



FRECKLES

By Gene Stratton-Porter
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he again came toward the corduroy the cudgel fell to test the wire at every step.

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.

McLean, a member of a lumber company, who befriends Freckles. Mrs. Duncan, who gives mother love and a home to Freckles. Duncan, head teamster of McLean'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. NEXT 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 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.

Then Freckles began his wizard work. He cleared a space of swale, and twice a day he spread a bird's banquet. By the middle of December the strong winds of winter had beaten most of the seed from the grass and bushes.

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 shivering hand to do the work.

There seemed to be a great outpouring from every hollow tree and a little one screeching from every knothole. Nightbirds swept past him with their shivering cry, and butts struck his face.

Something big, black and heavy came crashing through the swamp, and with a yell Freckles broke and ran—how far he did not know.

He 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 to one knew it.

After a few weeks, when Freckles found that he was still living, that he had a home and the very first money he had ever possessed was safe in his pockets, he began to grow proud.

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.

At their feeding ground Freckles set down his old pan of scraps and swept the snow from a small level space with a broom improvised from twigs.

Then Freckles scattered his store. At once the ground resembled the spread mantle of Montezuma, except that this mantle of gayly colored feathers was on the backs of living birds.

"Weel, I'm drawn out!" came Mrs. Duncan's terse whisper. "Sh-sh!" cautioned Duncan. Lastly Freckles took off his cap. He began filling it with handfuls of wheat from his pockets.

"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 hunger he had ever suffered written large on his homely, spotted, narrow features.

So the winter passed. Every week McLean rode over to the Limberlost, never on the same day nor at the same hour. The boy's earnings constituted his first money, and when the boss explained to him that he could leave them safe at a bank and carry away a scrap of paper that represented the amount he made a deposit on every

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 feel that it was there—it was his and he could have it when he chose.

Mrs. Duncan had a hot drink ready for him when he came in from a freezing day on the trail, knifed a heavy mitten for his left hand, devised a way to sew up and pad the right sleeve which protected the maimed 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 stamp to be touched by its utter loneliness.

"Me chickens!" he said. "Why didn't I ever think of that before? Of course they are! They are just little brightly colored cocks and hens. But what would you say to me 'wild chickens' being 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 just brash on believe'n' things," said Duncan. "I dare you to come see!" retorted Freckles.

"Take ye!" said Duncan. "If ye make just one bird light on your head or eat frae your hand ye are free to help yonself to my corncrib and wheat bin the rest of the winter."

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tears that were his swelling heart. Mrs. Duncan threw herself into Duncan's arms. "Oh, the poor lad!" she wailed. "Oh, the poor mither hungry lad! He breaks my heart!"

All through the winter Freckles' entire energy was given to keeping up his lines and his "chickens" from freezing or starving. When the first breath of spring touched the Limberlost and the snow receded before it when the cuckoos began to bloom when there came a hint of green to the trees, bushes and swales when the rushes lifted their heads and the pulse of the never-renewed season beat strong in the heart of nature, something new stirred in the breast of the boy.

Nature always betrays her tribute. Now she laid a powerful hand on the soul of Freckles, 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 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.

Another chapter in the Charles Allen Whiting bigamy case was enacted this afternoon when the defendant was arraigned in the district court before Judge Travis for sentence. Mrs. Whiting of Lincoln and some of the relatives 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, and the court inquired of Whiting whether he was guilty or not guilty. He replied, "guilty." He was then asked if there was anything he had to say why sentence should not be passed, or anything in extenuation of his offense.

The prisoner replied that he did not realize the seriousness of the offense at that time. That he had not been getting along with his wife and that he did not live with her, although he had supported her and their two children all of the time until right recently. On being interrogated as to why he did 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 parents.

The court then produced a petition asking for Whiting's parole and asked him if he knew anything about it. He replied that he had heard of it. The name of his wife was the first on the petition and the court asked her to step forward, and questioned her about the trouble mentioned by Whiting. Mrs. Whiting said that they had not had much trouble, but that Whiting's people had caused some trouble 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 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 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 jail.

The court called up the case of the State vs. Gray and the sheriff went after the prisoner at the time he accompanied Whiting back to jail. 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.

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 shouting—the prices do that. Come and see for yourself.

- One lot of men's suits.....\$ 5.00
- One lot of men's suits..... 10.00

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..... 25c
- One lot boy's overalls..... 25c
- 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..... 69c
- One lot men's fine dress shirts..... 85c
- One lot men's winter overcoats.....\$7.50

No Goods Charged at these Prices!

C. E. Wescott's Sons

Always the Home of Satisfaction

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Plattsmouth, Neb., March 5, 1912. Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: M. L. Friedrich, C. R. Jordan and C. E. Leebner, County Commissioners, and D. C. Morgan, County Clerk. Minutes of previous session read and approved, when the following business was transacted in regular form: County Treasurer this day instructed to refund the following taxes, having been paid "Under Protest." Receipt No. 243, year 1892, lots 5 and 6, block 165, City, \$36.70; same paid under sale certificate 1351, 3-6-1897. Receipt No. 296, year 1898, lots 5 and 6, block 165, City, \$25.22; same paid under sale certificate 1351, 3-6-1897. Receipt No. 5891, year 1894, lots 5 and 6, block 165, City, \$24.49; same paid under sale certificate 1351, 3-6-1897. Bond of J. H. Tams, Superintendent of Poor Farm, Approved. Superintendent of Poor Farm made his annual report as follows: EXPENDITURES: Groceries and meats.....\$ 564.06 Clothing and shoes..... 63.50 Mattresses, beds and springs..... 47.75 Drugs and paints..... 64.60 Hardware and lumber..... 71.55 Implements, harness, etc..... 80.50 Coal..... 209.63 Threshing, ice harvest and butchering..... 66.24 Total amount paid out.....\$1,190.88 RECEIPTS: From sales.....\$1,191.58 Produce on hand valued at..... \$75.00 James maintained during year, 23. Average number, 18. Number of deaths, 2. The following claims were allowed on the Grand Jury: Lincoln Telephone & Telegraph Co., rent and tolls.....\$ 1.75 Dr. E. Brendel, insane case..... 8.00 D. O. Dwyer, insane case Emma Allen..... 3.90 James Robertson, insane case Emma Allen..... 5.75 C. D. Quinton, insane case Emma Allen..... 4.75 Mrs. J. R. Nicholson, insane case Emma Allen..... 2.00 C. D. Quinton, insane case Emma Allen..... 2.00 William Allen, insane case Emma Allen..... 2.00 C. D. Quinton, insane case Mary Havnar..... 21.21 Martin & Tool, merchandise to Broadwater..... 5.00 C. W. Beyer & Co., coal to jail poor farm and paupers..... 118.34 E. Manspeaker, salary deputy sheriff, February..... 45.00 J. H. Tams, salary and expense, assigned D. C. Morgan, shoveling snow..... 2.55 W. H. Rainey, wood to court..... 4.50 D. C. Morgan, salary and expense..... 204.54 L. B. Erenberger, merchandise to poor farm..... 67.35 The University Publishing Co., examination questions county superintendent..... 12.50 Lorenz Bros., merchandise to pauper..... 5.00 Fred Patterson, office work..... 40.00 C. B. Quinton, jailer fees and boarding county prisoners..... 236.20 C. D. Quinton, boarding city prisoners and commitments..... 5.30 Jake Witt, care of Mrs. Parks..... 26.50 Hans Sievers, salary and laundry for February..... 75.00 Plattsmouth Telephone Co., rent and tolls..... 29.60 Plattsmouth Journal, printing to county..... 26.84 J. D. Quinton, acting coroner, inquest T. A. Graham..... 11.75 E. Manspeaker, deputy sheriff, inquest T. A. Graham..... 3.35 Harry Smith, jury inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 A. Graham..... 1.10 Geo. L. Farley, jury, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 E. H. Schullhof, jury, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 G. W. Rhodes, jury, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 C. A. Welch, jury, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 Wm. Stark, jury, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 Dr. J. S. Livingston, witness, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 E. O. Mayfield, witness, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 Fred Majors, witness, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 Wm. Straight, witness, inquest T. A. Graham..... 1.10 James Yellek, assigned to Ed Donat, cleaning snow from jail house..... 8.25 E. Manspeaker, trip to poor farm..... 1.00 C. R. Jordan, salary and expense..... 29.00 E. H. Taylor, salary and expense to sheriff (Rebased)..... 112.60 Kroehler Bros., merchandise and labor to jail and court house..... 79.70

W. K. Fox, postage and expense..... 6.39 J. H. Tams, salary for February..... 75.00 E. R. Travis, preparing bill of exceptions, McCann..... 53.00 Klopp & Bartlett Co., assessor supplies, farm register and legal blanks..... 187.50 John Murty, coal to Emerson..... 9.70 M. L. Friedrich, salary and expense..... 35.80 C. E. Reubner, salary and expense..... 16.90 The Louisville Courier, printing to sheriff..... 24.00 F. H. Nichols, merchandise to Clara and Lake..... 15.45 M. Archer, State vs. Elmer Gray..... 4.75 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.....\$ 54.00 Frank Platzer, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 2..... 51.15 Wm. H. Rush, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 7..... 66.55 John Hira, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 1..... 29.00 and road work, Road district Mike Lutz, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 1..... 70.40 Roy E. Howard, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 1..... 19.00 Geo. H. Melinger, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 2..... 13.40 Ben Beckman, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 10..... 85.55 C. T. Richards, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 4..... 55.25 Walter Byers, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 27..... 33.95 J. M. Hoover, shoveling snow and road work, Road district No. 3..... 18.20 George Poissal, Jr., helping surveyor, inheritance tax..... 2.00 Fred Patterson, surveyor work, inheritance tax..... 11.20 M. J. Wickersham, merchandise to Road district No. 9..... 1.54 M. J. Wickersham, merchandise to Road district No. 13..... 12.21 Kroehler Bros., merchandise to Road district No. 1..... 9.90 Board adjourned to meet Tuesday, March 19, 1912. D. C. MORGAN, County Clerk.

"Three Twins."

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

Not a Peanut Politician.

Senator John H. Morehead of Falls City, the leading democratic candidate for governor, passed here on the Monday evening train, and spent a few minutes forming some new acquaintances. We had the pleasure of meeting him, and soon perceived that he is a very sociable gentleman and a statesman instead of a "peanut politician."—Union Ledger.

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