

PROLOGUE.

This romance of Freckles and the Angel of the Limberlost is one of the most novel, entertaining, wholesome and fascinating stories that have come from the pen of an American author in many years. The characters in this sylvan tale are:

Freckles, a plucky waif who guards the Limberlost timber leases and dreams of angels.

The Swamp Angel, in whom Freckles' sweetest dream materializes.

McLean, a member of a lumber company, who befriends Freckles. Mrs. Duncan, who gives moth-

er love and a home to Freckles. Duncan, head teamster of Mc-Lean's timber gang.

The Bird Woman, who is collecting camera studies of birds for a book.

Lord and Lady O'More, who come from Ireland in quest of a lost relative.

The Man of Affairs, brusque of manner, but big of heart. Wessner, a timber thief who wants rascality made easy.

Black Jack, a villain to whom thought of repentance comes too late.

CHAPTER II.

FRECKLES PROVES HIS METAL. EXT morning the boss showed Freckles around the timber line and engaged him board with his head teamster, Duncan, whom he had brought from Scotland and who lived in a small clearing he was working out between the swamp and the corduroy. When the gang pulled out for the south camp Freckles was left to guard a fortune in the Limberlost. That he was under guard himself those tirst weeks he nev-

er knew. Every hour was torture to the boy. The restricted life of a great city orphanage was the other extreme of the world from the Limberlost. He was afraid for his life every minute. He cut a stout hickory cudgel, with a knot on the end as big as his fist, and it never left his hand. What he thought in those first days he himself could not clearly recall afterward.

His heart stood still every time he saw the beautiful marsh grass begin a sinuous waving against the play of the wind, as McLean had told him it would. He bolted a half mile with his first boom of the bittern, and his but lifted with every yelp of the sheitpoke. Once he saw a lean, shadowy form following him and blazed away with his revolver. Then he was frightened worse than ever for fear it might have been Duncan's collie.

The first afternoon that he found his wires down, and he was compelled to plunge knee deep into the black swamp muck to restring them, he could scarcely control his shaking hand to do the work. With every step be felt that he would miss secure footing and be swallowed up in that clinging sea of blackness. In dumb agony he plunged along, clinging to the posts and trees. He had consumed much time. Night closed in. The Limberlost stirred cently, then shook herself. growled and awoke about him.

There seemed to be a great owl hoot ing from every bollow tree and a little one screeching from every knothole. Nighthawks swept past him with their shivering cry, and buts struck his face. A prowling wildcat missed its entch and screamed with rage. A lost fox bayed incessantly for its mate. The hair on the back of Freckles' neck rose like bristles, and his knees wavered under him. He could not see if the dreaded spakes were on the trail nor in the pandemonium hear the rattle for which McLean had cautioned him to listen.

Something big, black and heavy came crashing through the swamp, and with a yell Freckies broke and ranhow far he did not know. But at last he gained some sort of mastery over himself and retraced his steps. When

Gene Stratton-

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he again came toward the cordures the cudgel fell to test the wire at ev-

Sounds that curdled his blood seem ed to close in about him and shapes of terror to draw nearer and nearer. Just when he felt that he should fall dead before he ever reached the clearing came Duncan's rolling call, "Freekles, Freckles!" A great shuddering sob burst in the boy's dry throat. But he only fold Duncan that finding the wire down had made him late.

time. Day after day with his heart tounding like a triphammer he ducked. dodged, ran when he could and fought like a wildcat when he was brought to bay. If he ever had an idea of giving up no one knew it. All these things in so far as he guessed them Duncan, who had been set to watch the first weeks of Freckles' work, carried to the boss at the south camp, but the innermost, exquisite torture of the thing the big Scotchman never guessed, and Mc-Lean with his finer perceptions came only a little nearer.

The next morning he started out on

After a few weeks, when Freckies found that he was still living, that he had a home and the very first money he had ever possessed was safe in his pockers, he began to grow proud. He was gradually developing the fearlessness that men ever acquire of dangers to which they are hourly accustomed. His heart seemed to be in his mouth when his first rattler disputed the trail with him, but he mustered courage and let drive at it with his club. After its head had been crushed he cut off its rattles to show Duncan. With the mastery of his first snake his greatest fear of them was gone.

Then he began to realize that with the abundance of food in the swamp flesh hunters would not come out on the trail and attack him, and he had his revolver for defense if they did. He soon learned to laugh at the floppy birds that made horrible noises. One day watching from behind a tree be saw a crane solemnly performing a few measures of a belated nuptial song and dance with his mate. Healizing that it was intended in tenderness, no matter how it appeared, the lonely, starved heart of the boy went out to them in sympathy.

When day after day the only thing that relieved his utter loneliness was the companiouship of the birds and beasts of the swamp Freckles turned to them for friendship. He began by instinctively protecting the weak and heipless. He was astonished at the quickness with which they became no customed to him once they learned that he was not a hunter and that the club he carried was used more fre quently for their benefit than his own, He could scarcely believe what he saw,

When black frosts began stripping the Limberlost he watched the departing troops of his friends with dismay. He made special efforts toward friendliness with the hope that he could induce some of them to stay. It was then that he conceived the idea of carrying food to the birds, for he saw that they were leaving for lack of it. But he could not stop them. Day after day flocks gathered and departed. By the time the first snow whit ened his trail about the Limberlost and white juncos, the sapsuckers, yellowhammers, a few patriarchs among the flaming cardinals, the bluejays, the crows and the quail.

Then Freckles began his wizard work. He cleared a space of swale, and twice a day he spread a birds' banquet. By the middle of December the strong winds of winter had beaten they flew toward the clearing to meet shining face. him. By the bitter weather of January they came halfway to the cabin every morning and fluttered about him like doves all the way to the feeding ground. By February they would the sancy jays would try to pry into

his pockets. Then Freckles added to wheat and crumbs every scrap of refuse food he er!" he cried. could find about the cabin. One morn-

So the winter passed. Every week die, I am your mither!" McLenn rode over to the Limberlost, never on the same day nor at the same hour. The boy's earnings constituted pulled his cap lower about his ears. his first money, and when the boss explained to him that he could leave ing it under his arm, caught her rough, them safe at a bank and carry away reddened hand and pressed it to his a scrap of paper that represented the lips in a long kiss. Then he burried amount he made a deposit on every away to hide the happy, embarrassing

pay day, keeping out barely what was necessary for his board and clothing. What he wanted to do with his money he did not know, but it gave to him a sense of freedom and power to feet that it was there-it was his and he could have it when he chose,

That winter held the first hours of real happiness in Freckles' life. He was free. He was doing a man's work faithfully through every rigor of rain. snow and blizzard. He was gathering a wonderful strength of body, paying his way and saving money

Mrs. Doncan had a hot drink ready for him when he came in from a freezing day on the trall, knitted a heavy mitten for his left hand, devised a way to sew up and pad the right sleeve which protected the malmed arm in bitter weather, patched his clothing and saved kitchen scraps for his birds, not because she either knew or cared a rap about them, but because she herself was near enough the swamp to be touched by its utter loneliness. When Duncan laughed at her for this she retorted: "My God, mannie, if Freekles hadna the birds and the beasts he would be always alone. It was never meant for a human being to be sa soll-

The next morning Duncan gave an ear of corn he was shelling to Freekles and told him to carry it to his wild chickens in the Limberlost. Freckles laughed delightedly.

ever think of that before? Of course they are! They are just little brightly colored cocks and bens. But what would you say to me 'wild chickens' be ing a good deal tamer than yours here in your yard?"

"Hoot, lad!" cried Duncan. "Make yours light on your head and eat out of your hands and pockets,' challenged Freckles.

"Go tell your fairy tales to the wee people! They're juist brash on be lievin' things," said Duncan.

"I dare you to come see!" retorted

"Take ye!" said Duncan. "If ye make juist ane bird licht on your held or eat frae your hand ye are free to help yoursel' to my corncrib and wheat bin the rest of the winter."

After that Freckles always spoke of Sabbath Duncau, with his wife and children, followed Freckles to the

Freckles' chickens were awaiting him at the edge of the clearing. They cut the frosty air about his head into curves and circles of crimson, blue and black. They chased each other from Freckles and swept so closely themselves that they brushed him with their

At once the ground resembled the spread mantle of Montesuma, except that this mass of gavly colored feathers they feasted Duneau gripped his wife's arm and stared in astonishment, for from the bushes and dry grass with gentle cheeping and queer, throaty chatter, as if to encourage each other, came flocks of quail. Before any one saw it arrive a big gray rabbit sat in the midst of the feast, contentedly gnawing a cabbage leaf.

"Weel, I be drawed on!" came Mrs. Duncan's tense whisper.

"Shu-shu!" cautioned Duncan. Lastly Freckles took off his cap. He began filling it with handfuls of wheat from his pockets. In a swarm the grain eaters rose about him like a flock of tame pigeons. They perched on his arms and the cap, and, in the stress there were left only the little black of hunger forgetting all caution, a brilon his head.

"Weel, I'm beat!" muttered Duncan, forgetting the sllence imposed on his wife. "I'll hae to give in. Seein' is bellevin'."

A week later Duncan and Freckles rose from breakfast to face the bittermost of the seed from the grass and est morning of the winter. When bushes. The snow fell, covering the Freckles, warmly capped and gloved, swamp, and food was very scarce and stepped to the corner of the kitchen for hard to find. The birds scarcely wait- his scrap/ pall he found a pan of ed until Freckles' back was turned to steaming boiled wheat on the top of it. attack his provisions. In a few weeks He wheeled to Mrs. Duncan with a

> "Were you fixing this warm food for me chickens or yours?" he asked.

"It's for yours, Freckles," she said. Freckles faced Mrs. Duncan with a trace of every pang of starved mother perch on his head and shoulders, and hunger he had ever suffered written large on his homely, splotched, narrow features.

"Oh, how I wish you were my moth-

"Lord love the lad!" exclaimed Mrs. ing, coming to his feeding ground un- Duncan. "Why, Freckles, are ye no usually early, he found a gorgeous bricht enough to learn without being cardinal and a rabbit sociably nibbling taught by a woman that I am your a cabbage leaf side by side, and that mither? If a great man like yoursel' instantly gave to him the idea of dinna ken that, learn it now and ne'er jail. cracking nuts from the store he had forget it. Ance a woman is the wife gathered for Duncan's children, for of any man she becomes wife to all the squirrels, in the effort to add them men for having had the wifely exto his family. Soon he had them com- perience she kens! Ance a man child ing-red, gray and black-and he be- has beaten his way to life under the came filled with a vast impatience heart of a woman she is mother to all back to jail. that he did not know their names nor men, for the hearts of mithers are everywhere the same. Bless ye, lad-

She tucked the coarse scarf she had knit for him closer over bis chest and but Freckles, whipping it off and hold-

his swelling heart. Mrs. Duncan threw herself into Dan-

"Oh, the puir lad!" she walled. "Oh, the pair mither hungry lad! He breaks

Duncan's arms closed convulsively about his wife. With a big brown hand he lovingly stroked her rough sorrel hale.

"Shrah, you're a guid woman!" he said "You're a mi hiv guld woman! Ye has a way o' smentin' out at times that's like the insuired prophets of the

All through the winter Freckles' entire energy was alsen to keeping up his lines and his "chickens" from breath of spring touched the Limberwhen the entkins began to ploom; beat strong in the heart of nature, something new stirred in the breast of the hoy.

Now she laid a powerful hand on the soul of Freekles, to which the boy's whole being responded, though he had not the least idea what was troubling him. Duncan accepted his wife's theory that it was a touch of spring "Me chickens!" he said. "Why didn't fever, but Freckles knew better. He had never been so well.

(To Be Continued.)

THE WHITING BIG-AMY CASE CALLED

The Defendant Arraigned Before Judge Travis and Pleads Guilty, but Sentence Deferred.

From Saturday's Daily.

Another chapter in the Charles Allen Whiting bigamy case was enacted this afternoon when the defendant was arraigned in the the birds as his chickens. The next district court before Judge Travis for sentence. Mrs. Whiting of Lincoln and some of the relatives PROCEEDINGS OF THE of the defendant were present; also Mrs. Bacus, to whom Whiting was married last month by Judge Beeson.

The prisoner was directed to stand and County Attorney Taylor read the complaint to the court,

wife and that he did not live with her, although he had supported Groceries and meats ... ber and their two children all of Mattresses, beds ar was on the backs of living birds. While the time until right recently. On Hardware and lumber being interrogated as to why he lid not live with his family, he stated that they did not get along; that his wife's people had tried to make trouble between them and he had let her live with her par-

The court then produced a parole and asked him if he knew anything about it. He replied that he had heard of it. The name of D. O. Dwyer, insane case Emma Allen James Robertson, insane case Emma Allen petition asking for Whiting's step forward, and questioned her C. D. about the trouble mentioned by Mrs. J. R. Nicholson, insane case Whiting. Mrs. Whiting said that Mrs. Green, Insane case Emma liant cock cardinal and an equally they had not had much trouble, gaudy jay fought for a perching place but that Whiting's people had caused some troublt between them, but there was nothing serious.

Mrs. Bacus was then invited to step forward and was also interrogated by Judge Travis. She stated that she became acquainted with Whiting a year ago, while she was working in a restaurant; that she did not know he was a married and divorced, and undermarried and divorced, and understood from Whiting's actions that he was single; he never stated that he was single. She signified her willingness to sign the petition to parole the prisoner, and boarding county prisoners and committments. Jake Witt, care of Mrs. Parks. that he was single. She signified read the petition over.

Judge Travis then stated that he was not ready to sentence the prisoner, but ascertained that the penalty was an indeterminate sentence of from one to seven years. Whiting then retired with the sheriff, who took him back to

The court called up the case of the State vs. Gray and the sheriff went after the prisoner at the time he accompanied Whiting Theo Starkjohn, Jury, inquest T.

Mrs. John Schwartz and children departed for Corning, Iowa, where they will visit her sister for a week. Mr. Schwartz departed for Canada with his car of personal belongings last week. Mrs. Schwartz and the children will wait until her husband is settled before leaving for Canada.

Fred Majors, witness, inquest T. A. Graham Universal Struck of Struck of Canada Universal Struck of Canada Universal

This Ad is No Good

unless it does just one thing-unless it leads you to our Alteration Sale now in progress.

If you investigate it and do not buy, that is your fault. If you never hear about it perhaps that's our fault. However, this sale largely advertises itself by word of merit. We do not need to do any shoutingthe prices do that. Come and see for yourself.

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We're not going to tell you how good they are-perhaps you wouldn't believe it-come and see.

One lot boy's knickerbocker suits......\$1.65 One lot boy's knickerbocker suits..... 2.35

These are wool suits in handsome grey and brown mixtures and run in size 8 to 16 years.

One lot Buster Brown suits, that cannot be touched anywhere less than \$5.....\$3.50 One lot boy's blouse waists.... One lot boy's overalls One lot boy's odd knickerbocker pants..... 39c One lot men's fine flannel shirts..... 95c One lot boy's and girl's all wool waists.... One lot men's fine dress shirts.... One lot men's winter overcoats \$7.50

No Goods Charged at these Prices!

C. E. Wescott's Sons

Always the Home of Satisfaction

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Platismouth, Neb., March 5, 1912.
Board met pursuant to adjournment.
Present: M. L. Friedrich, C. R. Jordan and C. E. Heebner, County Commissioners, and D. C. Morgan, County At their feeding ground Freckles set down his old pail of scraps and swept the snow from a small level space with a broom improvised from twigs. As soon as his back was turned the birds clustered over the food, snatching scraps to carry to the nearest bushes. Several of the boldest, a big crow and a couple of jays, settled on the rim and feasted at leisure, while a cardinal that hesitated to venture funed and scolded from a twig overhead.

Then Freckles scattered his store. At once the ground resembled, the of Poor Farm. Approved.
Superintendent of Poor Farm made
his annual report as follows:
EXPENDITURES.

Implements, harness, etc. Purchase hogs and chickens... Threshing, ice harvest and butchering 66.24 Total amount paid out...\$1,190.88 trECEIPTS. Received from sales \$1,191.58 Produce on hand valued at ... \$75.00

Inmates maintained during year, 23.
Average number, 18.
Number of deaths, 2.
The following claims were allowed Quinton, insane case Emma 4.75 2,00 Allen, William insane 2.00 21.21

C. D. Quinton, insane
Havnar
Martin & Tool, merchandise to
Broadwater
C. W. Baylor & Co., coal to jail,
poor farm and paupers
E. Manspeaker, salary deputy
sheriff, February
James Yelick and John Chvala,
assigned D. C. Morgan, H. Rainey, wood to court house D. C. Morgan, salary and ex-Egenberger, merchandise University Publishing Co. examination questions county superintendent. Lorenz Bros., merchandise to

Hans Sievers, salary and laundry for February Plattsmouth Telephone Co., rent and tolls Plattsmouth Journal, printing to county

D. Quinton, acting coroner, inquest T. A. Graham

Manspeaker, deputy sheriff, inquest T. A. Graham
larry Smith, jury inquest T. A. Graham farry Sun. A. Grabam

Graham ... L. Farley, jury inquest T. A. Graham E. H. Schulhof, Jury, inquest T. A. Graham W. Rhoden, jury, inquest T. A. Graham Welch, jury, inquest T. A. Graham Dr. J. S. Livingston, witness, in-quest T. A. Graham C. H. Mann, witness, inquest T. A. Graham Fred Majors, witness, inquest T.

W. K. Fox, postage and expense
J. H. Tams, salary for February
E. R. Travis, preparing bill of
exceptions, McCann
Klopp & Bartlett Co., assessor
supplies, farm register and
legal blanks
John Murtey, coal to Emerson.
M. L. Friedrich, salary and expense E. Heebner salary and expense
The Louisville Courier, printing
to sheriff
F. H. Nichols, merchandise to
Clary and Lake
M. Archer, State vs. Elmer Gray
C. D. Quinton, State vs. Elmer
Gray 24.00 C. D. Quinton, State vs. Elmer Gray 6.25
Wm. Holly, clothing to County. 15.25
The following claims were allowed on the Road Fund:
J. C. Niday, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 11
Frank Platzer, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 2

Wm. H. Rush, shoveling snow 51.15 and road work, Road district No. 1 and road work, Road district fike Lutz, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 1 toy E. Howard, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 1 No. 1 eo. H. Meisinger, shoveling snow and road work, Road dis-triet No. 2 Beckman, shoveling snow road work, Road district 13.40 T. Richards shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 4 85.55 No. 4
Waiter Byers, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 27
J. M. Hoover, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 3 No. 3
George Poisall, jr., helping surveyor, Inheritance tax
Fred Patterson, surveyor work,
Inheritance tax
M. J. Wickersham, merchandise
to Road district No. 8
M. J. Wickersham merchandise 2.00 1.54

"Three Twins."

Apart from its legitimate 118.34 claims to popularity because of its catchy songs and delightful music, Joseph M. Gaites' "Three 2.55 Twins," which comes to the Parmele Wednesday night, March 13, 4.50 is a production that from a 204.54 scenic viewpoint has seldom been 67.35 equaled and never surpassed in the history of the American stage. 12.50 Theater-goers who are most ex-5.00 acting in their demands for all that modern stage mechanism has 236,20 made possible, are unstinted in 5.30 their praise of the lavish production Mr. Gaites has given this 78.00 charming musical comedy.

Not a Peanut Politician.

Senator John H. Morehead of 11.75 Falls City, the leading demo-3.95 cratic candidate for governor, passed here on the Monday evening train, and spent a few min-1.10 utes forming some new acquaint-1.10 ances. We had the pleasure of 1.10 meeting him, and soon perceived 1.10 that he is a very sociable gentle-1.10 man and a statesman instead of a "peanut politician."-Union 1.10 Ledger.

J. W. Grassman has again 1.10 been a sufferer from hemmorhage of the lungs and has been con-25 fined to his home for several days. His affliction is a very serious matter, but his many friends have constant hope for his early recovery.