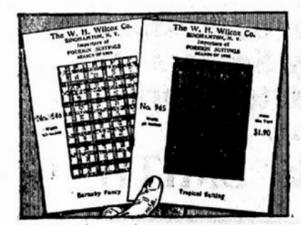


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Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower--ss.
In Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Harriet P. Sargeant, decedent.
The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said deceased and to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of the will of said decedent: The petition of Harry A. Sargeant being duly filed in this court, representing that Harriet P. Sargeant, a resident of the county of Mower, state of Minnesota, died on the 10th day of Feb., 1909, leaving a last will and testament which is presented to this court with said petition, and praying that said instrument be allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to Harry A. Sargeant.
Now, therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause why you have, before this court, at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the city of Austin, county of Mower, state of Minnesota, on the 22nd day of March, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Witness the Honorable J. M. Greenman, Judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 16th day of February, 1909.
(Seal)

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A Gentleman From Mississippi
By THOMAS A. WISE
Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs
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"It's too risky. He's old fashioned, you know--has about as much idea about practical politics as--well, as we have of the Golden Rule. Fact is, he



Senator Peabody, "boss of the senate," rather lives by that antiquated standard. That's where we get him. He owes everything to me, you see, so naturally he'll do anything I want him to. By the way, there's Norton now. Perhaps he can tell us something."
"Call him over," said Peabody.
Norton had been strolling about the lobby, hoping to be noticed. The flame had lured the moth, and it liked the manner of the singeing. The congressman hurried precipitately across at Stevens' summons.
"I've been wanting to speak to you, gentlemen," said Norton, full of the good trick he had turned, "but I didn't like to interrupt you. I think I've done a big stroke for Altacoola today."
Even Peabody pricked up his ears. "Yes," said both senators together.
With a keen sense of the dramatic, the congressman let his next words draw out with full effect.

"I've got Senator Langdon interested--financially interested," he said.
His two hearers exchanged a significant glance.
"How?" asked Peabody sharply.
Norton smiled slyly.
"Well, I just let his son invest \$50,000 of the senator's money in Altacoola land. That ought to help some."
Stevens stared in amazement at his congressman, his eyes threatening to bulge out of his head.
"What?" he gasped. "You got Langdon's money in Altacoola, through his son?"
"I sure have, senator," chuckled Norton. "He's in to the extent of fifty thousand, and I've promised that the fifty shall make a hundred by spring."
"It'll make three hundred thousand at least," snapped Peabody. "Norton, you've done a good day's work. By the way, a New York client of mine has a little business that I cannot attend to handily. Doesn't involve much work, and a young, hustling lawyer like you ought to take charge of it easily. The fee, I should say, would be about \$10,000. Have you the time to undertake it?"
The congressman drew a long breath. His eyes beamed with gratitude.
"I should say I have, senator. Of course I won't interfere with any of my duties as a congressman."
Peabody smiled.
"Of course not, Norton. I see that your sense of humor is improving. If convenient, run over to New York the last of the week. I'll give you a card. My client's office is at 10 Broadway."
The ruler of the senate nodded a curt dismissal.
"Thank you, senator; thank you very much." And Norton bowed and left, rejoicing.
Peabody turned to Stevens.
"You see, even a congressman can be useful sometimes," remarked Stevens dryly.
"Keep your eye on that young man, Stevens. He's the most valuable congressman we've had from your state in a long while. Does just what he is told and doesn't ask any fool questions. This was good work. Langdon's on the naval committee now sure. Come, Stevens; let's go to some quiet corner in the smoking room. I want to talk to you about something else the Standard has on hand for you to do."
Hardly had they departed from the lobby when resounding commotion at the entrance, followed by the rushing of porters and bellboys and an expectant pose on the part of the clerk, indicated that the new senator from Mississippi had arrived.

smile on his face that carried sunshine and good will wherever he went, he was good to look on, an inspiration, particularly in Washington.

Following the senator were Miss Langdon and Hope Georgia, leading a retinue of hotel attendants staggering under a large assortment of luggage. Both beautiful girls, they caused a sensation all of their own. Carolina, a different type from the younger, had an austere loveliness denoting pride and birth, a brunette of the quality that has contributed so much to the fame of southern women. Hope Georgia, more girlish and a vivacious blond, was the especial pet of her father and usually succeeded in doing with him what she chose.
A real senator and two such young women handsomely gowned seemed to take the old hotel back a score of years--back to the times when such sights were of daily occurrence. The ancient greatness of the now dingy International lived again.
"How are you, senator? Glad to welcome you, sir," was the clerk's greeting.

The genial senator held out his hand. Everybody was his friend.
"Glad to meet you, sir; glad to meet you," he exclaimed. "Must make you acquainted with my daughters. This is Miss Carolina Langdon, this Miss Hope Georgia Langdon."
The two girls, with their father's idea of courtesy, shook hands with the clerk, who was not at all taken aback by the unexpected honor.
Hope Georgia was thoroughly delighted with everything, but Carolina looked at the worn and faded walls and furnishings with evident distaste.
"Oh, this is Washington," murmured Hope Georgia ecstatically, clasping her hands and gazing at a vista of artificial palms in a corridor.
"Ah, this is Washington," sighed the new senator contentedly as he gazed across a hall at the biggest and most gorgeous cigar stand he had ever seen or ever hoped to see--the only new thing added to the hotel since Grant was president.
"Truly magnificent establishment you have here, sir; magnificent!" he exclaimed as an imitation marble column came within his purview. "I remember my friend Senator Moseley speaking to me of it thirty years ago. Are our rooms ready?"
The clerk, hugely pleased, hastened to assure him that everything was in first class order, waiting.
"You better go up, girls, while I look around a bit and sort of get the hang of things."
"Yes, I think we had better look around a bit, too, before we decide, father," said Carolina diplomatically. Her father patted her affectionately on the arm.
"Now, don't you worry, Carolina. I see you think this place too expensive from its looks--too good for us. But I tell you the best, even this, isn't too good for you girls and your dad. Run away, and I'll come up and see you soon."

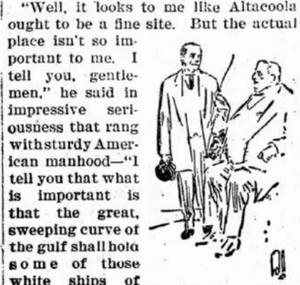
The new senator leaned his elbow on the desk, surveying the place.
"I understand this is a favorite haunt for the big men of Washington," he said.
The clerk eagerly agreed.
"Yes, indeed, senator; we have them all. Senator Peabody and Senator Stevens were here just a moment ago. Boy, find Senator Peabody and Senator Stevens and tell them Senator Langdon is here."
The two senators came quickly.
"I'm glad to see you, Langdon; glad to see you," exclaimed Stevens, with an assumption of effusiveness. "I want to introduce you to Senator Peabody of Pennsylvania."
Peabody bowed, and Langdon held out his hand.
"I'm delighted to meet you, senator. This is a proud day for me, sir."
Peabody had put on his smoothest and most polished manner.
"I came especially to meet you, Senator Langdon," he said. "Although we are on different sides we may be interested in the same things. I hope we shall see a great deal of each other."
Langdon chuckled.
"That's mighty good of you, senator. I'm depending on you experienced fellows to put me through. Don't know much about this lawmaking business, you know. Raising cotton, arguing the government and bossing niggers have been about the extent of my occupation for the last forty years, so I reckon I'm not much of a practical lawmaker."
"Oh, you'll learn; you'll learn quickly," assured Peabody. "With Stevens, here, for a guide you can't go wrong. We all look up to Stevens. He's one of the powers on your side. He's an able man, is Stevens."
The new senator from Mississippi gladly corroborated this.



CHAPTER V.
THE BOSS OF THE SENATE INSPECTS A NEW MEMBER.
AN actor playing the role of a high type of southern planter would score a decided success by picturing the character exactly after the fashion of Senator William H. Langdon as he strode to the desk of the International hotel. A wide brimmed black hat thrust back on his head, a long black perfect in his month, coatails spreading out behind as he walked, and the "Big Bill" Langdon

"You're right, sir. A great man! I tell you, when he told that legislature what they ought to do, Senator Peabody, they did it. If it wasn't for Stevens I wouldn't be here now."
In mock protest the senior senator from Mississippi raised his hands.
"Now, now, Langdon, don't say that. Your worth, your integrity, your character and our old friendship got you the senatorship."
The old planter laughed gleefully.
"Sure, Stevens, I have the character and the integrity, but I reckon the character and integrity wouldn't have done much business if you hadn't had the legislature."

Clearly delighted, Peabody considered it certain that this new senator knew just the way he should go and would cause no difficulty. His keen sense of gratitude made him appreciate how he had been elected. Peabody literally beamed on Langdon.
"I hope we shall be able to work a good deal together, senator," he said. "I have the interests of the south at heart, particularly with regard to this new naval base. Perhaps we may be able to get you on the naval committee."
"Me!" laughed Langdon. "Well, that would be going strong! But I tell you I'm for the naval base."
"For Altacoola?" suggested Stevens. Langdon hesitated. Peabody and Stevens watched him as eagles watch their prey from the mountain crag.
"Well, it looks to me like Altacoola ought to be a fine site. But the actual place isn't so important to me. I tell you, gentlemen," he said in impressive seriousness that rang with sturdy American manhood--"I tell you that what is important is that the great, sweeping curve of the gulf shall hold some of those white ships of ours to watch over the Indies and the canal and to keep an eye on South America."
"And right there on our own southern coast I want these ships built and equipped and the guns cast and the men found to man them. I want the south to have her part in the nation's defense. I want her to have this great naval city as the living proof that there is again just one country--the United States--and the north and the south both have forgiven."



Senator Peabody clapped the new member on the back.
"Good!" he exclaimed. "You've got to make some speeches like that. We'll have you as the orator for the naval base."
Langdon's eyes opened wide.
"Orator!" he gasped. "Me! An orator?"
"Why, that was oratory, good oratory," exclaimed Stevens, with enthusiasm.
"Huh!" grunted the planter. "You call that oratory. Why, that was only the truth."
"We'll see that you do some more of it, then," laughed Peabody. "Remember, we count on you for the naval base."
"For rural simplicity he's perfection," whispered Peabody to Stevens as they left the planter. "He's a living picture of innocence. We'll push him forward and let him do the talking for the naval affairs committee. Hiding behind him, we could put through almost any kind of a proposition."
Once more did the senior senator from Mississippi acquiesce.

CHAPTER VI.
NEW FRIENDS--AND AN OLD ENEMY.
LANGDON gazed at the two departing senators with varied emotions. He sat down to think over what they had said and to carefully consider what manner of man was Peabody, who showed such an interest in him. He realized that he would have considerable intercourse with Peabody in the processes of legislation and finally had to admit to himself that he did not like the senator from Pennsylvania. Just what it was Langdon could not at this time make certain, but he was mystified by traces of contradictions in the senator's character--slight traces, true, but traces nevertheless. Peabody's cordiality and sympathy were to Langdon's mind partly genuine and partly false. Just what was the cause of or the necessity for the alloy in the true metal he could not fathom.
His talk with these famous lawmakers was unsatisfactory also in that it had conveyed to Langdon the suggestion that the senate was not primarily a great forum for the general and active consideration of weighty measures and of national policies. It had been his idea that the senate was primarily such a forum, but the attitude of Peabody and Stevens had hinted to him that there were matters of individual interest that outweighed public or national considerations. For instance, they were anxious that Altacoola should have the naval base regardless of the claims or merits of any other section. That was unusual, puzzling to Langdon. Moreover, it was poor business, yet there were able business men in the senate. Not one of them would, for instance, think of buying a site for a factory until he had investigated many possible locations and then selected the most favorable one. Why was it, he pondered, that the business of the great United States of America was not conducted on business lines? He must study the whole question intelligently; that was imperative. He must have advice, help. To whom was he to go for it? Stevens? Yes, his old

friend, who knew all "the ropes." Yet even Stevens seemed different in Washington than Stevens in Mississippi. Here he played "second fiddle." He was even obsequious. Langdon had observed, to Peabody. In Mississippi he was a leader, and a strong one too. But Senator Langdon had not yet learned of the many founts from which political strength and political leadership may be gained.
What he finally decided on was the engaging of a secretary, but he must be one with knowledge of political operations, one who combined wisdom with honesty. Such an aid could prevent Langdon from making the many mistakes that invariably mark the new man in politics, and he could point out the most effective modes of procedure under given circumstances. It might prove difficult to find a man of the necessary qualifications who was not already employed, but in the meantime Langdon would watch the playing of the game himself and make his own deductions as best he could.

The senator started toward the hotel desk to ask regarding the whereabouts of his son Randolph when his attention was caught by the sight of three powerful negro porters endeavoring to thrust outdoors a threadbare old man. The victim's flowing white hair, white mustache and military bearing received short shrift.
To be continued

Order for Hearing on Claims
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower--ss.
In Probate Court.
Special Term, Feb. 18, 1909.
In the matter of the estate of Peter Jacobson, deceased.
Letters of administration with will annexed on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Henry Jacobson of said county.
It is ordered, that all claims and demands of all persons against said estate be presented to said court for examination and allowance at the probate office, in the court house, in the city of Austin in said county, on Monday, the 22nd day of August, 1909, at ten o'clock a. m.
It is further ordered, that six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented to said court, or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for cause shown further time be allowed.
Ordered further, that notice of time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.
Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the 18th day of February, 1909.
By the Court,
J. M. GREENMAN,
Judge of Probate Court

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower--ss.
In Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Laura A. Carter, decedent.
The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said deceased and to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of the will of said decedent: The petition of Edward B. Carter being duly filed in this court, representing that Laura A. Carter, then a resident of the county of Mower, state of Minnesota, died on the 2nd day of February, 1909, leaving a last will and testament which is presented to this court with said petition, and praying that said instrument be allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to John H. French and Henry W. Lightly.
Now, therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause if any you have, before this court, at the probate court room in the court house in the city of Austin, county of Mower, state of Minnesota, on the 15th day of March, 1909, at ten o'clock a. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Witness the Honorable J. M. Greenman, Judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 8th day of February, 1909.
(Seal) J. M. GREENMAN,
Judge of Probate.

Order for Hearing on Claims.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower--ss.
In Probate Court.
Special Term, Feb. 5th, 1909.
In the matter of the estate of Amos H. Hill, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto N. F. Banfield 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 9th day of August, 1909, 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 5th day of February, 1909.
(Seal) By the Court,
J. M. GREENMAN,
Judge of Probate.

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J. S. WOOD, Secretary.
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M. O. ANDERSON, W. M.
JOHN H. ANDERSON, Secretary.
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