

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 lamber 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. Black Jack, a villain to whom thought of repentance comes too

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE AS A REMEDY. stricken eves.

'Angel, I give you my word of bonor that I will keep right on breathing.' That's what you are going to promise me," she said. "Do you say

Freckles besitated. "Freckles," imploringly commanded the angel, "you do say it!"

"Yis," gasped Freckles, The angel sprang to her feet. "Then that's all right," she said, with a tinge of her old time briskness. "You just keep sawing away | like a steam engine and I will do all the rest."

The eager men gathered about her. "It's going to be a tough pull to get Freckles out," she said, "but it's our only chance. You four there get on those wagon horses and ride to | the sleeping tent. Get the stoutest cot, a couple of comforts and a pillow. Ride back with them some way to save time. If you meet any other men of the gang send them on here to help carry the cot. We won't risk the jolt of driving with him. The rest of you clear a path out to the road, and, Mr. McLean, you take Nellie and ride to town. Tell my father how Freckles is hurt and that he risked it to save me. Tell him on the noon train and I want him to hold it if we are a little late. If the station and another on the l'ittsstraight through. You needn't mind | desire death?" leaving us. The Bird Woman will be here soon.

When they stood ready to lift Freckles the angel bent over him in a passion of tenderness.

"Dear old Limberlost guard, we're suspect you will faint from the pain | desire life." of it, but we will be just as easy as ever we can, and don't you dare forget your promise!"

A whimsical half smile touched Freckles' univering lips.

"Angel, can a man be remembering a promise when he ain't knowing?" he asked.

"because a promise means so much he can never have." more to you than it does to most men." A look of strength flashed into Freckles' face at her words.

"I am ready." he said. With the first touch his eyes closed. gave Duncan one panic stricken look. Then she set her lips and gathered her do anything-spend any sum. You have pered-

Gene Stratton-

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"I guess that's a good thing," she said. "Maybe he won't feel how we are hurting him. Oh. boys, are you

being quick and gentle?" She stepped to the side of the cot hand in hers, she gave the word to start. She told the men to ask every ablebodied man they met to join them so that they could change carriers often and make good time.

The Bird Woman insisted upon taking the angel into the carriage and following the cot, but the angel refused to leave Freckles and suggested that the Bird Woman drive ahead, pack them some clothing, and be at the station ready to accompany them to Chicago. All the way the angel walked beside the cot, shading Freckles' face and holding his hand. At every pause to change carriers she moistened his face and lips and counted each breath with heartbreaking anxiety.

She scarcely knew when her father joined them, and, taking the branch from her, slipped an arm about her waist and almost carried her along. To the city streets and the swarm of curious, staring faces she paid no more attention than she had to the trees of the Limberlost. When the train pulled in and the gang placed Freckles aboard, Duncan made a place for the angel beside the cot.

With the best physician to be found. and with the Bird Woman and Mc-Lean in attendance, the four hours' run to Chicago began. Not for an instant would the angel yield her place. or allow any one else to do anything for him. The Bird Woman and Mc-Lean regarded ber in amazement The only time she spoke was to ask McLean if he was sure the special would be ready on the Pittsburg line. He replied that it was made up and

At 5 o'clock Freckles lay stretched on the operating table of Lake View hospital, while three of the greatest surgeons in Chicago bent over him. At their command, McLean picked up the unwilling angel and carried her out to the nurses to be bathed, have her bruises attended to, and be put

In a place where it is difficult to surprise people, they were astonished women as they removed the angel's dainty stained and torn clothing. peeled off hose muck based to her HE caught Freckles' hand to limbs, soaked the dried loam from her her breast, and, bending over silken hair and washed the beautiful. him, looked deep into his scratched, bruised, dirt covered body.

> The angel fell fast asleep long before they had finished, and lay deeply unconscious, while the fight for Freckles' life was being waged.

> Three days later she was up early and hovering near Freckles' door. The surgeon was with him. The angel had been told that the word he brought that morning would be final, so she curled up in a window seat, dropped the curtains behind her. and, in dire anxiety, waited the open-

> ing of that closed door. Just as it unclosed. McLean came hurrying down the ball and up to the surgeon, but with one glance at his face he stepped back in dismay, and the angel, who had risen, sank to the seat again, too dazed to come forward. The men faced each other. The angel. with parted lips and frightened

eyes, bent forward in tense anxiety. "I--I thought he was doing nicely?"

faltered McLean. "He bore the operation well," repiled the surgeon, "and his wounds are not necessarily fatal. I told you that yesterday, but I did not tell you that something else would probably kill him, and it will. He need not die from the accident, but he will not live the day out because he so evi-I'm going to take Freckles to Chicago dently prefers death to life. If he were full of hope and ambition to live. my work would be easy. If all of you he can't then have a special ready at love him as you prove you do, and there is unlimited means to give him burg at Fort Wayne, so we can go anything he wants, why should he

"Is he dying?" demanded McLean. "He is," said the surgeon. "He will so low that, preferring death to life, going to lift you now," she said "I If he is to live, he must be made to

> "Then be must die," said McLean, not, supply it?"

very shortly," said the surgeon, turn- me-just a little-don't you, Freckles?" ing abruptly away.

McLean caught his arm roughly.

the young girl with me. It is that child that he wants! He worships her to adoration, and knowing be can never anything to her, he prefers death In God's name, what can I

"Barring that missing hand, I never handled a finer man," said the surgeon, "and she seems perfectly devoted to him, why cannot be have her?"

"Why?" echoed McLean. "Why? Well, for a good many reasons. I told you he was my son. You probably knew that he was not. A little over a year ago I had never seen him. He joined one of my lumber gangs from the road. He is a stray, left at one of your homes for the friendless here in Chicago. When he grew up the superintendent bound him out to a brutal man. He ran away and landed in one of my lumber camps He has no name or knowledge of legal birth. The angelwe have talked of her. She has ancestors reaching back to Plymouth Rock and across the sea for generations and bathed Freckles' face. Taking his | back of that. She is an idolized, petted only child, and there is great wealth. He sees it more plainly than any one else could. There is nothing for the boy but death if it is the angel that is required to save him."

The angel stood between them. "Well, I guess not!" she cried. "If Freckles wants me all he has to do is to say so, and he can have me!"

"That he will never say," said Mc-Lean at last, "and you don't understand, angel. I don't know how you came here. I wouldn't have had you hear that for the world, but since you have, dear, you must be told that it isn't your friendship or kindness Freckles wants; it is your love."

"Well, I do love him," she said sim-

McLean's arms dropped helplessly. "You don't understand," he reiterated patiently. "It isn't the love of a friend, or a comrade, or a sister, that Freckles wants from you; it is the love of a sweetheart. And if to save the life he has offered for you you are thinking of being generous and impulsive enough to sacrifice your future -in the absence of your father it will become my plain duty, as the protector in whose hands he has placed you, to prevent such rashness. The very words you speak and the manner in which you say them proves that you are a mere child and have not dreamed what love is."

"I have never had to dream of love," she said proudly. "I have never known anything else in all my life but to love every one and to have every one love me. And there has never been any one so dear as Freckles. If you will remember, we have been through a good deal together I do love Freckles, just as I say I do I don't know anything about the love of sweethearts, but I love him with all the love in my heart, and I think that will satisfy

of knives and lancets

'As for my father," continued the angel, "he at once told me what he learned from you about Freckles. I've known all you know for several weeks That knowledge didn't change your love for him a particle. I think | bit? It's awfut hard all atoue! . the Bird Woman loved bim more. Why should you two have all the

tine perceptions there are? My father is never unreasonable. He won't expect me not to love Freckles, or not to tell him so, if the telling will save

She darted past McLean into Freekles' room, closed the door and turned the key.

Preckles lay raised on a flat pillow, his body immovable in a plaster cast, his maimed arm, as always, hidden. The angel's heart nehed at the change in his appearance. He seemed so weak, so utterly hopeless and so alone. She could see that the night had been one long terror.

For the first time she tried putting herself in Freckles' place. What would it mean to have no parents, no home, no name? No name: That was the worst of all. That was to be lost, indeed-utterly and hopelessly lost. The angel lifted her hands to her dazed head and recied as she tried to face that proposition. She dropped on her knees by the bed, slipped her arm under the pillow, and, leaning over Freckles, set her lips on his forehead. He smiled faintly.

"Dear Freckles," she said, "there is a story in your eyes this morning. tell me?"

Freckles drew a long, wavering breath.

"Angel." he begged, "be generous! Be thinking of me a little. I'm so homesick and worn out, dear angel, be giving me back me promise. Let me go?"

"Why, Freckles!" faltered the angel. "You don't know what you are asking. not live this day out, unless some 'Let you go!' I cannot. I love you strong reaction sets in at once. He is better than any one, Freckles, I think you are the very finest person I ever nature cannot overcome his Inertia. knew. I have our lives all planned. I want you to go to be educated and learn all there is to know about singing just as soon as you are well "Does that mean that you know enough. By the time you have comwhat he desires and cannot, or will pleted your education I shall have finished college, and then I want," she "It means," said McLean desperately, choked on it a second, "I want you to "that I know what he wants, but it is be my real knight, Freckles, and come as far removed from my power to give to me and rell me that you-like me-a it to him as it would be to give him a little. I have been counting on you "You can," said the angel stoutly, star. The thing for which he will die for my sweetheart from the very first, Freckles, I can't give you up unless "Then you must prepare for the end you don't like me. But you do like

Freckles lay whiter than the coverlet, his eyes on the ceiling and his "Look here!" he cried in desperation. breath wheezing. The angel awaited a mighty groan was wrenched from "You say that as if I could do some- his answer a second, and when none him, and he lay senseless. The angel thing if I would. I tell you the boy came, she dropped her crimsoning face is dear to me past expression. I would beside .him on the pillow and whis-

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PLATTSMOUTH



"Freckles, 1-I'm trying to make tore to you. Can't you help me just a nittle don't know how, when I really mean it, but Freckles, I love you. I must have you, and now I guess-1 guess maybe I'd better kiss you next."

She bravely hald her feverish, quiv ering lips on his. Her breath, and clover bloom, was in his nostrus, and her hair touched his face.

"Freckies," she panted, "Freckies I didn't think it was in you to be

"Mean, anget! Mean to you?" gasp ed Freckles. "Yes," said the angel, "downright

mean. When one kisses you, if von had any mercy at all you'd kiss back. just a little bit. Now, I'm going to try it over, and I want you to help me a little. You aren't too sick to neip me just a little, Freckles?"

(To Be Continued.)

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White Plymouth Rock Eggs.

White Plymouth Rock eggs for sale at \$3.00 per hundred, Mrs. Geo. A. Kaffenberger, R. F. D. No. 2. Plattsmouth.

J. H. McMaken yesterday moved in the big boiler at the water plant, which has been waiting for the new foundation to settle.

Meet With Mrs. White. From Wednesday's Daily.

The St. Mary's Guild of St. Luke's church were entertained in

a most enjoyable manner by Mrs. White at her rooms at the Riley hotel yesterday afternoon. The ladies held their regular business session at the usual time, and Often come with little warning. during this session made final ar-Children suffer in their early rangements for the carnation sale, which they will hold on next Saturday afternoon. After the business session the ladies indulged in plying the busy needle, conversation and other amusements. Women worry, can't do daily Delicious refreshments served by the hostess.

Mrs. Mary Armstrong of Burlington, Iowa, who has been a You must reach the cause-the guest of her nephew, Sheriff Quinton, for a few days, departed this afternoon for Council Bluffs, Iowa, where she will visit relatives

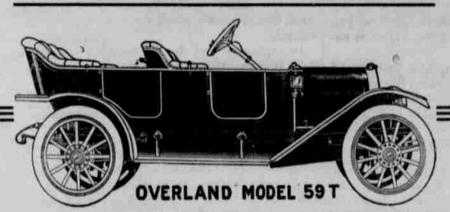
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