



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 XXII.

THE ANGEL'S GLAD STORY.

THE ANGEL glanced at the card. The Chicago address was suit 11, Auditorium. She laid her hand on her driver's sleeve.

"There's a fast driving limit?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Will you crowd it all you can with out danger of arrest? I will pay well I must catch some people!"

Then she smiled at him. The hospital, an orphan's home, and the Auditorium seemed a queer combination to that driver, but the angel was always and everywhere the angel, and her ways were strictly her own.

"I will get you there just as quickly as any man could with a team," he said promptly.

She clung to the card and paper, and, as best she could in the jurching swaying cab, read the addresses over "O'More, suite eleven, Auditorium."

"O'More," she repeated. "Seems to fit Freckles to a dot. Wonder if that could be his name?" Suite eleven means that you are pretty well fixed Suites in the Auditorium come high.

Then she turned the card and read on its reverse, Lord Maxwell O'More, M. P., Kluivany place, County Clare, Ireland.

"A lord man?" she groaned despairingly. "A lord man! Her my nose cke's scorch'd!"

She blinked back the tears and spreading the paper on her knee, read "After three months' fruitless search Lord O'More gives up the quest for his lost nephew, and leaves Chicago today for his home in Ireland."

She read on, and realized every word of it. The likeness settled it. It was Freckles over again, only older and elegantly dressed. There was not a chance to doubt.

"Thank you, and wait, no matter how long," she said to her driver.

Catching up the paper, she hurried to the desk and laid down Lord O'More's card.

"Has my uncle started yet?" she asked, sweetly.

The surprised clerk stepped back on a bellboy, and covertly kicked him for being in the way.

"His lordship is in his room," he said, with a low bow.

The clerk shoved the bellboy toward the angel.

"Show her ladyship to the elevator and Lord O'More's suit," he said, bowing double.

At the bellboy's tap the door swung open and the liveried servant thrust a card tray before the angel. The opening of the door created a current that swayed a curtain aside, and in an adjoining room, lounging in a great chair, with a paper in his hand, sat

few minutes the angel was on her feet, hurrying Lord and Lady O'More to reach the hospital.

"You said Freckles' old nurse knew his mother's picture instantly," said the angel. "I want that picture and the bundle of little clothes."

Lady O'More gave them into her hands.

The likeness was a large miniature painted on ivory, with a frame of beaten gold and the face that looked out of it was of extreme beauty and surpassing sweetness. Surrounded by masses of dark hair was a delicately cut face, with big eyes. In the upper part of it there was no trace of Freckles, but the lips curving in a smile were his very own. The angel gazed as if she could never leave off. Then with a quivering breath she laid the portrait aside and reached both arms for Lord O'More's neck.

"That will save Freckles' life and insure his happiness," she said positively. "Thank you, oh, thank you for coming!"

She kissed and hugged him and then the wife who had come with him. She opened the bundle of yellow and brown linen and gave just a glance at the texture and work. Then she gathered the little clothes and the picture to her heart and led the way to the cab.

Ushering Lord and Lady O'More into the reception room, she said to McLean, "Please go call up my father and ask him to come on the first train."

She swung the door after him.

"These are Freckles' people," she said to the Bird Woman. "You can find out about each other. I'm going to him."

And she was gone.

The nurse left the room quietly as the angel entered, still carrying the bundle and the picture. When they were alone the angel turned to Freckles and saw that the crisis was, indeed, at hand.

"Angel," he panted. "Oh, angel! Did you get them? Are they white? Are the little stitches there? Oh, angel! Did she mother love me?"

The words seemed to leap from his burning lips. The angel dropped the bundle on the bed and laid the picture, face down, across his knees. She gently pushed his head to the pillow and caught his arms in a firm grasp.

"Yes, dear heart," she said with fullest assurance. "No little clothes were ever whiter. I never in all my life saw such dainty, fine little stitches, and, as for loving you, no boy's mother ever loved him more!"

A great trembling seized Freckles.

"Sure? Are you sure?" he urged, with eliciting teeth.

"I know," said the angel firmly. "And, Freckles, while you rest and be glad I want to tell you a little story. When you feel stronger we will look at the clothes together. They are here. They are all right. But when I was at the home getting them I heard of some people that were hunting a lost boy. I went to see them, and what they told me was all so exactly like what might have happened to you that I must tell you. Then you'll see that things could be very different from what you have always tortured yourself with thinking."

Freckles lay quiet under her touch, but he did not bear a word that she was saying until his roving eyes rested on her face; and he immediately noticed a remarkable thing. For the first time she was talking to him and doing everything but meet his eyes. That was not like the angel at all. It was the delight of hearing her speak that she always looked one squarely in the face and with perfect frankness.

"-and he was a sour, crumpled old man," she was saying. "He always had been spotted, because he was an only son and had a title and a big estate. He would have just his way, no matter about his sweet little wife, or his boys, or any one. So when his eldest son fell in love with a beautiful girl with a title, the very girl of all the world his father wanted him to, and added a big adjoining estate to his, why, that pleased him mightily."

"Then he went and ordered his other son to marry a poky kind of a girl that nobody liked to get another big estate on the other side, and that was different. That was all the world different, because the eldest son had been in love all his life with the girl he married, and, oh, Freckles, it's no wonder, for I saw her! She's a royal beauty and she has the sweetest way."

"But that poor younger son, he had been in love with the village vicar's daughter all his life. That's no wonder either, for she was more beautiful yet. She could sing like the angels, but she hadn't a cent. She loved him to death, too, if he was bony and freckled and red haired—I don't mean that! They didn't say what color his hair was, but his father's must have been the reddest ever, for when he found out about them, and it wasn't anything so terrible, he just caved!"

"The old man went to see the girl—the pretty one with no money, of course—and he hurt her feelings until she ran away. She went over to London and began studying music. Soon she grew to be a lovely singer, and then she joined a company and came to this country."

Lord O'More did not bear her. He dropped back in his chair and, covering his face, burst into those terrible sobs that shake and rend a strong man. Lady O'More hovered over him, weeping.

"Umph! Looks pretty fair for Freckles," muttered the angel. "Lots of things can be explained. Now perhaps they can explain this."

They did explain so fully that in a

(To Be Continued.)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

LOUISVILLE.

Courier.

Jim Dugan is able to be about again after a siege of sickness.

Katie Peterson visited with Mrs. John Schall at Springfield Monday.

Mrs. Thomas Burdorf visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Rohrdanz last week.

Julius Ragoss and wife accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Sprieck to Stanton, where they will visit with them for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Tangeman and son, Court, motored over from Gretna Tuesday evening and visited at the home of W. F. Diers. They were accompanied by W. D. Towner, brother-in-law of Mr. Diers.

The many old friends of H. G. Inhelder are glad to note his return here last week, after being away for several years. He has been at Stanton, Neb., of late. He opened up a cream and produce station Monday morning in the Cutforth building on lower Main street.

Mr. Pearl Vandeventer is now local manager for the Lincoln Telephone & Telegraph company, having taken up the work here last Wednesday. He succeeds Mrs. Lula Miller, who has been manager for a year and a half. Mr. and Mrs. Vandeventer came here from Havlock, where he has been in similar work for four years past. Mrs. Vandeventer will serve here as night operator.

The annual commencement exercises will be held at the opera house Thursday evening, May 23, there being three graduates this year. They are, Myrtle Clifford, Vivian Maia Lee and Victor Sheridan Lee. Prof. N. W. Gaines of Valley, Neb., formerly superintendent here, has been secured as speaker for the occasion.

There never was a time when people appreciated the real merits of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy more than now. This is shown by the increase in sales and voluntary testimonials from persons who have been cured by it. If you or your children are troubled with a cough or cold give it a trial and become acquainted with its good qualities. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Ed Betts went to Talmage Monday to attend to some business matters.

Mrs. Frank Daulwatter of Denton, Neb., arrived Monday to make a visit with Mrs. Inga Olson and family.

Miss Leola Graves came up from Union last Friday noon to make a visit with her brother, H. E. Graves and family.

Miss Jennie Orr of Chicago arrived on Thursday of last week to make a visit with her sister, Mrs. William Hobson and family.

A. L. McDonald arrived home last Saturday morning from Colorado, where he was called a few weeks ago on some important business.

Dr. I. G. Munger returned home Saturday morning from Rocky Ford, Colo., where he had been to

inspect the land of which he recently became owner.

Mrs. T. E. K. Dihel, who has been visiting for several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Allen, departed Monday afternoon for her home in New Mexico.

W. H. Mark and wife of Union arrived Tuesday afternoon from Excelsior Springs, Mo., where they had spent a month at that famous health resort, to make a visit with their daughter, Mrs. H. E. Graves.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do it by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts freely at each application. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Killed a Viper.
Surveyor Fred Patterson, while near the Pölock-Duff bridge yesterday, met on the new road just laid out, an old-time spreading head viper. It required but a short time for Mr. Patterson to line the hideous snake up with his glass, and with others of his surveyor's instruments, put the dangerous monster out of existence. This is the first one Mr. Patterson had seen for years, and he solemnly declares he drank nothing yesterday but Platte river water.

A Freak of Nature.
Joe Smith, the old soldier, had in his possession today a freak of nature the like of which he nor anyone else never saw before. The curio consisted of a hollow weed four inches in length, through which was a growing stalk of corn. Joe found this monstrosity in his garden, dug it out and brought it to town, so that people who read this will know it is no fish story.

J. P. Falter, the real estate dealer, was called to Omaha on business this morning, going on the early train.

Long Distance Telephone Service

depends largely for its success upon three things—Construction, Maintenance, Operation.

The strength or success of the service as a whole depends, not on the best, but on the weakest point in any of these constituent items. When the weak link gives way the chain is broken.

Our Construction is built along broad and substantial lines, builded to withstand time and the elements. The superior and expensive copper wire is a sure and easy path for the silent swift messenger. A mall army of well trained and disciplined expert maintenance men are distributed along the route with eyes watchful for the first hint of trouble. These circuits are operated by carefully schooled efficient operators, with eye and brain alert and courteous desire to serve the patron, directed by one head, along a uniform routine.

All three phases, bound together in harmonious unity gives us an efficient service and our connecting contracts with the larger trans-continental lines make the service universal.

Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph Company

M. E. BRANTNER, Local Manager

but you just wait until Henry wheels the cart. Please don't have a fire when the chief is busy with the baby.

I. W. Teegarden, having completed a fine garage for his own use, went up to Omaha last Friday, accompanied by L. P. Woldan Lee, Prof. N. W. Gaines of Valley, Neb., formerly superintendent here, has been secured as speaker for the occasion.

M. Pentico, having shipped his goods to Lincoln, boarded the train last Monday and will make his home in the capital city. Most of the children are there and Mr. Pentico, after visiting around, will locate and buy a home there.

Poor appetite is a sure sign of impaired digestion. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will strengthen your digestion and improve your appetite. Thousands have been benefited by taking these Tablets. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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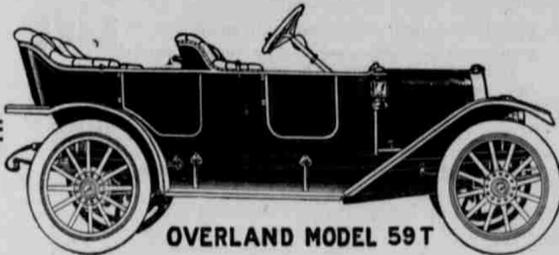
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Overland



OVERLAND MODEL 59T

\$900 for this elegant 30-horse power car.

\$1,200 for the same, only larger and 35 horse power.

\$1,500 for the 45-horse power, still larger.

The above models are made in two-passenger, four-passenger and five-passenger cars—just to suit size of family.

Phone or write us if interested. Cars in stock here for immediate delivery.

Union Overland Company,

Agents Eastern Cass County, Union, Nebraska