

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by
Marvin Dana, author
of "Within the Law,"
from the suc-
cessful play by
Daniel D. Carter



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CHAPTER II. By Devious Ways.

THE weeks immediately following the conviction of Henry Allen the brother of the condemned set himself with fanatic zeal to preparations that should lead to the consummation of the vengeance on Cortland Wainwright. To the achievement of this purpose the Master Mind put in operation the myriad methods of the underworld with which he was familiar for the gathering of information in detailed completeness concerning the private life of the man whom he regarded as his enemy. Through various subterranean channels at his command knowledge flowed in. He learned essentially all there was to know of Wainwright's family, of his boyhood of his life in school, in college, and afterward in the world of affairs, where though still a young man, he had won distinction from the respectful liking of his fellows.

But the Master Mind found no solace in sifting the mass of material thus placed at his command concerning the foe. From all the evidence the truth appeared incontestable that Cortland Wainwright had lived a clean life; that there was no stigma of scandal hidden within his experience to be fearfully guarded from the public eye. Finally when all other methods of search had availed naught, the departure of his intended victim for a vacation trip to Europe inspired him with a plan of action characteristically audacious.

His resolution once taken, Andrew Allen lost no time in the accomplishment of his scheme. He was possessed of money aplenty, and bribery will accomplish modern miracles, especially when accompanied by a guarantee of immunity from any ill consequences or discovery. As a messenger for him self he held an interview with the janitor of the building in which Wainwright's apartment. The result was that within a week of the district attorney's sailing the Master Mind was snugly at home in his enemy's house there to live and there to study at his leisure the owner of the place, there to learn the vulnerable point toward which to drive attack, for now, the plotter had come to believe that he must seek to trap his quarry by some device against the strength of the man's nature, since he could discover no vital weakness anywhere; against the good qualities, since the evil were of a kind too trifling to serve.

Other dwellers in the building never guessed that a stealthy guest lurked in the apartment which the district attorney had left untenanted for the period of his trip abroad. By day as well as by night the shades remained drawn over the whole inner surface of the windows. Andrew had arranged light proof coverings, through which at least rays from the electric lamps could penetrate to give a hint of his occupancy. A very slight opening of the windows gave him sufficient fresh air and throughout the hours of day as of darkness the artificial illumination sufficed him.

Indeed, the Master Mind found him self strangely content in this curious sort of intimate association with the man against whom he maneuvered so craftily. He experienced a subtle, sinister joy in feeling this nearness to his prey which was the product of the surroundings. Here were the books Wainwright read, the letters he received, the pictures he esteemed, the various souvenirs he most cherished. In the assembling of the varied articles within this home, there must be a tracing of testimony from which to judge the inner, vital nature of the owner. It might easily be that some record would suggest the precise course to bring down on him shame and despair.

Having thus molded circumstances to his will, the Master Mind spent two weeks in exhaustive research into the mind and heart of Wainwright as they were respectively indicated by his personal accumulations. His painstaking investigations convinced Andrew of two facts that were beyond question: first, that the young lawyer had a heart capable of tenderest affections, as was witnessed by the letters from mother and sister, which were to be manifestly found; second, that he ruled his life according to the dictates of a lofty ambition.

Convinced of the twin truths, the Master Mind determined broadly the manner of his attack. It must be the contriving of some situation that would strike its agony into the depths of the man's being, something to wound beyond remedy both brain and heart. The exact plan could be left for future arrangement, depending on facts yet to be marshaled. And then, within twenty-four hours, the Master Mind came on the thing he sought.

This was a journal, with entries covering a number of years, in which Wainwright had jotted down rough notes of many things. Andrew had early found it in one of the locked drawers of the desk in the district attorney's study. The searcher had glanced through the volume hastily. He had given it no more than a cursory attention after the outset of his reading. The items were uniformly of a barren kind—notes concerning cases, financial statements and estimates, brief itineraries of trips, some mention of a few trifling illnesses, references to particular events of purely personal interest. There was, for example, a rather lengthy account of an automobile accident in which Wainwright had been injured nearly a year ago in Chicago. Already Andrew had received a circumstantial history of this happening from one of his agents. So, on his first scanning of the diary, he had merely read enough of the entry to learn the nature of the event described therein and had omitted the remainder of the narrative.

Now, at last, he returned to the journal and read it slowly and attentively without missing a word. When finally he was come to a full scrutiny of the Chicago episode in the life of Wainwright he was suddenly filled with joy, unholily in his exultation. Wainwright himself had put the weapon in his hand!

The text of the entry as well as the date showed that the account had been written after the district attorney's return to New York. The narrative ran in this form:

New York, April 20, 1907.
I ran into a heap of trouble on my Chicago trip. Rather, Billy Clark's chauffeur led the running into something. Steering gear went wrong, car skidded into curb and over we went. The chauffeur got a broken leg, and my ribs were mused up a lot. But the serious part was a cut in my wrist where the broken wheel sliced open the artery. The chauffeur was pinned under the machine, and there was nobody else to do anything. As the doctor told me in the hospital, a severed artery can get in its work mighty quick. It was just a fluke that saved me. No, I don't mean that. I suppose it was Providence. The fact is, it was just a girl—and such a girl! The other women on the scene gabbled and had hysterics and were worse than good for nothing. And the man ably seconded



"The One Girl."

them. But there was one girl. I'll understand that, I guess. I'll write it: *The One Girl*. Well, when she saw the blood spurting out in jets that were sending me to kingdom come in a hurry, she didn't scream or faint or even cry. Anyhow, she didn't run away, for I have a memory of seeing her darting toward me. I heard a little cry from her, a pitiful kind of cry. I wondered why she cried out like that. For my part I didn't seem to care much about what might happen to me. But she did. She moved like lightning, with not a wasted movement. In a second she had ready a long strip of white cloth torn from her petticoat.

which she bound around my arm above the wound. The half of my walking stick, which was lying broken beside me, was seized by her and thrust through the bandage to serve as lever in the tourniquet. It seemed to me two seconds from the time I first saw her until the jumping blood flow ceased. It may possibly have been as much as six seconds, I suppose. Not one more, I swear. And she stayed by me till I was safe in the ambulance. She saved my life.

But there's more than that to it. Oh, infinitely more! Nobody will ever hear this book, so I may as well get what relief I can by putting my confession in writing. For the matter of that I've made the confession already—when I wrote it in capitals and underlined: *The One Girl*. That's the truth of the matter. Seems funny—that little girl I never said a word to in my life and only saw for a few seconds. Just the same, she plumped right into my heart as no woman ever did before or will again. She stays by me in memory. When I shut my eyes I see her, every face of her face, the light in her eyes. Yes, she's the one woman for me, that girl. Anybody might think it foolish of me to love a girl of whom I know nothing. But the fact is, I know the soul of her that called to me. Did she know that her soul called to mine there in those few moments of our meeting? Did she know? Oh, she must have known.

There, I've rhapsodized enough on paper, though I'll keep it up in my thoughts whenever I think of her, which is pretty close all the time. And I don't think I don't even know her name. All my own seeking and that of the sleuths I employed, fruitless. But somewhere, somehow, I'll find her. I must. That's the destiny.

That was the end of the passage The Master Mind sat erect and cast the book from him with a hoarse cry of triumph. His eyes glittered in savage delight; his lips bent to a mocking smile in which was remorseless cruelty. After a moment he lifted his gaze to the pencil sketch of a girl, which set within an oval frame of gold, hung on the wall above the desk. The picture was in truth rather crudely done. Nevertheless there showed in it, despite the clumsiness of the craftsman's ship, a definite suggestion of feminine loveliness which was inexplicably alluring. Even Andrew recognized the tender patience of the spell exercised by this unknown girl, but he resisted its softening sway; flouted it with his hate for the man that loved her. He nodded toward the picture with a malevolent grin.

"So Wainwright couldn't find you?" he muttered. "Well, I can. And you my lady, shall be my pawn in the game."

The implacable man had a venomous gleam in his eyes as these thoughts ran through his brain. He had a wonderful capacity for using other people for his own purposes, and he was determined to demonstrate it thoroughly.

The Master Mind took measures at once to make good his boast. With scrupulous fidelity he restored Wainwright's apartment to the order in which he had found it. Then, his work there accomplished, he left the place and boarded the fastest train for Chicago. On his arrival in that city he devoted himself at once to his quest for the mysterious maiden. With a few modifications of his personal appearance he undertook in person a painstaking minute search throughout the neighborhood where had occurred the automobile accident. In an adjacent side street of some two-story character he at last came on a street urchin who had been present at the time of the accident and who, moreover, possessed some information that might serve as a clue to the identity of the ministering girl of that occasion. The boy had seen her at other times, both before and after the accident, in a quiet and respectable neighborhood, a few blocks further down the street. He cheerfully guided Andrew to the vicinity.

The Master Mind was hugely elated by this initial success. A garrulous woman, who took a frank interest in all her neighbors, welcomed his questions and answered them with the positive information he sought. She had long known the girl by sight. She had heard of what had happened at the time of the automobile accident. As the girl's home was only four houses away from her own, she had had no difficulty in learning the name—Margaret Flint.

"But she's gone from here now," the woman concluded; "been gone for three months. You see, it was this way." She explained: "Her father was pretty poor. Just a house painter, and his health so bad he couldn't get work most of the time. Her mother was dead, and then her father died. It was after that she went, had to—couldn't pay the rent. And that's all I know."

The Master Mind finally, however, succeeded in tracing Margaret Flint to the house of a prosperous merchant, where she had secured employment as a nursemaid for two small children. There Andrew had an interview with the girl herself. At his first glance into her face he was forced to lively appreciation of her loveliness. Then the girl voiced a response to his greeting, and instantly the spell was broken. A keen critic might perhaps have detected a musical resonance in the tones. But if such a quality was indeed present it was hopelessly covered by the harsh, nasal, treble utterance of her class.

CHAPTER III. A Pawn in the Game.

THE Master Mind professed to have known the girl's father intimately and offered this as an explanation of his visit.

After a brief interview that satisfied his curiosity, and did little to arouse hers, he took his departure, and straightway began plotting the immediate steps next to be made. So cunningly did he contrive his mesh of chicanery that the miserable victim in the toils never suspected even that he was the agent of her anguish. Through the bought offices of a confederate, who had no suspicion as to his identity, Andrew so arranged matters that Margaret Flint was accused of theft. The stolen brooch of her mistress was found in the girl's trunk. On such circumstantial evidence it was easy to secure conviction of one who had neither money nor friends to plead in her behalf. She was sentenced to two years in the woman's reformatory.

But it was no part of the Master Mind's plan that the girl whom he had thus stricken by his arts should languish in prison throughout the whole term of her sentence. It was sufficient for his purposes that the stigma had been inflicted on her. He waited for six months and then entered on the second stage of his operations. First he paid a visit to the wretched object of his machinations. He professed profound sorrow over the plight in which he found her, and promised to use every endeavor in her behalf by gaining the services of certain influential politicians with whom he enjoyed friendly relations.

As a matter of fact, however, Andrew called on only one man for assistance, and that no friend. With a new type wheel on the small machine, which he had brought with him in the suit case from New York, he concocted a most explicit letter to a politician of Chicago, who had risen from the ranks by ways best known to himself. The Master Mind pointed out that it would be well for the politician to secure forthwith the release of Margaret Flint on probation. Otherwise some curious facts in the history of the politician would be turned over to the public prints. A few details as to the nature of such revelations were given, and, as he read them, the politician's florid complexion faded to a mottled ashen, and his hands trembled strangely.

Within three days Margaret Flint was released from custody, and just outside the walls of the reformatory she found waiting her father's friend.

"I'll be your friend," he said to her when they were alone together in the parlor of a quiet Chicago hotel. "Your father was kind to me. I have no children of my own or any one depending on me. Your father is dead, so I can't repay his goodness to me. So I mean to take care of you. You have had a mighty hard time of it so far. He had been poor, you have been a drudge, you have been in prison. Of course I know you were innocent, for I believe what you tell me. But the world doesn't know. The only way to make your future life happy is just to bury all the past forever. Maggie Flint, the nursemaid, who was sent to jail, is dead from this second and buried. Now, when shall we resurrect her in your stead?" He smiled quizzically in response to the girl's expression of sheer amazement. "I am not rich," he went on frankly, "but I have a comfortable fortune—enough so that I can educate you as a lady and keep you fairly well afterward without your having to worry ever again about work."

"It's like a story I read once," the girl breathed tremulously. The shrill voice had sunk to a softer register. The sapphire eyes were glowing with the naive happiness of a child.

"Yes, it is like a story," the Master Mind assented. "But, first of all," he continued, "you must go to school. I've been making some inquiries," he explained pleasantly, "and I've found out that there's just the place for you over in a private school in France. You see, Margaret, you're a bit too old for the regular school in this country."

"France?" the girl repeated.

"That school will be just the place for you. They'll teach you everything about how to be a lady as well as the usual stuff out of books. But we must have that christening. I've thought of a name."

"Tell me!" the girl urged.

"Lucene Blount," he replied. "You like it?"

"Oh, I love it!" was the eager answer. "But—but it seems so strange—after Maggie!"

"So it does," he agreed. "Well, then, if you're satisfied we'll settle on Lucene Blount."

The smile that curved her pale lips was very winning—so winning, indeed, that once again the plotter experienced a pang of regret over the necessity that led him to sacrifice this life to his vengeance.

"We'll be sailing in the course of a few days, for I mean to see you safe in the place myself, and in the meantime I'm going to feed you on the fat of the land and keep you out in the sunshine every minute possible until you just blossom."

As it had been planned, so duly it was executed by the Master Mind. In France speedily began the transformation of a humble working girl who had been subjected to the ignominy of imprisonment into a woman of excellent education, of gentle manners, of essential refinement of character. To this work Andrew allowed a period of four years. Thus it will be seen that the man was not influenced by heedless haste. At last the span drew to its close and the final activities of his scheming began. It was time, too, since Wainwright had persistently advanced in public honor until he was become the chief man of his political party in the state with a splendid reputation absolutely unblemished. It was known that he would be given the nomination for governor by his party in the campaign of the coming year. It was certain as well

that he would be elected. The Master Mind turned a smile that was not good to see as he sat at his typewriter, into which he had just slipped a new type wheel, and addressed an envelope to Cortland Wainwright, Esq.

At his breakfast table next morning Wainwright at sight of a card that dropped from the opened envelope felt a chill of apprehension. To these white cards he had become in a way habituated. For nearly four years they had appeared in his mail at irregular intervals. Some had come to his office, some to his home, others to his hotels abroad, even to the country houses of friends where he visited.

He stared at the ominous symbol in a daisy foreign to his habit. This was the silent message of a doom brooding close over him. And against the insidious attack he was without resource, helpless in his ignorance of where or when or how the blow would fall. Already he had employed in vain one of the best men from the Pinkerton agency to seek out the Master Mind. Now, however, under the urgency of the card Wainwright left the table and went to the telephone, where he established communication with the detective, Marshall, and made an appointment. Then he returned to the table and resolutely continued the reading of his letters. Presently another communication absorbed his attention.

It was just now, one of those recurrent seasons in New York city when there is a karying of the grafters, or, rather, of a selected few of them. In one most important instance there was a woeful lack of admissible evidence against an offender whose guilt was nevertheless generally known. The roughly scrawled, ill-spelt missive before Wainwright promised to turn over the needed evidence, but only to Wainwright himself in person. The reason for this condition seemed convincing enough. The writer explained that his life would pay the penalty were his treachery made known to the guilty involved in his revelations.

For the sake of his own safety the writer suggested that Wainwright should meet him the night following the receipt of the letter at half past 11 o'clock on the south side of Chelsea square, toward the west end, where the probabilities were that there would be almost no one else about, and the interview might pass unnoticed.

At 11 o'clock that night Wainwright set forth to the meeting with the unknown. Walking westward along Twentieth street, he peered sharply about him for a glimpse of any one who might suggest his mysterious correspondent, but the place was wholly deserted. The fact caused Wainwright no concern, for the hour of the appointment was not quite arrived. He strolled slowly on until he was come within a few yards of Tenth avenue.

Suddenly a shrill cry startled him. He saw less than a rod before him the figure of a man dimly visible in deeper shadows close by a house wall. At the same moment there sounded another cry, and now he saw, behind the other, a second figure, which darted forward swiftly. Then, just as the two figures blended, a lance of fire burned through the night, and the sharp crack of an automatic smote the stillness of the square. Wainwright stood rooted to the spot in stupefaction over the unexpectedness of the event. In a flash he understood that an assassin had been lurking there in ambush awaiting his coming. The shout of the other man had been in warning. Evidently the newcomer had turned into the street from Tenth avenue just in time to observe the assailant as he stepped forth from his place of concealment, and the newcomer had not hesitated to spring forward and grapple with the criminal. Doubtless the unexpected interruption had diverted the aiming of the weapon. Certainly another shot had been prevented by the fall of the weapon.

One of the forms broke fiercely from the clutch of the other and disappeared into Tenth avenue as his adversary went staggering back against the wall from the effect of a well delivered blow.

"Quick—after him!" Wainwright heard a gasping cry.

He ran to the corner of the avenue and looked south, in which direction the thing had vanished. Then he stopped short in wonder, for the man had gone from sight as if the earth had opened to swallow him. A policeman was approaching on the run, drawn by the noise of the shot, and there were others pressing toward the scene of the encounter, the nucleus of a crowd. Wainwright was relieved to find that the policeman recognized him, and he was in consequence spared some possible annoyances that might otherwise have been his from being involved in a shooting affair at such an hour in such a neighborhood. But when he turned to express his grateful appreciation to the man who had rendered assistance so vitally timely and efficient he met with disappointment, for there was no trace of his rescuer.

He questioned the policeman, but the puzzled official was unable to offer effective aid. Finally Wainwright took a car eastward on his way home. Safe in his apartment again, Wainwright sat long over a cigar, pondering the events of the night. It seemed clear enough to him that the communication requesting a meeting in Chelsea square had been only a ruse to secure his presence where he might be murdered at leisure.

Wainwright sat at last and went into his bedroom. There sounded the ringing of the telephone bell. He put the receiver to his ear. At once a voice came clearly:

"Is this Mr. Wainwright?" And then when he had answered in the affirmative:



"Young chap named Walter Blount."

firmative: "Well, I called you up about that shooting business down at Tenth avenue tonight. You understand?"

"Who is this?" Wainwright demanded.

"Oh, who I am don't cut any ice. I just happened to be in the crowd there, and I heard you asking the cop about the guy that butted in and let you out. I got a line on that guy, and so I thought I'd put you wise."

"Who was he?"

"Young chap named Walter Blount from somewhere out west. He's staying in the city, though—got a house. The address is 21A East Thirty-ninth street. That's all. Good night."

"But wait! Tell me!" Wainwright began hurriedly. His appeal was useless. There came no response.

(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Mrs. Charles Troop was among those going to Omaha this afternoon to visit there with friends for the day.

John Whiteman of Nehawka was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with his many friends.

James Terryberry and sons, Fred and Glenn, were here yesterday in attendance at the case in county court in which they were interested.

R. E. Nickels, from the vicinity of Murray, was here today for a short time attending to some matters of business and visiting with friends.

Henry Lamphere, who has been here visiting with his parents and friends for a few days, departed this afternoon for Norfolk, Nebraska, to resume his duties there.

Dr. J. S. Livingston returned home last evening on No. 2 from Omaha, where he had been for the past two days in attendance at a lawsuit there against the Burlington.

Mrs. Charles S. Stone and Mrs. E. J. Richey were among the passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where they will spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. Charles Freese and little son, Charles, Jr., who have been here for the past two weeks visiting with her relatives, departed this morning for their home at Scotts Bluffs, Nebraska.

Will Oliver, who has been visiting at Loveland, Iowa, for a few days at Hinton, arrived home this morning, accompanied by Mr. Hinton. Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Hinton will arrive here tomorrow.

Mrs. Edward Svoboda and daughter, Miss Marie, who is now engaged as clerk in the Bank of Union, were among those going to Omaha this morning to visit for a few hours with friends and to look after some matters of business.

A. R. Hutchison arrived last evening on No. 2 from his home at Minneapolis and will enjoy a visit with old home folks south of this city for a short time. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hutchison, reside in the vicinity of Rock Bluffs.

Dr. J. W. Dean, who has been spending a few days at Lincoln visiting with his granddaughter, Mrs. E. O. Steinh and family, returned to this city last evening and will remain here for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Douglass and family.

Mrs. Georgia Creamer and sister, Mrs. Charles Wolfe, were passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where they will visit their sister, Mrs. Frank L. Rhoden, at the hospital there for a few hours. Mrs. Rhoden is reported as getting along as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Minnie Pickard, one of the efficient clerks at the local postoffice, departed yesterday afternoon on No. 2, for Chicago, where she will enjoy a two weeks' vacation. She will be joined at Creston by her aunt, Mrs. Messersmith, who will accompany her to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kester of Bussey, Iowa, arrived last evening and

visited over night here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Steimker, departing this morning for Omaha, from where they go on to San Francisco to attend the exposition. Mrs. Kester is a niece of Mr. Steimker.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"About two years ago I had a severe attack of diarrhoea which lasted for over a week," writes W. C. Jones, Buford, N. D. "I became so weak that I could not stand upright. A druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The first dose relieved me and within two days I was as well as ever." Obtainable everywhere.

Wall Paper. Gering & Co.

Paints and Oils. Gering & Co.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A twin cylinder motorcycle. Nearly new. Phone 138. 7-2-lwk-dkw

For any pain, burn, scald or bruise, apply Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—the household remedy. Two sizes, 25c and 50c, at all drug stores.

NOTICE!

Farmers who ship cream direct may leave their cream at our store. We will deliver your cream to the depot and return your empty cans, without extra charge. E. G. DOVEY & SON.

NOTICE OF SUIT.

Nellie Wiley and Bernard G. Wiley, defendants, will take notice that on the 14th day of June, 1915, William L. Nickels, plaintiff, hereby filed his Amended Petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against said defendants, and Alma D. Asch et al., the object and prayer of which are to set aside and annul the judgment of said court on the 22nd day of May, 1915, and deeding purporting to be made on March 2nd, 1912, by one Charles Edward Wiley to said Nellie Wiley, and the quieting of the title to an undivided one-sixth of the land involved in said action, in plaintiff against said deed and all other claims if any of said Nellie Wiley and Bernard G. Wiley. You and each of you are required to answer said amended petition on or before the 22nd day of August, 1915. Dated this 17th day of June, 1915. WILLIAM L. NICKELS, Plaintiff. By D. O. DWYER, His Attorney. 6-17-15w

NOTICE OF REFERENCE SALE In the District Court in and For Cass County, Nebraska. Anna Amelia Stobbs, Plaintiff.

John Frederick Stull, et al., Defendants. Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree of the District Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska, made on the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and an order entered in said court on the 22nd day of May, 1915, the undersigned sole referee will on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the south front door of the court house in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest responsible bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit: The southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of the northwest quarter (NW 1/4) of the east half (EA 1/2) of the southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of Township twelve (12), Range thirteen (13), and all of lot three (3), in Section six (6), Township twelve (12), Range fourteen (14), lying west of the right of way of the B. & M. railroad, and all that part of said lot three (3) lying east of the said right of way, which lies north of south of Swallow Point, all in Cass County, Nebraska. Said sale will be held open for one hour. Dated at Plattsmouth, this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1915. M. ARCHER, Referee. A. L. TIDD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Notice is hereby given that an application has been made to the Governor and the Advisory Board of Pardons for a pardon of the sentence of Isadore Henry Sitzman, who was on the 5th day of December, 1910, sentenced by the District Court within and for Cass County, to serve a life sentence in the State Penitentiary for the crime of murder.

Said application will be heard before the Advisory Board of Pardons at the State Penitentiary on the 15th day of July, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1915. Signed: ISADORE HENRY SITZMAN.

FOR SALE.

One section, 640 acres, wheat land in Franklin County, Washington.

This land is rolling, but not rough. Located 100 miles southwest of Spokane, 2 1/2 miles north of Kahlottus, on two railroads. Soil volcanic ash, 2 feet to 6 feet in depth. It was broken in 1906, and a crop of wheat grown in 1907 netted the owner \$3,900.00 after all expenses were deducted. It was plowed in 1912, and has lain fallow since. There is 215 acres in wheat this year, of which owner is to receive one-fourth free in warehouse at Kahlottus. The land is fence with a post and wire fence. There is a first mortgage of \$5,000.00 due in November, 1916, at 7 per cent per annum. Will sell for \$22.50 per acre on liberal terms, purchaser to assume mortgage.

For further information write owner. W. C. SAMPSON, Care S. A. A. C., Spokane, Washington.

6-17-2mos-wkly