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Treats all curable cases of Lung Diseases, Consumption in early stages, 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.

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Among the Apple Trees
 A Story of Farm Life
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By Clifford V. Gregory

Gladys found her father lying propped up in bed, conscious, but very weak from loss of blood. He clasped her hand tightly and called her his brave girl, and she blushed and said she hadn't done anything, but for all that they seemed to understand one another better from that time on than they had ever done before.

Mr. Sanders was able to be around with the aid of a crutch in a few days, but it was a long time before his foot was entirely well.

The weather turned cold for several weeks after this, but when it did finally warm up the girls started out to prune their apple trees. They had only one saw, and that was far from sharp, but they took turns sawing and piling brush. It was hard work, but they kept resolutely at it and made good progress. One day Gladys was working alone down near the road when Jeff Pearson drove up to the fence.

"Hello, Gladys!" he called, a little diffidently, as he jumped to the ground and tied his horse to a post. "Don't you want some help?"

"Oh, I'm getting along very nicely," replied Gladys, sawing away vigorously.

Jeff came over and stood beneath the tree where she was at work. "Isn't that pretty hard work?" he asked.

"Well, a little," she confessed. "But we've trimmed twenty-five already, and there's only ten more to do."

"Let me do that while you rest," persisted Jeff, seizing a limb and pulling himself up into the tree.

"Well, since you want to so badly, I suppose I'll have to let you," Gladys said as she reluctantly handed him the saw.

"Where did you learn to be so polite?" asked Jeff.

Gladys smiled a little. "I'm not being very nice, am I?" she said. "But boys are such nuisances!"

The sentence ended in a half stifled cry as the limb on which she was sitting suddenly gave way with a loud crack. It was not very far to the ground, and the fall did not hurt her in the least—that is, nothing but her pride.

"That was the finest branch on the whole tree," said Jeff regretfully as soon as he saw that she was unhurt. "If it hadn't been for you, Jeff Pearson, it would never have happened. I don't care if I break them all off now, and grasping the broken stub, she swung herself up and sat down on another branch.

"I don't believe there's any danger of this one breaking," said Jeff teasingly as he sat down beside her. He seemed to be rapidly getting over his diffidence.

Gladys turned her head away and did not deign a reply.

"Say, Gladys," spoke up Jeff after a few moments, "I don't know what you're thinking about, but I've just thought of a scheme to get double pay out of the old orchard."

Gladys turned quickly toward him. "What is it?" she demanded.

"Plant something else in between the trees. Take cabbage, now. You could raise—let me see—about 11,000 cabbages on an acre. At 10 cents apiece that would come at \$1,100. It will be a lot of work, but I'll come over after supper evenings and help you hoe them."

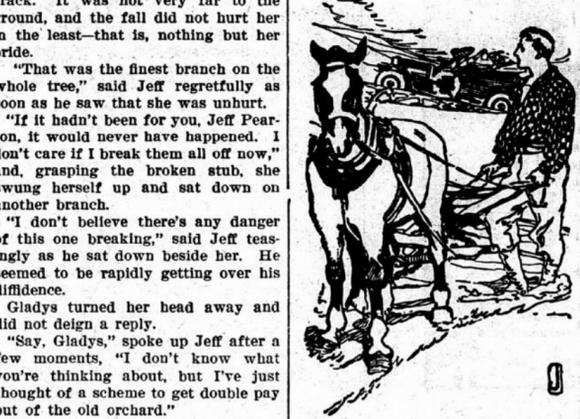
"And leave all your chores for some one else to do?" queried Gladys.

"I guess they'd manage it some way," he replied.

"And I guess they wouldn't. I've a good notion to try raising cabbages, but if you say anything more about helping us I'll get mad, Jeff—honest, I will. You see, father told us we could have all that we could get out of the old orchard ourselves, and it wouldn't be fair to let any one else help."

"I don't see why," objected Jeff. "But you'll let a fellow come over and watch you once in awhile, won't you?"

"Yes; I don't suppose we can help your looking at us if you want to, but—Oh, there's the supper bell! Good night!" And she leaped to the ground and hurried toward the house.



GLADYS WAIVED HER HANDKERCHIEF AT HIM.

of his tan oxfords. "But, say, when did you start in the horticultural business, anyway?"

"We've just started," she answered as she filled a pail with water and poured it into the barrel.

"Aren't you afraid you'll spoil your complexion?" Harold asked teasingly as the mixture splashed up into her face.

She shook her head as she wiped a spattering drop from her nose. "I don't know that bordeaux mixture is any worse for my complexion than talcum powder would be," she said.

"You are certainly an attractive advertisement for the bordeaux mixture," Harold answered.

Gladys did look charming as she stood there in her spattered dress, with her unruly hair blowing across her face—she never could keep those stray locks where they belonged—and the rose hue of her cheeks looking all the rosier in contrast to the spots of lime on her nose.

"I thought you had outgrown those foolish speeches," she said reprovingly as she turned to the tank for another bucket of water.

"Oh, I say!" cried Harold. "Can't you come for a little auto ride? Let the bugs enjoy life a little longer—just to please me," he persisted coaxingly as Gladys hesitated. The comically pleading look in his brown eyes was irresistible.

"I really ought not to go," she said, "but I would like an auto ride. I guess we can go for just a little while, can't we, Mabel?"

"If we can have time to put on clean aprons and wash our faces first," Mabel answered.

"Yes, we'll wait," Harold answered, "though clean dresses can't make you look any prettier than you do just now."

Mabel made up a little face at him as she turned toward the house. "If you're going to talk like that, I won't go," she called back over her shoulder. "Oh, what'll we do?" she looked down

at her spattered dress in dismay. "You might dive into the barrel," said Gladys ironically as she poured in another pail of water. "I'm not afraid of the Du Vals even if they have got an automobile."

The car was close upon them by this time. Harold brought it to a stop with a jerk and leaped lightly to the ground. He lifted his hat as he advanced toward the girls and held out his hand. If he was in any way surprised at their appearance or occupation a slight lifting of the eyebrows was the only manifestation of it. Harold Du Val prided himself upon his ability to maintain his composure under the most trying circumstances.

Mabel's face was red as she returned his greeting, and she hurried over to the car to hide her confusion.

Beth greeted her effusively. "I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "We were out trying our new car, and I made Harry come around this way. We hardly ever see you any more since you left school."

"We—we don't get to town very often," replied Mabel, who had not yet quite recovered from her confusion.

"Never mind your dress," said Beth, quickly guessing the cause of her embarrassment. "I wish I lived in the country and could wear old clothes. But what in the world are you doing, anyway?"

The same question had evidently just occurred to Harold. "Just mixing up soil for the pigs, are you?" he inquired in his most polite accents, indicating the barrel with a sweep of his hand.

Gladys laughed outright. "I'm afraid the pigs would be rather blue after a dose of that," she replied.

"Well, what is it, then?" persisted Harold.

"It's bordeaux mixture, if you must know. We are going to spray the apple trees to kill the bugs."

"Rather hard on the bugs, I should say," Harold remarked as he leaned over to brush a speck of dust from one

looking as fresh and dainty as though they had never held a spray nozzle or a plow handle. By skillful maneuvering Harold relegated Beth and Mabel to the back seat and helped Gladys up in front.

"Now for a spin!" he cried as he seated himself beside her and pulled back the starting lever. The machine bounded forward. Gladys clung to the seat, her eyes shining with the exhilaration of the swift motion.

"Isn't it glorious?" Harold cried as he increased the speed to a still faster gait.

Mile after mile was quickly covered by the tireless machine and they were almost to town when Harold finally turned around and started back at a somewhat slower pace.

"We went so fast that I was almost lost," confessed Mabel. "That's Pearson's just ahead, isn't it?"

Gladys nodded. "And there's Jeff over in the field plowing," she said. She leaned out and waved her handkerchief at him.

He waved his whip in dazed surprise and stood watching the automobile until it was out of sight. He paid so little attention to his plowing the rest of the afternoon that the patient horses turned to look inquiringly at him now and then as if to ask what the matter was. But Jeff was thinking, and his train of thought, though by no means comparable in speed to a fast mail, had all the ponderous inertia of a double headed time freight.

By the time he had finished milking he had come to a conclusion. "I'm going to do it," he said half aloud, slapping his knee. "I'll beat that stuck up Du Val yet." And he went into the house and wrote to an automobile company for prices.

But if Jeff had known the trend of the conversation in the touring car he might have been better satisfied with everything in general and with one or two things in particular.

"Who is that fellow?" inquired Harold as they passed Jeff.

"That's Jeff Pearson, one of my best friends," promptly replied Gladys.

"So you like plowboys, do you?" Harold asked, with a quizzical smile. "I like any one who has ambition enough to do something." Gladys returned. "Did you ever do any work in your life?"

Again Harold smiled that exasperating smile, though it was a trifle less self confident this time. "What's the use?" he inquired. "Father's got plenty of money."

"If I were a boy," the cold contempt in Gladys' voice jarred Harold out of his accustomed self assurance. "I'd be ashamed to have no ambition but to spend my father's money. You don't have to work for a living, but the very fact that you don't makes it possible for you to accomplish much greater things."

"I don't think you're hardly fair," Harold answered. "I'll probably settle down and go to work at something after awhile."

"Probably" cried Gladys. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I suppose father will find me something."

"That's it—father, father, all the time. Why don't you learn to depend on yourself a little? Why don't you go to college and learn something and then start out for yourself and do something?"

Harold gave the lever a vicious jerk by way of reply, and neither of them said anything more until they reached home.

"Thank you ever so much for the ride," said Mabel as she stood leaning on the gate.

"Thank you ever so much for going," replied Harold. "And you, too," he added, turning to Gladys. "And the lecture—I'm afraid thanks won't pay for that."

"Indeed they won't," she answered. "The only thing that will pay for that is to see it have some effect, and I guess there isn't much hope of that."

"Thank you anyway, Miss Icebox," he said, with his old self confident smile, as he started the machine.

"Goodby."

"Goodby," answered Mabel. "Come again."

"And come in and see us," cried both over the back of the car.

CHAPTER IV.
THE days that followed were busy ones for Gladys and Mabel. The apple blossoms faded and the petals fell, leaving tiny apples in their places. And down the rows of trees stretched smaller rows of cabbage plants—thousands of them. The girls kept the cultivator going tirelessly. The weeds had not been kept down very well the season before, and the ground was so filled with seed that it often seemed as though the cultivating only made two weeds grow where one grew before. But by dint of an inexhaustible supply of stick-to-it-iveness they kept ahead, and at last the weeds gave up. The fight was too hot for them, and they succumbed and allowed the cabbages to grow to unmolested maturity.

One day in early August as the girls were helping their mother set the dinner table their father came in with a letter in his hand and a worried look on his face.

"It's Lon," he explained in answer to his wife's inquiring look. "He got his leg broke in a runaway. Carrie wrote for me to come awhile if I could. There isn't any one else they can get to do things, and with all those cows to milk—"

"Of course you must go," broke in Mrs. Sanders. "The girls and I will look after things here."

"Yes; do go, papa," spoke up Gladys

looking as fresh and dainty as though they had never held a spray nozzle or a plow handle. By skillful maneuvering Harold relegated Beth and Mabel to the back seat and helped Gladys up in front.

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"Who is that fellow?" inquired Harold as they passed Jeff.

"I'd like to try my hand at running this farm awhile."

Mr. Sanders smiled. "Running a quarter section is a bigger proposition than running an acre," he said. "But I guess you'll have to try it for a few days."

Mabel was picking up some wind-falls one hot afternoon a couple of days after her father left to take care of his brother when a well dressed stranger drove up to the fence and called to her.

"A fine crop of apples you have here," he remarked as she approached. "A little the finest of any I've seen yet. I understand that you and your sister are the best apple growers in the neighborhood."

Mabel flushed with pleasure. "I don't know who could have told you that," she said. "This is the first crop of apples we have ever raised."

"I didn't need to be told. The orchard speaks for itself. You haven't sold them yet, have you?" he added.

"Sold them?" said Mabel inquiringly. "Why, they won't be ready to sell for a month yet."

"You mean they won't be ready to pick for a month yet," corrected the stranger. "There's nothing to prevent your selling them now, is there?"

"No, no, I suppose not, only it seems queer to sell apples a month before they're ripe."

"Not at all. Lots of business is done that way. I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on. "You have a fine lot of apples here, and if you'll agree to let me have all that you have to sell I'll see that you get \$1.50 a barrel for them."

"A dollar and a half a barrel isn't much for apples, is it?" said Mabel doubtfully.

"It is when they are as plenty as they are this year. Why, I'll bet there'll be 10,000 barrels in this county alone."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SUMMONS.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, Radina, Lusk, Plaintiff, vs. David Oliver, L. R. Ware, M. T. Ware, Mary E. Ware, G. E. Cole, Gordon E. Cole, Mrs. H. C. Theopold, Kate Cole, Estella Cole, 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 said District Court at the Court House in the city of Austin in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber, at their office in the city of Austin in 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 the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Dated August 28, 1910.
CATHERWOOD & NICHOLSEN,
 Attorneys for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minnesota.

Notice of Lis Pendens.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, Radina, Lusk, Plaintiff, vs. David Oliver, L. R. Ware, M. T. Ware, Mary E. Ware, G. E. Cole, Gordon E. Cole, Mrs. H. C. Theopold, Kate Cole, Estella Cole, 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 and is now pending in the District Court above named, by the plaintiff above named and against the above named defendants and that the real property in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota, involved in said action, is described as the South Half (S 1/2) of the Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) of Section Thirty-two (32) Township One Hundred Three (103) North, of Range Eighteen (18) West, also that part of the East Half (E 1/2) of the Northwest Quarter (NW 1/4) of Section Thirty-one (31), in Township One Hundred Three (103) North, of Range Eighteen (18) West, lying south of the Right of Way of the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., except the south twenty (20) acres thereof; that the object of said action is to obtain a judgment in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants quieting and confirming the title and ownership in the plaintiff in said real property and declaring void any and all claims, title or interest of the defendants therein.

Dated this 22nd day of August, 1910.
CATHERWOOD & NICHOLSEN,
 Plaintiff's Attorneys,
 Austin, Minnesota.

Notice of Lis Pendens.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, W. O. Foster, Plaintiff, vs. S. P. Thornhill and Mary E. Smith (now Emery) as Trustees for Judd E. Smith, N. F. Banfield, Mary E. Smith (now Mary E. Emery), Smith Emery, Judd E. Smith, R. E. Shepherd and Nellie R. Shepherd his wife, F. W. Thornhill, D. A. Clark and—Clark his wife, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest 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 in the City of Austin, County of Mower and 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 the County of Mower in said state, 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 plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, this 27th day of August, 1910.
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.

Notice of Lis Pendens.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, W. O. Foster, Plaintiff, vs. S. P. Thornhill and Mary E. Smith (now Emery) as Trustees for Judd E. Smith, N. F. Banfield, Mary E. Smith (now Mary E. Emery), Smith Emery, Judd E. Smith, R. E. Shepherd and Nellie R. Shepherd his wife, F. W. Thornhill, D. A. Clark and—Clark his wife, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest 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, the object of which is to obtain a judgment in the plaintiff's favor in fee of the following described real property situate in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota, to-wit: Lot No. 2, Twenty-nine (29) Railroad Addition to the City of Austin, and that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest therein or fee, thereon, and that the title be quieted in the plaintiff.

Dated Austin, Minnesota, this 25th day of August, 1910.
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In Probate Court:
 In the matter of the estate of Joseph Lamping, deceased.
 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 J. P. Lamping, being duly filed in this court, representing that Joseph Lamping, then a resident of the county of Mower, State of Minnesota, died on the 5th day of August, 1910, 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 Joseph P. Lamping.

Now therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and you are shown cause, if any 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 15th day of September, 1910 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 22nd day of August, 1910.
J. M. GREENMAN,
 Judge of Probate.

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Determination of Descent of Land.
 In Probate Court.
 In the matter of the estate of Hattie B. Adams, Wolfe, Decedent.
 The State of Minnesota to Albert C. Wolfe, Heretofore named, and to all persons interested in the determination of the descent of the real estate of said decedent: The petition of R. A. Carmichael having been filed in Probate Court at said decedent's residence, more than five years prior to the filing thereof, leaving certain real estate in said petition described, and that no will of said decedent has been proved and administration of his estate granted in this state and praying that the descent of said real estate be determined as the last will and testament of each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court at the probate court rooms in the court house in the city of Austin in the county of Mower, state of Minnesota, on the 8th day of Sept., 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the judge of said court and the seal of said court, this 15th day of August, 1910.
J. M. GREENMAN,
 Judge of Probate.

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In the matter of the estate of John Saman, 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 estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this court the final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the allowance and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereto entitled, and that each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any 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 12th day of Sept., 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court and the seal of said court, this 15th day of August, 1910.
J. M. GREENMAN,
 Probate Judge.

Citation for Hearing on Petition to Sell Land.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In Probate Court.
 In the matter of the estate of Hattie M. Carmichael, Misor.
 The State of Minnesota to Hattie M. Carmichael and to all persons interested in the sale of certain lands belonging to said minor: The petition of R. A. Carmichael, representative of the above named minor, being filed in this court, representing that it is necessary and for the best interests of said estate and of all interested therein, that certain lands of said minor described therein be sold and praying that a license be sold to R. A. Carmichael granted to sell the same.

Now therefore, you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any 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 8th day of September, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 10th day of August, 1910.
J. M. GREENMAN,
 Judge of Probate.

SUMMONS.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, W. O. Foster, Plaintiff, vs. S. P. Thornhill and Mary E. Smith (now Emery) as Trustees for Judd E. Smith, N. F. Banfield, Mary E. Smith (now Mary E. Emery), Smith Emery, Judd E. Smith, R. E. Shepherd and Nellie R. Shepherd his wife, F. W. Thornhill, D. A. Clark and—Clark his wife, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.—Summons.

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Dated at Austin, Minnesota, this 27th day of August, 1910.
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.

Notice of Lis Pendens.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, W. O. Foster, Plaintiff, vs. S. P. Thornhill and Mary E. Smith (now Emery) as Trustees for Judd E. Smith, N. F. Banfield, Mary E. Smith (now Mary E. Emery), Smith Emery, Judd E. Smith, R. E. Shepherd and Nellie R. Shepherd his wife, F. W. Thornhill, D. A. Clark and—Clark his wife, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest 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, the object of which is to obtain a judgment in the plaintiff's favor in fee of the following described real property situate in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota: Lot No. 2, Twenty-nine (29) Railroad Addition to the City of Austin, and that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest therein or fee, thereon, and that the title be quieted in the plaintiff.

Dated Austin, Minnesota, this 25th day of August, 1910.
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.

Notice of Lis Pendens.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower.—
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District, W. O. Foster, Plaintiff, vs. S. P. Thornhill and Mary E. Smith (now Emery) as Trustees for Judd E. Smith, N. F. Banfield, Mary E. Smith (now Mary E. Emery), Smith Emery, Judd E. Smith, R. E. Shepherd and Nellie R. Shepherd his wife, F. W. Thornhill, D. A. Clark and—Clark his wife, also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest 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, the object of which is to obtain a judgment in the plaintiff's favor in fee of the following described real property situate in the County of Mower and State of Minnesota: Lot No. 2, Twenty-nine (29) Railroad Addition to the City of Austin, and that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest therein or fee, thereon, and that the title be quieted in the plaintiff.

Dated Austin, Minnesota, this 25th day of August, 1910.
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.