



Then I'll Come Back to You

By Larry Evans

"Fat Joe has been preaching it for a month." Oddly enough, Stephen O'Mara chose that point at which to laugh softly.

Which of the other excitement falls Joe invents falls back upon an imagination totally vivid to be wasted on the real thing. I laughed at him under the night. Do you—but, of course, know Garry Devereux?" he finished.

"I didn't say," replied Steve, and for the first time since his entrance there was mirth in the unison of their laughter.

"It all brings us back to the point from which we started," the younger man went on when they were grave again. "It's a plain enough issue so far as we are concerned. We've got to be at the month of that lower valley by May. We're going to be! And as I see it, wasting time and energy in—shall we call it scuffling, Mr. Elliott?"

"—would help us much. We thought that lack of time and the general nature of this country were going to be handicap enough. But now your money is in and I—never did like to be beaten. Can't we let it stand like that, at least until some one else makes a planer move? We know the cards we hold. If others care to sit in perhaps we'll all come to a showdown next spring at Thirty Mile. It'll be easy enough to explain just how we did it. Alibi based on veiled opposition would not interest the Reserve people much if we left their timber there to rot."

"I'm trying not to overlook any bets, Mr. Elliott." Hastily the iron gray man thrust his hat back from his forehead. He came to his feet and crossed and clapped one hand upon Steve's shoulder.

"Next May?" he asked. "O'Mara. I'm glad you came down this morning. I've been carrying a lot of those ideas around in my head until they had become nightmarish. But I'm through now. You won't hear me creak again. I staked what I had on you months ago. I'd do it again this minute. What's the odds, after all, who it is that's playing us to lose? It's only the fact that somebody may be fighting us that needs to occupy our attention. I'm done worrying. Do you hear? But what about those men who are quitting us? You are sure it would be unwise to import labor? It's cheaper, you know."

which trundled them to the head of operations. Almost as soon as her feet touched the ground Miriam's eager survey singled out a tall figure at the edge of the farthest embankment, and in spite of the fact that he was at the moment in sober conversation with white haired, white bearded McLean she crossed instantly to take hold of both of Steve's arms and have his undivided attention. Barbara, at Wickersham's side, glancing now and then in their direction, knew well what subject was engrossing them to the exclusion of all else. But Allison's acceptance of that arrangement as time passed grew less patient.

For a time Allison was content to stroll along with the rest—content with his facetious comments on Elliott's explanation of his matter or that, yet whenever his eyes strayed toward Miriam and that other figure whom a week or two before he had designated as "my man O'Mara" his joviality faltered a little, his manner grew reserved. After a time he, too, detached himself and sauntered in the direction of that wholly preoccupied pair.

"See here, my lady," he accented the girl, who turned extremely bright eyes upon his approach, "this won't do at all. How do you suppose I am going to get a minute with Mr. O'Mara here if you persist in clinging to his elbow? You'll have to run along. You run over and listen with the rest to Elliott's heroic tale of this scarring of the face of nature. I've waited a good many days to talk business with Mr. O'Mara. I'm not going to lose him now I've got him cornered."

Had Dexter Allison been less occupied with other thoughts the face which Miriam Burrell turned toward him would have surprised him if only because of the unusual color burning in her cheeks. At that he was vaguely aware that he had never before seen that quiet, self-contained girl so pulsingly happy. She stood and gazed at him a moment, then made him a low and flattering obeisance.

"Don't flatter yourself that I haven't noted your covetous glances," Miriam flashed at Allison. "I've been talking very fast because I knew this interruption was coming. But we've finished, thank you, so I'll leave you to—bore him now!" She turned back toward O'Mara. "And thank you," she murmured not very audibly. "Thank you more than I ever thanked anybody before in my life. You've made me very, very happy."

No one could have missed the depth of real thankfulness in those last words. Even Allison stood astonished at it, mouth open, following her rapid withdrawal toward the group fifty yards away.

"Huh-h-h," he sneered. "Huh-h-h. A mighty strange girl! And then, as abruptly as he had interrupted their low conversation: 'Well, how does it go, chief? How does it look to you as far as you've gone?'"

of them scarcely distinguishable knots of humanity in the distance. "Not very short," he stated comfortably. "I don't claim to be a wholly competent judge, but it looks to me as though they would be in one another's way if there were any more of them. What's wrong?"

The chief engineer's answer was drawing in its deliberation. "I wish I knew," he replied. "I wish I could be positive. And there aren't too many of them; they are altogether too few. We're going to need them, and more, too, before we finish, Mr. Allison. Perhaps I'd better figure on—perhaps if they continue to quit on us, by twos and threes, as they have in the last week, I'll have to—"

His pause seemed almost an invitation that the other suggest a remedy, and, whether it was or not, Dexter Allison was quick to seize the opening. His suggested solution was heartily blurted. "Import some more." "When you've employed these men as long as I have—the type of man who has worked all his life on the river—you'll know as well as I do just how uncertain and unreliable they are. What you need is a gang that doesn't want to think for itself. This crowd has too much imagination for a grind like this."

Steve nodded very thoughtfully. "It is all imagination," he wondered. "But they're not merely discontented, you see, Mr. Allison. They're—are they misleading themselves. They seem to think, from what I've gathered from McLean and a few with whom I have talked, that they are working themselves out of a job for good when they help to build this strip of railroad. They think so. They have been convinced that such is the truth. Personally, however, I feel sure that between us we can correct that impression."

Even though he was looking in the direction of a heavy smoke cloud that had followed a sharp blast to the north of them, Steve felt the weight of Allison's questioning glance. "We," he echoed. "Where do I figure in it?"

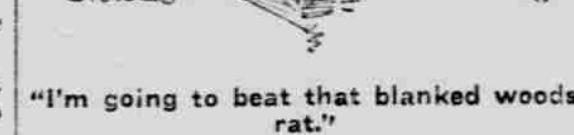
The younger man's upward glance was seemingly surprised. "You? Why, you're a stockholder. It means as much to you as it does to Mr. Almsley and Mr. Elliott."

Allison interrupted him. "Surely! I see! What I mean was how in the world can I make them understand that such a feeble idea is all wrong? So far as this constructive work is concerned, I'm not an active member. I had that understood with Elliott when I went into this thing."

"Of course," Steve in turn broke in. "I understand that. But they know you; they know that Morrison would be nothing more than a street of well kept lawns and—cow pastures if you hadn't seen its possibilities. And so I've already told some of them, Mr. Allison. I've gone even further and given a lot of them my word that you'll guarantee yourself that this is the biggest thing for the good of this section that has yet happened."

ly—"ours." Then he seemed to recollect himself and his voice became less abrupt. "Listen. This afternoon I had a talk with O'Mara—that is, I started to have a talk with him, but—but he beat me to it. And in just about three minutes he told me that he'd caught Harrigan on the job—not mentioning any names. I don't mean—but he didn't need to. And he told me more than that. He as good as gave me to understand that he'd know where to place the blame if there was any more interference with his men."

Wickersham crossed a long leg and blew a thin blue streamer of smoke. "Yes?" he intoned bodilessly. It brought a blaze to Allison's eyes, that nerveless monosyllable. "That doesn't interest you, eh?" he snapped. "Doesn't interest you at all! Well, it does me. Three months ago I brought into this affair because I was as sure as any man could be that I'd collect 100 per cent on my money next spring; Elliott and Almsley? Pah! Nice gentle old ladies when it comes to a game like this. They're anarchists; they are honest business men twenty years behind the times. You've heard of taking candy from children? Well, that's what it looked like then. But it doesn't look that way any longer. Talk with you? Yes, I did want to talk. I wanted to tell you that if you'd like to switch, I'm willing right now. I wanted to tell you that if you'd rather be a good little boy and get into the blue I'm willing, and more than willing."



I'm going to beat that blanked woods rat

Because I can promise you, since I talked it over with O'Mara this afternoon, that we haven't any nice, dead sure thing on our hands any longer. "Oh, you can sit there and smile your cold blooded smile! And if you think I'm experiencing pangs of conscience you're mistaken. All I have to get from other men—who weren't strong enough to hang on to it. There isn't any friendship in business, or if there is I never played it that way. I'm just telling you that now is our one opportunity if we want to join hands and burrah with the rest of them for the completion of this job by next May. We lose a railroad at a bargain, perhaps, but we've still got a mighty good right of way to the border that will insure our welcome in the ranks. Maybe we lose and—and maybe—well, I never did like to be beaten! Nor do I say that such an argument will have any weight with you, but it's a chance to be on the dead level for once. What do you say? Do we switch?"

"Switch," Wickersham snarled. And he leaned forward, face bloodless, and beat upon a chair arm. "Switch now!" He laughed shrilly. "Why, I'm going to beat that blanked woods rat in his matinee idol costume so hot between now and next May that he'll be walking the roads for his next job. Switch? I'm going to brand him as the worst incompetent that ever dragged two poor fools down into pauperism. I'll see him broke, I'll wipe that infernal smooth smile from his lips if I have to!"

Wickersham gasped. He came to his feet panting all in an instant with the rage that set his dry lips writhing. But at that point he, too, remembered himself. He swallowed and faced Allison, and the latter, sitting pop eyed before his outbreak, zapped now at the change that came back over that twisted face. Wickersham smiled. Once more his bearing was the very essence of perfect poise and self control.

"If you—if you are afraid"—he inquired. "If you—"

Allison's laugh was big and booming for all that the astonishment had not yet left his eyes. "Cold feet," he rumbled. "Cold feet? Me?" And suddenly his gust of mirthless laughter made petty the other's insolence. "Wickersham, I've broken better crooks than you'll ever be. A man has to have a big heart to be a big crook, and you—and you—well, sometimes I wonder whether there wasn't some sort of an oversight in that line when they put you together. He couldn't have explained why the thought came to him at that moment any more than he understood his swiftly malicious impulse to use it, but all in a flash there came back to him a recollection of that day when he and Caleb had burst through the hedge to find the boy Stephen O'Mara punnelled under the earnest thoroughness of that punneling. Allison, too, rose to his feet.

"I only wanted to give you a chance," Allison continued. "I reckon I can take care of myself. I always could. And you—well, you know as well as I do what sort of scrap that—that woods rat can put up, or you ought to. He gave you a sort of a demonstration once if I remember correctly. I stick! I never was overly squeamish. But don't fool yourself, Archie; don't fool yourself. If we fight were fighting with a regular guy, your insinuation to the contrary, I merely wanted you to realize what I know now. We'll think we've been in a battle before we come to a finish!"

the door itself dashed open. Dexter Allison's daughter hesitated, surprised, on the threshold. Her eyes, brilliantly alight, leaped from her father's face to that of the man half turned her and back again. "Oh," she exclaimed uncertainly. "I didn't know you were busy. I saw the light. I'd been over to Uncle Cal's just for a minute. I want to tell you. Good night!"

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. Cooley, P. M. at Eagle, is the happy progenitor of a new postmaster, that is, in the course of time, if things go right, he may take his daddy's place and become a celebrated Nasby at four corners Eagle district. Messrs Salomon & Nathan have brought with them from St. Joseph their bookkeeper, a Mr. James Finley, who will remain here as a salesman and will be found a thoroughly posted and very agreeable person to deal with.

The first graduate of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Richard Townley of Lincoln, was made an ensign the other day. Mrs. Crocker and family sold their building recently to Mr. John Leach, who removes his place of business therein. Mrs. Crocker has gone to Kansas City, and Miss Crocker to Chicago. Mr. Schnasse left for the "Ebony protuberances" last week, and Platts-mouth will miss him sadly, in a business way. He was a liberal dealing man, trying to live and let live always and we hope he may come back more than satisfied with his far west venture.

We received the law card of our young friend, Charlie Redick, a few days ago. It seems but yesterday Charlie was a bright boy and now, behold! he is a man, has a law office and talks about my business, my prospects, etc. Well may the fruit be abundant and the last always bright, friend Charlie.

A large and numerous signed petition was presented to the council Saturday evening, asking that the license of all saloon keepers in town be raised to \$1,000. After a strong debate it was raised to \$500 hereafter. The council stood 4 to 2 in the raise. Some at least of the saloon men have license now, until June. Others will expire soon. There is considerable excitement over the situation among those interested in the business.

We learn from Mr. Foster, who is up from Weeping Water attending court, of a couple of sudden deaths in that neighborhood last Sabbath. Mrs. Hiram Hurst, while on her way to church, was taken with a severe pain in the great toe, and only lived some five or six hours. The other was a little daughter of Mr. Henry Davis, aged some 3 or 4 years, who died last Sabbath after a very brief illness.

Mr. Lewis, the man who was hurt on the railroad near South Bend some weeks ago, is slightly improving, and though it must be a long tedious siege, he will eventually get well. He has lain in one position nearly all this time, and told us the other day that he expected to lie that way one month longer before the doctors could set his leg finally (the mashed and bruised flesh having to be healed up before splints can be kept on). If this is successful, then it will be many more weeks yet before he can get out, or walk about. He hears it with great fortitude.

SUFFERS INJURED FINGER. From Saturday's Daily. John McNurlin, who is spending a short time at the W. H. Seybert home, came in this morning from the farm near Cullom accompanied by Jennings Seybert, a nephew of Mr. McNurlin. Jennings is suffering from a badly bruised finger on his left hand, that he sustained a few days ago, when in climbing in the back of a buggy he had the finger mashed in the spring and it became so sore as to require medical attention. Mr. McNurlin while here had his injured arm looked after, and reports it as doing nicely.



JUDGE JAMES R. DEAN BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA Former Judge of Supreme Court Candidate for Supreme Judge ON NON-PARTISAN BALLOT You Can Vote for 3 Candidates

Custer County Republican: "Judge Dean made a good record on the Supreme Bench." Mason City Transcript: "Judge Dean's primary vote ran evenly over the state. He proved a popular man for Supreme Judge. In a field of ten candidates where six were nominated, Judge Dean crowded the high man closely for first place."

and all of you are defendants; the object and prayer of which petition is that the court, in its discretion, find the interest of each and every one of you in and to the: The Southeast Quarter of Section one (1); the Northeast Quarter of Section twelve (12); all in Township eleven (11) North of range twelve (12) East 6th P. M. Cass County, Nebraska, and West half Northwest Quarter of Section seven (7); Township eleven (11); North Range (thirteen (13); East 6th P. M. Cass County, Nebraska. He declared in said petition the force and effect; and that the file of said plaintiff in and to said real estate and every part thereof be quieted against you and each and every one of you, and against any and all claims of each and all of you, and that each and all of you whose names are above set forth, if living, and if dead, the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives and other persons interested in the estate of each and every one of you, do hereby waive their claim or interest in or to said real estate, or any part thereof, and that each and all of said defendants, those named, and those whose names are unknown, and that stated and decreed, be barred from other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable. I further notified that you are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of December, 1916.

ASHL S. WILL, Plaintiff. C. A. RAWLS, Attorney. 4 wks in weekly beginning October 23

LEGAL NOTICE.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Hans Schroeder on the 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916, filed his petition before the Board of County Commissioners of Cass County, Nebraska, praying said Board to order a pool and billiard hall in the Village of Cedar Creek in Eagle, Malvern, Cass County, Nebraska. Notice is further given that the undersigned applicant for such license and permit, will apply to said Board of County Commissioners of Cass County, for said license, and the granting of the prayer of his said petition on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1916, or on any day thereafter as I may be heard by said Board of Commissioners on all of which you will take due notice. HANS J. SCHROEDER. 10-9-16. SHERIFF'S SALE. State of Nebraska ss. County of Cass. By virtue of an Order of Sale issued by James Robertson Clerk of the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1916 at 10 o'clock, A. M. in the Court Room, South Door of the Court House in said County, sell at public auction to the highest bidder the following personal property to-wit: Lots 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, all of that part of Lot 98 east of and north of the extending south on the east side of Elm Street; Lot 99, 100 and 101; that part of South Street lying South of and the full length of Lot 673, all in the Village of Greenwood, Cass County, Nebraska; the same being levied upon, and taken as the property of William M. Cope and Matilda E. Cope defendants, in a suit by judgment of said court recovered by Nathaniel H. Meeker, plaintiff, against Defendants. Hiram Hurst, September 25th, A. D. 1916. Sheriff Cass County Nebraska. First publication, Thursday, September 28, 1916.

LEGAL NOTICE.

NOTICE TO NON RESIDENT DEFENDANTS, THEIR HEIRS, DEVISEES, LEGATEES, PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES AND ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN THEIR ESTATE. William J. Scott, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of Otho Scott, Josephine Scott, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of Josephine Scott, Lucy Scott, Eliza E. Scott, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of Eliza E. Scott; Hiram Stuart, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of Jarius E. Neal. You and each of you are hereby notified that Asgill S. Will, as plaintiff, on the 9th day of September, 1916, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, and for said real estate or any part thereof, and for said County, Nebraska, wherein you

REFEREES' SALE. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. Adolph Wesch, Plaintiff, vs. Katherine Teipel, et al. Defendants. Notice of Sale. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order entered on the 18th day of October, 1916, by the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, in the foregoing entitled cause, L. E. undersigned, sole referee appointed by said court, will on the 27th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at the South door of the Court House in the City of Plattsmouth, in Cass County, Nebraska, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all of Lots One (1) and Two (2) in Block Eighteen (18) in Young & Hays Addition to Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska. Dated: Plattsmouth, October 21, 1916. Wm. A. ROBERTSON, Referee. JNO. M. LEYDA, Atty. for Plaintiff. 10-23-16 weeks.

Public Sale! 60-BIG TYPE-60 Immuned Poland Chinas MALVERN FEED YARD, MALVERN, IOWA Saturday, Nov. 4, '16 Commencing at 1:30 P. M. 18 Big, Strong, Husky Fall Pigs, 22 Large Spring Boars, and 20 Sows and Gilts We are selling the tops of two of the largest herds in Southwest Iowa. All immuned in July by the double treatment. Plenty of new blood for our old customers. Send for catalog to MATTHEWS BROS., Malvern, Ia. or ED. BLEZEK, Randolph, Ia. Auctioneers - H. S. Duncan, E. H. Matthews, Jno Dilts Clerk - F. Durbin

CHAPTER XII. That Woods Rat. BETWEEN Dexter Allison's monopoly of his time and the persistence with which Miriam Burrell clung to Stephen O'Mara Barbara Allison had opportunity for little more than a perfunctory word or two of greeting that afternoon during the first hour or two that followed a jolting ride on the flat car