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W. D. ROSEBACH, Exalted Ruler.  
O. J. SIMMONS, Secretary.

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The regular communications of this lodge are held in Masonic hall Austin, Minn., on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.  
WILLIAM TODD, W. M.  
JOHN H. ANDERSON, Secretary.

**ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 14.**  
The stated communications of this Chapter are held in Masonic hall Austin, Minn., on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.  
W. ALLEN GREGSON, M. E. H. P.  
FARRE GOODWIN, Secretary.

**ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, K. T. No. 13.**  
Meets first Monday evening of each month at Masonic hall.  
GEORGE E. ANDERSON, E. C.  
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## Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER 1.**—Story opens on banks of Ohio in 1866. Party headed by Charles Winslow arrested as "pals" of Aaron Burr. Miss Creighton introduced.

**CHAPTER 2.**—Winslow falls in with expatriate of Burr expedition to form republic in south. Acquitted at trial, he offers his means to further plans. Mrs. Blennerhassett, wife of a leader, introduced.

**CHAPTER 3.**—Winslow with new friends starts out in his boat for new home awaiting them in the west. His friends also accompany expedition.

**CHAPTER 4.**—Winslow party meets Col. Burr and his expedition. Winslow proceeds with women to Fort Massac, where later are left for winter. Men continue westward journey.

**CHAPTER 5.**—Burr expedition declared a failure. Winslow, upon being called a spy by soldier at fort, challenges accuser to duel. Soldier accepts. Affair stopped by commander of fort.

**CHAPTER 6.**—Lavender discovers wounded Indian with dispatches ordering arrest of Winslow in connection with Burr case. Kindness to Indian causes him to declare he lost papers, and Lavender burns them.

**CHAPTER 7.**—Fearing arrest, Winslow and party leave Fort Massac and land at New Madrid, the grateful Indian, Owatoga, acting as guide.

**CHAPTER 8.**—Party of French and Spaniards land at New Madrid. Winslow gambles for otocornio girl lost in game by planter; wins and returns her to destitute planter.

**CHAPTER 9.**—In target practice captain from whom Winslow won otocornio seeks to kill him. Would-be murderer foiled by otocornio, who pushes Winslow aside.

**CHAPTER 10.**—Creightons arrive in St. Louis. Winslow arrested, charged with connection with Burr. Winslow sends note to Lavender by Owatoga. Smooth Spaniard, suitor for Lavender, a heavy cocaine Indian, demands note and is given another paper by crafty red man.

**CHAPTER 11.**—Spaniard visits Creighton and tells Lavender of his love. Casis slugs at Winslow.

**CHAPTER 12.**—Gerald Creighton introduced as lover of Sue Miller, whose father refuses to allow him to see her. Miller, a drunkard, owns land undermined with rich coal deposit.

**CHAPTER 13.**—Gonzaga, the Spaniard, attends barn party with Lavender. Announces intention of ransoming Winslow.

**CHAPTER 14.**—Winslow, tricked by Gonzaga, comes to St. Charles, in answer to note purporting to be from otocornio, saying he needed help. Winslow proceeds to spot selected, meeting Sue Miller, who was awaiting Gerald. Her father, mistaking Winslow for Gerald, pounces upon him, snatching him in the shoulder. When about to inflict fatal blow arrow from bow of Owatoga kills Miller.

**CHAPTER 15.**—Gonzaga lies to Lavender, telling her that Winslow killed Miller when latter interrupted him making love to Sue.

**CHAPTER 16.**—By threatening Gonzaga hushes Gerald about death of Miller. Gerald and Lavender return home to find mother near death. Doctor declares Mrs. Creighton must return to old home.

**CHAPTER 17.**—Gonzaga asks Lavender to be his wife, and in return he will arrange home journey of her sick mother, which is impossible under present conditions.

**CHAPTER 18.**—Gonzaga calls for answer to proposal. Lavender again puts him off. Owatoga brings news from Winslow and announces he will be present when she marries Gonzaga.

**CHAPTER 19.**—Winslow hears from old friends. Decides to "touch" school, until Burr is freed. Winslow saves Susan Miller from snake. She tells him of her belief that Gerald killed her father. Suspicion being cast upon Winslow as murderer, he promises not to try to clear his character.

**CHAPTER 20.**—Winslow visits Lavender. On coming away he meets half-witted servant of Susan Miller, who acquaints him with fact that land near Miller claim is rich with coal.

**CHAPTER 21.**—Owatoga learns from Lavender that she is to marry Gonzaga and of Winslow's rivalry. On pretense of stroll in woods Indian takes Lavender to home of Daniel Moore, so that she may not be spied.

From the open door of the tavern not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quiet near by.

Ballinger and Winslow stood with heads bowed while the girl leaned just within the parted curtains, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he gasped a few words of which they could distinguish only her name. His voice grew fainter—scarcely heard above the sobbing of her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head.

A bird's song from a tree near roused him, and with an effort he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his gaze wandered, and he put up one hand feebly, as if to guide his erring vision.

There was a rattling sound in his throat. At the first note of this fatal herald, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer rose, full, sonorous, a ladder of faith whereon the stumbling soul might climb.

But Gonzaga seemed not to hear: "Kiss me," he said.

She obeyed, and he sank back with a last, long sigh of content. It almost seemed in that one kiss there lay more power than that of bell or book to shrive his passing soul.

**CHAPTER XXIX.**

It was evening of a few days later when the Creighton family, Gerald excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was still mid-summer, but for the invalid the night wind blew cool. Their talk was chiefly of the letter just received from Mrs. Blennerhassett, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Burr's trial, and her husband's fate.

"I will hear ill of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the loyalty of both shall ever abide with me."

Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and doubting shake of the head.

"Why, mother, dearest," cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the idle majority—the masses, ever ready to cry 'the fallen'?"

Mrs. Creighton replied, with the calm judicial manner that seemed to fit her brow, massive beyond her sex: "We have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if even history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There

are great and good in power who are, as you say, ready to crucify him. It seems, therefore, as though we, between two fires, had better keep as cool as possible."

But this view met with no sympathy from the young partisan. She appealed to her father: "Dad, do you think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do?"

The elder Creighton smiled. "Hardly that; he may come out of this trial with flying colors; in that case, be sure he will find no lack of friends—of reparation. If he does not—well, I am too much of a patriot to think he will be convicted unless he deserves it. Let us abide the issue."

But Lavender was unconvinced. "It is audacious, I know, to hold opinions where two such wise heads dare to form none. All the same, I believe that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted man!"

"Encore, encore, I quite agree with you," and at the door stood Winslow, smiling and clapping his hands.

Lavender glided to meet him; then on a stool at her mother's feet she sat, with eyes on the fire, quiet and happy.

They talked of the trial, although as yet only meager news had reached them.

"So Aaron Burr has but one champion in this assembly," and Winslow, laughing, turned to Lavender.

"It seems so," Mr. Creighton assented. "Women are, as a rule, on his side. That is why I marvel at my wife's impartiality."

Winslow took a letter from his pocket. "I have here word from a friend who is summoned as a witness in the trial. He is now in St. Louis. He urges me to accompany him back to Richmond, and I may go." He finished with an involuntary glance at Lavender.

She sat within the radius of the fire, her face suffused, less by its glow than by the throbbing of her heart at the news.

Mrs. Creighton was the first to speak. "But this is not a sudden determination? You had planned to go soon?" and she glanced at Lavender, and back at him.

Winslow was perplexed by her manner, full of a fond meaning. Here was another loose end of the tangled thread which had begun its aimless spinning with the mother's words: "You, whom she loves."

But, puzzled, he replied, without hesitation: "No, I had not intended going at all this year. I had decided upon remaining for the school work, but now there will be business matters in connection with the claim I have taken, and—and my plans are incomplete." He finished, vaguely.

A mystified silence fell, but in a flash the situation was clear to Lavender, when her mother said, coldly: "When I was ill, one day, you said you were going back east, and—well, you held out other hopes. You have, then, changed your mind?"

"I am afraid there is some mistake, Mrs. Creighton; until very lately I had no means, no hope of going. I am quite sure I have mentioned none."

In silent wonder the mother listened, but before she could speak, Lavender whispered: "Say no more, dear-est, I think I understand," and the talk was of other things.

But constraint lay upon the little company, and it was a relief when America came in and insisted that the invalid go to bed. Lavender walked out of doors with the guest, and together they leaned over the garden hedge. The tall trees hemmed them close as in a cage over which the stars peeped curiously.

Winslow was first to break the long silence: "I am distressed at your mother's coldness to-night. I cannot understand it."

"I think I can," she said.

"He bent nearer, trying to see her face, but she kept it from him, her eyes on the mock orange she was idly fingering.

"You understand it? Then please let me into the secret."

With an effort she met his eyes. "She is hurt because, well, because she thinks you are forgetting a promise."

"If a promise? Surely I never promised her anything I would not gladly fulfill!" and he seemed mystified.

She paused to gain courage, listlessly twirling the fragrant fruit. "The promise was made by another," she said, "but—but in your character—whether intentionally or not, we shall never know."

"No, it would never be clear," she sighed to herself, "and it need never be. It was a part of the hopes and fears, the sins and sorrows of the dead; a part of the final tragedy in which they all lay buried beneath the new-piled turf within the tiny churchyard."

From this short, sorrowful reverie she roused herself to say: "During mother's illness she did not always recognize those with whom she talked. She once had a conversation with one whom she supposed was you; it is all clear to me now."

"But it is not clear to me," Winslow returned, heavily, "and pardon me, it is only a simple justice that you make it so. It is—and it is—my responsibility for the promise of another, have not I the right to know who that other is, and what the promise?"

His manner was so masterful as to make obedience easy, and she answered, frankly: "Of course you have—every right. But I, too, am puzzled—or was until to-night. I have



TOGETHER THEY LEANED OVER THE GARDEN HEDGE.

believed that mother knew of my engagement to marry Senor Gonzaga."

Lavender said this bravely, boldly. In spite of the effort it cost her, she would not repudiate him now; she must not deny the dead. But her eyes drooped before the gaze which darkened the eyes of the living.

Nervously, rapidly, she talked: "But when she heard the news of Senor Gonzaga's death, and received it as concerning a stranger, with only the ordinary humane regret, I realized that there was something unexplained. It then occurred to me that her interview with him had been blotted out—lost to her memory along with other dreams of delirium. I was glad it could do no good to remind her. But, since her words to-night I am sure that she remembers all—all except the—the one who made the promise."

"And what was that promise?"

She said nothing, only lifting one hand in an embarrassed, deprecating way.

He took it in his, and held it tightly, while he said: "Tell me everything. Have I not told you how I love you? Let that make your part easy."

She shook her head. "No; it makes it all the harder."

Then, with tears and smiles she said low: "He asked her consent to marry me, and promised to take her back with—us," and Lavender faltered over the pronoun, "to our old Virginia home."

"And she gave her consent?"

Lavender bowed until he could see only the satin shine of her brown head.

"And your consent he had already?"

He dropped her hand as he asked the question.

"No," she said, with involuntary promptness, and with a touch of defiance.

Then more gently: "No, he first made clear to me what was my mother's wish, and then—I gave mine."

"Because it was her wish?"

She bowed, still silent.

"Then you only consented to marry him for her sake? You did not love him?"

To the eagerness of his tone, the touch of triumph in his smile, she responded, with gentle rebuke: "It does not matter now."

He stood abashed for a moment, then more gently: "And your mother supposed it was I to whom she was granting so much? To me she was giving so high an honor?"

Her silence answered him.

"But you were not deceived? You knew who made the promise?"

She murmured: "Yes," so low he could scarcely hear.

A tempest stirred within him at this revelation. He felt sure now that she loved him. But had she not vowed that love to another upon whose confidence she had relied?

### To be Continued.

### When to Go Home.

From the Bluffton, Ind., Banner: "When tired out, go home. When you want consolation, go home. When you want fun, go home. When you want to show others you have reformed, go home and let your family get acquainted with the fact. When you want to show yourself at your best, go home and do the act there. When you feel like being extra liberal go home and practice on your wife and children first. When you want to shine with extra brilliancy go home and light up the whole household." To which we would add, when you have a bad cold go home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and a quick cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

**Order for Hearing on Final Account of Executor or Administrator**

STATE OF MINNESOTA,  
County of Mower—ss.  
In Probate Court.  
Special term December 11th 1906.  
In the matter of the estate of Frederick Hunsin deceased.  
The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in said estate.  
On receiving and filing the petition of Aaron E. Hunsin 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 the 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.  
It is ordered that said petition be heard and all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Monday the 11th day of January A. D. 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m. at the probate office in the city of Austin in said county and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.  
His further order that notice thereof be given to all parties interested by publication of this order and citation 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 11th day of December, A. D. 1906.

By the Court,  
J. M. GREENMAN,  
Judge of Probate.  
Dec. 12-26

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6:30 a.m. Cresco, Calmar, Chicago	7:50 p.m.
6:55 p.m. Cresco, Calmar, Kan. City	12:25 p.m.
6:05 a.m. Peoria, Mason City	7:50 p.m.
7:30 p.m. St. Louis, Mason City & west	12:30 p.m.
10:30 a.m. Albert Lea and Jackson	3:15 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.
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7:30 p.m. So. Minneapolis	5:15 a.m.
7:10 p.m. Owatonna and Faribault	6:15 p.m.
1:30 p.m. LeRoy, Calmar	8:30 a.m.
1:00 a.m. LeRoy, Calmar	7:50 a.m.
5:30 p.m. Lyle and Mason City	8:45 a.m.
1:30 a.m. Lyle and Mason City	8:45 a.m.
6:10 p.m. Dexter, Spr. Val., LaCrosse	9:45 a.m.
6	