

# INFORMATION

## THE REE BAR AND VIRGIL D. BOY

BY A. C. McCLURG & CO. 1907

slipped—slowly—down—down. Black shook himself from of him impatiently and wheeled to meet his great enemy. "Quits at last!" he said, with an ugly smile.

Quits indeed! For Jim, raising himself slightly, was able to draw at last; and even as he spoke, the outlaw fell. "Jim, my boy," said Langford, huskily. He was kneeling, Jim's head in his arms.

"Well, boss," said Jim, trying to smile. His eyes were clear.

"It was my affair, Jim, you ought not to have done it," said Langford, brokenly.

"It's all right—boss—don't you worry—I saw you—in the hall that night. You are—the boss. Tell Mary so. Tell her I was—glad—to go—so you could go to her—and it would be—all right. She—loves you—boss—you needn't be afraid."

"Jim, I cannot bear it; I must go in your stead."

"To Mary—yes." His voice sank lower and lower. An added paleness stole over his face, but his eyes looked into Langford's serenely, almost happily.

"Go—to Mary in my stead—boss," he whispered. "Tell her Jim gave his boss—to her—when he had to go—I used to think it was 'Mouse-hair'—I am glad it is—Mary—tell her good-bye—tell her the Three Bars wouldn't be the same to Jim with a woman in it anyway—tell her—"

And with a sigh Jim died.

### CHAPTER XXII. The Party at the Lazy S.

Mary stared thoughtfully into the mirror. It was a better one than the sliver into which she had looked more than a year before, when Paul Langford came riding over the plains to the Lazy S. A better house had risen from the ashes of the homestead laid waste by the cattle rustlers. Affairs were well with George Williston now that the hand of no man was against him. He prospered.

Louise stepped to the door.

"I am in despair, Mary," she said whimsically. "Mrs. White has ordered me out of the kitchen. What do you think of that?"

"Louise! Did you really have the hardihood to presume to encroach on Mother White's preserves—you—a mere bride of five months' standing? You should be grateful she didn't take the broom to you."

"She can cook," said Louise laughing. "I admit that. I only offered to peel potatoes. When one stops to consider that the whole county is coming to the 'house-warming' of the Lazy S, one can't help being worried about potatoes and such minor things."

"Do you think the whole county is coming, Louise?" asked Mary.

"Of course," said Louise Gordon, positively, slipping away again. She was a welcome guest at the ranch, and her heart was in the success of tonight's party.

Mary had dressed early. As hostess, she had laid aside her short skirt, leather leggings, and other boyish "fixings" which she usually assumed for better ease in her life of riding. She was clad simply in a long black skirt and white shirt-waist. Her hair was coiled in thick braids about her well-shaped head, lending her a most becoming stateliness.

Would Paul Langford come? He had been bidden. Her father could not know that he would not care to come. Her father did not know that she had sent Langford away that long-ago night in December and that he had not come back—at least to her. Naturally, he had been bidden first to George Williston's "house-warming." The men of the Three Bars and of the Lazy S were tried friends—but he would not care to come.

Listen! Some one was coming. It was much too soon for guests. The early October twilight was only now creeping softly over the landscape. It was a still evening. She heard distinctly the rhythmic pound of hoof-beats on the hardened trail. Would the rider go on to Kemah, or would he turn in at the Lazy S?

"Hello, the house!" hailed the horse-man, cherrily, drawing rein at the very door. "Hello, within!"

The visitor threw wide the door, and Williston's voice called cordially: "Come in, come in, Langford! I am glad you came early."

"Will you send Mary out, Williston? I need your chore boy to help me water Sade here."

The voice was merry, but there was a vibrant tone in it that made the listening girl tremble a little. Langford never waited for opportunities. He made them.

Mary came to the door with quiet self-composure. She had known from the first the stranger was Langford. How like the scene of a summer's day more than a year past; but how far sweeter the maid—how much more it meant to the man now than then!

"Father, show Mr. Langford in," she said, smiling a welcome. "I shall be glad to take Sade to the spring." She took hold of the bridle rein trailing to the ground. Langford



"I Love You," He Said.

leaped lightly from his saddle. "I said 'help me,'" he corrected. "The spring is down there," she directed. "I think you know the way." She turned to enter the house.

For an instant, Langford hesitated. A shadow fell across his face.

"I want you to come, Mary," he said, simply. "It is only hospitable, you know."

"Oh, if you put it in that way—," she started gayly down the path.

He followed her more slowly. A young moon hung in the western sky. The air was crisp with the coming frost. The path was strewn with dead cottonwood leaves which rustled dryly under their feet.

At the spring, shadowed by the biggest cottonwood, she waited for him.

"I wish my father would cut down that tree," she said, shivering.

"You are cold," he said. His voice was not quite steady. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her, despite her protests. He wanted to hold her then, but he did not, though the touch of her sent the blood bounding riotously through his veins.

"You shall wear the coat. I do not want you to go in yet."

"But Sade is waiting, and people will be coming soon."

"I will not keep you long. I want you to—Mary, my girl, I tried to kill Black, but—Jim—his voice choked a little—"If it hadn't been for Jim, Black would have killed me. I thought I could do it. I meant to have you. Jim said it was all the same—his doing it in my stead. I came to-night to ask you if it is the same. Is it, Mary?"

She did not answer for a little while. How still a night it was! Lights twinkled from the windows of "It is the same," she said at last, brokenly.

Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. "But I never meant it, Paul. I was wild that night, but I never meant that you or—Jim should take life or—give yours. I never meant it!" His heart leaped, but he did not touch her.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

She turned restlessly toward the house.

"My father will be wanting me," she said. "I must go."

"You shall not go until you have told me," he said. "You must tell me. You never have, you know. Do you love me?"

"You have not told me, either," she resisted. "You are not fair."

He laughed under his breath, then bent his sunny head—close.

"Have you forgotten so soon?" he whispered.

Suddenly he caught her to him strongly, as was his way.

"I will tell you again," he said, softly. "I love you, my girl, do you hear? There is no one but you in all the world."

The fair head bent closer and closer, then he kissed her—the little man-coated figure in his arms.

"I love you," he said.

She trembled in his embrace. He kissed her again.

"I love you," he repeated.

She hid her face on his breast. He lifted it gently.

"I tell you—I love you," he said. He placed her arms around his neck. She pressed her lips to his, once, softly.

"I love you," she whispered.

"My girl, my girl!" he said in answer. The confession was far sweeter than he had ever dreamed. He held her cheek pressed close to his for a long moment.

"The Three Bars is waiting for its mistress," he said at last, exultantly. "A mistress and a new foreman all at once—the boys will have to step lively."

"A new foreman?" asked Mary in surprise. "I did not know you had a new foreman."

"I shall have one in a month," he said, smilingly. "By that time George Williston will have sold the Lazy S for good money, invested the proceeds

in cattle, turned the whole bunch in to range with the Three Bars herds, and on Nov. 1 he will take charge of the wholly affairs of one Paul Langford and his wife of the Three Bars."

"Really, Paul?" The brown eyes shone with pleasure.

"Really, Mary."

"Is my father consented?"

"But he will when he finds I can do without him and when—I mean his daughter."

He beats on the sod! The guests were coming at last. The beats rang and nearer. From Kemah, rode the Three Bars trail, from across the plain they were coming. All the sheep-ranchmen and home-owners came with their families and all the available cowboys had been bidden to the frolic. The staid lawyer was filling. Hearty greetings, loud talking and laughter floated out on the still air.

Laughing like children caught in a prank the two at the spring clasped hands and ran swiftly to the house. Breathless but radiant, Mary came forward to greet her guests while Langford slipped away to put up Sade.

The revel was at its highest. Mary and Louise were distributing good things to eat and drink to the hungry cowmen. The rooms were so crowded many stood without looking in at the doors and windows. The fragrance of hot coffee drifted in from the kitchen.

Langford stood up. A sudden quiet fell upon the people.

"Friends and neighbors," he said, "shall we drink to the prosperity of the Lazy S, the health and happiness of its master and its mistress?"

The health was drunk with cheers and noisy congratulations. Conversation began again, but Langford still stood.

"Friends and neighbors," he said again. His voice was grave. "Let us drink to one—not with us to-night—a brave man—in spite of himself his voice broke—"let us drink to the memory of Jim Munson."

Silently all rose and drank. They were rough men and women, most of them, but they were a people who held personal bravery among the virtues. Many stood with dimmed eyes, picturing that final scene on the island in which a brave man's life had closed. Few there would soon forget Jim Munson, cow-puncher of the Three Bars.

There was yet another toast Langford was to propose to-night. Now was the opportune time. Jim would have wished it so. It was fitting that this toast follow Jim's—it was Jim who had made it possible that it be given. He turned to Mary and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Will you come, Mary?" he said.

She went with him, wonderingly. He led her to the center of the room. His arm fell gently over her shoulder. Her cheeks flushed with the sudden knowledge of what was coming, but she looked at him with perfect trust and unquestioning love.

"Friends and neighbors," his voice rang out so that all might hear, "I ask you to drink to the health and happiness of the future mistress of the Three Bars!"

THE END.

### A Silly "Spook" Story.

D. H. Fries who just recently moved onto the old Lloyd farm near Wyoming was in town Tuesday and visiting with the editor's family. In the course of conversation, the murder of Della Lloyd by her sister, Lucy, was mentioned. It was suggested by a lady present who is rather timid, that she would dislike to live there if she believed in spooks. When Dave made the remark that his little daughter, Minnie, 11 years old, declared she saw a ghost cross over the cellar door twice and it frightened her so that she covered up her head. And it is almost impossible to get the child to remain alone now—even in daylight.

Of course there are few persons who believe in ghosts; but you would have hard work making the child believe that she did not see a real ghost.

J. H. Miller who lived in the house at the time of the murder and who recently vacated never saw anything like ghosts; but they never liked to sit in that room on account of the tragedy which was enacted in it—Nehawka Register.

### Base Ball Team Started.

Earl C. Wescott was elected manager and Will Fitzgerald captain of the Red Sox team for the 1908 season. About fifteen men will try for the team and the boys ought to have the support of all the base ball fans this year. The team is open for games and Glenwood will probably be the first attraction next Saturday, May 16.

### THE CELEBRATED STALLION PRINCE!

(FORMERLY OWNED BY L. G. TODD)

Will make three days of the week—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, in Nehawk.

TERMS:—\$10 to insure colt to stand and suck.

DAVID NURRAY.

### CROP REPORTS ARE PLEASING

#### Burlington Traffic Department Reports Show Great Improvement.

The crop report for the Burlington's Lincoln division issued from the office of J. D. Cox, division freight agent: "Following is the crop report for week ending May 8th. Inasmuch as conditions over entire grain belt on this division are the same, I am giving territory as a whole:

"From one to three inches of rain fell over entire territory. Lines north of Aurora and west of Ravenna were needing rain pretty badly. This past week these lines were favored with a good soaking rain of about two inches. Soil is in very good condition.

"Wheat and oats still looking fine. Oats need warmer weather, but with good rain past week will pull through O. K.

"Corn ground all prepared and ready for planting; in fact some planting done, but cold, wet weather has retarded farm work. Most farmers are waiting for warmer weather for planting. From reports, would state that with favorable weather all corn will be planted by end of next week.

"Alfalfa was hurt some by cold weather. Some reports show alfalfa hurt seriously, while others only in slight degree. With warm weather, alfalfa will show great improvement. Do not think damage will be noticeable with favorable weather.

"Fruit badly damaged by frost. Conflicting reports as regards this crop. It is impossible to estimate damage by frost to the fruit at this time.

"Pastures coming to the front fast. With a little warm weather, grasses of all kind will make wonderful growth.

"Garden truck not far enough advanced to be hurt much by recent cold snap. Very little damage to gardens."

### DEDICATION SERVICES CONCLUDED

Last Evening Concludes the Services of the Jubilee Celebration.

Yesterday the Rev. J. L. Sexton preached the dedication sermon for the Presbyterian church, and in the evening Rev. E. H. Kearns delivered an address at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor, the last services of the series. The subject of the morning service was "The Conditions of Life," and was handled in a matter that left no doubt in the minds of his hearers but that the speaker was well acquainted with his subject. In the evening the speaker's subject was "The Guidance of God." This being an address to the young people, was of especial interest and was listened to by both young and old with the utmost of interest. With this service concluded the series of meetings celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the church at that place. The membership here are to be congratulated upon the finely appointed program, which was fully presented to a successful finish. That they have on this the birthday of the organization succeeded in clearing the church of debt, and placed them in a position to do better work for the cause, is great cause for feeling a pride in the successful issue of the event.

### "Mothers' Day" in Plattsmouth.

The day was observed in this city so far as it could possibly be. The scarcity of white flowers prevented many from wearing the emblem who desired to do so. Another year it will be somewhat different in this respect. The idea is a noble one, and originated with club women in New York. The country at once recognized its fine sentiment, and in a few days instead of being local to Gotham it became general. The papers took the matter up editorially, and tender and eloquent tributes have been paid it by the foremost writers. The object is honoring the best woman that ever lived—your mother, and the observance, the wearing of a white carnation. When the mother love is touched the heart of every one is tenderly opened to reverence her, whether alive or sleeping in the silent tomb. The day will constantly grow to be of more interest until it becomes one to be celebrated by every man, woman and child in the land. Long live "Mothers' Day."

### True Christian Spirit.

The Fremont Herald truthfully remarks: "Do you feed tramps? We do. That is, if a fellow really looks hungry he can always get a 'handout' at our back door. And they are coming pretty regular nowadays. Men with wan face, gaunt and hungry beyond question come and gulp down with grateful looks all the bread and butter and preserves and cold meat on hand. Don't turn a hungry man away. Look him over carefully, and if his breath is right and he is hungry, feed him. It is a Christian duty."

# Best in the World

GO WITH US TO THE GREAT PANHANDLE OF TEXAS ON TUESDAY, MAY 19th!

A special car will be run from Omaha to Kansas City over the Missouri Pacific, and from there to Frisco, Texas over the Santa Fe. Special half-fare rate for the round trip. Come and go with us and see the greatest country on earth, and we know you will buy. We will trade for anything you have. Call on

**FRANK STANLEY, Plattsmouth, Nebraska**

### CANNOT RIDE ON FREIGHT

#### The M. P. to Continue Their "Retaliation" Scheme.

It is evident from the attitude of the Missouri Pacific railroad officials toward their patrons, that they intend to do everything in their power to make the situation unpleasant. The latest evidence of this fact is apparent in the refusal to let passengers ride on freight trains. An order was put into effect a few days ago that passengers should not be allowed to ride on local freight trains after that date and notices were posted in the depots. This inconvenience will be hardly bearable on train No. 164 which runs south from this city in the evening.

A conductor on a local train said: "The M. P. is doing everything in its power to make passenger traffic unpleasant. First they took out the electric light service in the coaches and replaced it by an inferior system; then they took off trains wherever it was possible to do so; they closed stations and reduced wages, and now they refuse to let persons ride on freight trains." When asked why the road should do this, he continued: "The officials do this to make the people sick of their legislation against the railroads."

Complaints have been filed with the State Railway Commission but that body has been too busy to get to these matters. It is claimed that since the Commission has forced the M. P. to make improvements in their road bed, it will be possible for it to restore the accommodations, which the road has taken from the people.

With reference to the decrease in business during the past few months, an official said: "The decrease in shipments of the M. P. have been startling. Just what is the reason for this we can hardly tell, yet many attribute the decrease to the financial flurry, which I believe is yet in its infancy. This is absolutely the dulliest season we have ever seen on the Missouri Pacific system."

### Another Missouri Pacific Wreck.

Last evening two Missouri Pacific trains wanted to pass on the same track, just this side of Gilmore Junction, but nothing new being discovered since the last attempt, they met with similar success which have attended other efforts in the past. The road was blocked for some time, and the midnight passenger due at this place at 11:59 was delayed for some time, hoping that the wreckage would be cleared away, but it was not, and the train was run by the way of Louisville and Weeping Water, carrying with them a large crowd of young people from this place, who had two hours to wait at Union for the train coming north.

Some half-dozen, among whom were Robert Sherwood, jr., V. C. Ahlstrand, Will Murray, Misses Mable Trussler, Hermia Spies and Hannah Black, had an opportunity to watch it rain all night. They came in this morning feeling very sore at the Missouri Pacific, and it would seem justly too. This is similar to the trick which was played upon about a hundred people at Nehawka some time since. Verily, the motives which actuate the management of the Missouri Pacific, is past finding out.

### Legal Notice.

The State of Nebraska, In County Court for County of Cass.  
In the matter of the estate of Margaret A. Patterson, deceased.  
All persons interested or concerned are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said court, praying for the appointment of Mae Patterson, administratrix of the estate of Margaret A. Patterson, deceased, late of said county and state, and that a hearing will be had on said petition at the office of the County Judge at the court house, in the city of Plattsmouth, in said county and state, on Saturday, May 16th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. All objections to the prayer of said petition must be filed before said hour of hearing.  
Witness my hand and official seal this 30th day of April, A. D. 1908.  
ALLEN J. BEESON,  
County Judge.  
W. C. RAMSEY, ATTORNEY FOR THE ESTATE.  
First Publication April 30, 1908.

### Notice of Application for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Emil Amende and Gust F. Mohr, have filed their petition with the village clerk of the village of Avoca, Cass county, Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said village of Avoca, setting forth that the applicants are men of respectable character and standing and are residents of the state of Nebraska, and pray that a license may be issued to the said Emil Amende and Gust F. Mohr for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the municipal year ending May 1, 1909, in a building on the west one third (1/3) of lot five, (5) block (2) fronting on House street in the said village of Avoca, Cass county, Nebraska.  
EMIL AMENDE,  
GUST F. MOHR,  
Applicants.  
20-21  
At Avoca, Neb., April 27, 1908.

### Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned H. E. Rand, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk, of the city of Louisville, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of residents of the city of the said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said H. E. Rand for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the north part of lot one hundred and eighty (180), of the said city of Louisville, Nebraska.  
H. E. RAND, Applicant.  
April 23, 1908.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, In County Court, County of Cass.  
In the matter of the estate of Benjamin Rand, deceased.  
All persons interested in the above estate are hereby notified that on May 26th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, a hearing will be had upon the final account and petition for final settlement and distribution of the estate of Benjamin Rand, deceased, at the county court room at Plattsmouth, in Cass county, Nebraska, and which time said final account will be examined and adjusted and the final decree of distribution will be entered, and allowance made for the fees of the administrator and his attorney, that all objections must be filed by said time.  
Witness my hand and seal of said court this 9th day of May, 1908.  
By the Court, ALLEN J. BEESON,  
County Judge.  
(SEAL)

### Real Estate Transfers.

- F. M. Svoboda to James Svoboda, lot 4, blk 1, Stiles' add to Plattsmouth—Consideration, . . . . . \$ 300
- H. S. Ouch to M. J. Powell, lot 8, blk 22, Avoca—Consideration, . . . . . 1200
- William Elliott to S. W. Ball, pt. lot 187, Louisville—Consideration, . . . . . 125
- P. A. Jacobson to Fritz Lofgren, lots 188 and 189, Louisville—Consideration, . . . . . 550
- Lucy McVay to C. M. Chriswiser, et al, nw 1/4, 17-11-13—Consideration 6400
- John C. Roddy to M. G. McQuinn, pt. sec 2 ne 1/4 31-10-14—Consideration . . . . . 372
- Isaac Stone to P. J. Lenick, lots 6, 7 and 8, blk 1, Alvo—Consideration, . . . . . 1100
- C. A. Latta to W. G. Boedeker, lot 2, blk 13, Latta's add. to Murray—Consideration, . . . . . 250
- Sheriff C. D. Quinton was a visitor in Omaha this afternoon, where he had some business matters to look after, and afterwards will attend the "Jester" this evening by Maude Adams. He was accompanied by Miss Mary Karvonek.

# OPPORTUNITY!

Knocks at the door of every one, and there is a tide in all our lives, which taken leads to fortune. We have that opportunity now in the shape of a horse ranch containing a full section and an extra eighty, with thoroughly first class improvements, a modern dwelling, barns, granaries, other out buildings, well fenced, all buildings nearly new, water piped into all barns, feed lots, house and every field. This place, which is now being used for the purpose of breeding horses and raising mules is paying some \$8,000.00 per year, and has improvements to the amount of \$6,000 and is being sold on account of the death of the wife of the owner. This will go to a figure which will make a good profit and a good per cent income on the investment. . . . .

**M. S. BRIGGS, Plattsmouth, Nebr.**