

# THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(CONCLUDED.)

### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Sherlock Holmes, a prepossessing young man, and his assistant, Dr. Watson, in the mystery of the "Hound of the Baskinshaws." CHAPTER II.—The party in search of further information reaches Pondicherry Lodge, where they find Bartholomew Sholto murdered, the treasure chest gone and a scrawl "the sign of the four." CHAPTER III.—Sherlock Holmes demonstrates his theory of the case, in which he is an expert and particular of her father's death. CHAPTER IV.—The party in search of further information reaches Pondicherry Lodge, where they find Bartholomew Sholto murdered, the treasure chest gone and a scrawl "the sign of the four." CHAPTER V.—The party in search of further information reaches Pondicherry Lodge, where they find Bartholomew Sholto murdered, the treasure chest gone and a scrawl "the sign of the four." CHAPTER VI.—The party in search of further information reaches Pondicherry Lodge, where they find Bartholomew Sholto murdered, the treasure chest gone and a scrawl "the sign of the four." CHAPTER VII.—The party in search of further information reaches Pondicherry Lodge, where they find Bartholomew Sholto murdered, the treasure chest gone and a scrawl "the sign of the four." CHAPTER VIII.—(CONCLUDED.)

"Isn't it gorgeous?" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and a maid came in with Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "I believe that they are really after us!"

"No, it is not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force—the Baker street irregulars."

As he spoke there came a swift patter of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scoundrel.

"Get your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steamer launch called the Aurora—owner, Mordecai Smith—black, with two red streaks, funnel black, with a white band. She is down the river, and I want one boy to beat Mordecai Smith's landing stage, opposite Millbank, to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among yourselves and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now, off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water, they will find her," said Holmes as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go anywhere, see everything, overhear everything. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the meanwhile we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No. I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Watson, legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again?"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him—to you anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data—diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone headed wooden cane, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons, I was inclined to think so, but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my view. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal wearing Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thing is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blowpipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savages?"

"South America," I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazetteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the bay of Bengal. Hum! Hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict barracks, Rutland Island, cottonwoods—ah, here we are: 'The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America and the Terra del Fuegiens. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has once been gained.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this: 'They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, branding the survivors with their stone headed clubs or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.' Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow this fellow has taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him."

up as far as Richmond. If no news comes today, I shall start off myself tomorrow and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or from the other agencies. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. They all appeared to be rather hostile to the unfortunate Thaddeus Sholto. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them, save that an inquest was to be held upon the following day. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report our ill success to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes dejected and somewhat morose. He would hardly reply to my questions and busied himself all evening in an abstruse chemical analysis which involved much heating of retorts and distilling of vapors, ending at last in a smell which fairly drove me out of the apartment. Up to the small hours of the morning I could hear the clinking of his test tubes, which told me that he was still engaged in his maddening experiment.

In the early dawn I woke with a start and was surprised to find him standing by my bedside clad in a rude sailor dress, with a pea-jacket and a coarse red scarf round his neck.

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I can see only one way out of it. It is worth trying, at all events."

"Surely I can come with you, then?" said I.

"No; you can be much more useful if you will remain here as my representative. I am loath to go, for it is quite on the cards that some message may come during the day, though Wiggins was despondent about it last night. I want you to open all notes and telegrams and to act on your own judgment if any news should come. Can I rely upon you?"

"Most certainly."

"I am afraid that you will not be able to wire to me, for I can hardly tell yet whether I may and myself. If I am in luck, however, I may not be gone so very long. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

I had heard nothing of him by breakfast time. On opening The Standard, however, I found that there was a fresh allusion to the business. "With reference to the Upper Norwood tragedy," it remarked, "we have reason to believe that the matter promises to be even more complex and mysterious than was originally supposed. Fresh evidence has shown that it is quite impossible that Mr. Thaddeus Sholto could have been in any way concerned in the matter. He and the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, were both released yesterday evening. It is believed, however, that the police have a clew as to the real culprits, and that it is being prosecuted by Mr. Athelney Jones of Scotland Yard with all his well known energy and sagacity. Further arrests may be expected at any moment."

"That is satisfactory, so far as it goes," thought I. "Friend Sholto is safe, at any rate. I wonder what the fresh clew may be, though it seems to be a stereotyped form whenever the police have made a blunder."

I tossed the paper down upon the table, but at that moment my eye caught an advertisement in the agony column. It ran this way:

"Lost.—Whereas Mordecai Smith, boatman, and his son Jim, left Smith's wharf at or about 8 o'clock last Tuesday morning in the steamer launch Aurora, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band, the sum of £5 will be paid to any one who can give information to Mrs. Smith, at Smith's wharf, or at 221B Baker street, as to the whereabouts of the said Mordecai Smith and the launch Aurora."

This was clearly Holmes' doing. The Baker street address was enough to prove that. It struck me as rather ingenious, because it might be read by the fugitives without their seeing in it more than the natural anxiety of a wife for her missing husband.

It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door or a sharp step passed in the street I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or an answer to his advertisement. I tried to read, but my thoughts would wander off to our strange quest and to the ill assorted and villainous pair whom we were pursuing. Could there be, I wondered, some radical flaw in my companion's reasoning? Might he be suffering from some huge self-deception? Was it not possible that his nimble and speculative mind had built up this wild theory upon faulty premises? I had never known him to be wrong, and yet the keenest reasoner may occasionally be deceived. He was likely, I thought, to fall into error through the over refinement of his logic—his preference for a subtle and bizarre explanation when a plainer and more common one lay ready to his hand. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the evidence, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of curious circumstances, many of them trivial in themselves, but all tending in the same direction, I could not disguise from myself that even if Holmes' explanation were incorrect the true theory must be equally odd and startling.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud rattle at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different he was, however, from the brusque and masterful professor of common sense who had taken over the case so confidently at Upper Norwood. His expression was downcast and his bearing meek and even apologetic.

"Good day, sir, good day!" said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out. I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you. I don't mind if I do," said he, molding his face with a red handkerchief.

"And a whisky and soda?"

"Well, half a glass. It is very hot for the time of year, and I have had a good deal to worry and try me. You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you expressed one."

"Well, I have been obliged to reconsider it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when, pop! he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an alibi which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of some one or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trapdoors. It is a very dark case, and my professional credit is at stake. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, is a wonderful man, sir," said he in a husky and confidential voice. "He's a man who

is not to be beat. I have known that young man get into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods and a little quick perhaps in jumping at theories; but, on the whole, I think he would have made a most promising officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a wire from him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clew to this Sholto business. Here is his message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket and handed it to me. It was dated from Poplar at 12 o'clock. "Go to Baker street at once," it said. "If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us tonight if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has evidently picked up the scent again," said I.

"Ah, then he has been at fault, too," exclaimed Jones, with evident satisfaction. "Even the best of us are thrown off sometimes. Of course this may prove to be a false alarm, but it is my duty as an officer of the law to allow no chance to slip. But there is some one at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard ascending the stairs, with a great wheezing and rattling, as from a man who was sorely put to it for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance corresponded to the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, clad in a seafaring garb, with an old pea-jacket buttoned up to his throat. His back was bowed, his knees were shaky, and his breathing was painfully asthmatic. As he leaned upon a thick oaken cudgel his shoulders heaved in the effort to draw the air into his lungs. He had a colored scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face save a pair of keen dark eyes, overhung by bushy white brows, and a long gray side whisker. Altogether he gave me the impression of a respectable master mariner who had fallen into years and poverty.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow, methodical fashion of old age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No, but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I know well where it is, and I know where the man he is after, and I know where the treasure is. I know all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated, with the petulant obstinacy of a very old man.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"No, no, I ain't goin' to lose a whole day to please no one. If Mr. Holmes ain't here, then Mr. Holmes must find it all out for himself. I don't care about the look of either of you, and I won't tell a word."

He shuffled toward the door, but Athelney Jones put him in front of him.

"Wait a bit, my friend," said he. "You have important information, and you must not walk off. We shall keep you, whether you like or not, until our friend returns."

The old man made a little run toward the door, but as Athelney Jones put his broad back up against it he recognized the uselessness of resistance.

"Pretty sort of treatment this!" he cried, stamping his stick. "I come here to see a gentleman, and you two, who I never saw in my life, seize me and treat me in this fashion!"

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall recompense you for the loss of your time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across sullenly enough and seated himself, with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I resumed our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes' voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar, too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us, with an air of quiet amusement.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You here? But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a heap of white hair. "Here he is—wig, whiskers, eyebrows and all. I thought my disguise was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test."

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Jones, highly delighted. "You would have made a fine actor, at a rare one. You had the proper workhouse cough, and those weak legs of yours are worth £10 a week. I thought I knew the glint of your eye, though. You didn't get away from us so easily, you see."

"I have been working in that getup all day," said he, lighting his cigar. "You see, a good many of the criminal classes begin to know me, especially since our friend here took to publishing some of my cases, so I can only go on the warpath under some simple disguise like this. You got my wire?"

"Yes; that was what brought me here."

"How has your case prospered?"

"It has all come to nothing. I have had to release two of my prisoners, and there is no evidence against the other two."

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the lines that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster stairs at 7 o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there, but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

"Then I shall want two stanch men, in case of resistance."

"There will be two or three in the boat. What else?"

"When we secure the men, we shall get the treasure. I think it would be a pleasure to my friend here to take the box round to the young lady to whom half of it rightfully belongs. Let her be the first to open it—eh, Watson?"

"It would be a great pleasure to me."

"Rather an irregular proceeding," said Jones, shaking his head. "However, the whole thing is irregular, and I suppose we must wink at it. The treasure must afterward be handed over to the authorities until after the official investigation."

"Certainly. That is easily managed. One other point. I should much like to have a few details about this matter from the lips of Jonathan Small himself. You know like to work the detail of my cases out. There is no objection to my having an unofficial interview with him, either here in my rooms or elsewhere, as long as he is efficiently guarded?"

"Well, you are master of the situation. I have had no proof yet of the existence of this Jonathan Small. However, if you can catch him, I don't see how I can refuse you an interview with him."

"That is understood, then?"

"Perfectly. Is there anything else?"

"Only that I insist upon your dining with us. It will be ready in half an hour. I have oysters and a brace of grouse, with something a little choice in white wine. Watson, you have never yet recognized my merits as a housekeeper."

CHAPTER IX.

Our meal was a merry one. Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose, and that night he did choose. He appeared to be in a state of nervous exaltation. I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke on a quick succession of subjects, on miracle plays, on medieval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Ceylon and on the warships of the future, handling each though he had made a special study of it. His bright humor marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days. Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation and faced his dinner with the air of a bon vivant. For myself, I felt elated at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task, and I caught something of Holmes' gaiety. None of us alluded during dinner to the cause which had brought us together.

When the cloth was cleared, Holmes glanced at his watch and filled up three glasses with port. "One bumper," said he, "to the success of our little expedition. And now it is high time we were off. Have you a pistol, Watson?"

"I have my old service revolver in my desk."

"You had best take it, then. It is well to be prepared. I see that the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half past 6."

It was a little past 7 before we reached the Westminster wharf and found our launch awaiting us. Holmes eyed it critically.

"Is there anything to mark it as a police boat?"

"Yes; that green lamp at the side."

"Then take it off."

The small change was made, we stepped on board, and the ropes were cast off. Jones, Holmes and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the rudder, one to tend the engines and two burly police inspectors forward.

"Where to?" asked Jones.

"To the Tower. Tell them to stop opposite to Jacobson's yard."

Our craft was evidently a very fast one. We shot past the long lines of loaded barges as though they were stationary. Holmes smiled with satisfaction as we overhauled a river steamer and left her behind.

"We ought to be able to catch anything on the river," he said.

"Well, hardly that, but there are not many launches to beat us."

"We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being a clipper. I will tell you how the land lies, Watson. You recollect how annoyed I was at being balked by so small a thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave my mind a thorough rest by plunging into a chemical analysis. One of our greatest statesmen has said that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had succeeded in dissolving the hydrocarbon which I was at work at, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos and thought the whole matter out again. My boys had been up the river and down without result. The launch was not at any landing stage or wharf, nor had it returned. Yet it could hardly have been scuttled to hide their traces, though that always remained as a possible hypothesis if all else failed. I knew that this man Small had a certain degree of low cunning, but I did not think him capable of anything in the nature of delicate finesse. That is usually a product of higher education. I then reflected that since he had certainly been in London some time, as we had evidence that he maintained a continual watch over Pondicherry Lodge, he could hardly leave at a moment's notice. He would need some time, if it were only a day, to arrange his affairs. This was the balance of probability, at any rate."

"It seems to me to be a little weak," said I. "It is more probable that he had arranged his affairs before ever he set out upon his expedition."

"No; I hardly think so. This lair of his would be too valuable a retreat in case of need for him to give it up until he was sure that he could do without it. But a second consideration struck me. Jonathan Small must have felt that the peculiar appearance of his companion, however much he might have posted him, would give rise to gossip and possibly be associated with this Norwood tragedy. He was quite sharp enough to see that. They had started from their headquarters under cover of darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was broad light. Now, it was past 3 o'clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright, and people would be about in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, reserved his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their lodgings with the treasure box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see what view the papers took and whether there was any suspicion, they would make their way under cover of darkness to some ship at Gravesend or in the Downs, where no doubt they had already arranged for passages to America or the colonies."

(To be Continued.)

Farmers, Get a Copy of Coin.

Every farmer who wants some plain, practical information on the silver and financial question, should get a copy of "Coin's Financial School." It will be the most satisfactory investment made in a long time. After reading Coin lend it to your neighbor and urge him to read it.

The financial question is the most absorbing topic of the day.

The book will be sent free, post paid, to any new yearly subscriber of the Weekly Alert, or to any old subscriber paying the amount of a year's subscription; or it can be had of newsdealers for 25 cents a copy. It is in simple, plain language that any reader can understand.

Weekly subscribers entitled to World's Fair city premium for subscription, payment in full, can have choice of "Coin's Financial School" if they so desire. Notify office.

## NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP.

This is to certify: That M. L. Parker and W. C. Tubbs have by this day formed a special partnership under the name of "Parker and Tubbs," and the name under which such partnership shall be conducted is and shall be M. L. Parker & Company, at Jamestown, North Dakota. The general nature of the business of said partnership, shall be dealing in retail clothing, hats, caps and men's finishing goods, and the names of the partners and their residences are: M. L. Parker, who resides at Jamestown, North Dakota, who is a general partner, and W. C. Tubbs, who resides at Fargo, North Dakota, who is a special partner. Said special partner has contributed to the common stock of said firm in cash, five thousand dollars. Said partnership will begin on the Third day of April, 1905. Witness the hands of the parties hereto. May Third, 1905. W. C. TUBBS, M. L. PARKER.

First Pub. May 9, 1905.

## SEALED PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals for furnishing supplies for the North Dakota Hospital for the Insane, consisting of dry goods, groceries, clothing, boots and shoes for the year ending June 30th, 1906, will be received by the steward at his office at the hospital, Jamestown, N. D., up to 10 o'clock, June 4th, 1905. Bids can be made for dry goods only, groceries only, clothing only, boots and shoes only, or for all. The list of articles to be furnished is to be in the same order as in the schedules. Schedules of supplies required will be furnished on application to the steward. Samples of articles in the schedule checked in red ink must be furnished the steward. All goods to be delivered at the hospital at such times and in such quantities as the steward may direct, all bids must be accompanied by a certified check for \$100 to be forfeited to the state if bidders fail to enter into contract if their bid is accepted, otherwise to be returned. The successful bidder will be required to furnish a satisfactory bond for the faithful performance of the contract. The successful bidder's bid is to be returned with their certified check. All goods must be of good quality. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. All goods to be marked "Proposals for furnishing supplies for the insane hospital." The samples must be delivered to the steward before 10 a. m., June 3rd, 1905.

The bids will be opened and considered by the trustees at 11 o'clock June 5th, 1905.

Jamestown, N. D., May 4th, 1905.

ODDEN LOVELL, Steward.

First Pub. May 9, 1904.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment and decree rendered and entered and given by the district court of the fifth judicial district, in and for the county of Stutsman, and state of North Dakota, docketed and docketed in the office of the clerk of said court in and for said county, on the 17th day of April, 1905, in an action wherein Alliance Mortgage and Investment Co. is plaintiff and Reuben S. Winslow is defendant, in favor of said plaintiff and against the said Defendant Reuben S. Winslow for the sum of \$100 and costs of fifty-five dollars and eighty-four cents, which judgment and decree, among other things, directed the sale by the court of the real estate hereinafter described to satisfy the amount of said judgment, with interest thereon and the costs and expenses of such sale, or so much thereof as the proceeds of such sale applicable thereto will satisfy. And by virtue of a writ to me issued out of the office of the clerk of said court in and for said county of Stutsman, and state of North Dakota, directing me to sell said real property pursuant to said judgment and decree I, J. J. Eddy, sheriff of said county, and person appointed by said court to make said sale, will sell the hereinafter described real estate to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Jamestown, in the county of Stutsman, and state of North Dakota, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1905, at two o'clock p. m. of that day to satisfy said judgment, with interest thereon and the costs and expenses of such sale, or so much thereof as the proceeds of such sale applicable thereto will satisfy. The premises to be sold as aforesaid pursuant to said judgment and decree, and to said writ, and to this notice, are described in said judgment, decree and writ, as follows, to-wit: The west one-half of the northwest quarter, and the west one-half of the southwest quarter of section number 12 in township 140 north, and range 40 west of the principal meridian, containing 150 acres more or less.

J. J. EDDY, Sheriff of Stutsman County, N. D.

EDGAR W. CAMP, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First Pub. April 18, 1905.

## SUMMONS.

State of North Dakota, ss. County of Stutsman, Fifth Judicial District.

R. G. DePuy, Plaintiff.

L. G. Heberich, Defendant.

The state of North Dakota to the above named defendant:

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 fifth judicial district, in and for the county of Stutsman, and state of North Dakota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in Jamestown, in said county and state, 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 plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of thirty dollars, with interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum from the 15th day of August, A. D. 1905, together with costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated March 30th, 1905. GEO. C. EAGLER, Plaintiff's attorney, Jamestown, North Dakota.

You will take notice further that the complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the clerk of the court in and for Stutsman county, North Dakota, April 1, 1905.

GEO. C. EAGLER, Attorney for Plaintiff, Jamestown, N. D.

First Pub. April 18, 1905.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Fargo, N. D. April 29th, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make five year final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before John H. Severn, clerk of the district court at Jamestown, Stutsman county, N. D., on June 25th, 1905, to-wit:

SAMUEL A. PORTER.

H. E. No. 17898 for the N. E.