

I had the power to set me at liberty and I was not afraid to do so.

STATE OF MINNESOTA
COUNTY OF MORRISON
District Court, Seventh Judicial District.
Louis Vasaly and A. K. Hall, Plaintiffs.

H. F. Schleusener, defendant.
The state of Minnesota to the above named defendant:
You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed with the clerk of said court, at his office in the city of Little Falls, said county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the city of Little Falls, said county, within thirty 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 May 23, 1902.

STATE OF MINNESOTA
COUNTY OF MORRISON
District Court, Seventh Judicial District.
J. C. Monk, Plaintiff.

Joshua A. Spencer, Abbie F. Monk, and all parties or persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein Defendants.
The state of Minnesota to the above named defendants:
You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed with the clerk of said court, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the city of Little Falls, said county, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such notice, 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 together with the costs and disbursements of this action.
Dated June 4th, A. D. 1902.

SOME MORE
Alarm Clocks
JUST ARRIVED.

Beacon alarm warranted for one year.
75 cents
Beacon alarm luminous dial, warranted one year
\$1.00
Celebrated tattoo intermittent alarm warranted for three years.
\$1.50

Celebrated tattoo intermittent alarm with luminous dial, warranted three years.
\$1.75

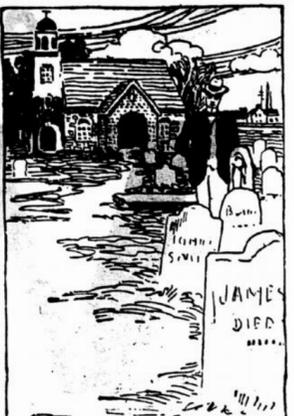
We handle the best of wedding rings. They are made by J. R. Wood & Son, of New York, who have been making a specialty of wedding rings for over 50 years, and will not stamp the goods different than they are. We carry no filled or plated rings. All are solid gold.

Also just received some more Roger Bros. 1847 triple silver plated medium size knives and forks still going for.....
\$3.00
per dozen.

Quadruple plated knives and forks per dozen
\$4.00

Spirit J. Vasaly
THE DIAMOND SIGN.

It has ever been my lot to find a drive, some 20 yards or so in length, led up to the house and was shaded by overhanging trees. The house itself was of two stories and was covered by creepers. The garden was scrupulously neat, and I fancied that I could detect its mistress's hand in it. Shady walks led from it in various directions, and at the end of one of these I could discern a tall, restless figure, pacing up and down. "There is my uncle," said the girl, referring to the figure I have just described. "That is his sole occupation. He likes it because it is the only part of the garden in which he can move about without a guide. How empty and hard his life must seem to him now, Mr. Fairfax?"



AS I STROLLED ALONG I GLANCED AT THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE VARIOUS TOMBSTONES.

who has led such a vigorous life as your uncle has done." I could almost have declared that she shuddered at my words. Did she know more about her uncle and his past life than she liked to think about? I remembered one or two expressions he had let fall in his excitement when he had been talking to me, and how I had commented upon them as being strange words to come from the lips of a missionary. I had often wondered whether the story he had told me about their life in China, and Hayle's connection with it, had been a true one. The tenaciousness with which a Chinaman clings to the religion of his forefathers is proverbial, and I could not remember having ever heard that a mandarin, or an official of high rank, had been converted to the Christian faith. Even if he had, it struck me as being highly improbable that he would have been the possessor of such princely treasure, and even supposing that to be true, that he would, at his death, leave it to such a man as Kitwater. No, I fancied if we could only get at the truth of the story, we should find that it was a good deal more picturesque, not to use a harsher term, than we imagined. For a moment I had almost been tempted to believe that the stones were Hayle's property, and that these two men were conducting their crusade with the intention of robbing him of them. Yet, on maturer reflection, this did not fit in. There was the fact that they had certainly been mutilated as they described, and also their hatred of Hayle to be weighed in one balance, while Hayle's manifest fear of them could be set in the other. "If I am not mistaken that is your step, Mr. Fairfax," said the blind man, stopping suddenly in his walk, and turning his sightless face in my direction. "It's wonderful how the loss of one's sight sharpens one's ears. I suppose you met Margaret on the road?" "I met Miss Kitwater in the churchyard," I replied. "A very good meeting place," he chuckled, sarcastically. "It's where most of us meet each other sooner or later. Upon my word, I think the dead are luckier than the living. In any case they are more fortunate than poor devils like Codd and myself. But I am keeping you standing, won't you sit down somewhere and tell me your news? I have been almost counting the minutes for your arrival. I know you would not be here to-day unless you had something important to communicate to me. You have found Hayle?" He asked the question with feverish eagerness, as if he hoped within a few hours to be clutching at the other's throat. I could see that his niece noticed it too, and that she recoiled a little from him in consequence. I thereupon set to work and told them of all that had happened since I had last seen them, described my lucky meeting with Hayle at Charing Cross, my chase after him across London, the trick he had played me at Foxwell's hotel, and my consequent fruitless journey to Southampton. "And he managed to escape you

about to protest. I made a sign as you do, and she said, 'But you are continually seeing the saddest side of it. To you all the miseries that a life of crime entails are visible. The greater part of your time is spent among desperate men who are without hope, and to whom even their own shadows are a constant menace. I wonder that you still manage to retain your kind heart.'"

"But how do you know that my heart is kind?" I inquired. "If for no other reason, simply because you have taken up my uncle's case," she answered. "Do you think when he was so rude to you just now, that I could not see that you pitied him, and for that reason you forebore to take advantage of your power? I know you have a kind heart." "And you find it difficult to assimilate that kind heart with the remorseless detective of Public Life?" "I find it difficult to recognize in you the man who, on a certain notable occasion, went into a thieves' den in Chicago unaccompanied, and after a terrible struggle in which you nearly lost your life succeeded in effecting the arrest of a notorious murderer." At that moment the gong in the hall sounded for lunch, and I was by no means sorry for the interruption. We found Kitwater and Codd awaiting our coming in the dining-room, and we thereupon sat down to the meal. When we left the room again, we sat in the garden and smoked, and later in the afternoon my hostess conducted me over her estate, showed me her vineyards, introduced me to her two sleek Jerseys, who had their home in the meadow I had seen from the window; to her poultry, pigs and the pigeons who came fluttering about her, confident that they would come to no harm. Meanwhile her uncle had resumed his restless pacing up and down the path on which I had first seen him. Codd had returned to his archaeological studies, and I was alone with Miss Kitwater. We were standing alone together, I remember, at the gate that separated the garden from the meadow-land. I knew as well as possible, indeed I had known it since we had met in the churchyard that morning, that she had something to say to me, something concerning which she had not quite made up her mind. What it was, however, I fancied I could hazard a very good guess, but I was determined not to forestall her, but to wait and let her broach it to me in her own way. This, I fancied, she was now about to do.

"Mr. Fairfax," she began, resting her clasped hands upon the bar of the gate as she spoke, "I want, if you will allow me, to have a serious talk with you. I could not have a better opportunity than the present, and, such as it is, I want to make the best of it." "I am quite at your service, Miss Kitwater," I replied, "and if I can be of any use to you I hope you will tell me. Pray let me know what I can do for you?" "It is about my uncle and Mr. Codd that I want to speak to you," she said, sinking her voice a little, as if she were afraid they might hear. "And what about them?" "I want to be loyal to them, and yet I want to know what you think of the whole affair," she said, looking intently at me as she spoke. "Believe me, I have good and sufficient reasons for my request."

"I am to tell exactly what I think about their pursuit of this man Hayle? And what chances of success I think they possess?" I said. "I am not thinking so much of their success," she returned, "as of the real nature of their case."

"I believe I understand what is passing in your mind," I said. "Indeed I should not be surprised if the suspicion you entertain is not the same as I have myself." "You have been suspicious, then?" "I could scarcely fail to be," I replied. "Perhaps you will tell me what you suspect?" "Will you forgive me, in my turn, if I am abrupt, or if I speak my mind a little too plainly?" "You could not do that," she answered with a sigh. "I want to know your exact thoughts, and then I shall be able to form my own conclusions." "Well," I said, "before I begin, may I put one or two questions to you? You will, of course, remember that I had never seen or heard of your uncle and Mr. Codd until they stopped me on Ludgate Hill. They were and practically are strangers to me. I have heard their story of their treasure, but I have not heard what anyone else has to say upon the subject."

"I think I understand. Now what are your questions?" "In the first place, did your late father ever speak to you of his brother as being a missionary in China?" She shook her head, and from the look upon her face I could see that I had touched upon something painful. This, at least, was one of the

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Dated May 23, 1902.

W. A. BUTLER,
County Auditor, Morrison Co., Minn.

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Farmers, Fruit Growers, Stock Raisers,
Manufacturers, Investors, Speculators
and Money Lenders
will find the great chances in the United States to make "big money" by reason of the abundance and cheapness of
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Iron and Coal, Labor - Everywhere!
Free sites, financial assistance and free-
dom from taxation for the manufacturer.
Land and farms at \$1.00 per acre and up-
wards, and 50,000 acres of land available
that can be taken gratis under the U. S.
Homestead laws. Stock raising on the Great
Central District will make enormous profits.
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Tuesdays of each month.
Let us know what you want, and we will
tell you where and how to get it - but don't
delay, as the country is filling up rapidly.
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free. Address
R. J. WENYSS,
General Immigration and Industrial Agent,
Louisville, Ky.

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The Little Falls Packing Company will pay you the highest market price for all your Fat Cattle, Sheep, Lambs and Poultry.
Little Falls Packing Co.,
Little Falls, Minn.