

THE IRON WAY

A Tale of the Builders of the West
By SARAH PRATT CARR
Illustrated by Art. Williams

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, while efforts are being made to build up the country. Uncle Billy Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station, they find the skeletons which have carried their destructive work there also.

CHAPTER II.—Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. The travelers find that Anthony has been killed.

CHAPTER III.—Vincent with letter of introduction to Gov. Stanford is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad, being built. He hears of safe arrival of Stella Anthony in a letter from her.

CHAPTER IV.—Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on road and receives taken of evidence. Stella, embodied in a neat lunch and a forget-me-not.

CHAPTER V.—"Uncle Billy" arrives in railroad town, meeting Stella. He hears news that desired railroad bill has passed. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman.

CHAPTER VI.—Stella receives "Uncle Billy" with kisses for her brought her a new hat. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel land-lady.

CHAPTER VII.—Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad, learns their secrets and returns to Stella in the California town, each showing signs of love for the other.

CHAPTER VIII.—Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town and to Stella boasts of success of his enterprise. She writes to Alfred Vincent of it. Flying his attentions Cadwallader later insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant, who has protected her for years. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will love.

CHAPTER IX.—Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is raised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time.

CHAPTER X.—Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finding letters of importance, involving plans of opposition road, "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip.

CHAPTER XI.—Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unceremonious and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found, the letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakeman Alfred Vincent, who arrives on scene.

CHAPTER XII.—Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora and saving the ship idea with iron for railroad camp.

CHAPTER XIII.—Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford, sponsor for Central Pacific. Phineas signs statement promising that he will enter the governor's cause and the latter tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora."

CHAPTER XIV.—Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite the hostility of the latter and dramatic performance proves big social occasion in railroad town.

CHAPTER XV.—Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strike," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances.

CHAPTER XVII.—In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Banquet in railroad town is scene of the monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament.

CHAPTER XIX.—Alfred writes passionately to Stella, denying the attention which he has been compelled to give Miss Hamilton and Stella makes plans for battle of wits which must come when she needs Gideon. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces that she, her husband and Viola have been made rich by recent "strike." Viola's love for Alvin, a telegraph operator, is revealed, the latter declaring he will claim his sweetheart when he has a home and a bank account.

CHAPTER XX.—Gideon returns to Stella and finding offers of love rejected, makes a threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. When Stella discovers this she makes a desperate effort and books passage on stage, which is attempting to beat that of rival company. Amid wild scenes the coach dashes out of town.

"Intends to marry you! Some day!" Tenderness fled. The words flashed forth like the hiss of a snake. He faced her fiercely, the veins in his forehead swelling quickly, undulatingly. The primordial male was master now, holding in leash every grace of refinement, every saint's virtue he had won. "Listen, Stella Anthony! If that woman-dandy cared for you, if he had been man enough to marry you, to put you beyond the insult of railroad-camp gossip and curiosity, I'd hide away in the mountains and live on memories. But he's spilling your life! And he shall not live to spoil it longer! I'll—"

"No, no, Gideon!" she broke in excitedly. "Don't say those words! You shall not harm him!" She stood erect, her eye blazing back flame for flame. For herself weak, for him she loved she was a lioness at bay. "Do you call that love?" she asked scornfully, "to strike a woman through the man she loves? I could hate you, Gideon Ingram! Leave me! I hope never to see your face again!"

Gideon did not speak. Stella roused and angry was a new being to him. He had not realized that her spirit was as intrepid as his own. Stripped of compassion for his love of her, wrenched free from the claim of their past, she flung out her stinging words like whip-strokes.

"Love! What do you know of that sacred thing? Hide in your mountains? Yes! And stay, till you learn that first of all love is not for self, but to serve the loved one. I could never love you. If Alfred were ten times dead, I'd not marry you!"

Red lights were burning in Gideon's passionate eyes, and he turned to her with savage counter threat.

"Whether Vincent lives or not, you shall be my wife, Stella Anthony! There's no other woman in the world but you, and I shall be worthy of you. You shall see my face again—you shall pray to see it!" He towered over her, his stormy eyes fixed on hers unflinchingly, yet he did not touch her. "Good-bye," he said in a lower voice. "I shall find him; and I shall come again!" He stepped backward as he finished.

She sprang after him, but he had closed the door and slid into the night. When she looked out he was neither to be seen nor heard. She stood a moment in the open doorway, striving to quiet the tumult of soul and body. The weakness of reaction came quickly. The scene rehearsed grew in portent. No fiery courage rose to meet the memory of his threats; yet they grew more dreadful; and the compelling power of his presence remained. A dozen uncertain plans chased one another through her whirling brain. She would telegraph Alfred. But where? What could she say? She could not send heart tragedies over the wires, accuse Gideon beforehand of murder!

She would write—get Uncle Billy to deliver her letter in person. She wrote a feverish letter, destroyed it, and wrote again; then hastened out to find Uncle Billy. In the kitchen she came upon Sally B. superintending the extra baking.

"Uncle Billy? He's snatching! 40 winks. He didn't go up till a bit ago; he ain't to be disturbed." She was emphatic. "Say! The race begins O. K. Train'll be here at 2:50 instid o' four o'clock! Uncle Billy 'lows he'll git out in four minutes after."

"Oh, I must speak to him alone," Stella pleaded; "just a minute, when he comes down. Tell him when you call him, won't you?"

Another time Sally B. would have heeded the distress in Stella's tone, and questioned her; but she was intent on her work, caught in the hour's excitement. She gave absent-minded assent; and Stella crept back to the parlor, where she lowered the lamp and again sat down with her fears. Had Gideon been able to get a seat in Uncle Billy's coach? She would go and see. She opened the door and peered out. The street was deserted. Yet bright, unshaded windows gleaming in all directions; extra lights in the saloon across the way; knots of men at the doors; the rattle of chips, the clink of ice and glass, and an occasional voice raised above the subdued murmur that came from Sally B.'s barroom—all told Stella that the town waited awake for the night's event.

She stole out, passed the hotel and peeped guiltily into the stage office. Only the clerk on duty was within, and he was nodding. Cautiously she approached and looked over the passenger list that lay open on the counter. Gideon had not booked.

Though half stunned by dread and fear, she yet could not face Sally B. again and the busy kitchen. She paced restlessly, stopped to reread her letter and add a penciled word, and went into the hall to listen for Uncle Billy. Silence. No one was stirring in the house outside of the cook's domain.

Back she turned to her nervous tread, counting her steps mechanically. Her mind was painfully alert, supersensitive. The half-hour struck.

"The clock is surely wrong!" Stella whispered. But the dining-room clock quickly rang a confirming chime; and the dooming tick, tick, went slowly on.

She crept out again to the stage office, where the clerk no longer coquetted with duty in his chair, but lay full length on the counter, frankly seduced by Morpheus. The passenger list still lay open, and Stella looked. Gideon's name was not there!

She wondered why, since his looks even more than his words told her that he would seek Alfred at once. As she walked back new fears beset her. Why was Gideon not going on the stage? Could Alfred be already on his way to Colfax? Near? Coming now, and Gideon had learned it? A terrifying vision of their meeting shook her; yet quick comfort came with the recollection of Alfred's promised telegram. He would surely keep his word.

Ten minutes of two! Ten minutes past—fifteen!

A light step came down the stair, and Stella flew into the hall.

"Uncle Billy!" she called softly, and drew him into the parlor. She put her letter in his hand, told him of Gideon, breathlessly describing Alfred's danger, though concealing its cause. She did not dream that Uncle Billy guessed it well.

He promised to mount guard over Alfred, though he scoffed at her fear, and declared that Gideon, son of the night, was doubtless alone somewhere fighting out his anger.

"Oh, Uncle Billy, you're such a dear, good father to me," she cried impetuously; and, heedless, did not see the light die in his eyes, reeked not of a missed heart-beat.

His back was toward the lamp, his face downcast; yet when he lifted it again, he was calm, his voice steady.

though Stella caught a vibrant sadness in it she could not understand.

"Honey, there's something I've been wishing to speak to you about for a month o' Sundays, but I couldn't raise the pluck." He stopped, and Stella, so overwrought, grew suddenly apprehensive, though she did not speak.

"Yo' Uncle Billy's stake in Mammom's mighty small; but such as it is, it is needed to you, child. I haven't any kin of my own, that is, none that's as near to me as you are, honey. I fixed the papehs in Auburn yestehday."

For an instant Stella did not comprehend. She looked questioningly into his face and he smiled back at her, waiting for her to speak. Then it broke suddenly—a will! All a young heart's dread of death came into her eyes. Uncle Billy dead! And she profiting by it? It could not be. He surely would live long years still. She could not spare him!

The precipitous sorrow, the generous deed, broke down Stella's defenses, and tears flowed uncontrolled while she haltingly told her gratitude. Uncle Billy had barely dried her eyes when Sally B.'s step sounded in the hall.

"I'm in heah, Sally B.," he called, "and all ready." Before she could turn back from the stairs and enter he drew Stella to him and kissed her. "Don't forget my luck posy, honey," he whispered, as Sally B. opened the door. And in that instant Stella's eyes were opened.

Ten minutes later the coaches, Uncle Billy's leading, lined up beside the thronged sidewalk. Some passengers stood near the second coach. Only a privileged few coming on the train would go with Uncle Billy.

Stella, a rose in her hand, stood with others near the stage office door. "Is Mr. Ingram going with Uncle Billy or in the other coach?" she asked the clerk, as he returned to his post from some errand.

"Ingram? He left town hours ago. Took Ball's best horse, Nig. Told Ball if he broke the nag's wind he'd pay any figure Ball—"

Stella did not wait to hear him through. "Book me for Virginia City!" she cried. "In Uncle Billy's coach—"

"You can't—" he began.

A whistle shrieked through the darkness.

"Yes! yes! I'll make him let me!" she panted, and was gone.

A deep rumble shook the town. The "Governor Stanford" raced into the station. Flying figures caught up mail and treasure and ran with them to the waiting coach. Passengers, their linen dusters floating back on the night breeze, hurried after, gulping Sally B.'s scalding coffee on the run and snatching her neatly packed hot lunches.

Stella, fastening her cloak and carrying a small valise in the other hand, came flying out of the hotel door. She pressed her scant golden horde into the booking clerk's hand as she passed. "Give the change to Mrs. Sally," she said through set teeth, and ran around in the street to the opposite side of the stage. "Please help me up, sir," she called softly to the passenger on the box. "I've booked, and I'm to have the seat next you."

The man moved, intending to step down and help her up; but the hostlers cried: "All ready!"

"No, no! There isn't time," Stella called frantically, as she heard Uncle Billy answer the hostlers. "Reach me your hand!" she implored, her foot on the forward hub.

The passenger obeyed, and she was seated, the "luck rose" safe between her teeth, when Uncle Billy sprang up, crying "Let 'em go!" His face was full of disappointment in spite of the jovial replies he flung back to the torrent of good wishes from the bystanders. As he swiftly gathered the lines he caught sight of Stella.

"Good Lord! You can't go, honey!" "I must! You'll—"

The hostlers loosed their hold with a yell and the horses sprang out. With wild cheers behind them they plunged into the black night. The race was again on.

CHAPTER XXI The Race.

Eastward through thick darkness they flew. Stella, untimid, knowing horses as the smart girl of to-day knows her pedigreed dog, yet marveled at Uncle Billy's timely discernment of every rut and hole; at the skill that slowed or gave rein to the galloping team with such nice calculation.

The sharp rushing air made Stella shiver. Uncle Billy felt it through the same sense that guided him over the unseen road. Shifting the lines to his right hand, with the other he pulled a buffalo robe from under the seat and adjusted it about her with quick skill.

"Thank you," she said gratefully, and was silent on account of the stranger at her left. Yes a little later, under cover of the dark, the robe went into Uncle Billy's button-hole, and in answer to his low question Stella repeated the booking clerk's news of Gideon.

An inhospitable gray crept at last into the sky, and showed the road dully red. The lash went singing through the air in long, unwinding coils. Though no horse was struck, the six leaped to added speed.

"Come on, boys! It's the day of yo' life!" Uncle Billy called cheerily. "You, Socks an' Boots, set 'em a pace there!"

It was a trumpet call to the leaders. Indeed, all the horses caught the race spirit and stretched to their task with almost human ardor.

"Misteh Montague, will you time us from that pine tree yonder?" the driver asked of the passenger on the other side of Stella.

"Three forty-four," he said when a mile had sped behind.

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"It would have been three twenty-four if old Snorteh and Posey had been leading. But I reckon we'll make this beat in pretty good shape with Socks and Boots."

"That's great speed. You can't make it much of the time, can you?" "No, sah; not as much of the time as I'd like to." Uncle Billy barely touched the "high swing" horse with the lash, and the double tree pulled true again. "This is the best team I'll have; and two hours late there'll be a heap of wagons on the grade. No other chance fo' speed this side of Donneh Lake. Hey, there, Socks an' Boots! Stretch yo'selves!"

"What queer names," ventured Stella, her eyes on the straining leaders.

"Yes, it fits, though. See? That nigh leader's white clean up to his sorrel knees; the other's sorrel plumb down to his white fetlocks."

Foam-flecked, panting, dripping, the wheel horses dug with dust, they swung into the first changing station. Uncle Billy was on the ground before the wheels had stopped, and forward among the horses. He gave the one nearest him an affectionate slap and a low word. Stella saw the jaded creature turn to the caress and knew then why John Spalding said that Billy Dodge could get more out of his stock with less damage than any other driver the company had.

The change was made with incredible swiftness. A fresh team stood harnessed and ready. A man to each horse, they led them in line and hooked them up close upon the heels of the retiring team. Other men looked to the running gear, tested the wheels, saw that the lumbering coach was everywhere safe to continue its lurching, racking journey.

Stella now saw Uncle Billy on duty, silent, watchful, himself observed by all, the captain and autocrat of this horseless battle against mountains and time. A proprietary pride warned Stella's heart as she noticed the eager deference paid to him; his nonchalance; his apparent unconcern as he rubbed his hands limber while pacing slowly, or leaned in perfect repose against the rough porch pillar of the station house.

The bartender brought him a hot drink. He sipped a little and returned the glass unemptied. A woman came to the door with warm crullers; but he shook his head with a smile and a word that made refusal as gracious as acceptance.

"How is it the Chrysolopolis didn't break down between Freeport and Sacramento?" asked a bystander, eager for news of the race. "I expected they'd play that trick on us."

Uncle Billy's lip curled. "The snipes! They had it fixed to slow up and take two hours fo' the 12 miles to Sacramento; but we beat 'em! Had a messengeh there on a race horse. He took the Virginia mail and papehs into Sacramento like greased lightning; and our train pulled out only 49 minutes afeh their cars left Freeport."

Scant were the moments, hardly reaching a plural, before they were off again.

"We'll pass Gideon suah; he's got powerful little the start of us," Uncle Billy whispered to Stella as he took his seat. "He can't get a fresh horse this side of Coburn's."

They were now on the long, long climb, though it dipped downward in a few short spaces. The sun rose in belated glory long after it had gilded far western summits. It soon clouded; yet the brief glimpse cheered the travelers and loosed their tongues; and isolated exclamations expanded to conversation and stories.

On the box the two men exchanged anecdotes.

"Oh, yes," Uncle Billy responded to a question from the other, "the California State company's an old concern. Why, they operated fo' hundred and fifty miles as fah back as '53. They kept adding territory till they had eleven hundred and mo' miles, and upwards of twelve hundred head of stock."

"They've sold most of their lines, haven't they?" the young man asked.

"Yes, the po' stage driveh's getting steamed off the earth. I don't know what'll become of him."

"Oh, he'll get a job with the iron horse."

"We wouldn't win in that business. What would I do with a train?" Uncle Billy asked earnestly. "I don't know how to hook up heh up, nothin' about the running gear, nor heh disposition. If she kicked I wouldn't know whether it was fo' cause, or fo' derelicty."

To be Continued.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved. Mr. Thos. Stenton, postmaster at Pontypool, Ont., writes: "For the past eight years I suffered from rheumatic pains, and during that time I used many different liniments and remedies for the cure of rheumatism. Last summer I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and got more relief from it than anything I have ever used, and cheerfully recommend this liniment to all sufferers from rheumatic pains." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by all druggists.

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Proprietor.

Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of sixty-eight hundred fifty-three and 45-100 dollars, which is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage, duly executed and delivered by George Heffer and Lizzie Heffer, his wife, mortgagors, to Sven Swenson, mortgagee, bearing date the 3rd day of March, 1903, 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 11th day of March, 1903, at 5 o'clock p. m. in book 31 of mortgages on page 448, 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 southeast quarter (¼) of section number thirty-three (33), in township number one hundred four (104), north of range number 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 front door of the court house, in the city of Austin, in said county and state, on the 3rd day of May, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt of sixty-eight hundred fifty-three and 45-100 dollars and interest, and the taxes, if any, on said premises, and twenty-five 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 April 3rd, A. D. 1908.

SWEN SWENSON, Mortgagee.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT, Attorney.

Austin, Minn.

April 8, 1908, 22 29 May 6, 13, 20.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. Village of Waltham. Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the Council of said Village of Waltham and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing May 1st, 1908, and terminating on April 30, 1909, by the following person, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively, to-wit: L. W. Lewis on ground floor of west room in building situated on west ends of lots 4, 5 and 6 block 10. Said application will be heard and determined by said council of the village of Waltham at the special meeting in the recorder's office in said village of Waltham in Mower county and state of Minnesota, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 8 o'clock p. m. of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of said village of Waltham, this 13th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) L. S. CHAPMAN, Recorder.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss. Village of Waltham. Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the council of said Village of Waltham and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing May 1st, 1908, and terminating April 30, 1909, by the following person, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively to-wit: Robert Kammer, west room, 34 feet in length, of the ground floor of building situated on west end of lot 11, block 7.

Said application will be heard and determined by said council of the Village of Waltham at the special meeting in the recorder's office, in said village of Waltham in Mower county and state of Minnesota, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 8 o'clock p. m. of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of said village, this 13th day of April, A. D. 1908.

(Seal) L. S. CHAPMAN, Recorder.

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Meets on second and fourth Fri. ay evenings of each month at the new Elks' hall on Main St. Visiting Elks are invited to meet with us.

JOHN L. GOLDEN, Exalted Ruler.
J. S. WOOD, Secretary.

FIDELITY LODGE, No. 39, A. F. AND A. M.

The regular communications of this lodge are held in Masonic hall Austin, Minn., on the first and rd Wednesday evenings of each month.

M. O. ANDERSON, 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. Visiting Elks are invited to meet with us.

WALLACE GREGSON, M. E. H. F.
PARKER GOODWIN, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, K. T. No. 1

Meets first Monday evening of each month at Masonic hall. GEORGE E. ANDERSON, E. C. PARKER GOODWIN, Recorder.

AUSTIN LODGE No. 55, K. of P.

Meets on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting Knights welcomed.

W. L. VAN CAMP, G. C.
W. J. UEBARTH, K. of K. and S.

CENTRE POST, No. 66, G. A. E.

Regular meetings are held at their post hall on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.

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