5th Year

Dr. Addison-Jones

the regular and reliable Chicago Specialist now making his 4th year of continuous visits here will be at

Tuesday, Aug. 9th

FOX HOTEL, AUSTIN.

Owatonna, Aug. 13.

One day only and return each 28 days.

Cures permanently the cases he undertakes and sends the incurable home without taking a fee from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Jones is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

Treats all curable cases of Lung Diseases, Consumption in early stage, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, Gravel, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Heart, Blood and Skin Diseases, Epilepsy, Appendicitis, Rupture and Bright's Disease, Diseases of Bladder, and Tobacco habit.

Absorption treatment given for Cataract and Granulated Eyelids.

Special attention given to all Surgical cases, and all Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Ringing in Ears and Deafness.

I have a seldom failing remedy for Goiter. Cross Eyes straightened without pain. Glasses fitted and guaranteed.

Remarkable cures are perfected in cases of **Catarrh,** and all catarrhal discharges, Rheumatism of muscles and joints, **Eczema,** Gall Stones, **Blood Poison,** Nervous Debility, St. Vitus Dance.

Piles, Fissure, Fistula

Guaranteed Cured Without Surgical Operation or Detention from Business.

All kinds of piles and rectal diseases treated. Piles injure the general health, produce indigestion, bloating and nervousness. Often cause untold suffering and much loss of blood. Come and see me even though you have been told a surgical operation was necessary. Hundreds of such cases cured.

Chronic Diseases of Men and Women a Specialty

Space forbids the mention of but a few of the Chronic Diseases which I treat of both men and women. If you are nervous, excitable and irritable, despondent, weak and easily tired out. If you have lack of energy, want of confidence, deposit in urine, or if you are a woman and have headache, backache or pain in side, my treatment is remarkably successful. Married ladies should be accompanied by their husbands.

Wonderful Cures

Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. We do not undertake incurable cases, but cure thousands given up to die.

Consultation Free and Confidential
Reference, Drexel State Bank

Address DR. ADDISON-JONES
145 Oakwood Blvd. Chicago

Shoemaking

C. J. MYHRE

Has something to tell you. Listen.

NEW PRICES

Men's Half Sole Sewed on by hand	75c
Ladies Half Sole Sewed on by hand	50c
New Heels	40c
Heels Squared up	20c
Patches	10c to 20c

Everybody knows I can do better work by hand than any machine made. If you want good work at reasonable prices go at once and see

C. J. MYHRE,

113 East Mill St. - Austin, Minn.

Nels Mickelson,

200 South River Street.

Keeps on hand a full line of

Cement Blocks,
Fence Posts.
Well Tiles,
Cement Brick
Etc.

Of his own manufacture and guaranteed to be made right.

PLENTY ON HAND.

Now is a good time to firgue on your Building Material.

Sand for Sale by the Load.

NELS MICKELSON,

Austin, Minn.

Res. Phone 206 R. { Leave orders at Keenan's Music Store

J. H. SCHMITZ,
Piano Tuner.

Terms: One call or tuning per year $2.50, three calls per year $5.00.

All Classes of Repairing Done.

I. E. MANDEVILLE WORTHING

M. D. Northwestern Univ.

Physican and Surgeon.

Office opposite Hormel's Market.

Phone Interstate 238 Austin, Minn.

The New Mayor Book of G. H. Broadhurst's Stories Play

The Man of The Hour

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Copyright, 1907, by George H. Broadhurst.

"There's a man in ten million, miss," volunteered Phelan, breaking in on her reverie, "an' from the looks of that bran' new dinky, three-k spark on your finger I guess you're wise to the fact."

"I am engaged to Mr. Gibbs," replied Dallas coldly.

"What the"— gasped Phelan, checking himself just in time. "I'm sure sorry for you, miss," he went on, with a sincerity that precluded any offense, "for frien' Gibbs is going to have something so heavy fall on his bank roll by the time we're through with this Borough bill that he'll be able to use his wad for a book mark without crinklin' any of the leaves. Why, he'll"—

"Come, Perry," interrupted Dallas. "Shall we go to the meeting now?"

Confused, she turned to the door leading into Horrigan's room instead of that opening on the corridor and found herself face to face with her uncle, the boss and Gibbs.

"I beg your pardon," she began, surprised. "I didn't know"—

"Dallas!" exclaimed Gibbs and Wainwright in the same breath. Horrigan scowled at the interruption as all three men rose to their feet.

"What brings you to a place like this?" asked Wainwright in displeasure.

"Perry and I," indicating her brother, who had followed her into the room, "are going to attend the meeting of the board of aldermen."

"But," protested her uncle disapprovingly, "it is hardly the sort of"—

"My fortune and Perry's and that of the man I am to marry are all bound up in the Borough bill," she answered fearlessly. "I have a right to be present when that bill's fate is decided."

"Good nerve!" applauded Horrigan. "You're a thoroughbred. If there were more women like you"—

"Mr. Horrigan," reported Williams, hurrying in from an antechamber, "the police have come, and"—

"All right," answered the boss. "Give the sergeant his orders."

"I—I hardly like the responsibility," muttered Williams, "and"—

"But you'll take it. I'm backing you. By the way, get seats for Miss Wainwright and her brother. Get them close to the anteroom door, so if there's a row she can come back here. If there are no vacant seats there, clear a couple of people out and make place for"—

"But we have seats," protested Dallas as Williams sped on his errand. "Alderman Phelan"—

"Alderman Phelan will have trouble finding a seat in this city when I'm done with him," snarled Horrigan. "Better take the seats I offer, Miss Wainwright. They're safer."

"But," protested Wainwright, "if there's to be any danger she mustn't be there. I can't have"—

"I will be on hand to help her if there is," Gibbs answered him.

"H'm!" grunted Horrigan in somewhat uncomplimentary doubt.

"I will, too!" spoke up Perry.

Horrigan nodded approval.

"You'll be all right then," said he. "And now"—

"You spoke of the police being in the aldermanic chamber," said Dallas. "What for?"

"To check any trouble the gallery may make," answered Horrigan. "This man Bennett's stirred the people up with a lot of his anarchistic reform ideas till they're crazy. Some one's liable to get a broken skull, and then Bennett will have himself to thank. Maybe when the police have hammered a little sense into folks' heads with their nightsticks, the victims will begin to understand just what sort of a man Alwyn Bennett is. Remember, now, Gibbs, and you, too, young Wainwright, if there's any sign of a row bring Miss Wainwright back here at once."

"All right," agreed Perry, a little rueful at the prospect of missing a free fight. "Let's go in there now. I've never been to an aldermen's meeting before, but I ran up against a car strike riot once, so I guess I'm on to most of the subtle rules of elegance that govern such shows. Come on people, if you're coming."

"Your niece is a thoroughbred," repeated Horrigan, with rare appreciation, as the anteroom door closed on Dallas and her two escorts. "So she's engaged to Perry Gibbs, is she? I'm sorry for you both."

"Why?" asked Wainwright sharply.

"Because it won't take her a year to find out that he's a yellow cur. And when she does she'll either kick him out or lead him around on a chain. Now, the fellow a girl of that sort ought to have married is Bennett. He's an obstinate fool, but he's a man. I thought you said once he was stuck on her."

"He was. He still is."

"And she took Gibbs instead?" cried Horrigan, a world of incredulity in his rough voice. "Women are a queer lot! Why'd she shake Bennett, if it is a fair question?"

"I let her see Gibbs was a heroic martyr," said Wainwright, with quiet significance, "and that Bennett was"—

"Oh, I see!" chuckled Horrigan. "Still, there might be"—

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not quite sure. I'll have to think it over."

"Roberts has come!" exclaimed Williams, entering from the corridor. "He's asking for you. Shall I bring him in here?"

"Yes," replied Horrigan. "By the way," he added to Wainwright as Williams departed, "I'll have to ask you to clear out for a few minutes. I've got to see Roberts alone. Now for the tussle that'll decide the whole fight!"

CHAPTER XV.

WILLIAMS entered with Roberts in tow. The latter wore a haggard, troubled look, and his natural nervousness had visibly deepened, so much so that he had not even noted Phelan's appearance in the corridor as he passed into Horrigan's private room.

"Good evening, alderman," said Horrigan civilly.

"Good evening, sir," answered Roberts palpably ill at ease.

"I understand there's a full meeting today. Even Ellis came back from the south to be here. You're the only man missing."

"I couldn't get here sooner. I"—

"I see. That's all, Williams. You needn't wait. Roberts and I want a little talk before he goes in. Now, then," went on the boss, with a complete change of manner as Williams left the room, "what's the matter with you?"

"I—I can't"—

"Can't what? Speak out, man! Don't stand there and mumble at me!"

"I can't vote for the Borough franchise bill."

"Can't, hey?" roared Horrigan. "Why not?"

"Because—because"— faltered Roberts; then, with a rush of hysterical emotion that blotted out his fear, he cried:

"Have you heard what that man Bennett has done? He organized a voters' committee in my ward and sent them to ask me at my own house what I was going to do about that bill. They had been stirred up by Bennett till they looked on me as a crook and on the bill as a personal robbery. They told me if I voted for it they'd know I was a dirty thief and grafter and that they'd kick me out of the ward."

"Well, well!" rumbled Horrigan soothingly, as though trying to calm a fractious drunkard. "What do you care? When they've forgotten all about the bill you'll still have the dough, won't you? Folks won't ask 'How'd he get it?' All they'll care to know is 'Has he got it?'"

"That isn't all!" Roberts blundered on, scarcely heeding the interruption. "Bennett's next step was to organize a committee of voters' wives, and they came to see my wife this morning when I was out and told her they'd heard I was going to sell myself and vote for a dishonest bill. My wife—my wife thinks I'm the squarest, noblest man on earth. Oh, you needn't sneer! Her trust means everything to me. She told the women I wouldn't stoop to any deed that wasn't honest, and they answered: 'Our husbands believe Mr. Roberts is a crook. If he is really honest he'll vote against that bill, as he did before.' Then on my way home this noon I met my little boy. He was crying. I asked him what the matter was. He said that some boys had told him I was a grafter. I tell you," his voice rising almost to a scream, "Bennett's made my life a hell. I'm no crook. I'm honest and"—

"Sure you're honest!" Horrigan exclaimed, as though to a cross child. "Honest as the day! That's why you're voting for our bill. Because the crooked clauses have been cut out of it, and in its present form it's a benefit to the city."

"That isn't why I promised to vote for it," contradicted Roberts, with a despairing dash of courage. "It was because I—because"—

"Never mind why, then, but just go ahead and do it."

"I won't! I dare not"—

"You'll do it, I say!" stormed Horrigan. "You can't welch on me at this stage of the game. Those Sturtevant Trust company notes of yours were sent to you and"—

"And I won't take them!" declared Roberts, slamming two slips of paper down upon the table. "There! Take them back!"

"What do I want of them?" argued Horrigan craftily. "They belong to you."

"They don't. I won't keep them."

"You'll have to. I keep you to your promise."

"What promise?" asked a voice behind them.

Bennett, hastily summoned by Phelan, had entered the room unobserved by either of the excited men.

"What promise?" he asked again. "A promise to"—

"What are you doing here?" bellowed Horrigan in fury. "You called me down once for coming into your private office without knocking. What d'you mean by coming into mine?"

"Yours?" queried Alwyn. "I had an idea it was the city's. The time is past when the words 'Horrigan' and 'city' meant the same thing. Well, Roberts, how are you going to vote? I want to believe you honest, and—Why, what's all this?" his eyes falling on the forgotten notes on the table.

"Nothing of yours!" shouted Horrigan, making a futile, furious grab for the documents which Alwyn was picking up. "Drop them! Drop them, I say, or you'll—

"Why should I?" asked Bennett calmly, his quick eye taking in the nature of the slips of paper even as his alert brain grasped in full the meaning of the transaction in which they figured. "Do they belong to you?"

"They don't belong to you anyway," retorted Horrigan, "and if you didn't read them"—

"I've already read them, Roberts," he added in a kinder voice, turning to the shaking alderman, "these were to have been your bribe, weren't they, for voting for the Borough bill?"

His quietly compelling tone and glance forced from Roberts a frightened "Yes" before Horrigan could interfere.

"I thought so. Be quiet, Horrigan," he commanded as the infuriated boss sought to speak through his choking wrath. "This is between Roberts and me. Now, then"—

"I returned the notes to him!" pleaded Roberts in panic. "Honestly, I did! Just before you came in. I could have kept them, and he couldn't have prevented me even if I voted against the bill. But I'm square and"—

"You are square!" affirmed Bennett, gripping the alderman's cold, moist hand in friendly reassurance. "I knew all along you were honest at heart. Horrigan wanted to bribe you, and you wouldn't be bribed. Now, I want you to go into the council room and vote as your manhood tells you to."

Roberts, comforted, yet still trembling, obeyed, not venturing a second look at Horrigan.

"Now, my friend," said Bennett pleasantly when he and the boss were alone together, "what are you going to do about it? It seems to me your game is up."

"I want those notes!" panted Horrigan, finding coherent speech with an effort through his red mist of rage.

"Why? They're not yours. They aren't made over to you, and there is no cancellation stamp on them. They are the property of the Sturtevant Trust company, and I'll send them back there tomorrow—after I've had them photographed."

"You'll give them to me," shouted Horrigan, his mighty body vibrating with fury, "or you'll never leave this room alive!"

"You're a fool, Horrigan," remarked Bennett, with condescending calm, "for you don't even know the right man to bully!"

Then waged the battle of wills, both men standing motionless.

He gazed unflinchingly into the maddened little eyes of the boss, and so for a moment they stood—patrician and proletariat—in the world old struggle of the two for supremacy.

Horrigan's face was scarlet, distorted, murderous; Bennett's pale, cold, deadly in its repose.

And then waged the battle of wills, both men standing motionless, tense, vibrant with dynamic force.

Slowly, little by little, Horrigan's eyes dropped. He moved awkwardly to one side from his position in front of the door and Bennett, without so much as a backward look, passed out.

The boss, like a man in a daze, sank heavily into a chair and gazed straight ahead of him, his usually red face gray and pasty.

But he was not to enjoy even the scant boon of solitude. From the anteroom Gibbs strolled in.

"They're going over some unimportant preliminary business," remarked the broker, "so I came out for a breath of fresh air. How are things going?"

"We're beat," grunted Horrigan, not looking up.

"Beat?" screamed Gibbs, ashen and inert at the news. "You don't mean it! You can't mean it! Great heaven!"

The sight of the other's cowardly emotion seemed to rouse Horrigan from his apathy.

"If I can stand it, you can!" he snarled. "You only lose your percentage on the deal, while I"—

"A percentage?" echoed Gibbs, too panic stricken to heed his own indiscretion. "Every cent I had in the world! I"—

He checked himself an instant too late.

"So?" drawled Horrigan, his keen little eyes searing the other with boundless contempt. "So it was you who were secretly buying up the stock and tailing in on to our game, hey?"

"I'm ruined! Broke! And"—

"And you've got it coming to you, you whining traitor! The man who goes back on his partners deserves all the kicking he gets."

"I—I didn't mean any harm!" mumbled the crushed Gibbs. "It couldn't hurt you people to have me buy Borough stock for myself, and I'd have cleared up a million and more. Oh, don't glower like that, Horrigan, but try to think out some way of"—

"Of what, you cur?"

"Isn't there any way even now to make Bennett let up on his fight?"

"If there was you couldn't be of use to us, so why should I talk about it to you?"

"But I'd do anything in the world—anything"—

"You would?" cut in Horrigan sharply.

"Yes, yes! Only give me a chance! I'd"—

Horrigan considered, then said reflectively:

"No chance is too slight to take at a time like this, and nobody's too rotten to be of use. I've found there are three things, one of which will always buy any man—a woman, ambition or cash. We've tried Bennett on ambition; he doesn't need money, so only the first of the three remains."

"A woman? I don't understand."

"Miss Wainwright."

"Miss Wainwright? Bennett's in love with Wainwright's niece. You've cut him out. Go and tell him if he'll let our bill alone you'll smash the engagement and leave her free to marry him. See?"

"I can't! I—hold on, though! Afterward I could deny the whole thing, couldn't I? It'd be his word against mine, and she'd never believe I could do such a thing. I—I might try."

"Yes," growled Horrigan, "you might. A cur that's lost all his nerve can try things that even an ordinary crook would balk at."

But Gibbs did not hear. He had returned to the corridor in search of Bennett. The man scarcely deserved the opprobrium heaped on him by Horrigan. A brilliant, daring operator, he was, unknown to himself, a rank coward at heart. For the first time in his life the cowardice had cropped out, and, to do Gibbs justice, it had driven him temporarily insane. In his normal senses he would never have stooped to the plan he was now so eager to carry out. It was a putrid bit of jetsam at which a financially drowning man did not scruple to clutch.

Horrigan followed him from the room, his own splendid nerve quite recovered from the crushing blow his hopes had received. He had staked heavily on the deal. Moreover, its failure, as he knew, meant the wreck of that mighty political prestige he had so long and wearisomely built up. It might even, if Alwyn fulfilled his threat about the notes, lead to graver personal consequences. Yet the bulldog pluck that had carried this man of iron from the gutter to the summit of political power did not desert him, nor did he show the loss of one iota of his customary monumental calm.

Scarcely had Horrigan quitted the room when Perry and Dallas entered it.

"You could cut the atmosphere in there with a cheese knife," Perry was saying. "Williams doesn't think the Borough bill will come up for half an hour or so. We'd better spend the time till then in here than to stay there and turn our lungs into a microbe zoo."

Dallas did not answer. She sat down by the table and rested her head dejectedly on one little gloved hand. The sight of Bennett, his grave, hopeless appeal to her; the calm, utter despair of his brave face—all these had affected her deeply. Perry noticed with brotherly concern her look and attitude.

"Feeling faint?" he asked.

"No, I'm all right, thanks."

"You look pretty near as blue as Alwyn. He"—

"Don't let's talk of him, please," she begged.

"Why not? He's the whitest chap this side of Whiteville."

"That's what I used to think, but I know better now."

"Then, miss," broke in a voice from the doorway, "you're entitled to another 'know.'"

Phelan, who, passing down the corridor, had heard her last words as he reached the threshold, turned into the room.

"Excuse me for buttin' in on a family chat," he remarked, coming forward, "but I'm pretty well posted on his honor's character, an' when I hear any one knockin' him it's me to the bat. What have you got against Mr. Bennett? 'None of your measly business,' says you. 'Quite so,' says I, an', that bein' the case, let's hear all about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

Order for Hearing on Claims

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special Term, July 18th, 1910.
In the matter of the estate of Carl A. Carlson, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Anna M. Carlson 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 24th day of October, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the executrix having filed an affidavit that there are no debts existing against said real estate.

It is further ordered, that three 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 July, 1910. By the Court.
(Seal) J. M. GREENMAN
Judge of Probate
July 20, 27, Aug 3.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
Village of Sargeant.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made in writing to the Common Council of said Village of Sargeant and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating Liquors for the term commencing July 28th, 1910, and terminating May 14th, 1911 by the following persons and at the following places as designated in said application, to-wit:

The undersigned Wm. Chamberlain hereby make application for a license to be granted to him to sell intoxicating liquors for a period as above stated. The place where said business is to be carried on is designated as follows: In lower front room of frame building situated on lot nine (9) and ten (10) in block five (5) of the Village of Sargeant, in the county of Mower and state of Minnesota.

Dated at Sargeant, Minn., July 18, 1910.

WM. CHAMBERLAIN.

Said application will be heard and determined by said Common Council of the Village of Sargeant at the Village Lockup in the Village of Sargeant in county of Mower and state of Minnesota on Wednesday, the 27th day of July, 1910, at 8 o'clock p. m. of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of Village of Sargeant this 18th day of July, 1910.

FRANKLIN GRIMM,
(SEAL) Village Recorder.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.

C. H. Johnson, Plaintiff, vs. Eben L. Merry, John Phelps, George Phelps, Amos Phelps, Maria Phelps, William Phelps, Albina C. Phelps, Albinia C. Phelps, Albina C. Meyres, Albina C. Meyers, Frances E. Phelps, Jennie Phelps, Lattemer, William W. Means, W. W. Means, Luther G. Wheeler, Samuel Wagner, Willie Perry Ellis, David Jekeler, David Gekeler, David L. Chandler Lucius Griffin, Lucius B. Griffin, L. B. Griffin, Julius Griffin, Julies Griffin, L. D. Carter, W. W. Padelford, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien, in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.—Summons.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendants:

You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which complaint has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, at the court house in the City of Austin, County of Mower and and state of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer, to said complaint, on the subscribers at their office, in the city of Austin, in the said county of Mower, within twenty days, after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, June 9th, 1910.

CATHERWOOD & NICHOLSEN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
Austin, Minnesota.

Notice of Lis Pendens.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss:
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.

C. H. Johnson, Plaintiff, vs. Eben L. Merry, John Phelps, George Phelps, Amos Phelps, Maria Phelps, William Phelps, Albina C. Phelps, Albinia C. Phelps, Albina C. Meyres, Albina C. Meyers, Frances E. Phelps, Jennie Phelps, Lattemer, William W. Means, W. W. Means, Luther G. Wheeler, Samuel Wagner, Willie Perry Ellis, David Jekeler, David Gekeler, David L. Chandler, Lucius Griffin, Lucius B. Griffin, L. B. Griffin, Julius Griffin, Julies Griffin, L. D. Carter, W. W. Padelford, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien, in the real estate, described in the complaint herein, Defendants.—Notice of Lis Pendens.

Notice is hereby given, that an action has been commenced in this Court, by the above named plaintiff, against the above named defendants, involving, affecting and bringing in question certain real property in said county, described as follows, to-wit; The South Half (S½) of the Northeast Quarter (NE¼) and the Southeast Quarter (SE¼) of the Northwest Quarter (NW¼) of Section Five (5) and the Southwest QuarterSW¼ of Northwest Quarter (NW¼) of Section Four (4) in Township One Hundred One (101) North of Range Eighteen (18) West; the object of which action is to obtain judgment that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of said estate and every part thereof and that the defendants have no right, title, claim, lien or interest in or to said real estate or any part thereof.

Dated June 9, 1910.

CATHERWOOD & NICHOLSEN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Austin, Minnesota.

June 29, July 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug 3

SUMMONS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.

Grace E. Blalock, Plaintiff, vs. Benedict I. Brown and Elizabeth Brown, his wife, Emily Olson (otherwise Oleson) and——— Olson, her husband, Andrew J. Vaine, and———Vaine, his wife, J. D. Crooker (otherwise Crocker (and John Paul Lumber Co (a corporation); also all other persons and parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein and their unknown heirs, defendants—Summons.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendants:

You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs in the above entitled action which is filed in the office of Clerk of District Court in the city of Austin, County of Mower, State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the city of Austin in said county, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid the plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated Austin, Minn., this 15th day of June, 1910.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Austin, Minn.

Notice of Lis Pendens.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.

Grace E. Blalock, Plaintiff, vs. Benedict I. Brown and Elizabeth Brown his wife, Emily Olson (otherwise Oleson) and——— Olson, her husband, Andrew J. Vaine and———Vaine, his wife, J. D. Crooker (otherwise Crocker) and John Paul Lumber Co. (a corporation); also all other persons and parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein and their unknown heirs, defendants-Notice of Lis Pendens.

Notice is hereby given that an action has been commenced in this court by the above named plaintiff the object of which is to obtain a judgent that said plaintiff is the owner in fee of the following descrfbed real property, situate in the county of Mower, and state of Minnesota, viz; Lots No. One (1) and Two (2) Block No. Fourteen (14), Brown's addition to the city of Austin; that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest therein or lien thereon.

Dated Austin, Minn., this 15th day of June. 1910.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Austin, Minn.

June 29, July 6, 3, 30, 27, Aug 3

Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss
Special term, June 27th, 1910.

In the matter of the estate of Ellen A. Quimby, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto Leland L. Quimby, 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 3rd day of October, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. and it appearing that there are no debts existing against said estate.

It is further ordered that three 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 27th day of June, 1910.

By the Court,
J. M. GREENMAN,
(Seal) Probate Judge.

COMING TO MINNEAPOLIS?

Stop at the

HOTEL NICOLLET

"Recognized as the Really Good"

Washington Av. between Nicollet and Hennepin

Central Convenient Comfortable

200 Rooms at $1.00 per day and upwards

Rate Card on Request, Free Bus Meets Every Train