

THE MASTER MIND

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



Copyright, 1915, by the M. K. Fly company.

CHAPTER XVI. The Last Menace.

YOUR retirement from public life for all time," Andrew persisted, with sinister enjoyment in the reiteration. "Come, come, Mr. Wainwright!" he went on, with malignant mockery. "When this little story is published abroad do you suppose the people of this state will have you, a dupe, a laughing stock, for the governor? I think I'll leave you to meditate on the situation. Or, perhaps," he suggested, "you would prefer to hand me now your resignation as a candidate for governor?"

Wainwright was thinking rapidly. "Must you have your answer now?" he demanded. "I will receive it any time before daylight," the Master Mind conceded. "Suppose we set the time at 5 o'clock this morning."

"That will suit me very well indeed," Wainwright agreed. "That hour makes a particular appeal to me," Andrew went on smoothly. "It was something less than four years ago, at about the hour of 5 in the morning, that my brother whom I loved sat in a stone cell—waiting—waiting for the dawn, the coming of which should end his life. So, now, I leave you—waiting for the dawn—and me—waiting for the end of something you hold dearer than life. I think—the end of your public career. Until 5 o'clock, Mr. Wainwright!" The Master Mind wheeled quickly and went out of the room.

Alone together husband and wife gazed long into each other's face. He bent and kissed the tender lips. When the caress was done she spoke pathetically: "Oh, Cortland, darling, what have I done to you?" "There, there, dearest!" he answered soothingly. "You are not to be blamed in any way, not even by yourself. You were caught in the meshes of a devil. You had no chance against the vindictive malignancy of the Master Mind. Go to the telephone in my study." Wainwright directed briskly, with the precision of one who has exactly determined his course, "and call up 114—party J."

He kissed her again hurriedly, but very fondly, and put her from him. Marshall returned. "Cecilia's miles away now, by the rate he was going," Marshall replied. Wainwright snapped, "Find Parker. You'll have to roust him out of bed, I suppose. Have him wake up the Blounts and herd them together for an interview with me right away. You keep an eye out for Andrew that he doesn't interfere." Lucene's voice came down the stairway in a summons to her husband, and he hurried to answer. At the telephone in the study, where his wife had left the receiver lying ready for his use, he put it to his ear, and called:

"Is this 114-party J? Yes? Dr. Forbes. You? Ah, doctor, listen! This is important."

Wainwright hung up the receiver at last, and turned to his wife with a smile of satisfaction. "Well, at least, that much has been arranged," he said. "Dr. Forbes has promised to come over here at once. Think heaven, now we have a chance to win in this struggle."

"But I do not understand just what you mean to do," the wife exclaimed wonderingly. "You told him that Andrew had developed a strange mania, unmistakable symptoms of insanity; that you wished the man put under restraint for a period of observation. But you didn't tell the doctor the truth. And you will have to do that when he comes."

Wainwright shook his head. "No," he said resolutely. "I shall confide the doctor that the man is mad."

Lucene welcomed the distraction of movement, when Wainwright suggested that they should descend to the library, to await the appearance there of Dr. Forbes. Indeed, the two had hardly more than settled themselves in their more impatient expectation when Marshall entered the room, and behind him trailed Mr. and Mrs. Blount, and their putative offspring, Walter.

At once, when the others were with-

in, Marshall, in response to a gesture from Wainwright, shut the door. "Look here, Cortland!" Blount stormed, his big voice rumbling hoarsely. "What the devil does this fellow mean by rousing us out of bed at this unholly hour of the night?"

"Mrs. Blount, too, and Walter added their querulous complaints. "Shut up—the lot of you!" Wainwright commanded hoarsely. "Wainwright had turned his gaze full on the westerner at the beginning of the outburst. "You were saying, Mr. Morgan"—he began.

Blount shrank as from a blow, and his ruddy face grew gray. "Wh—what? What's that?" Wainwright was explicit enough. "I said, 'Mr. Morgan—Mr. Henry Morgan, to be exact—alias, Black Hank.'"

Blount mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that became quickly wringing wet with the perspiration that had gushed forth at this open mention of a name that made audible all his terror of the law's vengeance against him for many offenses against it. "I have no idea as to what you are talking about," he answered.

Wainwright smiled with scorn. "Perhaps," he remarked dryly, "your wife may prove more intelligent than you appear to be."

"Me? Why, the idea!" she cried hysterically. "Me? The idea!"

Wainwright regarded the excited woman with eyes in which there was no pity. His voice as he addressed her again was metallic:

"Yes, you, Sadie!"

The woman winced perceptibly. "That is a respectful way for you to speak to your mother-in-law, ain't it, now?" she demanded indignantly, with a disdainful toss of her head. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cortland. So you should, 'Sadie,' indeed!"

Wainwright permitted himself another smile.

"Yes, 'Sadie, indeed!'" he agreed whimsically. "I might say Milwaukee Sadie, in fact!"

"Oh, rats!" she cried. And, having so said, she flopped down into a chair which creaked complacently. Between sobs her voice sounded lugubrious. "And just when everything was going so nice too!"

Walter thrust out his jaw in proclamation of the strong will power he did not possess and essayed a tone of rather laudatory remonstrance. "Say, Cortland, I was shocked and surprised—greatly surprised. Honest to God, I don't know what—"

Wainwright's eyes sparkled angrily. "Oh, so you don't know, eh?" he said icily. "Well, I do, Mr. Slocum."

The collapse of the fellow was at once ludicrously swift. He could only mumble a feeble attempt at a question, while his gaze shifted furtively, downward.

"Al—Mister what?"

"Mr. Slocum," Wainwright retorted, with clear emphasis, that suggested no doubt as to the fact; "alias Diamond Willie."

Blount, criminal though he had been for most of his life, was nevertheless a man and possessed of a man's spirit. The westerner spoke with a certain plain sincerity that became him.

"Well, Mr. Wainwright," he said gruffly, discreetly relinquishing the more familiar form of address, "what are you going to do with us? Give it to us straight now. There's no use in beating about the bush. What are we going to get?"

There came a little lightning of Wainwright's face as he flashed. His answer was prompt, but cryptic: "It all depends."

"Mr. Wainwright, for God's sake, sir, give us the chance!" cried Blount.

"It is not impossible that I shall do so," was the answer. "Certainly I shall give you the chance you ask for—on one condition."

The weather-beaten face of the westerner shone radiant.

"It is simply this," Wainwright went on, including the three in a searching glance. "I require the services of all of you just for tonight. I am about to put in operation a plan that will be unalterably assisted by your co-operation. You three must stand by me tonight. That is all of my condition.



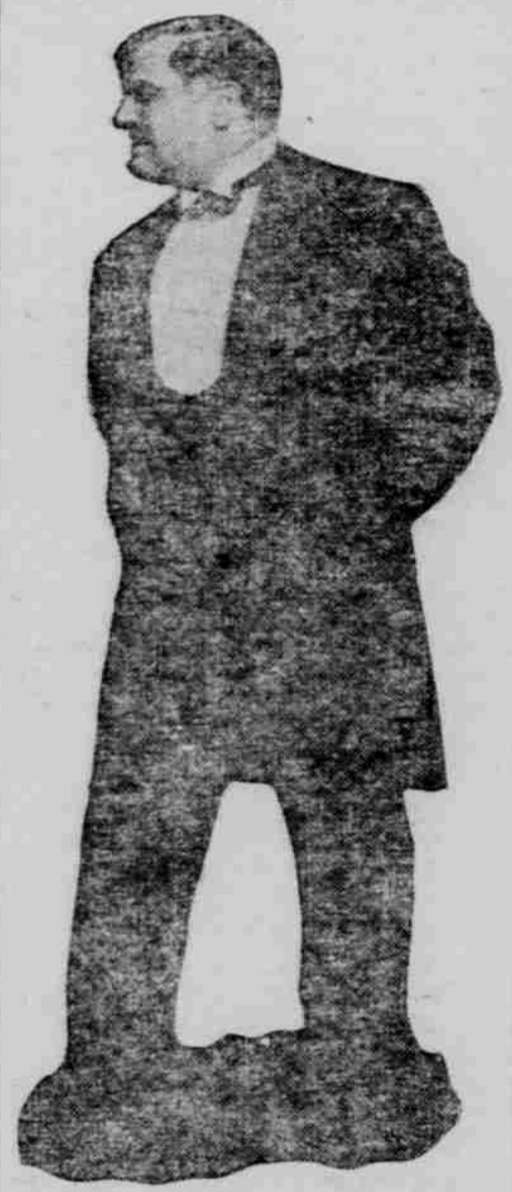
"And just when everything was going so nice too!"

Afterward you will be entirely free to go where you will as far as I am concerned, and I shall give no information to any one concerning you, and I shall guarantee the life restraint on the part of Mr. Marshall here, since he has only come in contact with you and learned your identities while in my employ."

Marshall gave a grunt of reluctant assent, but consoled himself by frowning violently at these offenders against the law.

"It is necessary," Wainwright went on in a colorless voice, "that you should stand by me tonight against—him." A slight pause before the final pronoun gave it significant emphasis.

Each of the three gave a perceptible start, then rested rigid. It was Mrs.



"What are you going to do with us?"

Blount who put the general emotion of the criminals into a single word, uttered with an expression of horrified incredulity:

"Him?"

"Yes," Wainwright replied blandly, though somewhat astonished by the patent effect of the announcement on his proposed confederates. "I mean Andrew, as he calls himself, the man who brought you here." He looked from one to another of the trio before him.

"Well!" he exclaimed sharply after a long pause. His imperious look fixed on Blount and remained there, the westerner spoke hesitatingly.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

Wainwright proceeded with his instructions as though unaware of the apprehension under which the three were laboring.

"A gentleman will soon be here," he said briskly, "whom, I believe, you have all met already. In his presence you will continue to be what I have hitherto thought you to be. In other words, you are to appear in your familiar roles as my relations by marriage, as the family of my wife."

At this simple elucidation of the primary requirement, the agitated criminals plucked up a little more spirit. Walter voiced the feeling:

"Huh! That's a pipe!"

Wainwright continued with undiminished complacency in his manner: "In addition to this you will hold yourselves in readiness, all of you, to subordinate, when called on, whatever I may say."

"Sure, we'll do that!" Blount exclaimed, cheerfully. "But you say it will affect him—Andrew?"

Wainwright nodded assent.

"Yes," he agreed, "it will be about him. I shall do the talking. You will understand fast enough when the time comes. All you have to do will be to follow my lead. There will be no trouble about it—there can be none."

Blount agreed, with emphasis. "We'll do just as you want us to, and that goes!"

Wainwright nodded his head in acceptance of the assurance. And then, very gently and slowly the door opened and Andrew stood smiling tolerantly on the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII. At the Bar.

IN the interval of time that elapsed after his interview with Wainwright, Andrew had chosen to shut himself in the seclusion of the cupola room, where he held communion with his thoughts while awaiting the appointed hour for the rendering of his enemy's decision. As to what that decision would be the Master Mind had small doubt, nor did he feel any concern over the result should the improbable occur, and Wainwright refuse thus to give up his political career.

In such case the effect would be secured none the less. There was no means by which Wainwright would be able, so far as Andrew could surmise, to prevent publicity. And publicity would be enough. The Master Mind would be at pains to secure the widest notoriety for the reports most likely to do his enemy harm. His work would be eagerly aided by Wainwright's political foes, who were many and powerful. The victim would become a laughing stock or an object of contempt. He could no longer command a following of loyally devoted followers.

It mattered not at all whether the reports concerning him should be the truth or garbled distortions. Either would be fatal to his high ambitions. The public could never again respect as their chief a man who had been so hoodwinked as to consort intimately with notorious criminals, to receive them into his household, to accept them as his closest relations, to make one of them his wife, whom, but for timely exposure, he would have made mistress of the executive mansion of the greatest state of the Union.

Andrew's complacency waxed as he considered the fact that his enemy could not escape out of the toils. There could be no ingenuity sufficient to extricate the captive of his plotting. Wainwright had only the option of abdicating from his position of leadership quietly and without scandal, abdicating absolutely for his lifetime or of being forced out ignominiously by public scandal. Of course he would resist to the utmost, but the ultimate effect of all resistance could avail naught. Even at this moment, doubtless, he was employing every resource of his excellent brain power in contriving some method of self defense. Andrew smiled at the thought. Let the poor prisoner of his wiles work his subplot, it would only make the game more diverting, the end no less certain. The struggles of this hapless fly within the meshes of the web gave greater zest to the gloze of the remorseless, glistening spider, which watched and waited contentedly for an end that was certain.

The Master Mind confirmed his satisfaction in the triumph of his scheming by reviewing the events that had led through sure stages to this culmination. His heart was again stirred with the familiar, stabbing pain of his loss as he thought of the brother whom he had so loved, unjustly done to shameful death. Yet somehow, now in the hour of his victory, there was something less poignant in his emotion than ever hitherto. Andrew marvelled at this with a curious feeling of alarm over his own lack of sensibility. He could not understand how the great passion of his life should be thus lessened. True, there had been years intervening since first death broke in on love and turned its vital forces into hate against another. Yet the mere passage of time could not explain this change, for his hate had not moderated even in the same period. On the contrary, it had increased even, never losing sight of its virulence, rather adding always to it. Still, Andrew puzzled over this startling problem. It was inconceivable that in the moment of conquest the very motive itself of all his struggles to this end should show a weakening. It was inconceivable, indeed—nevertheless it was true. The Master Mind felt a sickness of heart as he searched himself anew for some clue to an understanding of the thing that had come to pass, for he knew that somehow his own soul had betrayed him.

The thoughts of the Master Mind turned presently to Lucene. The subject was strangely distasteful to him now, yet he held to it, as if its fascination were superior to a will hitherto indomitable. He recalled his first purpose concerning this girl, the project of making her available as a weapon against his enemy. He had never faltered in that purpose. His first plan had been accomplished in its entirety—save the consummation, and that was now at hand and sure beyond peradventure of doubt. But, while the primal intention had been thus achieved, there had been so much more—oh, vastly more! He had become the creator of a radiant personality where had been only a very pretty, illiterate waif. He had caused the delicate fashioning of a woman refined and beautiful far beyond the ordinary. He had found delight in his responsibility toward her. He had had pride in a result that had not been save for his direction. The gratitude of the girl warmed his heart. The warped egotism of the man did not permit him accurately to gauge the depths of his injustice toward her in making her life a pawn in his game of hate. On the contrary, he was able by some singular quirk of intelligence to take full satisfaction for himself in all his favours to her and to disregard almost completely the ultimate ruin of her life that must be his handiwork. He failed utterly to appreciate his own guilt toward her when, the very development of her nature which he had helped would make her final grief most dreadful, an anguish infinitely beyond the capabilities of torment possessed by Maggie Flint. I have said that he failed utterly. That is not

quite true. He failed, indeed, but not utterly. Sometimes an instinct toward the truth flashed on him, but he shut his mental eyes to such illumination. He preferred the darkness rather than the light—that chiefest sin—and the might of his will gave to him as he chose.

But tonight the Master Mind found it difficult to hold his eyes shut. Since he had seen the wife in her agony over what had come to pass through his machinations he was unable to ignore as before this wretchedness of his making for her. He could not escape realization of what all this must mean to her.

In his perception now he learned, too, as never yet in the years of association with her, how dear she was become to him. He altered no whit in his resolve of vengeance on the man whom he held responsible for his brother's death, but at least he was forced to admit the torment it must inflict on her and as well the distress to himself that her suffering must cause.

(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

County Commissioner Henry Snoke of Eagle departed last evening on the land excursion to Chase county.

H. J. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business and calling on his many friends.

Mrs. Mike Warga, jr., and children of Havelock are here enjoying a short visit at the home of Mrs. Warga's father, A. Matous, and with her sister, Miss Georgia Matous.

Mrs. W. A. Ingalls and little son departed this morning for Shelby, Neb., where they will visit for a short time at the home of Senator and Mrs. Charles Krumbach in that city.

Mrs. William Jean and Mrs. Oscar Gagen, accompanied by their cousin, Miss Elsie Dean, of South Haven, Michigan, were among those going to Omaha this morning to visit for the day.

Mrs. B. S. Ramsey departed this morning for Omaha, where she will be joined by her son, W. C. Ramsey, and proceed to Chadron to attend the funeral of her brother, the late A. W. Crites.

A. G. Roman and wife and daughter, Miss Ruth, and son, Francis, returned home last evening from a few weeks' visit at Vermillion, S. D., and Sioux City, Iowa, with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Louise Klein came down last evening from Omaha to visit with her mother, Mrs. B. Hemple, who has just returned home from Greenleaf, Kansas, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. O. Hewitt.

Frank Sivey and Abe Grindle of Taber, departed this morning for Lincoln, where they will meet their wife and daughter, Mrs. Sivey, who is returning home from Portland, Oregon, where she had been enjoying a short visit.

George Ray and family of Murray, accompanied by Mr. Ray's father, who is here from Harrison county, Missouri, came up this morning from their home and spent several hours here visiting with friends and taking in the sights.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Peter Meisinger and wife of near Cedar Creek were in the city today for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

W. P. Albee, wife and child, of Glenwood, came over this morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Albee's father, the late J. W. Barwick, this afternoon.

C. E. Hartford departed this afternoon for Boone, Iowa, where he goes with his daughter, Miss Elva, who will attend school there during the coming season.

W. F. Gillespie, the Mynard grain dealer, was in the city yesterday en route home from Omaha, where he had been looking after some matters of business.

George Nickels and S. O. Pitman of Murray motored up last evening in their Pullman car to spend a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

Thomas N. Julian and wife of Clovis, New Mexico, arrived last evening from their home to be present at the funeral of Mrs. Julian's father, J. W. Barwick.

Mrs. John Ewing and little 2-year-old daughter, who have been here visiting Mrs. Ewing's mother, Mrs. Claus Speck and family, departed last evening for their home at Hopkins, Missouri.

Dr. G. H. Gilmore, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Walker, motored up this morning from their home at Murray and spent a few hours here looking after matters of business.

and Mrs. A. W. White, and attending the family reunion, departed this morning for her home.

Hon. Fred L. Nutzman and Frank P. Sheldon of Nehawka motored up this afternoon in company with W. G. Boedeker of the Murray State bank and spent a few hours here looking after some business matters.

J. R. Hunter and wife and son, Paul, were among those going to Lincoln this morning to visit with their son and brother, Joe Hunter, at the hospital, where he is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

David Hiatt and wife of Sidney, Iowa, were here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business, and departed this afternoon for their home, accompanied by Mrs. I. S. White, mother of Mrs. Hiatt.

Charles Winehammer, wife and little daughter came in last evening from Omaha, where they had been visiting and will spend two weeks here with relatives and friends before returning to their home at Champaign, Illinois.

Mrs. Mollie Shuger and little child and Mrs. Kate Skeen of Kenesaw, Nebraska, are here for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Godwin, the parents of Mrs. Shuger and before returning home will visit at Lincoln with friends.

Mrs. A. A. Schafer and daughter, Lucy, and son, Walter, of Pocsasset, Okla., are making an extended visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Meisinger and Philip Schafer at Cedar Creek. Mrs. Meisinger and Mrs. Schafer are sisters.

Misses Ruth and Esther Ellinghausen of Omaha and Miss Hedwick Weideman of Wahoo, Neb., are here enjoying a few days' visit at the home of Miss Myra Thierolf, who was a school friend of the young ladies at the state university.

Miss Hattie Block of Ottawa, Ill., is here for a short visit at the home of John Waterman and family while en route home from the Pacific coast. Miss Block is a sister of the late Mrs. Waterman and has been engaged in teaching in Ottawa for the past twenty years.

Joseph Zimmerman, cashier of the Avoca bank; Simon Rehmeier, owner of the Avoca hotel, and Ben Mohr, one of the best citizens of that thriving little city, motored over last evening from their home, in company with Dr. J. W. Brendel, to look after some matters at the court house for a few hours.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. \$1.00 at all stores.

WANTED—A good, steady, gentlemanly salesman to handle a Ward's wagon in Cass county. No experience needed. For full particulars write promptly to Dr. Ward's Medical Company, Winona, Minn. Established 1856. 8-12-15twkly

W. A. ROBERTSON,
Lawyer.
Coates' Block,
East of Riley Hotel,
Second Floor.

When you are looking for the very best articles in the line of fancy box stationery, call at the Journal office, where you will find an excellent variety to select from.

Comfort and
Attractiveness

These two elements are the essential features of our TAILORING. We offer you a selection of materials equal to any two tailor shops in Omaha. Our styles are authoritative while our fabrics are of guaranteed quality and eye-pleasing, both in design and color values.

We are selling to all our customers of past seasons and they are bringing in their friends. You are cordially invited to call in and look over our beautiful line of Fall and Winter Patterns and Fabrics.

Our Suits to Measure, Fit Guaranteed—\$25, \$30 and \$35.

Busch Tailoring Co.
Hotel Riley Building,
Plattsmouth, Neb.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

To Jacob Stettler, James Stettler, Sarah Jackson, William Eastman, George Eastman, Jacob Eastman, James Eastman, Sarah Downen, Kate Swihart, Winnie Kaubou, Theron Stettler, Maude Shultz, Harford Stettler, Charles Stettler, Edward Ball, Theda Williams, and Emma Hamlin, Non-Resident Defendants: You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 27th day of July, A. D. 1915, Harley Wolfe, as plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you and each of you as defendants, impugning with Frank J. Stettler and George Stettler, that said plaintiff in said petition alleges that he is the owner of an undivided one-half of the following described real estate, to-wit: The East Half (E. 1/2) of the Northwest Quarter (N. 1/4) of Section Thirty-four (34), and the West Half (W. 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (S. E. 1/4) of Section Twenty-seven (27), and Township Eleven (11), North, of Range Nine (9), East of the 6th P. M., in Cass County, Nebraska.

That Jacob Stettler, James Stettler and Sarah Jackson each own an undivided one-fourth thereof, that William Eastman, George Eastman, Jacob Eastman, James Eastman and Sarah Downen each own an undivided one-eighth thereof, that Kate Swihart, Winnie Kaubou, Theron Stettler, Edward Ball, Theda Williams and Emma Hamlin each own an undivided one-eighth (1/8) thereof, that the object and prayer of said petition is to obtain a judgment of said court confirming the shares of the parties as above stated and to partition the said real estate.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 27th day of September, A. D. 1915, and in failing so to do your default will be duly entered thereon and judgment taken as prayed for in plaintiff's petition.

Dated this 12th day of August, A. D. 1915.

HARLEY WOLFE, Plaintiff.
By PALMERE, TAYLOR & PALMERE,
His Attorneys. 8-12-15twk

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Charles C. Farnell, Plaintiff,
vs.
C. H. Kleeman, et al. Defendants.
To C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown; Mrs. C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown; and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown, defendants: You are hereby notified that on July 29th, A. D. 1915, plaintiff filed his suit in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, to quiet the title to the following described land, to-wit: Lot Five (5), in Block Thirty-three (33), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.

The object and prayer of which suit are to have expunged from the record and declared null and void one certain deed purporting to convey to the defendant, C. H. Kleeman, said lot, dated August 18th, 1911, and recorded in Book 26, at page 25, of the deed records of Cass County, Nebraska, and to join you and each of you from having or claiming any right, title or interest in or to said lot, and to quiet the title thereto in the plaintiff, and for equitable relief.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, September 20th, A. D. 1915.

Dated this 12th day of August, A. D. 1915.

CHARLES C. FARNELL,
Plaintiff.
C. A. RAWLKS,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-9-15twk

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE.

In the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.
Amelia Vallery Straight, Plaintiff,
vs.
A. L. Small, first real name unknown, et al. Defendants.
To the Defendants: A. L. Small, first real name unknown; J. C. Small, first real name unknown; James L. Small, O. L. Small, first real name unknown; W. M. Small, first real name unknown; Max Collins, Lucy M. M. M., first real name unknown; Harry T. Miller, Berdie Jackson, see Wright; James S. Burns, also known as James S. Burns, also known as James S. Burns, legatees and devisees of Alice H. Newton, deceased, also known as Alice Newton, deceased. You are hereby notified that on July 30th, A. D. 1915, plaintiff filed her suit in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet title to the following described land, to-wit: Lot Three (3), in Block 12, at section (12), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.

Because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of this suit, and to enforce her right of title, lien or interest, either legal or equitable, in or to said lot, or any part thereof and for general equitable relief. This notice is made pursuant to the order of the Court.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1915, or your default will be duly entered thereon.

AMELIA VALLERY STRAIGHT,
Plaintiff.
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney. 8-2-4twk-wkly

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.
In Re Estate of Francis Kushinsky, Decedent.
To All Persons Interested: You are hereby notified that hearing upon claims against said estate will be had at the office of the County Judge, Court House, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 8th day of September, A. D. 1915, and on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m. on each of said days. All claims not filed before said hour on said last day of hearing will be forever barred.

By the Court,
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
W. A. ROBERTSON,
Attorney. 8-9-15twkly

"MONEY" the mint makes it and under the terms of the CONTINENTAL MORTGAGE COMPANY you can secure it at 6 per cent for any legal purpose on approved real estate. Terms easy; tell us your wants and we will co-operate with you.
PETTY & COMPANY,
513 Denham Building, Denver, Colo.