

A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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PROLOGUE.

Lovers of Romance, attention! Here's a story you will like. It tells of mystery under the dreamy moon of the Pacific islands...

You know, of course, about the author, Lloyd Osbourne. He learned how to write in a worthy school, for he is a stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson...

CHAPTER V. Heart Break Hill.

HE rose the next day a very different man from the night before. A pitiless consideration of his circumstances, begun at dawn...

On the Spanish war breaking out, Marshall had thrown diplomacy to the winds, and returned to Connecticut to help organize the state's quota for the national defense...

He tried to put that sparkling face out of his mind; tried not to linger on those girlish admissions that made his pulses beat; called himself, oh, so many times, a fool—a crazy, silly fool—and roved all sorts of tremendous things...

After breakfast he made it up handsomely with Dagganourt, expatiating on mules with much ardor and enthusiasm and gradually recovering the mulatto's sorely shaken confidence...

Excuse my mentioning it," he said, "but you know we're needing it pretty soon, and I'd rather not sell the garage till—"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Matt. "It ought to be coming along soon, and if it doesn't I'll telegraph. Don't you worry about that," he added reassuringly...

But Victor's concern remained. He had kept better tally on the dates than Matt. It was exactly twenty-four days since the latter had written, a long while surely...

"If people like Snood & Hargreaves offered \$5,500 for the ring it's pretty sure to be worth it," replied Matt. "Even if they backed out we could sell it somewhere else."

They lingered awhile longer, talking about the \$300 commission Victor hoped to get on a secondhand car and as to the advisability of taking \$1,000 cash for the garage or a thousand down and another thousand on a nine months' note.

Perhaps Matt kept closer to the veranda that morning than usual, for it was warm and sunny and likely to tempt the presence of Mrs. Sattane with her rocking chair, her darning and her interminable tongue...

The general when a young cavalry officer, hardly indeed more than a boy, had made a runaway match with a Miss Koenig of Philadelphia, who was so rich that people used to call her Miss Kilmansegg...

In the meanwhile he had married again, later his second wife many years later in a carriage accident. His daughter, Christine, had narrowly escaped the same fate, and for several years had been a helpless invalid...

He kept up three establishments—one in Washington, another at Bar Harbor, and the third, his big, comfortable old colonial house at Fair Oaks, about four miles out of Manassas...

It was a very dragging afternoon for Matt. He was restless, could settle to nothing, was both stirred and depressed at the prospect of his call at Fair Oaks...

"Excuse my mentioning it," he said, "but you know we're needing it pretty soon, and I'd rather not sell the garage till—"



"Hold on there!" he exclaimed. "Hold on—stop!"

sequence—a quarter of an hour too early, when, as a matter of fact, he would not dare to start before the half-hour—giving him a whole fifteen minutes, therefore, to be dawdled through, with more crinkling of white waistcoat and more risk to shoes...

Punctually to the minute he took his seat in the buggy and was just starting when of a sudden he was halted from behind. The driver pulled up and Matt turned to see an oldish man in a silk hat, still breathless from running, who had evidently been exerting himself to overtake them.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a dejected, apologetic sort of voice. "I am looking for a gentleman named Broughton—Mr. Matthew Broughton—and as you somewhat conform to his description and were driving from the house to which I was directed—"

"I am sorry, but it'll have to wait," said Matt. "I haven't a minute to spare. Please let go my wheel."

"Where are you going?" he asked. "A short drive—to pay a call."

Matt was very much thrilled and tantalized, but at last came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken for some one else. Nobody could want to see him on a matter so secret that it could not be divulged except in private...

They passed through a stone gateway of a massive and towering design that reared its head like a mausoleum in the lonely woods.

Matt suffered under these reflections; it made him feel more of an intruder than ever, poorer and of less account. Who was he to be driving through such unnumbered acres of wood pulp and daring to lift his eyes, however timidly, to its owner's daughter?

Miles' Nervine, and I began to improve before I had finished the first bottle until I was entirely cured."

Many remedies are recommended for diseases of the nervous system that fail to produce results because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven its value in such cases so many times that it is unnecessary to make claims for it.

afraid that he might have been made to wait—papa having met a long lost lovely friend in a tuff-teuf and a ti coat and wanting to remain the rest of the week to talk to her.

Amid this laughing cordially Matt found himself being guided through a lofty hallway, lined with books and engravings, to a large, low ceilinged room, where the old general, also in riding dress, was standing before a log fire and refraining in the most exemplary manner from any premature onslaught on the tea table.

What were Matt's sensations as he sat beside Miss Marshall on the sofa, balancing a teacup on his knee and stealing little sidewise looks at her? The dismalst imaginable, it must be confessed.

He hoped afterward that he had not talked too much about the islands. It was all he knew to talk about. Cannibals, fighting, pearl diving and the shuddering, bloody business of the bark Moore—things that people usually liked to hear, especially from a survivor of the last.

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Death of Grandma Atwood. Mrs. Sarah Atwood died this morning at Pueblo, Colo. The body will be brought here for burial and it is thought that it will arrive Friday morning.

Do you know that the Journal office carries the finest line of stationery in the city?

A Nervous Woman Finds Relief From Suffering.

Women who suffer from extreme nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Joseph Snyder, of Tiffin, O., had such an experience, regarding which she says:



"Six months I was bedfast with nervous prostration. I had sinking spells, a cold, clammy feeling, could not stand the slightest noise. At times I would almost fly to pieces; stomach very weak. My husband insisted on my taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I began to improve before I had finished the first bottle until I was entirely cured."

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Old and New Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

Dr. Waterman of Louisville, one of the Herald's friends, was in town yesterday, witness on the Romine case.

J. W. Cox of Weeping Water, with Mrs. Cox, called to see the Herald on Tuesday; very glad to see them both. Come again.

John Leesley, young man from the University, was home Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Young, formerly of St. Luke's church, in this place, and now at the Yankton agency, visited his old friends in Plattsmouth on Tuesday.

Cap. Palmer, our insurance man, has formed a partnership with Mr. Coutant in Omaha, taking the place of Thomas Clark. The new firm of Palmer & Coutant are highly spoken of by all the Omaha papers, and they seem to think Cap. Palmer will make a strong horse in the team.

A. B. Smith, one of the best mechanics in the state, has just shown us a new patent wagon wheel of his own invention. As far as the Herald can judge it is a great improvement on all wooden wheels.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: I take the privilege of reporting to you an organization of a Union Lyceum at Pleasant Grove school house on last Thursday evening.

The school here at Pleasant Grove is flourishing finely, having the largest attendance ever known in this district, and great interest is manifested by the scholars. The people are all alive here about Elmwood, and we expect a prosperous winter.

The Herald had a very pleasant visit at Lincoln on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. We saw our old townsman, H. D. Hathaway, pulling the pipe of peace and plenty in the Journal office.

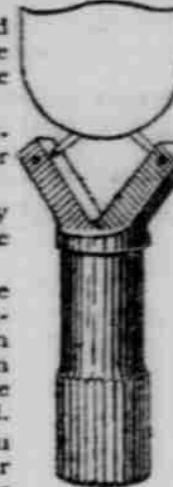
The members of Plattsmouth Lodge No. 6, A. F. & A. M., will give a grand annual festival in Plattsmouth on December 28, at Fitzgerald's hall.

J. A. Corey, once a printer, editor, Lord knows what all—he's like the rest of us—called to see the Herald on Saturday. Mr. Corey lives over in Otoe, but has taught school in Cass county for several years.

John W. Dorrington, a brother of Fred Dorrington and a former resident of this place, has just returned on a visit to his old home in Richardson county, after a four years' residence in the Territory of Arizona.

The Flame of Acetylene Light Is Small and the Burner Peculiar

You have probably noticed that a Pilot Country Home Acetylene burner is shaped like the letter "Y."



The farmer's pure white Acetylene light shining from handsome brass and bronze chandeliers makes the most beautiful home illuminant in the world.

For the Woman Folks

You might leave one of these Acetylene burners open by accident all day—and even then you wouldn't be gas enough in the air of the room to enable you to set fire to it if you tried.

Insurance Reports Say

That in a list of 10,000 recent fires and accidents caused by illuminants, 9990 were charged to the misuse and abuse of electricity, kerosene, gasoline and city gas and only ten to the misuse and abuse of Acetylene.

Comparing Country Home Acetylene to its first cousin, city gas, we find:

That a standard city gas burner actually passes over ten times more gas in given time than a standard Acetylene burner.

They surely are—but without question the two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) ruralites who now use home made Acetylene for lighting and cooking have all the best of it.



These Pilot plants are strictly automatic. They simply require filling with Union Carbide and water—once a month—they do all the rest.

Pilot Lighting Plants

These Pilot plants are strictly automatic. They simply require filling with Union Carbide and water—once a month—they do all the rest.

We have been making and perfecting them since Acetylene was introduced fifteen years ago. Today we are the largest manufacturers of light plants in the world.

An eastern factory in Newark—a central factory in Chicago and a western factory in Los Angeles. You will find all the facts and figures in our illustrated catalogue. In writing for it, state how many rooms and buildings you wish to light and how many people in your family.

C. E. BALDWIN Managing Salesman OXWELD ACETYLENE CO. CHICAGO

enjoys his talk very much. We may add that southeast Cass, or "Bolton county" is the finest part of the county, perhaps, agriculturally considered.

Sam Ford, an old resident of this place, but who has been residing lately in Denver, Colorado, has been in town for a few days visiting some of his old friends and acquaintances.

A man about 50 years of age, named Michael McCarthy, was badly injured by falling from a car on the Brush train at East Plattsmouth, on Thursday evening last.

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Arrangement—R. R. Livingston, Frank Stadler, C. King, John Beverage.

Reception—M. B. Murphy, Julius Pepperberg, W. J. White.

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Piles FISTULA—Pay After You Are Cured

A mild system of treatment, that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money to be paid until cured.

DR. TARRY—See Building—Omaha.