

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 and of love in the shady lanes of New England—and what more can a story reader want? The mystery, of course, is introduced early in the tale, and the love follows close after. Together they go hand in hand through the pages of the story, never parting company until the final chapter. There the mystery departs, but the love remains.

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. And no greater story teller than the latter ever lived.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Private Car.

WHATEVER misgivings Matt may have had as to their real destination were set at rest by the clang of a locomotive bell and the noise of heavy freight cars being moved and shunted. What was there to fear with such men all about them, bustling watchful, and likely at any time to dart up from the unlikely places? Nor was there anything alarming in the sight of the side tracked car.

Mr. Kay begged Matt to wait at the steps while he went inside to announce their arrival. It was a good ten minutes before he returned, and then, in a state of such discomposure that Matt knew not what to make of it. Rasping out something that meant to follow him, he turned again, apparently confident that Matt would obey. Matt found himself in a narrow passage, bordered on one hand by a row of staterooms that ran half the length of the car. The door of every one was closed, and the passage itself ended in darkness. In imagination he saw crouching figures behind their doors; hushed and stealthy figures, mutely signaling from room to room, and ready to leap forth as soon as he was well within their power. Mr. Kay paused at the last door, opened it and beckoned Matt within. It was an ordinary Pullman stateroom and bore no sign of any recent occupancy. There was no break in the serried white towels overhead. The racks were empty, and the pegs supported nothing, but the fact that the blinds were drawn struck oddly on Matt's attention.

He seated himself and watched Mr. Kay drawing the balize curtain across the open doorway. That the latter did not shut the door, but was taking particular pains with the curtain, increased Matt's uneasiness. The action was significant and again suggestive of stealth and mystery. Even after he had settled himself opposite Matt Mr. Kay had to jump up once more and again adjust the curtain, as though his previous efforts had left him dissatisfied.

"Now, tell us what you want," he said in a voice that shook a little. "Ask for the moon—anything—and we'll get it for you."

"In return for something I haven't got?" inquired Matt. "Can't you get it into your head once and for all that I don't know the man you're after?" "Brought, that isn't true."

"Oh, yes, it is."

"You positively refuse \$100,000 for this information?"

"I tell you once more I haven't got it."

"But I offered you \$100,000 and you refused it?"

"Yes."

A rustle of the green balize made Matt feel that the question was less for Mr. Kay's benefit than that of some hidden person. The sensation was disagreeable. He would have given a great deal that moment to have had a loaded revolver in his pocket. Mr. Kay's ill concealed agitation and his almost terrified glances at the curtain were disconcerting, to say the least of it.

"Would it help at all," continued the latter, "or give us a possible basis for agreement if I could prove to you that you do know the gentleman we are seeking?"

"But you couldn't!" cried Matt.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Kay, producing something from his pocket. "Look at this, for instance."

"Who gave it to you?" "I shall not tell you." Matt had risen. He was in a white heat at the way he had been victimized, at his own helplessness, at the deliberate villainy of the whole proceedings. Had these people robbed him of his ring for no other reason than to make him penniless and to place him, as they thought, at their mercy? God only knew how they had got the ring from Snood & Hargreaves, but there it was, glittering on that smooth scoundrel's finger, and as like as not an international provocation to a violence they would craftily turn to account. But they would learn their mistake—learn that all the rings or blood money in the world could not swerve him an inch.

"I've finished with you," he said hoarsely. "Goodbye!" He turned toward the doorway, no longer afraid, but in the humor to fling back the curtain and stride right through the eavesdroppers. If they blocked him so much the worse for them. He was a powerful man. He could hit like a sledgehammer when his blood was up. He welcomed the chance to land some smashes on those unseen faces and drive them before him like sheep. But he had scarcely moved before Mr. Kay, with incredible agility, had leaped in front of him, slamming the door shut and locking it, confronting him as he did so with a stare of abject terror.

"Don't, don't!" he screamed out incoherently. "They're crazy! They haven't any sense! I won't be a party to it!"

It would be impossible to describe the heartrending effect of this letter on Matt. When his debts were paid he would have exactly \$112 left in the whole world. True, many a man had succeeded with as little—with less—but that took time—years—and Matt had no years to spare. The only thing he could look to, the only thing that offered him a living was the sea.

He went out to search for the private car, impelled by a forlorn hope of regaining his ring. Somehow, perhaps, this might happen. Seen in the respect, Mr. Kay appeared to be his friend. At any rate, Kay had defended him and held the door against his enemies. Mr. Kay might be terrified or persuaded into returning the ring. Matt stopped at a pawnbroker's and bought a cheap revolver for \$8; stopped at a hardware store and bought ten .38 cartridges for 25 cents; loitered under a tree and surreptitiously shoved six of them into the chamber and then went on with his right hand pocket bulging.

He was ready for anything—was cool and determined. But there was no private car to be found. He searched the entire yard and questioned every one, but the private car had vanished. Nobody knew anything about a private car—nothing.

Matt idled about till it was time to start for Fair Oaks. Idled and smoked pipe after pipe and wished he had never bought that confounded revolver which weighed down his pocket like a brick. He walked all the way to save the hire of a carriage and waited again at the entrance to the grounds to time his arrival exactly for half past 12. She had said she would hate him if he arrived a minute late. So, watch in hand, he dilly dallied until he could make his appearance with the precision of a Monte Cristo.

"Miss Marshall?" "Oh, yes, sir! This way, please." (To Be Continued.)

"Get out of my way or I'll strangle you!"

"Let me out!" cried Matt, with a suffocating sense of being trapped, and struggling for the doorknob. "Get out of my way or I'll strangle you!"

"No, no!" expostulated Mr. Kay, resisting him like a maniac and sobbing while he spoke. "You don't understand. They're determined to get the secret out of you. They're putting themselves within the criminal law, and I'll be no party to it. Good God, Broughton, I'm trying to save you—to save myself! Once upon this door and they'll tear you to pieces!"

He was interrupted by a loud murmur outside, and the door shook under a heavy impact; shook and shook, threatening at every instant to burst in. Mr. Kay collapsed on a seat.

"It was none of my doing," he moaned. "You'll bear witness to that, Broughton—you'll bear witness to that when they've got us all in the dock. The fools!" he raged in a sudden outburst. "The crazy fools!"

If anything more were needed to hasten Matt's feet it was this thrilling command. He ran till the stitch in his side was insupportable and his heart was ready to burst—ran, trotted, limped till, thank God, there were people all about him and lights and animation and security.

It was the hour of the New York express, with passengers waiting and three hotel omnibuses drawn up for their evening quota. Matt threw himself on a bench between two of his unconscious preservers, panting and grateful, while they looked at him askance, wondering at his disordered appearance.

There he sat, slowly recovering himself and meditating what he ought to do. His first idea was to invoke the police; to enter a formal complaint and return to the car with a posse of constables. But as he thought it over the wisdom of this course grew less apparent. His story was not likely to be believed; indeed, his cunning foes might turn the tables on him and invent a complaint of their own, with him as the culprit. It might resolve itself into his word against theirs—the word of people in a private car against that of a lunatic prating of \$100,000 and of a stolen ruby ring worth a fortune. Thus analyzed his case was ridiculous—a fantasy.

He hastened home in some trepidation and only felt safe when he had struggled into bed.

The next day there was a note from Chris, brought by a messenger:

You Dear You—It was so foolish of me to be ill and spoil everything, though I got so cross at your being turned away that I improved instantly and ate a whole plate of calf's foot jelly. This is to ask you to come and share some more with me on a sofa, and call it an invitation to lunch. Papa is going to New York on business, and we can be all by ourselves, and I'm awfully glad and excited, though I suppose I oughtn't to tell you so—or ask you at all, for that matter. But come anyway, even if the heavens fall and you should get your beautiful wavy hair all covered with plaster. Twice—thirty, please, and don't think I've changed, because I haven't, and all last night I was thinking and I—am awfully, deliciously happy, and somehow it is your fault, and I just lie back and shut my eyes—and if you are a minute late I shall hate you. CHRIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Pancerst and children, Abigail and Edward, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Durkee, of Ashland spent Thanksgiving day at the home of County Assessor and Mrs. W. R. Bryan, in this city.

Mrs. Will Oliver and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of near Murray, came up this afternoon from their home and were passengers on No. 23 for Omaha, where they will look after business matters for a few hours.

Yesterday Misses Nettie, Jessie and Della Moore, Miss Verna Hatt, Messrs. and Mesdames August Clodd, A. O. Moore and W. W. Moore departed for Eagle, where they spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. C. A. Lanning, an aunt of the Moores.

Robert Stivers and wife of Cedar Creek were in this city Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Stivers spent the day at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Clark, while Mr. Stivers went on to Glenwood to see his father, who is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morgan and sons, Clark, of Tekamah, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fuller for Thanksgiving. Mrs. Morgan is a daughter of Mr. Fuller. Also Mrs. A. Yost and daughter, Doris, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, ate turkey with Mrs. Yost's father, Thanksgiving.

Mrs. R. M. Stivers and two children came in yesterday morning and spent Thanksgiving here with the parents of Mrs. Stivers, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Clark. Mr. Stivers accompanied his family from their home at Cedar Creek, but continued on to the home of his parents in Glenwood, where his father is quite sick.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS. J. A. Kimbro says: "For several years past Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been my household remedy for all coughs, colds and lung troubles. It has given permanent relief in a number of cases of obstinate coughs and colds." Contains no opiates. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all druggists.

Heart Disease Almost Fatal to Young Girl

"My daughter, when thirteen years old, was stricken with heart trouble. She was so bad we had to place her bed near a window so she could get her breath. One doctor said, 'Poor child, she is likely to fall dead any time.' A friend told me Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy had cured her father, so I tried it, and she began to improve. She took a great many bottles, but she is spared to me today, a fat, rosy child. No one can imagine the confidence I have in Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy." A. R. CANON, Worth, Mo.

The unbounded confidence Mr. Canon has in Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is shared by thousands of others who know its value from experience. Many heart disorders yield to treatment, if the treatment is right. If you are bothered with short breath, fainting spells, swelling of feet or ankles, pains about the heart and shoulder blades, palpitation, weak and hungry spells, you should begin using Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy at once. Profit by the experience of others while you may.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold and distributed by all druggists. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Local News

From Friday's Daily. Don Rhoden of Murray was in the city yesterday for a few hours, looking after some business matters.

Mrs. John V. Hatt and family spent Thanksgiving at Nehawka with relatives near that place, returning home last evening.

R. L. Propst of Mynard was a business visitor in Council Bluffs today, going to that city on the afternoon Burlington train.

Frank Moore of near Murray was in the city Wednesday afternoon attending to some matters of business for a few hours.

J. W. Colner of Oklahoma City is in the city making a short visit with his relatives and friends and ate Thanksgiving dinner with his parents.

France Ballance of Glenwood came over yesterday and spent Thanksgiving here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ballance.

Frank Lorenz came in Wednesday evening and spent Thanksgiving here with his brothers, before returning to his home at Sheldon, Iowa.

J. C. Thygeson, wife and family of Nebraska City visited here Thanksgiving with the family of Mrs. Thygeson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. White.

Miss Lillian Cole departed this afternoon over the Burlington for Dawson, Minnesota, where she will take up work in nursing, for which she studied for several months in New York.

Miss Ruth Chapman of Lincoln arrived home Wednesday evening and will spend a few days here with her mother, Mrs. Agnes Chapman, and other relatives.

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IT CERTAINLY PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE JOURNAL

That it pays to advertise through the medium of the Journal was demonstrated by the fact that William Haffke of this city lost a valuable diamond ring last Saturday night and he at once ordered an advertisement placed in this paper for the Monday issue and it at once attracted the attention of Charles Hula, who at once notified Mr. Haffke of the fact that he had found the ring early Sunday morning. There was a reward of \$25 offered for the ring, which the owner feels was very cheap, as the ring was worth \$200.

Constipation Poisons You. If you are constipated, your entire system is poisoned by the waste matter kept in the body—serious results often follow. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will soon get rid of constipation, headache and other troubles, 25¢ at Druggists or by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

NOTICE. In the County Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate and Probate of the Last Will and Testament of Jane A. Doves, Deceased.

NOTICE. In the County Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Harvey T. Travis, Deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Harvey T. Travis, Deceased.

NOTICE. Sealed proposals will be received by the county clerk of Cass county on or before noon January 1st, 1914, for furnishing the following books, blanks and stationery for said county during the year 1914.

1-8 quire Claim Register printed 1914 (printed head). 1-8 quire med. bed record (printed page). 1-8 quire med. Index to Delinquent (printed head). 1-8 quire med. Deed Record (toose leaf). 2-8 quire med. Mortgage Records (printed page). 1-8 quire med. Miscellaneous Deed Record (toose leaf). 1-8 quire med. Mtg. Records (toose leaf). 1-6 quire med. Appearance Docket (printed head). 1-6 quire med. Court Calendar. 1-8 quire med. Probate Fee Book (printed page).

1-8 quire med. Court Journal (printed head). 1-8 quire med. Trial Docket (printed head). 1-8 quire med. Back per quire. 1-8 quire med. Trial Docket (printed head). Index per book. All records to be extra bound of No. 12 Ledger paper, Byrd's system, with the Ledger Paper or Writing Ledger paper.

1-8 quire med. Stationery. Rubber Bands, No. 11, per gross. Penholders, No. 276, per dozen. Writing Pens—Arnold's, per quart. Erasers, No. 194, Fabers, per dozen. Esterbrook's No. 648 pens, per gross. Esterbrook's No. 79 pens, per gross. Congress envelopes, No. 10-1, 1-2 thick, per 100. Congress envelopes, No. 10-2, thick, per 100. Muehlage, Carter's Arabian, per quart. Congress envelopes, No. 10-1, thick, per 100. Denison's Notarial Seal No. 21, per 100. Congress envelopes, No. 10, 2-4, per 100. Pencils, copying, per dozen. Pencils, No. 609, per dozen. Gillett's No. 601 Pens, per gross. Congress envelopes, No. 10, 1-2 thick, per 100. Pencils, Velvet, per dozen. Rubber Bands, assorted, No. 100, per box. Red Writing Fluid, per quart.

NOTICE. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. The Livingston Loan and Building Association, Plaintiff, vs. Louis D. Tolle, R. E. Richardson, first name unknown, and Lulu Richardson, his wife, Jacob P. Falter and Mary E. Falter, Defendants.

FOR SALE. My residence on Main and 8th streets, with 88-foot frontage on Main street. New hard-wood floors in all rooms and closets. New hot water heating plant, new high-grade plumbing throughout, with connection to city sewer. 250-barrel cistern. Cellar under entire house, with large laundry, furnace room, fruit cellar, etc.; all concrete floors. Large garage; concrete walks; everything complete and in first-class condition. Can give possession by January 1st or sooner if desired. Inquire of T. H. POLLOCK Telephone No. 1.

per cent (10 per cent) per annum from July 21, 1912, and for costs of suit, and said defendant be adjudged to have the mortgage given by Edward McCredden to the American Building Company of Plattsmouth, Missouri, cancelled by the deed created by plaintiff's mortgage, and for such other relief as may be just and equitable.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Iron H. White, Deceased.

NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of William H. Haffke, Sr., Deceased.

NOTICE OF REFERENCE IN AND FOR CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA. In the District Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska. Anna Amelia Moore, Plaintiff, vs. Agatha Stull, Widow of John Frederick Stull, Deceased, et al., Defendants.

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Don't Suffer Longer! RELIEF IS WITHIN YOUR GRASP. Don't try us as a last resort, but try us as a first resort, and you will never be disappointed. In acute cases our results are marvelous, quick and positive. The accompanying illustration depicts a human spinal column, surmounted with the grandest handiwork of the Creator, the head, through which passes a conduit—the spinal cord—carrying the vital force—Life. Two sections of the column are enlarged, showing two nerves leaving the spinal cord on their way to some organ within the body. See the difference in the size of the nerves. The large one is the health-giving one; the small one disease in the organ in which it ends. If you are suffering or ailing, you have one of these, caused by luxation of the vertebrae. Let us fix this trouble before you become a chronic sufferer; if your trouble is already chronic, we can still conquer it. Examination and consultation free. If trouble is not within our line or ability we tell you so. BACHMANN & BACHMANN CHIROPRACTORS Two Blocks North of the Catholic Church