

# THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by **Marvin Dana**, author of "Within the Law," from the successful play by **Daniel D. Carter**



Copyright, 1913, by the M. K. Fly company.

Wainwright addressed the physician confidentially. "You see, now, Harry, how it is. The thing came to a climax tonight, when I began, with the kindest intentions, to ask him some questions concerning his health. He just glared at me, as if I were trying to do him some injury instead of really wanting to help him in his troubles. And then, all of a sudden, he proceeded to make the most preposterous demands you could possibly imagine. First he repeated all these strange imitations of which you have been hearing here tonight, and then he even was so wild as to tack on one in which he stated that my wife, too, had been convicted of theft and been sent to jail.

"To tell the truth, doctor," he continued, "I couldn't make head or tail out of his manderings. And Lucene got so worried that, finally, as you are an examiner in lunacy, with the power of commitment, I thought the best thing would be to get you over here and let you take him away and put him safely under observation for a while."

"Andrew, come here, please," the physician ordered.

"Yes, sir." The answer was uttered with the utmost respect. The Master Mind immediately advanced to a position just in front of Forbes, where he remained standing patiently.

"You have heard what was said?"

"Oh, yes, sir. To my great surprise, sir."

"Ah! to your great surprise, eh? Why did you say these things?"

"I don't remember saying them, sir. Really, sir, it doesn't seem possible to me that I could ever have said such dreadful things about the family of my employer."

"Now tell me the exact truth," Forbes continued. "Do you think that Mr. Walter is a thief?"

"So, indeed, sir," he disclaimed. "For that Mr. Blount is a bank burglar?"

"Oh, no, sir—no, never, sir. Nor that about Mrs. Blount either."

"Why did you threaten Mr. Wainwright, saying that if he refused to do your bidding you would publish these stories in the newspapers?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," Andrew responded, with a quick reversal to his former meek manner, "but I don't remember anything about it, sir."

"Do you dislike Mr. Wainwright?"

"Oh, goodness—no, sir."

"Or Mrs. Wainwright?"

"Oh, no, sir—oh, no, indeed, sir. Very far from it."

"I am glad to hear you speak in this fashion," Forbes said approvingly. "Nevertheless, my good man, it appears on indisputable testimony that you have said these curious and offensive things. What have you to say to me as to that fact?"

Again Andrew looked up.

"Well, sir," he said, "to tell the truth, I am not surprised. A thing like it happened to me once before, sir. There was a general movement of astonishment, in which even the physician shared, at this candid avowal of his unfortunate mental condition."

"Yes, sir," he went on, with obvious reluctance, dropping his eyes; "I lost my last place before this in the same way."

"Well, now, Andrew," said Dr. Forbes, "how would you like to go along with me for just a little while to get rested up a bit, you know?"

But the patient displayed a sudden and unexpected animation in opposition to this proposal.

"Oh, no, indeed! Not to an insane asylum—no, no!" He wrung his hands despairingly, and his face became wreathed with fear. "Oh, I am sure that would drive me mad, indeed!"

"But you surely need a change of some kind, Andrew," he urged.

"I know that, sir," he said softly. "I know it only too well, sir. Then a little more of spirit crept into his eyes. He took a letter from his pocket and held it forth to the physician. "I had thought that this might be the thing for me," he ended as Forbes took the letter. "It is from a

come. What is your choice?"

Wainwright spoke very quietly, firmly, yet with a sadness that told the greatness of his sacrifice.

"You leave me no choice," he said simply. "You have won. I shall retire from public life."

"Today, you remember—" "I remember—today."

"No, no!" she breathed wildly. She went swiftly to her husband and placed her two hands on his shoulders and looked down into his face with her eyes twin flames of dusky azure, burning through a mist of tears. "Oh, my dear, you can't—you can't! No, I say, you shan't! I can't let you do this dreadful thing—no, no! Oh, let me go instead—you must! I can't spoil your life like this, dear. Let me go—let me go!"

Wainwright ordered the three crooks and the detective to leave the room.

In Wainwright's eyes shone unutterable love for the beautiful woman whose heart was so torn by anguish brought upon her through love of him. At least he must strive to comfort her, to assuage her grief, since her love remained to him. As for this other thing, it was, after all, by comparison, a little thing. Yet, even as he thought so, it was with difficulty that he checked the groan that rose to his lips. It is no light thing to tear out by the roots the honorable ambition of a strong man's lifetime.

The husband's voice was colorless. "What would be the use?" he said sadly. "As to your leaving me, why, where do you think you should follow?" The wife buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"There, there," he cried soothingly, distraught by her agony. He stood up and drew her into his arms, caressing her hair with exquisite tenderness in the gentle touch of his fingers. "Hush, hush, darling! Don't you know, Lucene, that I have you, and so nothing—nothing else—matters?"

The scene faded somehow to give its evil genius the bliss he had thought to find in it. This lover's rapture made a mockery of his vengeance. Yet, even as he asserted this to himself, Andrew knew in his soul that he lied; that the venom of his punishment was even stronger than he had guessed to poison the well of his enemy's hopes and its virulence would increase, not lessen. Nevertheless there was disappointment to him here in the hour of triumph. He had gained all for which he had striven—yes, all. And something more—the misery of Lucene!

In a fury of rage against his own weakness Andrew thrust the thought of Lucene from him. His voice broke gratefully.

"Your resignation in writing, Mr. Wainwright, if you please."

"I will write it in my study at once and bring it to you here. Come with me, Lucene."

Abruptly, violently, the wife tore herself from his arms. As he rested motionless, amazed, she darted to Andrew, clutched his wrist in her two hands, when he would have recoiled involuntarily before this onslaught of the woman he had wronged. Her voice came softly, haltingly, painfully weighted with the burden of love's tragedy. The violet eyes, humid, tender, infinitely pathetic in their pleading, met his eye as he could turn his gaze aside and held him in their spell.

"Oh, Andrew," she cried, "I have trusted you—I have loved you! Because of that I have tried to think how you could do this terrible thing to me."

"Must we go into that now?" the man demanded roughly as she paused. He felt his strength slipping from him. He felt his wrath leaping high, wrath against himself, against fate—no, against her.

"Yes, we must," she said bravely. "For I may never speak to you again. I have tried to think what it could be. And now—now I know! I understand at last. It was because you loved your brother so much—because you loved him so that nothing else mattered at all. Isn't that it, Andrew?"

"Yes, that is it," he answered huskily.

"But don't you see—don't you see?" she questioned with the fierceness of one bereaved. "You've hated the man I love. And because you think he sacrificed your brother whom you loved now you will sacrifice me in the same way. Don't you see, Andrew?" Her eyes probed the farthest recesses of his soul. They tortured him with their poignant reproach, yet he could not turn from them so great was the strength of her weakness.

But, though he understood too well, he still struggled impotently against her, against a self he thought dead.

"No, no!" he stammered. "No, I—Lucene went on."

"You can't ruin his life, Andrew, without ruining mine too. You can't—you can't!" Her voice's music rose throbbing. "Don't you care what becomes of me, Andrew? Do you know you are turning my love into hate? You don't want that. Oh, you don't! I know you don't, Andrew. You are not going to tell me now that hate, not love, is to rule your life and mine. Oh, surely, Andrew, you are not going to send me through the rest of my life hating you as you have hated him—not that! No, Andrew, you can't—I tell you, you can't!"

Slowly, at last, the lids drooped over Andrew's eyes. He turned his head a little, with a movement of lassitude. Then the lids were lifted again, and he looked full into the eyes of Wainwright, and his own were inscrutable. In his voice sounded a note of futile remonstrance against destiny.

"I've hated you for years," he said quietly. "You know very well. You are aware also that my hatred of you has been my ruling passion since its

beginning. In that time, all my days, yes, every waking hour, have been devoted to the task of accomplishing your ruin. This in the instant of my triumph. I hold you here in the hollow of my hand, with the power and the will to crush you. Well, sir, I—open my hand—and let you go."

An imperious gesture restrained the exclamation that rose to Wainwright's lips.

"The explanation of this inconsistency is very simple. It lies in the fact that I am a fool—the greatest fool in all this world of fools. So, because I am such a fool, you are safe from me, Mr. Wainwright—now, and always. I wish you good morning." He moved toward the door.

But the wife, radiant in an instant, would not have it so.

"Andrew!" she cried. "Oh, thank God—not only for our happiness, but for your sake, too, since love has conquered hate, at last!"

The Master Mind spoke heavily. "I only know," he said confusedly, "that the most unlikely thing in all the world has happened. I mean that in the hour of victory my triumph has turned to ashes in my mouth. I only know that, since I cannot crush my enemy alone, I cannot crush him at all. No other could, I think, but you, Lucene—you've beaten me."

Lucene spoke very gently. "Then I was right all this time. You did love me, and you do still!"

Andrew shook his head doubtfully. "I only know," he said, "that I cannot do you harm."

Lucene made an impulsive step as if to follow him, then checked herself. This man still held in his heart hatred for the husband she loved.

"Where will you go, Andrew?"

He answered very gravely, sadly. "I do not know—only, not back into the shadows whence I came."

He paused for a little, and added, wistfully: "Be happy, Lucene, and remember sometimes, if you will, that, after all, it was I who brought you your happiness." Then he went quickly from the room, and so out of their lives. But the happiness that had been his gift abode with them always.

THE END.

## MANY COMPLAINTS HEARD.

This summer many persons are complaining of headaches, lame back, rheumatism, biliousness and of being "always tired." Aches, pains and ills caused by kidneys not doing their work yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills. They help eliminate, give sound sleep and make you feel better. Sold everywhere.

Hear all the latest song hits at Coates' hall Saturday night, played by Helly's Orchestra.

Miss Hazel Hunnicut, who has been here visiting at the M. S. Briggs home for a few days, departed this morning for Central City, Neb., where she will take up her school work in the Nebraska Central college in that city.

Henry A. Guthmann of Murdock came over yesterday afternoon from his home to visit together with his family here with his mother, who has just returned home from a visit in the northwest with her son, C. F. Guthmann, and wife at Murphy, Idaho.

Harry Pein, who has been visiting here and in Omaha with his relatives and friends for a few days, departed last evening for his home in Kansas City. While here Harry became a reader of the Journal and ordered the paper to follow him to his home.

Carl West, while working about the elevator at Wyoming, had the misfortune to get his hand caught in the machinery and badly bruised the same. A physician was called and dressed the injured member. It will be some little time before he will be able to have the full use of the same again.—Nebraska City News.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping, or one furnished room. Inquire of C. S. Ruopp at Gering & Co.'s drug store. 9-2-1wk-d

Smoke the "Exquisite" and "Eagle," the best 5c cigars. Herman Spies, manufacturer.

A Candid Caller. A small boy had been coerced into making an afternoon call with his mother. He rebelled vehemently over the calling business, saying: "Aw, what you want to make me go there for? Hasn't any boys, and it won't be any fun."

But, dressed in his best suit, he had put on his company manners and had behaved very well indeed, and when their hostess served refreshments he began to feel glad that he had come.

When it came time to leave he held out his hand, saying gallantly: "Goodby; I've had a good time"—and then, right while his young mother was beaming her approval, he added honestly—"a whole lot better time than I expected to have."—Indianapolis News.

A Benevolent Refusal. "Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary." "Oh, my boy," responded the oily senator, "don't get mixed up with the government service. Nothing to it. Tulus a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical. "Is he a good after dinner speaker?" "If there is such a thing as a good after dinner speaker I presume you'd call him one."—Detroit Free Press.

Naturally. "I saw Mabel buying rouge the other day." "That gives color to the report that she paints."—Baltimore American.

Man's Adventurous Side. There is always a temptation to cross a bridge which has been condemned. Man being an adventurous cuss at heart.—Atchison Globe.

## Local News

Feel languid, weak, run down? Headache? S'omach "off"? A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price \$1.00.

Mrs. J. M. Roberts and daughter, Miss Helen, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend the day, combining business and pleasure.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (25c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

M. G. McQuinn and J. E. McCarroll of Union motored to this city yesterday to attend to some business matters at the court house. Mr. McQuinn was a pleasant caller at this office.

L. D. Hiatt, the Murray merchant, was in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business, and departed for Omaha on the early Burlington train to spend a few hours with the wholesalers.

J. F. Tubbs of Mynard was attending to some important business matters in this city today, and while here took time to call at this office and have his subscription to this paper extended for another year.

Charles Haynie and wife returned last evening on No. 2 from their honeymoon trip to Colorado and the west, which has occupied several weeks. They will visit here at the home of Mrs. Haynie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Hoffman.

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## GOVERNOR ISSUES LABOR DAY EPISTLE

**Calls Upon All Citizens to Note Dignity of Toil.**

**POOL'S RECEIPTS KEEP UP.**

August a Good Month For Secretary of State—President Gustafson Arranging Farmers' Meeting—Quick Examinations of County Treasurers.

Lincoln, Sept. 2.—In order that the people might not forget that Monday, Sept. 6, was a legal holiday and that it was also Labor day, Governor Morehead issued the following proclamation:

"Labor is the law of the universe. From the mote that floats in the summer breeze and lives but for a few moments, up to the shining sun that holds in its grasp the revolving planets, all proclaim the dignity of labor. The brain unused would soon become a blank and the muscles denied the privilege of use and exercise, would soon wither away. Among the oldest teachings of the scripture is the doctrine, 'if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' Independence comes from the sense of the ability to do things and that he who knows and is capable of doing enough shall not want for any good thing. Labor in every department of industry is entitled to, and should receive its just reward.

"The first Monday in September has been recognized and set apart by the people of Nebraska as 'Labor day' and is therefore a legal holiday. The first Monday comes on Sept. 6 this year and it gives me pleasure to announce the fact and to request that it be so observed and that the people through out the state make the day one that will commend the spirit thereof and teach the dignity of toil, instilling into the minds of our youth that there is an immortality in what men do and that no honorable calling is without its reward.

"Therefore, I, John H. Morehead, governor of the state of Nebraska, do hereby proclaim that Monday, Sept. 6 be recognized as Labor day and that all public institutions recognize it as such; that the pupils in the public schools especially be reminded of the day and the reasons for its institution.

**Rail Board Issues Order For Wires.** The state railway commission issued an order restraining the Continental Gas and Electric company of Omaha, the Aurora Electric Light company and the York Gas and Electric Light company from increasing its voltage on a transmission line running from Hampton to Aurora until the companies have received permission to build the line. The companies filed an application to extend the line east as far as Bradshaw, and it is probable that they will comply with the law and make application to build the line all ready built without permission.

**August Good For Pool.** Although the month of August is generally considered a slow month for business, Secretary of State Pool was able to take in fees totaling up to \$10,510, an increase over the same month of last year of \$4,171. Applications for automobiles showed 3,473 new ones for the month, not counting renewals. Many are believed to be neglectful of the requirements of the law and are believed to be running under their old numbers. Where not paid up the numbers are given to new applicants and many may have unauthorized numbers.

**Arranging Farmers' Meeting.** C. H. Gustafson, president of the Nebraska Farmers' union, was a caller at the state house to arrange for the national meeting of the organization which embraces unions from twenty-four states, covering the agricultural part of the country. The meeting will be held Sept. 7, 8 and 9 in the city auditorium. Mr. Gustafson left here for Plainview, where he will speak at a picnic of the organization at that place.

**Valuable Objects of Art.** Two paintings, said to be worth about \$107,000, will be on exhibition in the art hall at the state fair next week. The pictures are the "Village Blacksmith" and "Sylvia." Secretary Mellor is feeling exceedingly fine over securing these paintings and believes that the lovers of art will appreciate the opportunity to visit the art hall and view them.

**Quick Examinations.** All offices of county treasurers have been examined, according to State Auditor Smith, the time taking several months and three weeks. The state accountant assisted in the work, examining three treasurers besides twelve trust companies. The auditor believes this is the quickest time the state has been able to make in examinations.

**Democratic Editors to Confer.** Democratic editors will hold a session at the Lindell hotel on next Tuesday evening, the second day of the fair, to talk over matters. Members of the legislature and state officers of that faith have been invited.

**York to Have Festival.** York, Neb., Sept. 2.—York's Commercial club has decided to hold a festival to last four days, beginning on Sept. 28 and ending Oct. 1.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Charles C. Wootman, Deceased. Notice to all persons interested in said estate is hereby given that Charles C. Wootman, executor of said estate, will meet the creditors of said estate at the county court room in the city of Plattsmouth, said county, on the 10th day of September, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to receive and allow claims against said estate. All persons having claims or demands against said estate must file the same in said court on or before the 25th day of March, 1916, or said claims will be forever barred. Dated this 1st day of September, 1915. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

## IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Charles C. Parmec, Plaintiff, vs. C. H. Kleeman, et al., Defendants. To A. 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 lands in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, to-wit: Lot Five (5), in Block Three (3), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.

The object and purview of which suit are to have expunged from the record and declared null and void any certain deed pretending to convey to the defendant, C. H. Kleeman, said lot, dated August 18th, 1911, and filed for record August 20th, 1912, and recorded in Book 51, at page 28, of the deed records of Cass County, Nebraska, and to enjoin you and each of you to refrain from claiming any right, title or interest in or to said real estate, and forever quieting 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 2nd day of August, A. D. 1915. CHARLES C. PARMEC, Plaintiff. C. A. RAWLS, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-9-1wk-d

## NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE.

In the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.

Amelia Valley Straight, Plaintiff, vs. A. L. Small, first real name unknown, et al., Defendants: A. L. Small, first real name unknown; P. M. Small, first real name unknown; J. C. Small, first real name unknown; James L. Small, G. L. Small, first real name unknown; W. M. Small, first real name unknown; May Catlin, Daisy Miller, nee Wright; Harry T. Miller, Berdie Jackson, nee Wright; James S. Burns, and the unknown heirs, legatees and devisees of Alice R. Newton, deceased, also known as Alice Newton, deceased. You are hereby notified that on July 29th, 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 nineteen (19), 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 said suit, and to enjoin each and all of you from having or claiming any right, title, lien or interest, whether equitable, in or to said land or any part thereof and for 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 taken as an admission of the facts alleged in said petition.

AMELIA VALLEY STRAIGHT, Plaintiff. W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney. 8-9-1wk-d

## NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

To Jacob Stettler, James Stettler, Sarah Jackson, William Bauman, George Bauman, Jacob Bauman, James Bauman, Sarah Downer, Laura Downer, Winnie Kanous, Theron Stettler, Maude Shultz, Clifford Stettler, Clarence 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, Harry Pein, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, as defendants, to quiet the title to the following described real estate, to-wit: The East Half (E. 1/2) of the South-West Quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Section Thirty-four (34), and the West Half (W. 1/2) of the South-East Quarter (S. E. 1/4) of Section Twenty-seven (27), all in 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-fourteenth thereof; that William Bauman, George Bauman, Jacob Bauman, James Bauman and Sarah Downer each own an undivided one-seventieth thereof; that Laura Downer, Winnie Kanous, Theron Stettler, Edward Ball, Theda Williams and Emma Hamlin each own an undivided one-hundredth (1/100) thereof; and that Maude Shultz, George Stettler, Frank J. Stettler, Clifford Stettler, Clarence Stettler, Edward Stettler and Cleon Stettler each own an undivided one-hundredth (1/100) 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 therein and judgment taken as prayed for in plaintiff's petition.

Dated this 12th day of August, A. D. 1915. HARRY PEIN, Plaintiff. By PALMER TAYLOR & PALMER, His Attorneys. 8-15-1wk-d

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.

In Re Estate of Francis Kushinsky, Deceased.

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. 8-9-4wkly

**A Power Cream Separator AT A HAND-CRANK PRICE**

Tremendously increased demand and lower selling cost enable the manufacturers to make this big reduction in price of the separator you ought to use, the wonderful "