

# BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."



Copyright 1906 by RICHARDSON & CO.

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Bethune trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis, the post trader, and his daughter, Gillis, and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege.

**CHAPTER II.**—Hampton offers assistance to the girl, and is at first spurned because he is known as a gambler.

**CHAPTER III.**—Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains.

**CHAPTER IV.**—A company of the Seventh cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find Hampton and the girl on the prairie and restore them to consciousness. Hampton announces that he proposes to care for the girl.

**CHAPTER V.**—Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Rev. Howard Wynkoop proposes that Hampton place Miss Gillis in care of Mrs. Herndon. He consents to think it over.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The Kid takes up her residence with Mrs. Herndon.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Naida—the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon and re-joins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid.

**CHAPTER X.**—Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glencaid to teach its first school.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer.

cannot invite you to come into the house now," she exclaimed, sweetly, "for I am almost like a stranger here myself, but I do hope you will both of you call. I shall be so very lonely at first, and you are my earliest acquaintances. You will promise, won't you?"

McNeill bowed, painfully clearing his throat, but Moffat succeeded in expressing his pleasure with a well-rounded sentence.

"I felt sure you would. But now I must really say good-by for this time and go in with Aunt Lydia. I know I must be getting horribly burned out here in this hot sun. I shall always be so grateful to you both."

And the two radiant knights walked together toward the road, neither uttering a word.

### CHAPTER XI. Becoming Acquainted.

Once within the cool shadows of the living-room, Mrs. Herndon again be-thought herself to kiss her niece in a fresh glow of welcome, while the latter sank into a convenient rocker and began enthusiastically expressing her unbounded enjoyment of the west, and of the impressions gathered during her journey. Suddenly the elder woman glanced about and exclaimed, laughingly, "Why, I had completely forgotten. You have not yet met your room-mate. Come out here, Naida; this is my niece, Phoebe Spencer."

The girl thus addressed advanced, a slender, graceful figure dressed in white, and extended her hand shyly. Miss Spencer clasped it warmly, her eyes upon the flushed, winsome face.

"And is this Naida Gillis?" she cried. "I am so delighted that you are still here, and that we are to be together. Aunt Lydia has written so much about you that I feel as if we must have known each other for years. Why, how pretty you are!"

Naida's cheeks were burning, and her eyes fell, but she had never yet succeeded in conquering the blunt independence of her speech. "Nobody else ever says so," she said, uneasily. "Perhaps it's the light."

Miss Spencer turned her about so as to face the window. "Well, you are," she announced, decisively. "I guess I know; you've got magnificent hair, and your eyes are perfectly wonderful. You just don't fix yourself up right; Aunt Lydia never did have any taste in such things, but I'll make a new girl out of you. Let's go upstairs; I'm simply dying to see our room, and get some of my dresses unpacked. They must look perfect frights by this time."

They came down perhaps an hour later, hand in hand, and chattering like old friends. The shades of early evening were already falling across the valley. Herndon had returned home from his day's work, and had brought with him Rev. Howard Wynkoop for supper. Miss Spencer viewed the young man with approval, and immediately became more than usually vivacious in recounting the incidents of her long journey, together with her early impressions of the western country. Mr. Wynkoop responded with an interest far from being assumed.

"I have found it all so strange, so unique, Mr. Wynkoop," she explained. "The country is like a new world to me, and the people do not seem at all like those of the east. They lead such a wild, untrammelled life. Everything

about seems to exhale the spirit of romance; don't you find it so?"

He smiled at her enthusiasm, his glance of undisguised admiration on her face. "I certainly recall some such earlier conception," he admitted. "Those just arriving from the environment of an older civilization perceive merely the picturesque elements; but my later experiences have been decidedly prosaic."

"Why, Mr. Wynkoop! how could they be? Your work is heroic. It is perfectly grand! Why, the very men I met seem to yield me a broader conception of life and duty; they are so brave, so modest, so active. Is—is Mr. Moffat a member of your church?"

The minister cleared his throat, his cheeks reddening. "Mr. Moffat? Ah, no; not exactly. Do you mean the mine-owner, Jack Moffat?"

"Yes, I think so; he told me he owned a mine—the Golden Rule the name was; the very choice in words would seem to indicate his religious nature. You have the only church in Glencaid, I understand, and I wonder greatly he has never joined you. But perhaps he may be prejudiced against your denomination. There is so much narrowness in religion. But I left every prejudice east of the Missouri," she declared, laughingly, "every one, social and religious. I'm going to be a true westerner, from the top of my head to the toe of my shoe. Is Mr. McNeill in your church?"

The minister hesitated. "I really do not recall the name," he confessed at last, reluctantly. "I scarcely think I can have ever met the gentleman."

"Oh, you ought to; he is so intensely original, and his face is full of character. He reminds me of some old paladin of the Middle Ages. You would be interested in him at once. He is the foreman of the 'Bar V' ranch, somewhere near here."

"Do you mean Billy McNeill, over on Sinsinwa creek?" broke in Herndon.

"I think quite likely, uncle; wouldn't he make a splendid addition to Mr. Wynkoop's church?"

Herndon choked, his entire body shaking with ill-suppressed enjoyment. "I should imagine yes," he admitted finally. "Billy McNeill—oh, Lord! There's certainly a fine opening for you to do some missionary work, Phoebe."

"Well, and I'm going to," announced the young lady, firmly. "I guess I can read men's characters, and I know all Mr. McNeill needs is to have some one show an interest in him. Have you a large church, Mr. Wynkoop?"

"Not large if judged from an eastern standpoint," he confessed, with some regret. "Our present membership is composed of eight women and three men, but the congregational attendance is quite good, and constantly increasing."

"Only eight women and three men!" breathlessly. "And you have been laboring upon this field for five years! How could it be so small?"

Wynkoop pushed back his chair, anxious to redeem himself in the estimation of this fair stranger.

"Miss Spencer," he explained, "my parish comprises this entire mining region, and I am upon horseback among the foothills and up in the ranges for fully a third of my time. The spirit of the mining population, as well as of the cattlemen, while not actually hostile, is one of indifference to religious thought. For three long years I worked here without even a church organization or a building; and apparently without the faintest encouragement. Now that we have a nucleus gathered, a comfortable building erected and paid for, with an increasing congregation, I begin to feel that those seemingly barren five years were not without spiritual value."

She quickly extended her hands. "Oh, it is so heroic, so self-sacrificing! I am going to help you, Mr. Wynkoop, in every way I possibly can—I shall certainly speak to both Mr. Moffat and Mr. McNeill the very first opportunity. I feel almost sure that they will join."

The unavoidable exigencies of a choir practice compelled Mr. Wynkoop to retire early, nor was it yet late when the family circle also dissolved, and the two girls were themselves alone.

The light was finally extinguished; the silvery moonlight streamed across the foot of the bed; and the regular breathing of the girls evidenced slumber.

### CHAPTER XII. Under Orders.

It was no pleasant assignment to duty which greeted First Lieut. Donald Brant, commanding Troop N, Seventh cavalry, when that regiment came once more within the environs of civilization, from its summer exercises in the field. Bethune had developed into a somewhat important post, socially as well as from a strictly military standpoint, and numerous, indeed, were the attractions offered there to any young officer whose duty called him to serve the colors on those bleak Dakota prairies. Brant frowned at the innocent words, reading them over again with gloomy eyes and an

exclamation of unmitigated disgust, yet there was no escaping their plain meaning. Trouble was undoubtedly brewing among the Sioux, trouble in which the Cheyennes, and probably others also, were becoming involved. Every soldier patrolling that long northern border recognized the approach of some dire development, some early coup of savagery.

Brant was not blind to all this, nor to the necessity of having in readiness selected bodies of seasoned troops, yet it was not in soldierly nature to refrain from grumbling from the earliest detail chanced to fall to him. But orders were orders in that country, and although he crushed the innocent paper passionately beneath his heel, five hours later he was in saddle, riding steadily westward, his depleted troop of horsemen clattering at his heels.

Up the valley of the Bear Water, slightly above Glencaid,—far enough beyond the saloon radius to protect his men from possible corruption, yet within easy reach of the military telegraph,—they made camp in the early morning upon a wooded terrace overlooking the stage road, and settled quietly down as one of those numerous posts with which the army chiefs sought to hem in the dissatisfied redmen, and learn early the extent of their hostile plans.

Brant was now in a humor considerably happier than when he first rode forth from Bethune. He watched the men of his troop while with quip and song they made comfortable camp, and then strolled slowly up the valley, his own affairs soon completely forgotten in the beauty of near-by hills beneath the golden glory of the morning sun. Once he paused and looked back upon ugly Glencaid, dingy and forlorn even at that distance; then he crossed the narrow stream by means of a convenient log, and clambered up the somewhat steep bank. A heavy fringe of low bushes clung close along the edge of the summit, but a plainly defined path led among their intricacies. He pressed his way through, coming into a glade where sunshine flickered through the overarching branches of great trees, and the grass was green and short, like that of a well-kept lawn.

As Brant emerged from the underbrush he suddenly beheld a fair vision of young womanhood resting on the grassy bank just before him. She was partially reclining, as if startled by his unannounced approach, her face turned toward him, one hand grasping an open book, the other shading her eyes from the glare of the sun. Something in the graceful poise, the pliant, uplifted face, the dark gloss of heavy hair, and the unfrightened gaze held him speechless until the picture had been impressed forever upon his memory. He beheld a girl on the verge of womanhood, fair of skin, the red glow of health flushing her cheeks, the lips parted in surprise, the sleeve fallen back from one white, rounded arm, the eyes honest, sincere, mysterious. She recognized him with a glance, and her lips closed as she remembered how and when they had met before.

But there was no answering recollection within his eyes, only admiration—nothing clung to this Naida to remind him of a neglected waif of the garrison. She read all this in his face, and the lines about her mouth changed quickly into a slightly quizzical smile, her eyes brightening.

"You should at least have knocked, sir," she ventured, sitting up on the grassy bank, the better to confront him, "before intruding thus uninvited."

He lifted his somewhat dingy scouting hat and bowed humbly.

"I perceived no door giving warning that I approached such presence, and the first shock of surprise was perhaps as great to me as to you. Yet, now that I have blundered thus far, I beseech that I be permitted to venture upon yet another step."

She sat looking at him, a trim, soldierly figure, his face young and pleasant to gaze upon, and her dark eyes sensibly softened.

"What step?"

"To tarry for a moment beside the divinity of this wilderness."

She laughed with open frankness, her white teeth sparkling behind the red, parted lips.

"Perhaps you may, if you will first consent to be sensible," she said, with returning gravity; "and I reserve the right to turn you away whenever you begin to talk or act foolish. If you accept these conditions, you may sit down."

He seated himself upon the soft grass ledge, retaining the hat in his hands. "You must be an odd sort of a girl," he commented, soberly, "not to welcome an honest expression of admiration."

"Oh, was that it? Then I duly bow my acknowledgment. I took your words for one of those silly compliments by which men believe they honor women. I am not a baby, nor am I seeking amusement."

He glanced curiously at her book. "And yet you condescend to read love stories," he said, smiling. "I expected to discover a treatise on philosophy."

"I read whatever I chance to get my hands on, here in Glencaid," she retorted, "just as I converse with whoever comes along. I am hopeful of some day discovering a rare gem hidden in the midst of the trash. I am yet young."

Health—Economy

# Calumet Baking Powder

Best by Test

gration of souls."

"How extremely fortunate! It chanced to be my favorite theme, but my mental processes are peculiar, and you must permit me to work up toward it somewhat gradually. For instance, as a question leading that way, how, in the incarnation of this world, do you manage to exist in such a hole of a place?—that is, provided you really reside here."

"Why, I consider this a most delightful nook."

"My reference was to Glencaid."

"Oh! Why, I live from within, not without. Mind and heart, not environment, make life, and my time is occupied most congenially. I am being faithfully nurtured on the Presbyterian catechism, and also trained in the graces of earthly society. These alternate, thus preparing me for whatever may happen in this world or the next."



"You Must Be an Odd Sort of a Girl," He Commented, Soberly.

His face pictured bewilderment, but also a determination to persevere. "An interesting combination, I admit. But from your appearance this cannot always have been your home."

"Oh, thank you. I believe not always; but I wonder at your being able to discern my superiority to these surroundings. And do you know your questioning is becoming quite personal? Does that yield me an equal privilege?"

He bowed, perhaps relieved at thus permitting her to assume the initiative, and rested lazily back upon the grass, his eyes intently studying her face.

"I suppose from your clothes you must be a soldier. What is that figure 7 on your hat for?"

"The number of my regiment, the Seventh cavalry."

Her glance was a bit disdainful as she coolly surveyed him from head to foot. "I should imagine that a strong, capable appearing fellow like you might do much better than that. There is so much work in the world worth doing, and so much better pay."

"What do you mean? Isn't a soldier's life a worthy one?"

"Oh, yes, of course, in a way. We have to have soldiers, I suppose; but if I were a man I'd hate to waste all my life tramping around at \$16 a month."

He smothered what sounded like a rough ejaculation, gazing into her demure eyes as if he strongly suspected a joke hid in their depths. "Do—do you mistake me for an enlisted man?"

"Oh, I didn't know; you said you were a soldier, and that's what I always heard they got. I am so glad if they give you more. I was only going to say that I believed I could get you a good place in McCarthy's store if you wanted it. He pays \$65 and his clerk has just left."

Brant stared at her with open mouth, totally unable for the moment to decide whether or not that innocent, sympathetic face masked mischief. Before he succeeded in regaining confidence and speech, she had risen to her feet, holding back her skirt with one hand.

"Really, I must go," she announced calmly, drawing back toward the slight opening between the bushes. "No doubt you have done fully as well as you could, considering your position in life; but this has proved another disappointment. You have fallen, far, very far, below my ideal. Good-by."

He sprang instantly erect, his cheeks flushed. "Please don't go without a further word. We seem predestined to misunderstand. I am even willing to confess myself a fool in the hope of some time being able to convince you otherwise. You have not even told me that you live here; nor do I know your name."

She shook her head positively, repressed merriment darkening her eyes and wrinkling the corners of her mouth. "It would be highly improper to introduce myself to a stranger—we Presbyterians never do that."

"But do you feel no curiosity as to who I may be?"

"Why, not in the least; the thought is ridiculous. How very conceited you must be to imagine such a thing!"

He was not a man easily daunted, nor did he recall any previous em-

barrassment in the presence of a young woman. But now he confronted something utterly unique; those quiet eyes seemed to look straight through him. His voice faltered sadly, yet succeeded in asking: "Are we, then, never to meet again? Am I to understand this to be your wish?"

She laughed. "Really, sir, I am not aware that I have the slightest desire in the matter. I have given it no thought, but I presume the possibility of our meeting again depends largely upon yourself, and the sort of society you keep. Surely you cannot expect that I would seek such an opportunity?"

He bowed humbly. "You mistake my purpose. I merely meant to ask if there was not some possibility of our again coming together socially—in the presence of mutual friends."

"Oh, I scarcely think so; I do not remember ever having met any soldiers at the social functions here—excepting officers. We are extremely exclusive in Glencaid," she dropped him a mocking courtesy, "and I have always moved in the most exclusive set."

Piqued by her tantalizing manner, he asked, "What particular social functions are about to occur that may possibly open a passage into your guarded presence?"

She seemed immersed in thought, her face turned partially aside. "Unfortunately, I have not my list of engagements here," and she glanced about at him shyly. "I can recall only one at present, and I am not even certain—that is, I do not promise—to attend that. However, I may do so. The Miners' Bachelor club gives a reception and ball to-morrow evening in honor of the new schoolmistress."

"What is her name?" with responsive eagerness.

She hesitated, as if doubtful of the strict propriety of mentioning it to a stranger.

"Miss Phoebe Spencer," she said, her eyes cast demurely down.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in open triumph; "and have I, then, at last made fair capture of your secret? You are Miss Phoebe Spencer?"

She drew back still farther within the recesses of the bushes, at his single victorious step forward.

"? Why certainly not. I am merely Miss Spencer's 'star' pupil, so you may easily judge something of what her superior attainments must necessarily be. But I am really going now, and I sincerely trust you will be able to secure a ticket for to-morrow night; for if you once meet this Miss Spencer you will never yield another single thought to me, Mr.—Mr.—" her eyes dancing with laughter—"First Lieut. Donald Brant."

### To be Continued.

### Best Treatment for a Burn.

If for no other reason, Chamberlain's Salve should be kept in every household on account of its great value in the treatment of burns. It allays the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a severe one, heals the parts without leaving a scar. This salve is also unequalled for chapped hands, sore nipples and diseases of the skin. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

### King Drag Adopted.

D. Ward King's scheme for obtaining good roads cheap is being pushed in Canada. One hundred dollars in prizes is being offered by the Farmers Advocate of London, Ont., for the best roads made with a King drag. The editor in a personal letter says: "A widespread interest has been aroused and many drags constructed in addition to those used by our contestants. So far we are more than delighted with what we have seen and heard of the results."

### Beautifying the Roadsides of Ceylon.

Eighteen years ago or more an official of Colombo proposed that the government of Ceylon should plant trees and shrubs and flowering vines along its highways. By this it would furnish shade that would be grateful to man and beast, as such shade would be wherever and whenever the mercury rises above 80 or 90 degrees F.

### Work For Improved Roads.

The American Motor league has begun to subdivide its membership into state divisions, and this work is now under way in thirty-four states, says the Motor News. Each state has been divided into a convenient number of districts, and prominent automobilists are being selected to represent these districts on the several state boards and to serve the state organization committees until the beginning of the next official year. The state boards will elect delegates to the national assembly, the first meeting of which will be held in October next at a place to be announced by the executive committee. The national assembly will elect officers for the ensuing year and will take up actively the work for improved roads, better road laws and the more equitable regulation of automobile travel on the streets and roads.

### Good Roads in Arkansas.

In the movement for good roads, which has aroused nearly every part of the southwest, Sebastian county, Ark., has kept a step ahead, says the Southwest Magazine. While other states are enacting laws and other communities are discussing plans for the improvement of their highways this wide awake county is enjoying the use of twenty miles of well macadamized rural streets and is constructing more of these luxuries at the rate of ten miles a year.

—Housekeeping is a pleasure when you cook with gas.

## DO YOU WANT A POSITION

As locomotive fireman or brakeman, paying \$10.00 per month if so, this school, which is conducted by prominent railway officials, can help you to realize your wishes. We prepare you by mail for one of these good paying positions at small cost, and, upon completion of the course, assist you to employment on the road of your choice. Write today for catalog and special offer. It will interest you.

The Wenthe Railway Correspondence School, Dept. 706, Freeport, Ill.

## 60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be made to the undersigned, who has acted as agent for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in our receipt.

### Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year in advance, \$1.50 a month. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Offices: 55 F. S. Washington, D. C.

## Makes Digestion and Assimilation perfect. Makes new red blood and bone. That's what HOLLISTER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA will do. A tonic for the sick and weak.

35c. Tea or Tablets

SOLD BY C. A. POOLER.

### Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. In Probate Court. In the matter of the estate of W. L. Barnum, Decedent. The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said deceased and to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the above named decedent, having filed in this court the final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with the petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereunto entitled; therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause if you have any objection to the said account, or to the distribution of the residue of said estate, at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the City of Austin in the County of Mower State of Minnesota, on the 23rd day of August, 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m.; why said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court and the seal of said court this 23rd day of AUG., 1907.

(Seal) J. M. GREENMAN, Judge of Probate.

### Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, August 24, 1907. In the matter of the estate of Orin H. Brown deceased. Letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Maggie M. Brown 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 4th day of February, 1908, at 10 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 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, Minnesota, the 24th day of August, A. D. 1907.

By the Court, JOHN M. GREENMAN, Judge of Probate. August 28, Sept. 3, 10

### Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, August 13th, 1907. In the matter of the estate of Henry W. Studer, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Caroline A. Studer, 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 17th day of February, 1908, at 3 o'clock p. 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 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, Minnesota, the 13th day of August, 1907.

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

### Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, August 24, 1907. In the matter of the estate of Lillie L. Russell deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto E. G. Armstrong of Olmsted 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 24th day of February, 1908, at three o'clock p. 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 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, Minnesota, the 24th day of August, 1907.

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