

PROLOGUE.

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 placky 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 Mc-

Lean'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.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAN OF AFFAIRS. HY don't you take it yourself?" questioned the man of affairs.

Freckles' clear gray eyes met those of the angel's father squarely, and he said, "If you were in my place would you take it to her your-

"No. I would not," said that gentleman quickly.

"Then why ask why I did not?" came Freckles' lamblike query. "Bless me!" said the angel's father.

He stared at the package, then at the lifted chin of the boy and then at the package again and muttered, "Excuse Freckles bowed.

"It would be favoring me greatly if you would deliver the hat and the message. Good morning, sir," and he turned away.

"One minute," said the angel's father. "Suppose I give you permission to return this hat in person and make your own acknowledgments."

Freckles stood one moment thinking intently, and then he lifted those eyes of unswerving truth and asked: "Why should you, sir? You are kind indade to mention it, and it's thanking | tatoes." you I am for your good intintions, but my wanting to go or your being willing to have me ain't proving that your daughter would be wanting me or care to bother with me."

The angel's father looked keenl, into the face of this extraordinary young man, and he found it to his

"There's one other thing I meant to say." said Freckles. "Every day I see something and at times a lot of things that I think the Bird Woman would be wanting pictures of tadly if she knew. You might be speaking of it to her, and if she'd want me to I can send her word when I find things she

wouldn't likely get elsewhere." "If that's the case," said the angel's father, "and you feet under obligations for her assistance the other day you can discharge them in that way. She is spending all her time in the fields and woods searching for subjects. By all means let her know if you find subjects you think she could I was warm and thirsty and you went use, and we will do anything we can for you if you will give her what help take it because - because goodness that lay between and just nothing to you can and see that she is as safe as

possible." get." said Freckles, "and it's like ended in an empty sleeve. beaven to me to have them come. When it comes to protecting them I'd risk me life, to be sure, but even that mightn't do any good in some cases. There's a good many dangers to be

reckoned with in the swamp, sir."

Gene Stratton-Porter

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could know it, but by following his best instincts and being what he conceived a gentleman should be he surprised the man of affairs into thinking of him and seeing his face over his books many times that morning. He stepped to the curb to mount his wheel and heard a voice that thrilled through and through him, calling: "Freckles! Oh, Freckles!"

The angel separated herself from a group of girls and came hurrying up to him. She was in snowy white-a quaint little frock with a marvel of oft lace about her throat and wrists. Through the sheer sleeves of it her beautiful, rounded arms showed distinctly, and it was cut just to the base of her perfect neck. On her head was pure white creation of fancy braid This romance of Freckles and with folds on folds of tulle, soft and silken as cobwebs, lining the brim, and a great mass of white roses clustered against the gold of her hair crept about the crown and fell in a riot to her shoulders at the back. There were her fingers, and altogether she was the daintiest, sweetest sight be had

"Oh, Freckles!" she cried. "I was wondering about you the other day. is there any trouble? Are you just starting back to the Limberlost?"

"I came to bring your hat," said Freckles. "You forgot it in the rush drinking it to the Swamp Angel." the other day. I have just left it with your father and a message trying to day the angel no express the gratitude of me for how drinking slowly." you and the Bird Woman were for helping me out."

Freckles saw in a flash that he had did that mean?" done the proper thing in going to her begun seeing your room yet," she complained. "I wonder if I couldn't bring drink to suit the occasion. my banjo and some of the songs I like

best. I'll play and you'll sing.' Freckles felt that if be lifted his eyes the adoration in them would frighten

Black Jack, a villain to whom
"I was afraid your experience the pect she's gone to the swamp with the thought of repentance comes too other day would scare you so that Bird Woman for pictures and knows heart that she had escaped even so

found himself saying.

The angel laughed gayly. "Did I look scared?" she questioned. "No," said Freckles; "you did not." "Oh, I just enjoyed that," she cried. Those hateful, stealing old things! 1 had a big notion to pink one of them. but I thought maybe some way it would be best for you that I shouldn't. They needed it. That didn't scare me, and, as for the Bird Woman, she's accustomed to finding snakes, tramps,

when she's after a picture. Did they come back?" "No." said Freckles. "The gang got there a little after noon and took out the tree, but I must tell you and you must tell the Bird Woman that there's

cross dogs, sheep, cattle and goodness

knows what. You can't frighten her

no doubt but they will be coming back, It had to come. and they will have to make it before ong now, for it's soon the gang will be there to work on the swamp." "Oh, what a shame!" cried the angel. "They'll clear out roads, cut down the beautiful trees and tear up ev-

erything. They'll drive away the birds and spoil the cathedral. When they have done their worst all these owners will dig a few ditches, build the Limberlost will be in corn and po-

"You like it, too," said Freckles. "Yes," said the angel; "I love it. Your room is a little piece right out of the heart of fairyland, and the cathedral is God's work, not yours. You only found it and opened the door after he had it completed. Come get a cool drink before you start back. It won't take but a minute, and you can ride fast enough to make up for it."

face of the angel in sheer wonderment. Did she truly mean it? Would she walk down that street with him. crippled, homely, in mean clothing?

"I railly must be off," said Freckles earnestly, "but I'm thanking you more than you'll ever know for your kind-I'll just be drinking bowls of ley things all me way home in the

thoughts of it."

Down came the angel's foot. Her you would have felt when you knew knows why!

She deliberately slipped her hand "It's hungry for human beings I under his arm-the right arm that thunder, and Freckles snatched up his

"You are coming," she said firmly,

Freckles' head swam. "You don't understand. If your father came on to me on the street in my station and dress with you on me

nger would I lift to stay him."

The angel's eyes snapped. "If you think my father cares about my doing anything that is right and kind and that makes me happy to do, why. hen you completely failed in reading my father, and I'll ask him and just

She dropped Freckles' arm and turned toward the entrance to the build-"Why, look there!" she exclaim-

Her father stood at a window, watching the scene with eyes that comprehended quite as thoroughly as if he had heard every word. The angei made a despairing gesture toward Freckles. The man of affairs answered her with a look of lafinite tenderness. He nodded his head, and the veriest dolt could have read the words his lips formed. "Take him along!"

A sudden trembling seized Freckles. The angel turned on him with triumphing eyes. She was highly strung and not accustomed to being thwarted. "Did you see that?" she demanded. "Now are you satisfied? Will you come?" Freckles went.

On every hand she was kept busy giving and receiving the cheeriest greetings. She walked into the parlors exactly as if she owned them. A long row of people stared with varying degrees of insolence and curiosity as Freckles had felt they would. He glanced at the angel. Now would she

"On my soul!" he muttered under his breath. "They don't aven touch her!" She turned the full battery of her

eyes on the attendant. "I want to mix a drink for my friend," she said. "He has a long, hot ride before him, and I don't want him started off with one of those old palate gleams of gold with settings of blue on teasing sweetnesses that you mix just on purpose to drive a man back in ten minutes. I want a clear, cool, sparkling drink that has a tang of acid in

The angel compounded the drink and carried the brimming glass to Freckles. He said in the mellowest of all the mellow tones of his voice, "I'll be

And as he had said to her that first day the angel now cautioned him, "Be

As the screen door swung behind them one of the men at the counter The angel nodded gravely, and asked of the attendant, "Now, what

"Exactly what you saw," replied he father. Then she was saying that she rather curtly. "We're accustomed to could scarcely wait for the time to it in here. Hardly a day passes this come for the next picture of the Little hot weather but she's picking up some Chickens series. "I want to hear the poor, god forsaken mortal and bringrest of that song, and I hadn't even ing him in. Then she comes behind the counter herself and fixes up a

> "Mighty queer specimen she had this time," volunteered another. "Wonder The air was thick with excited, unsetwho he is?"

"I think," said a third, "that be's McLeau's Limberlost guard, and I susim that way.

beside Freckles to the first crossing, well out of danger. and there she stopped. "Did you insist on fixing that drink

because you knew how intoxicating 'twould be?" asked Freckles. There was subtlety in the compliment, and the angel laughed gleefully.

"Next time maybe you won't take so much coaxing," she said. "I wouldn't this if I had known your father and been understanding you

better. Do you really think the Bird Woman will be coming again?" The angel jeered. "Wild horses couldn't drag her away," she cried.

She will have hard work to wait the week out. I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see her start any hour." Freckles couldn't bear the suspense;

"And you?" he questioned, but he dared not lift his eyes.

"Wild horses me, too," she laughed "couldn't keep me away either! Now goodby."

Freckles was half way to the Lim berlost when he dismounted. He could ride no farther, because he could not see the road. He sat down under a mills about here will follow in and take tree and, leaning against it, burst into out the cheap timber. Then the land- a storm of sobs that shook, twisted and rent him. If they would remind some fires, and in two summers more him of his position, speak condescendingly or notice his hand he could bear it, but this-it would surely kill him! His hot, pulsing Irish blood could not bear it. What did they mean? Why did they do it? Were they like that to every one? Was it

It could not be, for he knew that the Bird Woman and the angel's father must know that he was not really Mc-Lean's son, and it did not matter to them in the least. In spite of acci-Freckles looked into the beautiful dent and poverty, they evidently expected him to do something worth while in the world. That must be his remedy. He must go to work on his education. He must get away. He must find and do the great thing of which the angel talked. For the first time his thoughts turned anxiously toward the city and the beginning of his studies. McLean and the Duncans spoke of him as "the boy." but he was a man. He must face life bravely and eyes flushed. "There's no sense in act a man's part. The angel was a that," she said. "How do you think mere child. He must not allow her to torture him past bearing with her frank comradeship that meant to him and brought me a drink and I wouldn't high heaven, earth's richness and all

There was an ominous growl of wheel and raced for the swamp. He was worried to find his boots lying at the cabin door. The children playing "Please don't, angel," he said softly. on the wood pile told him that mither said they were so heavy she couldn't walk in them and she had come back and taken them off. Thoroughly There was no way in which Freckles arm he'd have every right to be can frightened, he stopped only long



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enough to slip them on himself and then sped with all his strength for the Limberlost. To the west the long. black, hard beaten trail lay clear, but far up the east side, straight across the path, he could see what was cer-

tainly a limp brown figure. Face down, Sarah Duncan lay across the trail. When Freckles turned her over his blood chilled at the look of horror frozen on her face. There was a low humming, and something spatted against him. Glancing about. Freckles shivered in terror, for there was a swarm of wild bees settled on a scrub thorn only a few yards away. tled bees making ready to lead further in search of a suitable location. Then he thought he understood, and narrowly be caught her up and bur-Out on the street the angel walked ried down the trail until they were

('To Be Continued.)

Secured Contract at Hamburg.

McMaken & Son company were the successful bidders in securing the contract awarded by the city of Hamburg, Iowa, this week for laying 13,000 feet of concrete paper. curbing. George H. Decker, one was landed.

who have been visiting for the dition except in the low places. past few days with Mr. Meisingand relatives here.

LOCAL NEWS

From Thursday's Daily. Adam Meisinger of Mynard had From Friday's Daily. business at the court house this home to look after it.

Mrs. Frank Platzer of Cedar No. 4 in the morning.

N. C. Halmes, the Weeping Water mill owner, transacted busi- ministrator of the Dye estate, ness in Plattsmouth yesterday, sold the residence property in returning to his home via Louis- Union at public sale today.

time to call at this office and re- was lively. new his subscription.

renewed his subscription to this

few days ago and the contract looked after business matters in week. the county seat, Mr. Kaffen-

road is in no worse condition crutches.

than other springs when there were late snows. The roads are rapidly getting good.

M. C. McQuinn, from Union, morning and drove up from his was looking after some business matters in the city today.

J. W. Holmes of Murray came Creek was a Plattsmouth visitor up this morning, remaining beyesterday, having come down on tween trains for the transaction of some business matters.

Roy Upton of Unino, as ad-

John Kalurens purchased the William Wohlfarth of Mynard Ollie Dye property at Union at was attending to business mat- public sale this morning. There ters in the city today and took were several bidders and the sale

John Porter of Murray and Henry Sanders and son, An- Blair Porter of Union were in the drew, and Willie Pohlman of city looking after business mat-Cedar Creek were visitors in the ters today, and dropped in at the city today. Mr. Sanders was a Journal office to renew their alpleasant caller at this office and legiance to this family necessity.

The Missouri Pacific is running its trains about on schedule time Adam Kaffenberger, jr., drove again, the train for Omaha last of the gentlemanly members of in from his home, nine miles west evening being the first to cross the company, was in Hamburg a of Plattsmouth, yesterday and the Platte since the washout last

Edward Heil of Cedar Creek was berger found the roads improving attending to some business mat-Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Meisinger, rapidly and in fairly good con- ters in this city yesterday and called at this office and renewed Ferdinand Hennings and wife his subscription to this paper for er's brother, P. M. Meisinger, in drove in from their home, ten another year. Mr. Heil was some_ Benson, returned home tihs morn- miles west of Plattsmouth, yes- what crippled up, he having reing. Mrs. P. M. Meisinger accom- terday and transacted business cently stepped on a rusty nail, and panied them to Benson, after hav- with the merchants. Mr. Hen- is compelled to get around with ing spent a few days with friends nings was of the opinion that the the assistance of a pair of

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