

Common Precursor of Cancer.
It is well proved that chronic ulcer of the stomach, gallstones, and many other irritative conditions of the gastro-intestinal tract are a direct cancer menace to a patient. Any swelling, any little growth like a wart, mole or tumor that suddenly or gradually begins to grow, and increases in size, should be removed by surgical means. The removal of chronic irritation, wherever it may be, is the only known preventive for cancer.

What She Was Doing.
One evening the mother of a small child aged five said: "I see that you are yawning; it's time you were in bed." "Oh, that wasn't a yawn, mamma," replied Grace. "I was merely practicing a new kind of smile."

Danger in Hasty Reforms.
Society's wrongs are deeply embedded in law and tradition, and therefore they are not easily righted. So it is wisdom to go slowly, even when going in the right direction, lest stumbling, progress be retarded. Reformers should try to avoid the waste of haste.

Iron Stands 1,300 Years.
In Delhi stands a wrought-iron column which was placed there nearly 1,300 years ago and today shows practically no signs of deterioration.

Chicago, Great Western.
Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City and Omaha—6:24 p. m.; 4:26 a. m.
Arrive from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—12:12 p. m.; 11:48 p. m.
Leave for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—6:24 p. m.; 4:28 a. m.
Leave for Omaha, Mason City, Fort Dodge—12:12 p. m.; 11:48 p. m.
Thru coach on trains between Austin and Minneapolis.

C. N. & St. P. R. R. Co.
ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS
Leave for—5:30 a. m.; 6:55 a. m.; 2:55 p. m.
Arrive from—11:35 a. m.; 7:00 p. m.; 10:20 p. m.

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

CALMAR.
Leave for—11:55 a. m.; 7:20 p. m.
Arrive from—6:30 a. m.; 2:41 p. m.

MASON CITY.
Leave for—12:01 p. m.; 7:25 p. m.
Arrive from—6:40 a. m.; 2:47 p. m.

JACKSON.
Leave for—6:50 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
Arrive from—11:00 a. m.; 6:25 p. m.

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Office at 408 North Main Street.
Over Snyder's Land Office.
N. W. Phone 378. Int. Phone 160 L.
Austin, Minn.

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I have always a few good bargains.

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Diseases of the Eye and Scientific Measurements for Glasses. Consultation hours: 10 to 4:00 p. m.; Sundays, 1:30 to 3:00 p. m.
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Its long record is proof of its merit. If you are not using "Peerless" try a sack and be convinced that there is none better. Its guaranteed.

Peerless Roller Mills

ALEX S. CAMPBELL

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By **REX BEACH**
Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Kirk Anthony, son of a rich man, with college friends, gets into a fracas in a New York resort. A detective is hurt. Jefferson Locke insinuates himself into the college men's party.

Locke, aided by Kirk's friend Higgins, who thinks it a joke, drugs Kirk and puts him aboard a ship bound for Colon. Kirk is on the passenger list as Locke.

"Broke" and without baggage, aboard the ship Kirk makes the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt.

Cortlandt is in the American diplomatic service and is going to Panama on a mission. In Colon Kirk, as the son of a big railroad man, is taken up by Weeks, American consul.

Kirk's father repudiates him, and Weeks casts him out as an impostor. Kirk meets Allan, a Jamaican negro canal worker out of a job. The two are arrested by Colon police for helping to put out a fire.

Kirk and Allan are treated brutally in a Colon jail by young Alfarez, commandant of police. Allan's release is obtained by the British consul, but Weeks refuses to aid Kirk. Mrs. Cortlandt gets a phone call.

Mrs. Cortlandt obtains Kirk's release by using influence with Colonel Jolson, head of the canal. The Cortlandts are intriguing to make Alfarez's father president of Panama.

Kirk's father casts him off finally, and Mrs. Cortlandt obtains for him a position on the Panama railroad under Runnels, master of transportation.

The Cortlandts and Kirk plan a picnic on the island of Taboga, near Panama. Cortlandt is detained and his wife and Kirk are marooned on the island.

Kirk kisses Mrs. Cortlandt and is then ashamed to think he has violated Cortlandt's trust in him. Cortlandt, alarmed by his wife's absence, rescues her and Kirk from the island. In the country near Panama Kirk meets a charming Spanish girl.

The girl tells him her name is "Chiquita." He learns later that that means only "little one." Kirk begins his work. Mrs. Cortlandt has learned who Jefferson Locke is.

Locke (real name Wellar) is a swindler and has disappeared. His description fits Kirk. The latter tries in vain in Panama to learn something of Chiquita and meets Alfarez again.

Kirk wins the capital prize, \$5,000, in the lottery. He and Runnels make plans for advancement. The Cortlandts, having turned from the older Alfarez, intend to make Senor Garavel, a banker, president of Panama.

Alfarez's son, Kirk's foe, is engaged to Gertruda, Garavel's daughter. She is Kirk's "Chiquita." He meets her again at the opera through Mrs. Cortlandt's aid. Kirk makes love to Chiquita. Edith Cortlandt, infatuated with Kirk, goes riding with him frequently.

She avows her love for him. Their rides and talk are interrupted by her husband, Kirk asks Garavel for his daughter's hand. The banker wishes her to marry Alfarez to advance his own ambitions. Clifford, a man from the States, asks Runnels about Kirk.

Kirk receives permission to call on Gertruda. Young Alfarez challenges him to a duel. Kirk laughs at him. Mrs. Cortlandt asks Kirk to call on her.

Cortlandt overhears his wife make love to Kirk, who tells her he loves and is engaged to Gertruda. Prompted by Mrs. Cortlandt, Garavel forbids Kirk to call on his daughter.

Kirk manages to see Chiquita. She loves him, but will obey her father. Mrs. Cortlandt blocks Kirk's and Runnels' path. Detective Williams seeks Kirk, known to him as Locke or Wellar.

He began to chuckle, apparently without reason. His shoulders shook feebly at first, then more violently. His flat chest heaved, and he hiccupped as if from physical weakness. It was alarming, and she rose, staring at him frightfully. He continued to shudder and shake in uncontrollable hysteria, but his eyes were bright and watchful.

"Oh, I—I took it all in—I let him p-p-put the noose around his own neck and tie the knot. Then I hung him." His convulsive giggling was terrible, forecasting, as it did, his immediate breakdown.

"Stephen!" she exclaimed, in a shocked tone, convinced that his mind was going. "You are ill. You need a doctor. I will call Jocoel." She laid her hand on his arm. "Won't you go to your room and let me call a doctor?"

"Not yet. Wait! He told them what I had done for him. I acknowledged it all and made them hear it from my lips too. Then— He paused, and she stole herself to witness another spectacle of his pitiable loss of self control.

But instead he grew icy and corpse-



"He's yours now. You can have him."

like, with lips drawn back in a grin. "I played with him the way you have played with me. Think!"

Her face went suddenly ashen. "Well, I told him before them all that I intended to give him something in return, and I did. I gave him— you."

"God! You didn't tell him that? You didn't say that—before those men! Oh-h!" She shrank back, drawing the gauzy silk robe closer about her breast. Then she roused to sudden action. Seizing him by the shoulders she shook him roughly with far more than her natural strength, voicing furious words which neither of them understood.

"Oh, I did it," he declared. "He's yours now. You can have him. He's been your lover."

She flung him away from her so violently that he nearly fell.

"It's a lie! You know it's a lie!" "It's true. I'm no fool."

She bent her hands together distractedly. "What have you done? What will those men think? Listen! You must stop them quickly. Tell them it's not so."

He seemed not to hear her. "I'm going away tomorrow," he said, "but I'll never divorce you, no matter what you do, and I won't let you divorce me either. No, no! Take him now if you want him, but you'll never be able to marry him until I'm gone. And I won't die soon—I promise you that. I'm going to live."

"You can't go!" "There's a boat tomorrow."

"Don't you see you must stay and explain to those men? My God! They'll think you spoke the truth. They'll believe what you said."

"Of course they will," he chattered shrilly. "That's why I did it in that way. No matter what you or he or I can do or say now they'll believe it forever. It came to me like a flash of light, and I saw what it meant all in a minute. Do you understand what it means, eh? Listen! No matter how you behave they'll know. They won't say anything, but they'll know, and you can't stand that, can you?"

"You have no evidence." "No? What about that night at Taboga? You were mad over the fellow then, but you didn't think I saw. That day I caught you together in the jungle—have you forgotten that? Didn't you think it strange that I should be the one to discover you? Oh, I pretended to be blind, but I followed you everywhere I could, and I kept my eyes open."

"You saw nothing, for there was nothing." "I waited because I wasn't strong enough to revolt—until tonight. Oh, but tonight I was strong! Something gave me courage."

CHAPTER XXIV.
A Question and the Answer.

IN all their married life Edith Cortlandt had never known her husband to show such stubborn force. Failing to dominate him as usual, she was filled with a strange feeling of helplessness and terror.

"You had no right to accept such evidence," she stormed.

"Bah! Why try to fool me? I have your own words for it. The other afternoon I came home sick—with my head, I was on the gallery outside when you were pleading with him, and I heard it all. But he was growing tired of you. That, you know, makes it all the more effective." He smiled in an agonized fury.

"You—cur!" she cried, with the fury of one beating a hanged man at a barred door. "You had no right to do such a thing even if I were guilty."

"Right. Aren't you my wife?"

The look she gave him was heavy with loathing. "That means nothing with us. I never loved you, and you know it. You never could have succeeded without me. All you have is due to me—even your reputation in the service. Your success, your influence, it is all mine. The debt is all on your side, as you and I and all the world know."

"Who made me a mankin?" he demanded, with womanish fury, a fury that had been striving for utterance these many years. I had ambitions and hopes and ability once—not much perhaps, but enough—before you married me. I was nothing great, but I was getting along. I had confidence, too, but you took it away from me. You—you absorbed me. You had your father's brain, and it was too big for me. It overshadowed mine. In a way you were a vampire, for what I had you drained me of. But tonight, when he got up before those other men and dangled my shame before my eyes, I had enough manhood left in me to strike back. Thank God for that at least! Maybe it's not too late yet for me to be a man. Maybe if I get away from you and try"—His voice died out weakly. In his face there was a miserable half gleam of hope.

"I never knew you felt like that. I never knew you could feel that way," she said in a colorless voice. "But you made a terrible mistake."

"Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

"No, I have loved him for a long time. I can't remember when it began." She spoke very listlessly, looking past him as if at a long familiar picture which she was tired of contemplating. "I never knew what love was before; I never even dreamed. I'd give my life right now to undo what you have done, just for his sake, for he is innocent. Oh, don't sneer; it's true. He loves the Garavel girl and wants to marry her. I'm going to tell you the whole truth now without sparing myself. It began, I think, at Taboga, that night when he kissed me. It was the only time he ever did such a thing. It was dark, we were alone. I was frightened, and it was purely impulse on his part. But it woke me up, and all at once I knew how much he meant to me. When I discovered that he cared for that girl—well, if you overheard you must know. I frightened Garavel into dismissing him, and I set out to break him, just to show him that he needed me. Tonight he scorned me. That's the truth, Stephen. If we believed in oaths I would swear it."

"You are shielding him. You want to make me out wrong." But she knew he knew.

"Those are the facts. Heaven knows they are, bad enough, but they are by no means so bad as you thought. And I'm your wife, Stephen. That thing you did was brutal. Those men will talk. I was guilty no doubt in my thoughts, but I'm young, and you have no right to blight my life and my reputation—yes, and yours—by a thing like that. We will have to meet those men. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "In all my life I never felt but one moment of power, and that, it seems, was false. For years I have longed to show myself a man, and now—what have I done? What have I done? I am no waster. Why couldn't you be consistent? Why did you go halfway? Why couldn't you be all good or all bad and save me this?"

"All women are half good and half bad."

"I can't blame you for not loving me, I suppose," he mumbled. "No woman of your kind could love a man like me."

"Those men" she said in a way that made him writhe.

"Wait until I think. I must think." "Perhaps in the morning we can see a way out."

"That's it." He nodded. "You go to bed and I'll think. I'm trying to think now, but this heat is suffocating me and my head is tired."

Despite the breathless oppression of the night, she shivered. "I never can meet them now, and I don't see how you will dare to, knowing that you were wrong."

"Don't!" he pleaded. "The other was bad enough, but this— Tell me what to do!"

"I can't. I don't know myself. All I can see is that those men will never cease to believe, no matter what you tell them."

As she prepared for bed an hour later she heard him still stirring about in his quarters, but afterward she did not detect his cautious footsteps when he stole out of his chamber, closing the door softly behind him.

Kirk was roused from a heavy, senseless slumber the next morning by a vigorous rapping at his door. He opened the door and Runnels rushed in.

"Where did you go after I left you last night?"

"I came here, of course." As the memory of the previous night swept over Kirk he scowled.

"Did you stay here?"

"No. I went out again, and was out nearly all night trying to walk it off." Runnels' face blanched, and he drew back.

"Then, of course, you know?"

"What?"

"About Cortlandt. He's dead?"

"Dead? When? Where? How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows just now. He was found on the sea wall near Alfarez's house, shot."

"Shot! Good Lord!"

"Did you see Cortlandt again after I left you?" Runnels swallowed hard.

Kirk whirled about and faced him. "Great heavens! No! See here, that idea is ridiculous!"

Runnels sank weakly into a chair

and mopped his face. "When you said you'd gone out again it knocked me flat, understand?"

"I can prove where I was, for Allan was with me. I couldn't sleep, so I tried to walk off my excitement. No, no; I couldn't do a thing like that! I thought last night that I could, but I couldn't, really."

"I'm afraid Wade will tell all about the party if we don't stop him."

"Then we'd better hunt him up." Kirk resumed his dressing, while Runnels consulted his watch.

"No. 5 is due in twenty minutes. We'll probably find him at the office."

Together they hastened to the railroad building, Runnels telling all the know of the tragedy as they went along. Cortlandt's body, it seemed, had been found about daylight by a Spigot policeman, who had identified it. Becoming panic stricken at the importance of his discovery, he had sounded the alarm, then reported directly to the governor, whose house was close by.

The whole city was alive with the news. The police were buzzing like bees. Rumors of suicide, murder, robbery, were about, but no one seemed to know anything definite.

"It was suicide," Kirk averred, with conviction. "The man was insane last night, and that accounts for what he said about me. He's been sick for a long time."

"If those boys will only keep their mouths shut," Runnels said anxiously. "There's no telling what these Spigoties might do if they heard about that row."

"Cortlandt was an American."

"But it happened in Panama, and it would be their affair."

Although it was Sunday, the four young fellows who had taken part in the entertainment on the night before had gathered in the office and at the appearance of Runnels greeted him eagerly. Toward Kirk, however, they maintained a disheartening constraint.

The acting superintendent began to caution them tersely.

"It's a bad business," said Runnels, "and it's something I for one don't want to be mixed up in. I've heard rumors already about some sort of a quarrel at our party, so I'm afraid you fellows have been talking."

Wade acknowledged it recklessly. "Yes, I'll answer for my part, and I'm not going to make any promise of secrecy either."

Into the office behind them came Ramon Alfarez and two Panamanian policemen, one evidently a sergeant.

(To be continued.)

Notice of Mortgage Sale by Advertisements.

Notice is hereby given that default has been made in the conditions of that certain mortgage duly executed and filed by A. J. Bugas, a single man, Mortgagee, to Thomas Frankson Mortgagee, bearing date the 18th day of October 1913, with power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Mower, State of Minnesota, on the 23rd day of October 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., in Book 29 of Mortgages on page 433 given to secure the payment of the sum of Thirty-Five Hundred Dollars and no part thereof, with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum from the 18th day of October 1913, less taxes and any other certain promissory note described in said mortgage and given by said mortgagor to said mortgagee dated October 18th, 1913, due on or before 5 years after date with interest payable annually at the rate of 5 per cent per annum which default has continued to the date of this notice, by the failure and neglect of said mortgagor to make payment of balance of the interest on the note to-wit: \$135.00 by said mortgagee secured, which by its terms became due and payable on the 15th day of October, 1914, and which default has continued for more than nine months.

And, Whereas, the said Mortgagee and Holder of said Mortgage, has elected and now does elect to declare the whole principal sum of said Mortgage due and payable at the date of this notice under the provisions of conditions of said Mortgage and the power of sale therein contained; and whereas there is actual default and claim to be due and payable at the date of this notice the sum of Thirty-Five Hundred Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum from the 18th day of October 1913, less taxes and any other certain promissory note described in said mortgage and given by said mortgagor to said mortgagee dated October 18th, 1913, and whereas the power of sale has become operative, and no action or proceeding has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said Mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, Therefore, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statute in such behalf made and provided, the said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in said mortgage by said mortgagee.

The Sale will be at the Court House in the Township One Hundred and Two, Range Fourteen in Mower County, and State of Minnesota, with the heretofore said and applicable laws which will be made by the Sheriff of said Mower County at the front door of the Court House in the city of Austin, in said County and State, on the 15th day of September, 1914, at 11 o'clock a. m. of the day of public vendue to the highest bidder for cash for said debt of Thirty-Five Hundred Dollars and interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum, and the disbursement is allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale as provided by law.

Dated July 29th A. D. 1914.
THOMAS FRANKSON, Mortgagee.
GEORGE B. EDGEMONT,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

653 Germania Life Building, St. Paul, Minn.
Aug 5 Sept 9

ORDER LIMITING TIME TO FILE CLAIMS AND FOR HEARING THEREON.

Estate of Frank D. Reynolds.
State of Minnesota, County of Mower
In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank D. Reynolds, Decedent.

Letters of administration this day having been granted to E. O. Hall of Austin, Minnesota.

It is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against her estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof, said time expiring the 16th day of January, 1915. And it is further ordered that Monday, the 25th day of January, 1915, and it is further ordered that Monday, the 11th day of January, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the Probate Court Rooms at the Court House at the City of Austin, in said County, be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Mower County Transcript as provided by law.

Dated July 29th, A. D. 1914.
HENRY WEBER, JUN.,
(Court Seal) Judge of Probate.

July 29 Aug 5-12

SUMMONS.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.
May C. Woodson, Martha E. Woodson by George Robertson, her guardian, Harvey Watkins, and John H. Pederson, plaintiffs.
Thomas Simpson, H. W. Lambertson, Mrs. H. W. Lambertson, Henry W. Lambertson, R. C. Hatch, Mrs. R. C. Hatch, Roger C. Hatch, William Windom, Mrs. William Windom, D. M. V. Stuart, Mrs. D. M. V. Stuart, D. M. V. Stewart, William Wood, H. C. Bolcom, Henry C. Bolcom, Leonard Standing, Robert Crippen, David G. Smith, A. C. Smith, Augustus B. Davidson, Sarah L. Davidson, Martin B. Davidson, Herman Davidson, Herman R. Davidson, Harvey L. Easton, Mrs. Harvey L. Easton, DeWitt C. West, Mrs. DeWitt C. West, William L. Easton, Mrs. William L. Easton, Thomas Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Joseph Bolcom, Mrs. Joseph Bolcom, Joshua L. Davidson, J. L. Davidson, the estate of William L. Easton, dec. The unknown heirs of the following named deceased persons: Thomas Simpson, H. W. Lambertson, William Windom, D. M. V. Stuart, William Wood, H. C. Bolcom, Augustus B. Davidson, Herman Davidson, Herman R. Davidson, Harvey L. Easton, H. C. Hatch, William L. Easton, Mrs. William L. Easton, DeWitt C. 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