



FRECKLES

By
Gene Stratton-Porter

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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 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 I.

THE LIMBERLOST GUARD.

FRECKLES came down the corridor that crosses the lower end of the Limberlost. At a glance he might have been mistaken for a tramp, but he was intensely eager to belong somewhere and to be attached to almost any sort of enterprise that would furnish him food and clothing.

Long before he came in sight of the camp of the Grand Rapids Lumber company he could hear the cheery voices of the men and the neighing of the horses, and could scent the tempting odors of cooking food. A feeling of homesickness friendliness swept over him. He turned into the newly made road and followed it to the camp.

The men were jovially calling back and forth as they unharnessed tired horses that fell into attitudes of rest and crunched, in deep content, the grain given them. As he wiped the flanks of his big boys with handfuls of papaw leaves, Duncan, the brawny Scotch head teamster, softly whistled. "Oh, wa will be my dearie, Oh!" and a cricket under the leaves at his feet accompanied him. Wreathing tongues of flame wrapped about the black kettles, and, when the cook lifted the lids gusts of savory odors escaped.

Freckles approached him. "I want to speak to the boss," he said.

The cook glanced him over and answered carelessly. "He can't use you."

The color flooded Freckles' face, but he said simply, "If you will be having the goodness to point him out we will give him a chance to do his own talking."

With a shrug of astonishment, the cook led the way to a broad, square shouldered man. "Mr. McLean, here's another man wanting to be taken on the gang, I suppose," he said.

"All right," came the cheery answer. "I never needed a good man more than I do just now."

"No use of your bothering with this fellow," volunteered the cook. "He has but one hand."

The flush on Freckles' face burned deeper. His lips thinned to a mere line. He lifted his shoulders, took a step forward, and thrust out his right arm, from which the sleeve dangled empty at the wrist.

"That will do, Senors," came the voice of the boss sharply. "I will interview my man when I have finished this report."

Freckles stood one instant as he had braced himself to meet the eyes of the manager, then his arm dropped and a wave of whiteness swept over him. The boss had not even turned his head to see the deformity pointed out to him. He had used the possessive. When he said "my man" the hungry heart of Freckles went reaching out

after him. The boy drew a quivering breath. Then he whipped off his old hat and beat the dust from it carefully. With his left hand he caught the right sleeve, wiped his sweaty face, and tried to straighten his hair with his fingers. He broke a spray of ironwort beside him and used the purple blossoms to beat the dust from his shoulders and limbs.

McLean was a Scotchman. The men of his camps had never known him to be in a hurry or to lose his temper. Discipline was inflexible, but the boss always was kind. He shared camp life with his gangs. The only visible signs of his great wealth consisted of a big, shimmering diamond stone of ice and fire that glittered and burned on one of his fingers and the dainty, beautiful, thoroughbred mare he rode.

No man of McLean's gangs could honestly say that he had ever been overdriven or underpaid. They all knew that up in the great timber city several millions stood to his credit.

He was the only son of that McLean who had sent out the finest ships ever built in Scotland. That his son should carry on this business after his death had been the father's ambition. He sent the boy through Edinburgh university and Oxford and allowed him several years' travel.

Then he was ordered through southern Canada and Michigan to purchase a consignment of tall, straight timber for masts and down into Indiana for oak beams. The young man entered these mighty forests, parts of which still lay untouched since the dawn of the morning of time. The intense silence, like that of a great empty cathedral, fascinated him. He gradually learned that to the shy wood creatures that darted across his path or peeped inquiringly from leafy ambush he was brother. He found himself approaching, with a feeling of reverence, those majestic trees that had stood through ages of sun, wind and snow. Soon it became a difficult thing to fell them. When he had filled his order and returned home he was amazed to find that in the swamps and forests he had lost his heart, and it was calling, forever calling him.

When he inherited his father's property he promptly disposed of it and, with his mother, founded a home in a splendid residence in the outskirts of Grand Rapids. With three partners he organized a lumber company. His work was to purchase, fell and ship the timber to the mills. Marshall managed the milling process and passed the lumber on to the factory. From the lumber Barthol made beautiful and useful furniture, which Uptegrove scattered all over the world from a big wholesale house.

McLean faced a young man, still under twenty, tall, spare, heavily framed, thickly freckled and red haired, with a homely Irish face, but in the steady gray eyes, straightly meeting his searching ones of blue, there were unswerving candor and a look of longing not to be ignored.

"You are looking for work?" questioned McLean.

"Yes," answered Freckles. "I am very sorry," said the boss, "but there is only one man I want at present—a good, big fellow with a stout heart and a strong body. I hoped that you would do, but I am afraid you are too young and hardly strong enough."

"And what was it you thought I might be doing?" asked Freckles.

The boss could scarcely repress a start. Somewhere back of accident and poverty had been an ancestor who used cultivated English, even with an accent. The boy spoke in a mellow Irish voice, sweet and pure. It was scarcely definite enough to be called brogue, yet there was a trick in the turning of the sentence, the wrong sound of a letter here and there, that was almost irresistible to McLean.

He was of foreign birth, and, despite years of alienation, in times of strong feeling he fell into inherited sins of accent and construction.

"It's no child's job," answered McLean. "I am the field manager of a lumber company. We have just leased 2,000 acres of the Limberlost. Many of these trees are of great value. We can't leave our camp, six miles south, for almost a year yet, so we have blazed a trail and strung barbed wires securely about the extent of this lease. Before we return to our work I must put this Limberlost lease in the hands of a reliable, brave, strong man who will guard it every hour of the day and sleep with one eye open at night. I should require the entire length of the trail to be walked at least twice every day, to make sure that our lines were up and no one had been trespassing."

"But why wouldn't that be the finest job in the world for me?" pleaded Freckles. "I am never sick, I could walk the trail twice, three times every day, and I'd be watching sharp all the while."

"It's because you are little more than a boy, and this will be a trying job for a work hardened man," answered McLean. "You would be afraid, in stretching our lines we killed six rat-

snakes almost as long as your body and as thick as your arm. You would always be alone, and the Limberlost is alive with sounds and voices. I don't pretend to say what all of them come from, but from a few slinking forms I've seen and hair raising yells I've heard I'd rather not confront their owners myself, and I am neither weak nor fearful.

"Worst of all, any man who will enter the swamp to mark and steal timber is a desperate fellow. One of my employees at the south camp, John Carter, compelled me to discharge him for a number of serious reasons. He entered the swamp alone and marked a number of valuable trees that he was endeavoring to sell to our rival company when we secured the lease. He has sworn to have these trees if he has to die or to kill others to get them."

"But if he came to steal trees wouldn't he bring teams and men enough, that all any man could do would be to watch and be after you?" queried the boy.

"Yes," replied McLean. "Then why couldn't I be watching just as closely and coming as fast as an older, stronger man?"

"Why, by George, you could!" exclaimed McLean. "I don't know that the size of a man would be half so important as his grit and faithfulness. What is your name?"

Freckles grew a shade whiter, but his eyes never faltered. "Freckles," he said.

"Good enough for every day," laughed McLean. "but I can scarcely put Freckles on the company's books."

"I haven't any name," replied the boy.

"I don't understand," said McLean. "I was thinking from the voice and the face of you that you wouldn't," said Freckles slowly.

"Does it seem to you that any one would take a newborn baby and row over it until it was bruised black, cut off its hand and leave it out in a bitter night on the steps of a charity home to the care of strangers? That's what somebody did to me."

"The home people took me in, and I was there the full legal age and several years over. They could always find homes for the rest of the children, but nobody would ever be wanting me on account of me arm."

"Were they kind to you?" asked McLean.

"I don't know," answered Freckles. The reply sounded so hopeless even to his own ears that he hastened to qualify it by adding: "You see, it's like this, sir. Kindnesses that people are paid to lay off in job lots and that belong equally to several hundred others ain't going to be soaking into any one fellow much."

"Go on," said McLean.

"There's nothing worth the taking of your time to tell," replied Freckles. "The home was in Chicago, and I was there all me life up to three months ago. When I was too old for the training they gave to the little children they sent me out to the nearest ward school as long as the law would let them, but I was never like any of the other children, and they all knew it. I'd go and come like a prisoner and be working about the home early and late for me board and clothes. I always wanted to learn mighty bad, but I was glad when that was over."

"Then a new superintendent sent me down in the state to a man he said he knew that needed a boy. He wasn't for remembering to tell that man that I was a hand short, and he knocked me down. Between noon and that evening he and his son, about my age, had me in pretty much the same shape in which I was found in the beginning, so I lay awake that night and ran away. I'd like to have squared me account with that boy before I left, but I didn't dare for fear of waking the old man, and I knew I couldn't handle the two of them, but I'm hoping to meet him alone some day before I die."

McLean liked the boy all the better for this confession.

"I didn't even have to steal clothes to get rid of starting in me home ones," Freckles went on. "for they had already taken all me clean, neat things for the boy and put me into his rags, and that went almost as sore as the beatings, for where I was we were always kept tidy and sweet smelling anyway. I hustled clear into this state before I learned that man couldn't have kept me if he'd wanted to. I commenced hunting work, but it is with everybody else just as it is with you, sir. Big, strong, whole men are the only ones for being wanted."

"I have been studying over this matter," answered McLean. "I am not so sure but that a man no older than you and like you in every way could do this work very well if he were not a coward."

"If you will give me a job where I can earn me food, clothes and a place to sleep," said Freckles. "if I can have a boss to work for like other men, and a place I feel I've a right to I will do what you tell me or die trying."

He said it so quietly and convincingly that McLean found himself answering: "I will enter you on my pay-roll. We'll have supper, and then I will provide you with clean clothing, wading boots, wire mending apparatus and a revolver. The first thing in the morning I will take you over the trail myself. All I ask of you is to come to me at once at the south camp and tell me like a man if you find this job too hard for you. It is work that few men would perform faithfully. What name shall I put down?"

Freckles' eyes never left McLean's face, and the boss saw the swift spasm of pain that swept his lonely, sensitive face.

"I haven't any name," he said stubbornly. "no more than one somebody clapped on to me when they put me

on the home books, with not the thought or care they'd named a house cat. What they called me is no more my name than it is yours. I don't know what mine is, and I never will. But I am going to be your man and do your work, and I'll be glad to answer to any name you choose to call me. Won't you please be giving me a name, Mr. McLean?"

The boss wheeled abruptly and began stacking his books. In a voice harsh with huskiness he spoke.

"I will tell you what we will do, my lad," he said. "My father was my ideal man, and I loved him better than



"WON'T YOU PLEASE BE GIVING ME A NAME?"

any other I have ever known. He went out five years ago. If I give to you the name of my nearest kin and the man I loved best—will that do?"

Freckles' rigid attitude relaxed. His head dropped, and tears splashed down on the soiled calico shirt.

"All right," said McLean. "I will write it on the roll—James Ross McLean."

"Thank you mightily," said Freckles. "That makes me feel almost as if I belonged already."

Freckles' heart and soul were singing for joy.

(To Be Continued.)

CAUSE FOR ALARM

Loss of Appetite or Distress After Eating a Symptom That Should Not Be Disregarded.

Appetite is just a natural desire for food. Loss of appetite or stomach distress after eating indicate indigestion or dyspepsia. Over-eating is a habit very dangerous to a person's good general health.

It is not what you eat, but what you digest and assimilate that does you good. Some of the strongest, heaviest and healthiest persons are moderate eaters.

There is nothing that will cause more trouble than a disordered stomach, and many people daily contract serious maladies simply through disregard or abuse of the stomach.

We urge all in Plattsmouth who suffer from any stomach derangement, indigestion, or dyspepsia, whether acute or chronic, to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, with the distinct understanding that we will refund their money without question or formality, if after reasonable use of this medicine, they are not perfectly satisfied with the results. We recommend them to our customers every day, and have yet to hear of anyone who has not been benefited by them. We honestly believe them to be without equal. They give very prompt relief, aiding to neutralize the gastric juices, strengthen the digestive organs, to regulate the bowels, and thus to promote perfect nutrition and eradicate all unhealthy symptoms.

We urge you to try a 25c box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, which gives 15 days' treatment. At the end of that time, your money will be returned to you if you are not satisfied. Of course, in chronic cases length of treatment varies. For such cases, we have two large sizes, which sell for 50c and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, E. G. Fricke & Co., Union Block.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks to the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our loving husband and son. Also for the floral tributes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McKinney,
Mrs. Fred McKinney.

A. M. Searl, William Volk and Miss Kaufman departed for Monticello, Arkansas, on No. 2 last night to look over some real estate propositions.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

The following section of a law regarding the disposition or placing of legal advertising in newspapers was passed by the Nebraska legislature of 1909, and we desire the friends of the Journal to make a note of its provisions and govern themselves accordingly:

"That from and after the passage and approval of this act it shall be the lawful right of any plaintiff or petitioner in any suit, action or proceeding, pending or prosecuted in any of the district courts of this state, in which it is necessary to publish in a newspaper any notice or copy of an order, growing out of, or connected with such action or proceeding either by himself or his attorney of record, to designate in what newspaper such notice or copy of order shall be published. And it shall be the right of the widow, widower, or a majority of the heirs-at-law of legal age, of the estate of any deceased intestate or the widow, widower, or a majority of the legatees or devisees of lawful age, of the estate of deceased testaten, to designate the newspaper in which the notices pertaining to the settlement of the estates of such deceased persons shall be published. And it shall be the duty of the judges of the district court, county judges or any other officer charged with the duty of ordering, directing or superintending the publication of any of such notices, or copies of orders, to strictly comply with such designations, when made in accordance with the provisions of this act."

We want the friends of the Journal throughout Cass county to understand that when they have district court notices or county court notices to publish they are empowered with the right to designate the paper in which such notices shall be published.

Funeral of Mrs. Cooper.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The funeral of Mrs. Louisa Cooper occurred yesterday afternoon at the residence of H. J. Streight and wife, where Mrs. Cooper was visiting at the time she was attacked by her last sickness. A large number of her former neighbors and friends assembled to pay a last token of respect to one whom all loved and highly esteemed. The funeral was conducted by Rev. L. W. Gade, who spoke words of consolation and hope to the sorrowing daughter and sons. The music consisted of familiar hymns and were sung by a quartet composed of Misses Gladys Marshall and Marie Donnelly and Messrs. G. L. Farley and C. C. Wescott. Interment was made in Oak Hill cemetery by the side of her husband. The pall-bearers were: F. E. Schlater, Ed Schulhof, Henry Goos, Robert Sherwood, C. C. Wescott and G. D. McMaken.

Card of Thanks.

To our former neighbors and friends, who so kindly cared for our dear mother in her last sickness, and tendered aid and sympathy in our great bereavement, we express our most heartfelt thanks; especially do we feel very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Streight for their kindness to our mother and ourselves.

Mrs. Florence Vanatta,
L. T. Cooper,
C. B. Cooper.

Basket Ball Game.

The Plattsmouth High school basket ball team returned Sunday morning from a tour of Cass and Otoe counties, having played two fast games during their absence from the city, one at Elmwood Friday night and one at Nebraska City. The Plattsmouth athletes were vanquished in both games, but only after closely contested games and the scores were close. The Nebraska City score was 27 to 32 against the Plattsmouth boys, but Principal Larson was well pleased with the way his lads acquitted themselves, and he had the pleasure witnessing a good game in each instance.

H. A. Schneider and wife and children returned from Cedar Creek this morning, where they attended the funeral of Mr. Schneider's father yesterday afternoon.



You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry. Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Captain Martin in Town. Captain Martin of Fort Crook was in town today, having come down to have the county surveyor, Fred Patterson, make a survey and plats of the rifle range grounds on this side of the river.

Subscribe for the Daily Journal.

Telephone Courtesy

In using the telephone, as in every other matter, the personal element must be considered. You are human, and all persons with whom you talk, as well as the operators who connect you, must be presumed to have faults. Our operators are instructed to be prompt and courteous, but they cannot answer complaints or carry on a conversation. Their whole time is taken up in executing orders for connections.

In dealing with you, we demand that all our employes be considerate and courteous; won't you afford them and the persons with whom you talk the same consideration.

Courteous talk over the telephone is like oil on machinery—it prevents friction and pays big returns.

The hastily spoken word and its inflection, no matter what its provocation, always conveys an undesirable impression.

Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph Co.