petition for Discharge of Executor or Administrator.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special term, August 7, 1905.

In the matter of the estate of Wm. M. Litchfield, deceased.

On receiving and filing the petition of Chas. A. Litchfield, representing, among other things, that he is the executor of the estate of the above named decedent, and that he has fully administered said estate and filed his final account thereof; and praying that a time and place be fixed for hearing said petition, the examination and allowance of said account, and the making and filing of the final decree of distribution of said estate; and that a further time and place be fixed for the hearing of said petition for the discharge of said Chas. A. Litchfield, together with the sureties on his bond,

It is ordered, that said petition for the examination and allowance of said account and the filing of the final decree in said matter be heard at the probate court office in the court house at the city of Austin in said county of Mower on Monday the 11th day of Sept, A. D. 1905, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

It is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all parties interested by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day above specified for the examination of said final account, in the Mower County TRANSCRIPT a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county and state.

Dated at Austin, Minn., August 7, A. D., 1905.

By the Court,
J. M. GREENMAN,
Judge of Probate.

[SEAL]

Aug. 16, 23, 30.

AUSTIN PASSENGER TRAINS.

C. M. & ST. P. RAILROAD.

Arrive from		Depart for
11:55 a.m.	St. Paul and Minneapolis	6:30 a.m.
7:30 p.m.	St. Paul and Minneapolis	* 7:30 a.m
*10:35 p.m.	St. Paul and Minneapolis	2:40 p.m
6:00 a.m.	Cresco, Calmar, Chicago	† 7:50 p.m
* 2:25 p.m.	Cresco, Calmar, Kan. City	*12:15 p.m
6:05 a.m.	...Peoria, Mason City....	7:55 p.m
2:25 p.m.	St. Louis Mason C. & west	12:20 p.m
*10:25 a.m.	Albert Lea and Jackson	* 3:25 p.m
* 6:40 p.m.	Albert Lea, Jackson and	* 6:25 a.m
* 6:40 p.m.	.....Madison, S. D.	* 6:25 a.m
*11:55 p.m.	LaCrosse, Milw., Chicago	* 7:05 p.m
* 3:05 p.m.	LaCrosse, Milw., Chicago	*11:35 a.m

*Except Sunday — Others daily. †Carries through sleeper to Chicago.

FREIGHT TRAINS CARRYING PASSENGERS

Arrive from		Depart for
* 2:00 p.m.	Owatonna, Faribault and	* 5:15 a.m.
* 2:00 p.m.	.....So. Minneapolis.....	* 5:15 a.m.
7:10 p.m	Owatonna and Faribault	6:15 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	.. ...LeRoy Calmar.....	8:30 a.m.
1:00 a.m.	.....LeRoy Calmar.. .	7:00 a.m.
5:00 p.m.	..Lyle and Mason City..	8:45 a.m.
1:00 a.m.	..Lyle and Mason City..	
* 6:10 p.m.	Dexter, Spr Val, LaCrosse	* 8:30 a.m.
* 5:15 p.m.	A. Lea, Fairm't, Jackson	* 5.50 a.m
* 1:20 p.m.	A. Lea, Wells, Mankato	6.00 p.m

*Except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. Others daily.

Revised toNov. 8, 1904.

C. W. SNERE Agent.

Iowa Central Railway.

Time of arrival and departure of trains of Iowa Central R'y., at Mason City, Ia. Ticket office at depot, East Eighth street. Corrected to January 26, 1904.

PRINCIPAL CITIES.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE
Marshalltown, Oskaloosa, Albia, Kansas City and St. Louis	* 2:40 pm	*1:05 pm
	*12:09am	*3:40 am
Marshalltown, Oskaloosa, Monmouth and Peoria	* 5:45 am	* 8:45 pm
Hampton, Ackley, Eldora and Marshalltown	†10:05 am	†4:30 pm
Manly, Kensett, Northwood and Albert Lea	* 1:05 pm	*9:35 am

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

2:40 p. m., train has fine reclining chair cars and high back coaches through to Kansas City and St. Louis, and Pullman sleeping cars Albia to St. Louis and Kansas City. 12:09 a. m., train has through buffet sleepers chair cars and coaches all new, to St. Louis. 5:45 a. m., has fine reclining chair through to Peoria. For rates etc apply to.

H. T. Boyd, Agent — A. B. Cutts, G. P. and T. A

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN

"Maple Leaf Route" RAILWAY

IN EFFECT JAN. 8, 1905

GOING SOUTH AND WEST FOR LYLE, MASON CITY, FORT DODGE, OMAHA.

		Pass'ngr	Pass'ngr
Lv Minneapolis..	daily	7:40 a m	8:00 p m
Lv St. Paul.....		8:10 a m	8:30 p m
Lv Hayfield.....		11:00 a m	11:00 p m
Lv Waltham.....		11:10 a m	.....
Lv Austin.....		11:34 a m	11:35 p m
Lv Lyle.....		11:56 a m	11:57 p m
Ar Mason City....		12:54 p m	12:55 a m
Ar Fort Dodge....		3:30 p m	3:11 a m
Ar Omaha.....		7:55 p m	7:15 a m

Freight going south, leaves Austin daily except Sunday at 9:45 a. m.

GOING NORTH FOR DODGE CENTER, ROCHESTER, MANKATO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS.

		Pass'ngr	Pass'ngr
Lv Omaha.....	daily	8:30 p m	7:45 a m
Lv Fort Dodge....		12:33 a m	12:20 p m
Lv Mason City....		2:55 m	2:50 p m
Lv Lyle.....		3:11 a m	3:51 p m
Lv Austin.....		4:13 a m	4:14 p m
Lv Waltham.....		.....	4:39 p m
Lv Hayfield.....		4:55 a m	5:05 p m
Ar St Paul.....		7:20 a m	7:38 p m
Ar Minneapolis....		8:00 a m	8:10 p m

Freight train going north leaves Austin daily except Sunday at 4:25 p. m.

ARTHUR COLE, Agent.

1690.

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