

New Ulm Review

Wednesday, July 7, 1915

D. L. A. FRITSCHÉ
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Office over Brown Co. Bank.
NEW ULM, MINN.

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M. & ST. L. Time Table
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 60—Ex. Sunday.....9:30 a. m.
To Estherville. Local freight.
No. 86—Ex. Sunday.....7:45 a. m.
To New Ulm only. Time freight.
No. 110—Ex. Sunday.....8:45 p. m.
St. Paul, Mpls. to New Ulm. Passgr.
No. 28—Ex. Sunday.....2:05 p. m.
To Storm Lake.
No. 170—Sundays.....12:25 p. m.
St. Paul Mpls. to New Ulm (Sundays
only)
NORTH BOUND.
No. 123—Ex. Sunday.....5:15 a. m.
Leave New Ulm to St. Paul and Mpls.
No. 29—Ex. Sunday.....12:03 p. m.
To St. Paul, Mpls. Watertown, connect
at Winthrop.
No. 181—Ex. Sunday.....5:15 p. m.
New Ulm to Twin Cities Sundays only.
No. 87—Ex. Sunday.....2:30 p. m.
New Ulm to Winthrop.
No. 61—Ex. Sunday.....3:45 p. m.
Estherville to Winthrop.
All passengers thru trains with no
change of cars between New Ulm and
Twin Cities.

THE CHICAGO AND
NORTH-WESTERN
RAILWAY.
GOING EAST.
No 504—Daily, new line.....4.15 a m
Thro to Twin Cities and the East
No 22—Ex Sunday, old line.....6.25 a m
Connects at Kasota for Twin Cities or Mankato
8:30 a m
No 514—Daily, new line.....3.39 p m
Thro to Twin Cities and the East
No 24—Daily, old line.....3.41 p m
Thro from Twin Cities and the East
No 14—Ex Sunday, new line.....6.55 p m
Connects at Mankato for points South on
Omaha
GOING WEST
No 517—Daily, new line.....1.20 a m
Thro from Twin Cities and the East
No 13—Ex Sunday, old line.....8.12 a m
Thro to Tracy
No 503—Daily, new line.....1.39 p m
Thro from Twin Cities and the East
No 23—Daily, old line.....1.35 p m
No 27—Ex Sunday, old line.....8.50 p m
Connects at Mankato Junction with trains from
East on at Kasota with Twin Cities.
No. 22 now makes sharp connection
with Omaha No. 8 at Kasota for all
points North, arriving St. Paul 10:26
a. m., Minneapolis 10:55 a. m.
F. P. Starr H. J. Wagen
Agent New Ulm General Agent
Minn. Winona, Minn.

The Window at the White Cat

By MARY ROBERTS
RINEHART

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I went to the Times-Post office. Burton came in in a moment, a red haired young fellow, with a short thick nose and a muggy skin. He was rather stocky in build, and the pugnacity of his features did not hide the shrewdness of his eyes. I introduced myself, and at my name his perturbed manner changed.

"Knox?" he said. "I called you last night over the phone."
I liked Burton. There was something genuine about him. After Wardrop's kid glove finish, he was a relief. "Hunter of the detective bureau sent me here," I proceeded, "about the Fleming case."

CHAPTER XI.

Sizzling Metal.

BURTON took out his notebook. "You are the fourth today," he said. "Hunter himself, Lightfoot from Plattsburg and McFeely here in town. Well, Mr. Knox, are you willing now to put yourself on record that Fleming committed suicide?"

"No," I said firmly. "It is my belief that he was murdered."
"And that the secretary fellow, what's his name?—Wardrop?—that he killed him?"

"Possibly."
In reply Burton fumbled in his pocket and brought up a pasteboard box filled with jeweler's cotton. Underneath was a small object, which he passed to me with care.

"I got it from the coroner's physician, who performed the autopsy," he said casually. "You will notice that it is a thirty-two, and that the revolver they took from Wardrop was a thirty-eight. Question, Where's the other gun?"

I gave him back the bullet, and he rolled it around on the palm of his hand.

"Little thing, isn't it?" he said. "We think we're lords of creation until we see a quarter inch bichloride tablet or a bit of lead like this. Look here." He dived into his pocket again and drew out a roll of ordinary brown paper. When he opened it a bit of white chalk fell on the desk.

"Look at that," he said dramatically. "Kill an army with it, and they'd never know what struck them. Cyanide of potassium—and the druggist that sold it ought to be choked."
"Where did it come from?" I asked curiously. Burton smiled his cheerful smile.

"It's a beautiful case all around," he said as he got his hat. "I haven't had any Sunday dinner yet, and it's 5 o'clock. Oh—the cyanide? Clarkson, the cashier of the bank Fleming ruined, took a bite off that corner right there this morning."

"Clarkson?" I exclaimed. "How is he?"

"God only knows," said Burton gravely, from which I took it Clarkson was dead.

Burton listened while he ate, and his cheerful comments were welcome enough after the depression of the last few days. I told him, after some hesitation, the whole thing, beginning with the Maitland pearls and ending with my drop down the dumbwaiter. I knew I was absolutely safe in doing so. There is no person to whom I would rather tell a secret than a newspaper man. He will go out of his way to keep it. He will lock it in the depths of his bosom and keep it until seventy times seven. Also, you may threaten the rack or offer a larger salary, the seal does not come off his lips until the word is given. If then he makes a scarehead of it, and gets in three columns of space and as many photographs, it is his just reward. Burton ate enough beefsteak for two men and missed not a word.

"The money Wardrop had in the grip—that's easy enough explained," he said. "Fleming used the Borough bank to deposit state funds in. He must have known it was rotten; he and Clarkson were as thick as thieves. According to a time honored custom in our land of the brave and home of the free a state treasurer who is crooked can, in such a case, draw on such a bank without security on his personal note, which usually is worth its value by the pound as old paper."

"And Fleming did that?"
"He did. Then things got bad at the Borough bank. Fleming had had to divide with Schwartz and the Lord only knows who all, but it was Fleming who had to put in the money to avert a crash, the word crash being synonymous with scandal in this case. He scrapes together a paltry hundred thousand, which Wardrop gets at the capital and brings on. Wardrop is robbed, or says he is; the bank collapses and Clarkson, driven to the wall, kills himself just after Fleming is murdered. What does that sound like?"
"Like Clarkson?" I exclaimed. "And Clarkson knew Fleming was hiding at the White Cat!"

"Now, then, take the other theory," he said, pushing aside his cup. "Wardrop goes in to Fleming with a story that he has been robbed; Fleming gets crazy and attacks him. All that is in the morning—Friday. Now, then, Wardrop gets back there that night. With in twenty minutes after he enters the club he rushes out, and when Hunter follows him he says he is looking for a doctor to get cocaine for a gentleman upstairs. He is white and trembling. They go back together and find you there and Fleming dead. Wardrop tells two stories. First he says Fleming committed suicide just before he left. Then he changes it and says he was dead when he arrived there. He produces the weapon with which Fleming is supposed to have killed himself and which, by the way, Miss Fleming identified yesterday as her father's. But there are two discrepancies. Wardrop practically admitted that he had taken that revolver from Fleming, that night, but the morning before during the quarrel."

"And the other discrepancy?"
"The bullet. Nobody ever fired a 32 bullet out of a 38 caliber revolver unless he was trying to shoot a double compound curve. Now, then, who does it look like?"

"Like Wardrop," I confessed. "By Jove, they didn't both do it."
"And he didn't do it himself for two good reasons: He had no revolver that night and there were no powder marks."

"And the eleven twenty-two and Miss Maitland's disappearance?"
He looked at me with his quizzical smile.

"I'll have to have another steak if I'm to settle that," he said. "I can only solve one murder on one steak. But disappearances are my speciality, perhaps, if I have a piece of pie and some cheese."

But I got him away at last, and we walked together down the street.

"I can't quite see the old lady in it," he confessed.

"Burton, who do you think was in the Fleming house last night?" I said.

"Lightfoot," he said succinctly.

He stopped under a street lamp and looked at his watch.

"I believe I'll run over to the capital tonight. While I'm gone—I'll be back tomorrow night or the next morning—I wish you would find Rosie O'Grady or whatever her name is, and locate Carter. That's probably not his name, but it will answer for awhile. Then get your friend Hunter to keep him in sight for a while until I come back anyhow. I'm beginning to enjoy this. We are going to make the police department look like a kindergarten playing jackstraws."

"And go to Bellwood and find out a few things," he added. "It's all well enough to say the old lady was a meek and timid person, but if you want to know her peculiarities go to her neighbors."

We separated at the station. Burton off to Plattsburg. I to take a taxicab and armed with a page torn from the classified directory to inquire at as many of the twelve Anderson's drug stores as might be necessary to locate Delia's gentleman friend, "the clerk," through him Delia and through Delia the mysterious Carter.

I had checked off eight of the Andersons on my list without result, and the taximeter showed something over \$19 when the driver drew up at the curb.

"Gentleman in the other cab is hailing you, sir—the one that's been following us."

A duplicate of my cab stood perhaps fifty feet behind, and from it a familiar figure was slowly emerging. The figure stopped to read the taximeter, shook his fist at the chauffeur and approached me. It was Davidson.

"That liar and thief back there has got me rung up for \$19," he said, ignoring my amazement. "Nineteen dollars and forty cents!"

He surveyed my expense account at the driver's elbow, then hit the meter a smart slap, but the figures did not change.

"Nineteen dollars!" he repeated, fazed. "Nineteen dollars and—look here," he called to his driver, "it's only 20 cents here. Your clock's 10 cents fast."

He borrowed \$3 and crawled in with me.

"The next address on the list is the right one," he said. "I'm going to tell you something. There were eleven roundsmen as well as the sergeant who heard me read the note I found at the Fleming house that night. You may have counted them through the window. A dozen plain clothes men read it before morning. When the news of Mr. Fleming's murder—death came out I thought this fellow Carter might know something, and I trailed Delia through this Mamie Brennan. When I got there I found Tom Branigan and four other detectives sitting in the parlor and Miss Delia in a blue silk waist making eyes at every mother's son of them."

I laughed in spite of my disappointment. Davidson closed the window at the driver's back.

"Understand me, Mr. Knox," he said. "Mr. Fleming killed himself. You and I are agreed on that. Even if you aren't just convinced of it I'm telling you, and—better let it drop, sir." Under his quiet manner I felt a threat. It served to rouse me.

"I'll let it drop when I'm through with it," I asserted and got out my list of addresses.

"You'll let it drop because it's too hot to hold," he retorted, with the suspicion of a smile. "If you are determined to know about Carter I can tell you everything that is necessary."
The chauffeur stopped his engine with an exasperated jerk and settled down in his seat, every line of his back bristling with irritation.

"I prefer learning from Carter himself."

He leaned back in his seat and produced an apple from the pocket of his coat.

"You'll have to travel some to do it, son," he said. "Carter left for parts unknown last night, taking with him enough money to keep him in comfort for some little time."

"Until all this blows over," I said bitterly.

"The trip was for the benefit of his health. He has been suffering and still is suffering from a curious lapse of memory." Davidson smiled at me engagingly. "He has entirely forgotten everything that occurred from the time he entered Mr. Fleming's employment until that gentleman left home. I doubt if he will ever recover."

With Carter gone, his retreat covered by the police, supplied with funds from some problematical source, further search for him was worse than useless. In fact, Davidson strongly intimated that it might be dangerous and would be certainly unpleasant. I yielded ungraciously and ordered the cab to take me home. But on the way I cursed my folly for not having followed this obvious clue earlier, and I wondered what this thing could be that Carter knew, that was at least surmised by various headquarters men and yet was so carefully hidden from the world at large.

The party newspapers had come out that day with a signed statement from Mr. Fleming's physician in Plattsburg that he had been in ill health and inclined to melancholia for some time. The air was thick with rumors of differences with his party. The dust cloud covered everything. Pretty soon it would settle and hide the tracks of those who had hurried to cover under its protection.

Davidson left me at a corner downtown. He turned to give me a parting admonition.

"There's an old axiom in the mills around here. 'Never sit down on a piece of metal until you spit on it.' If it sizzles, don't sit." He grinned. "Your best position just now, young man, is standing, with your hands over your head. Confidentially, there ain't anything within expectorating distance just now that ain't pretty well hot up."

He left me with that, and I did not see him again until the night at the White Cat, when he helped put me through the transom. Recently, however, I have met him several times. He invariably mentions the \$8 and his intention of repaying it. Unfortunately the desire and the ability have not yet happened to coincide.

I took the evening train to Bellwood and got there shortly after 8 in the midst of the Sunday evening calm, and the calm of a place like Bellwood is the peace of death without the hope of resurrection.

Promiscuous inquiry was not advisable. So far Miss Jane's disappearance was known to very few, and Hunter had advised caution. I wandered the street and turned at random to the right. A few doors ahead a newish red brick building proclaimed itself the postoffice. It occurred to me that here inside was the one individual who, theoretically at least, in a small place always knows the idiosyncrasies of its people.

The postmaster proved to be a one armed veteran of the civil war, and he was sorting rapidly the contents of a mail bag, emptied on the counter.

"No delivery tonight," he said shortly. "Sunday delivery, 2 to 3."

"I suppose, then, I couldn't get a dollar's worth of stamps?"

"We don't sell stamps on Sunday nights," he explained. "But if you're in a hurry for them—"

"I am," I lied. And after he had got them out, counting them with a wrinkled finger, and tearing them off the sheet with the deliberation of age, I opened a general conversation.

It was when I asked him about his empty sleeve, and he had told me that he lost his arm at Chancellorsville, that we became really friendly. When he said he had been a corporal in General Maitland's command my path was one of ease.

"The Maitland ladies! I should say I do," he said warmly. "I've been fighting with Letitia Maitland as long as I can remember. That woman will scrap with the angel Gabriel at the resurrection, if he wakes her up before she's had her sleep out."

"Miss Jane is not that sort, is she?"

"Miss Jane? She's an angel—she is that. She could have been married a dozen times when she was a girl, but Letitia wouldn't have it. I was after her myself forty-five years ago."

"I suppose from that the Maitland ladies are wealthy," I said.

"Wealthy? They don't know what they're worth—not that it matters a mite to Jane Maitland. It's a shameful thing that a woman as old as Jane should have to get her letters surreptitiously. For more than a year now she's been coming here twice a week for her mail, and I've been keeping it for her. Rain or shine, Mondays and Thursdays, she's been coming, and a sight of letters she's been getting too."

"Did she come last Thursday?" I asked overeagerly. The postmaster all at once regarded me with suspicion.

"I don't know whether she did or not," he said coldly, and my further attempts to beguile him into conversation failed. I pocketed my stamps, and by that time his resentment at my curiosity was fading. He followed me to the door and lowered his voice cautiously.

"Any news of the old lady?" he asked. "It ain't generally known around here that she's missing, but Hepple, the cook there, is a relation of my wife's."
"We have no news," I replied, "and don't let it get around, will you?" He promised gravely.

"I was telling the missus the other day," he said, "that there is an old walled up cellar under the Maitland place. Have you looked there?" He

was disappointed when I said we had, and I was about to go when he called me back.

"Miss Jane didn't get her mail on Thursday, but on Friday that niece of hers came for it—two letters, one from the city and one from New York."

"Thanks," I returned, and went out into the quiet street.

I walked past the Maitland place, but the windows were dark and the house closed. Haphazard inquiry being out of the question, I took the 10 o'clock train back to the city. Why had Margery gone for Miss Jane's mail after the little lady was missing? And why did Miss Jane carry on a clandestine correspondence?

(To Be Continued)

LEGAL NOTICES

Order To Show Cause.

State of Minnesota,
County of Brown, ss.

In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Christiane Pfenninger, Deceased.

Whereas Herman F. Keller, Auguste Keller, Elizabeth Bevier, Carline Wilde, Fred J. Keller and Auguste Kiesling have presented and caused to be filed in the above named proceedings a verified petition praying that the order of this Court made and entered herein on March 14, 1914, admitting to probate the Will of the above named decedent be vacated and set aside, and that said Petitioners be allowed to appear and object to the probating and allowance of said Will as the Last Will and Testament of the decedent; and likewise praying that the Order of this Court of March 19, 1914, appointing Herman Held as executor of said estate be vacated and set aside;

Now, Therefore, It Is Hereby Ordered that Henry Engel, a legatee in said Will, and said Herman Held, a legatee and also executor in said Will, and all other persons interested in said estate, be and appear before this Court at a Special Term thereof to be held at the Probate Office, at the Court House in the City of New Ulm, in the above named County and State, on the 15th day of July, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted.

And said Petitioners are likewise Ordered to appear at said time and place and make such showing as may be possible and pertinent under said petition.

It Is Further Ordered that this Order be served personally upon said Herman Held and said Henry Engel, and that it be published three (3) successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published in said City of New Ulm.

Dated this 22nd day of June, 1915.

By the Court,
(Court Seal) GEO. ROSS,
25-27 Judge of Probate.

Order to Present Claims Within Three Months.

State of Minnesota,
County of Brown, ss.

In Probate Court,

Special Term, June 19, 1915.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frederick Walther, Deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the Estate of Frederick Walther deceased, late of the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and the State of Minnesota being granted to Friederick Walther.

It Appearing on proper proof by affidavit Friederick Walther, made and filed herein, as provided by law, that there are no debts against the estate of said deceased;

It Is Ordered, That three months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this Order, in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased, if any there be, are required to file the same in the Probate Court of said County, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It Is Further Ordered, That the first Monday in October 1915 at 10 o'clock, a. m. at a General Term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Court House in the City of New Ulm, in said County, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And It Is Further Ordered, That notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said Estate, by forthwith publishing this Order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated at New Ulm this 19th day of June 1915.

By the Court,
(Court Seal) GEO. ROSS,
25-27 Judge of Probate.

Realty Transfers.

Maris Eder to N. Henningsen, L 9 B 81 L 12 B 79, L 10 B 78 and Lot 14 B 91. All North of Center St, \$300.
Mary Krueger to Henry Kegel, L 16 B 4 Bagen's 1st Add to Springfield, \$800.
Mary Karl to Joseph H. Vogel, L 14 B 140 North of Center St, \$3150.
Julius Krause to Fred Aufderheide, L 8 and 10 B 90 South City, \$124.

SUMMONS.
State of Minnesota. District Court.
County of Brown. Ninth Judicial District.
Fred Zarn, Plaintiff,
vs.
John Joseph Dambach, Nicolaus Bof-ferding, Anna Barbara Locher, Wil-helm Locher, John Locher, Nicolaus Heinen, Mrs. Nicolaus Heinen, Theresia Rathmann, Math. Rathmann, Mrs. Math. Rathmann, Nic Heinen, John Graf, Mrs. John Graf, John Schmitz, John Schmitz Estate, George Grin, Joseph Green, Martha Green, Benedict Green, Reinhold Mueller, Anton Ochs, Mrs. Anton Ochs, John Harmann, also all other persons un-known claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in the real estate de-scribed 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 of the Plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Ninth Judicial District in and for the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers, at their office in the City of New Ulm 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 plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated June 28, 1915.

SOMSEN, DEMPSEY & MUELLER,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
New Ulm, Minnesota.

NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

State of Minnesota. District Court.
County of Brown. Ninth Judicial District.
Fred Zarn, Plaintiff,
vs.
John Joseph Dambach, Nicolaus Bof-ferding, Anna Barbara Locher, Wil-helm Locher, John Locher, Nicolaus Heinen, Mrs. Nicolaus Heinen, Theresia Rathmann, Math. Rathmann, Mrs. Math. Rathmann, Nic Heinen, John Graf, Mrs. John Graf, John Schmitz, John Schmitz Estate, George Grin, Joseph Green, Martha Green, Benedict Green, Reinhold Mueller, Anton Ochs, Mrs. Anton Ochs, John Harmann, also all other persons un-known claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in the real estate de-scribed in the complaint herein, Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an action has been commenced in this Court by the above named Plaintiff against the above named Defendants; that the object of said action is to have the Plaintiff adjudged the owner in fee simple and entitled to the possession of the real property in the complaint and hereinafter described, and to further adjudge that the Defendants John Joseph Dambach, Nicolaus Bof-ferding, Anna Barbara Locher, Wilhelm Locher, John Locher, Nicolaus Heinen, Mrs. Nicolaus Heinen, Theresia Rathmann, Math. Rathmann, Mrs. Math. Rathmann, Nic Heinen, John Graf, Mrs. John Graf, John Schmitz, John Schmitz Estate, George Grin, Joseph Green, Martha Green, Benedict Green, Reinhold Mueller, Anton Ochs, Mrs. Anton Ochs, John Harmann and also all other persons unknown have no right, title, estate, interest or lien in or to said real property or any part thereof.

The real property affected by said action is situated in the County of Brown in the State of Minnesota and is described as follows, to-wit: The east seventy acres of the Southeast quarter of Section Four (4); the East thirty-five acres of the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Nine (9); Sublots Nos. One (1), Two (2), Three (3) Four (4), Five (5), and Six (6) of the West half of the East half of the Northeast quarter of Section Four (4); and Four and eighty-one hundredths (4.81) acres situate in the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Four (4), more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the Northeast section corner of said Section Four (4); thence running West twenty rods; thence South thirty-five rods; thence in a Southeasterly direction to a point forty-two rods South of said Northeast corner of said Section Four (4); thence North on the section line forty-two rods to the point of beginning; All of the foregoing lying and being in Township One hundred and ten (110), North, of Range Thirty-one (31), West.

That part of Government Lot Eight (8), of Section Thirty-three (33), in Township one hundred eleven (111), North, of Range Thirty-one (31), West, described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the Southeast corner of said Section Thirty-three (33); thence West sixteen rods; thence North eight rods; thence in a Southeasterly direction to a point on the East line of said Section lying one rod North from the Southeast corner of said Section Thirty-three (33); thence South one rod to the place of beginning containing one-half acre.

Dated June 28, 1915.

SOMSEN, DEMPSEY & MUELLER,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
New Ulm, Minnesota.

Order to Examine Accounts Etc.

State of Minnesota,
County of Brown, ss.

In Probate Court,

Special Term, June 21, 1915.

In the Matter of the Estate of Johanna Friton, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Adolph Klaus, the administrator of the estate of Johanna Friton, deceased representing, among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the account of his administration and for assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law.

It Is Ordered, That said account be examined, and petition and application for the allowance of said claims and debts so paid by him and not yet allowed according to law, be heard by this Court on Friday the 16th day of July A. D. 1915 at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in New Ulm in said County.

And it Is Further Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm the 21st day of June A. D. 1915.

By the Court,
(Court Seal) GEO. ROSS,
25-27 Judge of Probate.