

6th Year
Dr. Addison Jones
 the regular and reliable chronic disease Specialist, who has been treating patients here continuously for the last five years, will be at his regular office at the
FOX HOTEL AUSTIN,
Tuesday, Feb. 27.
 (Hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.)
HOTEL OWATONNA,
Owatonna, March 2.
 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 Catarrh 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 Colic, 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 fissures treated. Piles injure the general health, produce indigestion, bloating and nervousness. Often cause undue 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, dependent, weak and easily tired, if you have lack of energy, want of confidence, deposit in urine, or if you are a woman and have a constant headache or pain in side, my treatments 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, Dress and Bank
 Address: **DR. ADDISON JONES**
 766 Oakwood Blvd. Chicago

ATTENTION FARMERS
Campbell's Peerless Flour
 ONLY
\$1.45 per sack.
 Buy Your Winter's Flour
 —NOW—
Campbell's Mill.
 Bring in your Grain and Exchange It.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity
 Why wait for the old farm to become your subsistence? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. The great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Homestead or a Free Homestead at reasonable prices. Now's the Time
 —not a year from now, when land will be high. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are making a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the average of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. during the last five years was upwards of \$25,000 and increasing constantly. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.
 Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at \$5.00 an acre. Splendid climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.
 For pamphlet "Last Best West" purchase at 25c suitable and settlers' low rate, apply to Sup't Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.
E. T. HOLMES
 315 Jackson Street St. Paul, Minn.
 (Use address nearest you.)

The Taming of Red Butte Western...

By FRANCIS LYNDE



Van Lew shook his head and smiled. "Not while the dear girl whom God willing, I'm going to marry is a member of our car party. I'm more likely to be overcautious than reckless, Mr. Lidgerwood."

Here, in terms unmistakable, was a deep grave in which to bury any poor phantom of hope which might have survived, but Lidgerwood did not advertise the funeral.

"She is altogether worthy of the most that you can do for her and the best that you can give her, Mr. Van Lew," he said gravely. Then he passed quickly to the more vital matter. "The Nadia will be placed on the short spur track at this end of the building, close in, where you can step from the rear platform of the car to the station platform. I'll try to keep watch for you, but you must also keep watch for yourself. If any firing begins get your people out quietly and bring them up here. Of course none of you will have anything worse than a stray bullet to fear, but the side walls of the Nadia would offer no protection against that."

Van Lew nodded understandingly. "Call it settled," he said. "Shall I use my own judgment as to the proper moment to make the break, or will you pass us the word?"

Lidgerwood took time to consider. Conditions might arise under which the Crow's Nest would be the most unsafe place in Angels to which to flee for shelter.

"Perhaps you would better sit tight until I give the word," he directed after the reflective pause, then in a lighter vein: "All of these careful prefigurings may be entirely beside the mark, Mr. Van Lew. I hope the event may prove that they were. Don't let the women worry any more than they have to."

"You can trust me for that," laughed the athlete, and he went his way to begin the keeping up of appearances.

At 7 o'clock, just as Lidgerwood was finishing the luncheon which had been sent up to his office from the station kitchen, train 203 pulled in from the east, and a little later Dawson's beated wrecking train trailed up from the west, bringing the "cripples" from the Little Butte disaster. Lidgerwood summoned McCloskey.

"I wish you would go downstairs and see if Gridley came in on 203. If he did bring him and Benson up here, and we'll hold a council of war. If you see Dawson send him home to his mother and sister. He can report to me later if he finds it safe to leave his womankind."

The door of the outer office had barely closed behind McCloskey when that opening into the corridor swung upon its hinges to admit the master mechanic. He was dusty and travel stained, but nothing seemed to stale his genial good humor.

"Well, well, Mr. Lidgerwood! So the hoboes have asked to see your hand at last, have they?" he began sympathetically. "I heard of it over in Copah just in good time to let me catch 203. You're not going to let them make you show down, are you?"

"No," said Lidgerwood. "That's right. That's precisely the way to stack it up. Of course you know you can count on me. I've got a beautiful lot of pirates over in the shops, but we'll try to hold them level." Then in the same even tone: "They tell me we went into the hole again last night over at Little Butte. Pretty bad?"

"Very bad. Six killed outright and as many more to bury later on, I am told by the Red Butte doctors."

"Heavens and earth! The men are calling it a broken rail. Was it?"

"A loosened rail," corrected Lidgerwood.

The master mechanic's eyes narrowed. "Natural?" he asked.

"No; artificial. Gridley swore savagely.

"This thing's got to stop, Lidgerwood! Sift it—sift it to the bottom! Whom do you suspect?"

It was a plain truth, though an unintentionally misleading one, that the superintendent put into his reply.

"I don't suspect any one, Gridley," he began, and he was going on to say that suspicion had grown to certainty when the latch of the door opening from the outer office clicked again and McCloskey came in with Benson. The master mechanic excused himself abruptly when he saw who the trainmaster's follower was.

"I'll go and get something to eat," he said hurriedly, "after which I'll pick up a few men whom we can depend upon and garrison the shops. Send over for me if you need me."

Benson looked hard at the door which was still quivering under Gridley's outgoing slam. And when the master mechanic's tread was no longer audible in the upper corridor the young engineer turned to the man at the desk to say, "What tickled the boss machinist, Lidgerwood?"

"I don't know. Why?"

Benson looked at McCloskey.

"Just as we came in he was standing over you with a look in his eyes as if he were about to murder you and couldn't quite make up his mind as to the simplest way of doing it. Then the look changed to his usual cast from smile in the flirt of a flea's hind leg—at some joke you were telling. I took it"

being careful and troubled about many things. Lidgerwood missed the point of Benson's remark; could not remember when he tried just what it was that he had been saying to Gridley when the interruption came. But the matter was easily dismissed. Having his two chief lieutenants before him, the superintendent seized the opportunity to outline the plan of campaign for the night. McCloskey was to stay by the wires, with Callahan to share his watch. Dawson when he should come down was to pick up a few of the loyal engineers and guard the roundhouse. Benson was to take charge of the yards, keeping his eye on the Nadia. At the first indication of an outbreak he was to pass the word to Van Lew, who would immediately transfer the private car party to the second floor offices in the headquarters building.

"That is all," was Lidgerwood's summing up when he had made his dispositions like a careful commander in chief—"all but one thing. Mac, have you seen anything of Hallock?"

"Not since the middle of the afternoon," was the prompt reply.

"And Judson has not yet reported?"

"No."

"Well, this is for you, Benson—Mac already knows it: Judson is out looking for Hallock. He has a warrant for Hallock's arrest."

Benson's eyes narrowed.

"Then you have found the ringleader at last, have you?" he asked.

"I am sorry to say that there doesn't seem to be any doubt of Hallock's guilt. The arrest will be made quietly. Judson understands that. There is an other man that we've got to have, and there is no time just now to go after him."

"Who is the other man?" asked Benson.

"It is Flemister, the man who has the stolen switching engine boxed up in a power house built out of planks saved from your Gloria bridge timbers."

"I told you so!" exclaimed the young engineer. "By Jove, I'll never forgive you if you don't send him to the rock pile for that, Lidgerwood!"

"I have promised to hang him," said the superintendent soberly—"him and the man who has been working with him."

"And that's Rankin Hallock!" cut in the trainmaster vindictively, and his scowl was grotesquely hideous. "Can you hang them, Mr. Lidgerwood?"

"Yes, Flemister and a man whom Judson has identified as Hallock were the two who ditched 204 at Silver

son.

"That is Flemister, the man who has the stolen switching engine boxed up in a power house built out of planks saved from your Gloria bridge timbers."

"I told you so!" exclaimed the young engineer. "By Jove, I'll never forgive you if you don't send him to the rock pile for that, Lidgerwood!"

"I have promised to hang him," said the superintendent soberly—"him and the man who has been working with him."

"And that's Rankin Hallock!" cut in the trainmaster vindictively, and his scowl was grotesquely hideous. "Can you hang them, Mr. Lidgerwood?"

"Yes, Flemister and a man whom Judson has identified as Hallock were the two who ditched 204 at Silver

son.

"That is Flemister, the man who has the stolen switching engine boxed up in a power house built out of planks saved from your Gloria bridge timbers."

"I told you so!" exclaimed the young engineer. "By Jove, I'll never forgive you if you don't send him to the rock pile for that, Lidgerwood!"

"I have promised to hang him," said the superintendent soberly—"him and the man who has been working with him."

"And that's Rankin Hallock!" cut in the trainmaster vindictively, and his scowl was grotesquely hideous. "Can you hang them, Mr. Lidgerwood?"

"Yes, Flemister and a man whom Judson has identified as Hallock were the two who ditched 204 at Silver

son.

"That is Flemister, the man who has the stolen switching engine boxed up in a power house built out of planks saved from your Gloria bridge timbers."

"I told you so!" exclaimed the young engineer. "By Jove, I'll never forgive you if you don't send him to the rock pile for that, Lidgerwood!"

"I have promised to hang him," said the superintendent soberly—"him and the man who has been working with him."

"And that's Rankin Hallock!" cut in the trainmaster vindictively, and his scowl was grotesquely hideous. "Can you hang them, Mr. Lidgerwood?"

"Yes, Flemister and a man whom Judson has identified as Hallock were the two who ditched 204 at Silver

son.

about that loosened rail that caused the wreck in the Crosswater hills? You said Hallock had gone to Navajo to see Cruikshanks. He did go to Navajo, but he got there just exactly four hours after 202 had gone on past Navajo, and he came on foot, walking down the track from the hills!"

"Where did you get that?" asked Lidgerwood quickly.

"From the agent at Navajo. I wasn't satisfied with the way it shaped up, and I did a little investigating on my own hook."

It was close upon 8 o'clock when the two lieutenants went to their respective posts. It was fully an hour further along and the tense strain of suspense was beginning to tell upon the man who sat thoughtful and alone in the second floor office of the Crow's Nest when Benson ran up to report the situation in the yards.

"Everything quiet so far," was the news he brought. "We've got the Nadia on the east spur, where the folks can slip out and make their getaway if they have to. There are several little squads of the discharged men hanging around, but not many more than usual. The east and west yards are clear, and the three sections of the midnight freight are crewed and ready to pull out when the time comes. The folks are playing dummy whist in the Nadia, and Gridley is holding the fort at the shops with the toughest looking lot of myrionids you ever laid your eyes on."

Once again Lidgerwood was making tiny squares on his desk blotter.

"I'm thankful that the news of the strike got to Copah in time to bring Gridley over on 203," he said.

Benson's boyish eyes opened to their widest angle.

"Did he say he came in on two-three?" he asked.

"He did."

"Well, that's odd—devilish odd. I was on that train, and I rambled it from one end to the other, which is a bad habit I have when I'm trying to kill travel time. Gridley isn't a man to be easily overlooked. Reckon he was riding on the brake beams. He was dirty enough to make the guess good. Hello, Fred!"—this to Dawson, who had at that moment let himself in through the deserted outer office.

"We were just talking about your boss and wondering how he got here from Copah on two-three without my seeing him."

"He didn't come from Copah," said the trainmaster briefly. "He came in with me from the west on the wrecking train. He was in Red Butte, and he had an engine bring him down to Silver Switch, where he caught us just as we were pulling out."

CHAPTER XXV.
 THE TERROR.

ENGINEER JOHN JUDSON, disappearing at the moment when the superintendent had sent him back to bully Schleisinger into appointing him constable from the ken

of those who were most anxious to hear from him, was late in reporting. But when he finally climbed the stair of the Crow's Nest to tap at Lidgerwood's door he brought the first authentic news from the camp of the enemy.

When McCloskey had come at a push of the call button Lidgerwood snapped the night latch on the corridor door.

"Let us have it, Judson," he said when the trainmaster had dragged his chair into the circle of light described by the green cone shade of the desk lamp. "We have been wondering what had become of you."

Summarized, Judson's story was the report of an intelligent scout. Since he was classed with the discharged men he had been able to find out some of the enemy's moves in the game of coercion. The strikers had transferred their headquarters from the Celestial to Cat Biggs' place, where the committees, jealously safeguarded, were now sitting "in permanence" in the back room.

From the barroom talk Judson had gathered that the strikers knew nothing as yet of McCloskey's plan to keep the trains moving and the wires alive; hence unless the free flowing whisky should precipitate matters there would probably be no open outbreak before midnight. As an offset to this, however, the engineer had overheard enough to convince him that the Copah wire had been tapped; that Dix, the day operator, had been either bribed or intimidated and was now under guard at the strikers' headquarters and that some important message had been intercepted which was, in Judson's phrase, "raising sand" in the camp of the disaffected. This recurrence of the mysterious message, of which no trace could be found in the headquarters record, opened a fresh field of discussion, and it was McCloskey who put his finger upon the only plausible conclusion.

"It is Hallock again," he rasped. "He is the only man who could have used the private code. Dix probably picked out the cipher. He's got a weakness for such things. Hallock's carrying double. He has fixed up some trouble making message or faked one and signed your name to it and then schemed to let it leak out through Dix."

"It's making the trouble, all right," was Judson's comment. "When I left Biggs' a few minutes ago Tryon was

calling for volunteers to come down here and steal an engine. From what he said I took it they were almin' to go over into the desert to tear up the track and stop somebody or something coming this way from Copah, all on account of that make believe message that you didn't send."

Thus far Judson's report had dealt with facts. But there were other things deducible. He insisted that the strength of the insurrection did not lie in the dissatisfied employees of the Red Butte Western or even in the ex-employees; it was rather in the lawless element of the town, which lived and fattened upon the earnings of the railroad men. Moreover, it was certain that some one high in authority in the railroad service was furnishing the brains. There was a chief to whom all the malcontents deferred and who figured in the barroom talk as the "boss" or the "big boss."

"And that same 'big boss' is sitting up yonder in Cat Biggs' back room right now givin' his orders and tellin' 'em what to do," was Judson's crowning guess, and, since Hallock had not been visible since the early afternoon, for the three men sitting under the superintendent's desk lamp Judson's inference stood as a fact assured. It was Hallock who had fomented the trouble; it was Hallock who was now directing it.

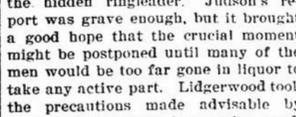
The trainmaster returned to his post in the wire office, and Judson was sent back to Biggs' to renew his search for the hidden ringleader. Judson's report was grave enough, but it brought a good hope that the crucial moment might be postponed until many of the men would be too far gone in liquor to take any active part. Lidgerwood took the precautions made advisable by Tryon's threat to steal an engine, sending word to Benson to double his guards on the locomotives in the yard and to Dawson to block the turntable so that none might be taken from the roundhouse.

Afterward he went out to look over the field in person. Everything was quiet, almost suspiciously so. Gridley was found alone in his office at the shops smoking a cigar, with his chair tilted to a comfortable angle and his feet on the desk. His guards, he said, were posted in and around the shops, and he hoped they were not asleep. Thus far there had been little enough to keep them awake.

(To be continued.)

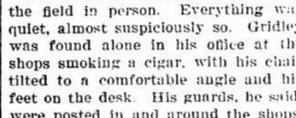
Hopeless Case.
 "De trouble wid me and muh wife," admitted old Brother Gaumpers, "am dat, whilst we 'gree most o' de time, we don't 'gree at de same time. I kin 'gree 'bout anything, and she kin 'gree 'bout anything, but we kaint 'gree wid each udder 'bout it. When I'm willin' to 'gree wid her she won't 'gree wid me, and when she is ready to 'gree wid me I've changed muh mind and kaint 'gree wid her. We kin bofe 'gree separate, but we kaint 'gree together on de same thing at de same time, and de mo' we tries de wuss we gits."

GREENLAND BELLES.



In Greenland women who wish to add to their charms paint their faces blue. If the Greenland women whom we have seen were fair specimens the blue paint probably serves the desired purpose.

WOULD ACCEPT ANYBODY.



Reggie—Miss Oldgal has aged considerably of late. Seems to be in her 'celining years, doesn't she?
 Robbie—No; accepting.

Plants and Cut Flowers For Sale.

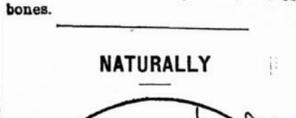
Austin Greenhouses
 Austin, Minn.

FULL OF BONES



First Fish—You need not feel so proud, you "Old Grave Yard."
 Second Fish—This is an insult! Why do you call me an "Old Grave Yard?"
 First Fish—Because you are full of bones.

NATURALLY



This world is but a fleeting show, And yet there's not a man But wants to see as much of the Performance as he can.

St. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS
 Leave for—6:55 a. m.; 9:30 a. m.; 3:10 p. m.
 Arrive from—12:01 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.; 10:20 p. m.

LACROSSE
 Leave for—11:38 a. m.; 6:55 p. m.
 Arrive from—12:20 a. m.; 3:35 p. m.

CALMAR
 Leave for—12:20 p. m.
 Arrive from—6:30 a. m.; 2:55 p. m.

MASON CITY
 Leave for—12:25 p. m.; 7:25 p. m.
 Arrive from—6:40 a. m. 3:00 p. m.

JACKSON
 Leave for—6:50 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
 Arrive from—11:02 a. m.; 6:25 p. m.

Chicago, Great Western.
 Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City, and Omaha—4:15 p. m.; 4:23 a. m.
 Arrive from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—11:52 a. m. noon 11:45 p. m.
 Leave for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—4:15 p. m. 4:23 a. m.
 Leave for Omaha, Mason City, Fort Dodge—11:52 a. m. noon 11:45 p. m.

Both Phones Office, Lewis Bldg. 277. over N. W. Tel. Ex.

Chas. C. Allen, M. D.
 Physician & Surgeon.
 Successor to Dr. A. N. Collins.
 Office Hours: 10—12, 2—6, 7—8.

Homer F. Pierson, M. D.
 Graduate Rush Medical College, Chicago, late House physician St. Mary's Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn. (Office over K. O. Wold's Drug store.)
 Calls attended day and night.

Arthur W. Allen, M. D.
 Surgeon C. P. & St. P. Ry.
 Diseases of the Eye and SCIENTIFIC MEASUREMENT FOR GLASSES. Consultation hours: 1:30 to 4:30 p. m.; Sundays, 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.

First National Bank Building. Austin, Minn.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
 GENERAL LAW BUSINESS.
 Real Estate, Collections, Loans and Insurance.
 Established in 1869.
 Office in First National Bank Building AUSTIN, MINN.

Milton J. Hardy, D.D. S.
 DENTIST.
 Austin National Bank Building, AUSTIN MINN.

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 Joseph Palmer, deceased.
 The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said deceased and to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of said decedent: The petition of Clara B. Miller being filed in this court, representing that Joseph Palmer, then a resident of the county of Mower, state of Minnesota, died on the 9th day of January, 1912, 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 Clara B. Miller, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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 Rooms in the Court House, in the city of Austin in the county of Mower, state of Minnesota, on the 4th day of March 1912, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the Honorable, Henry Weber, Jun., Judge of said court and the seal of said court, this 29th day of January, 1912.

[SEAL] HENRY WEBER, Jun., Judge.

Feb 7-14-12