

A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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PROLOGUE.

Lovers of Romance, attention! Here's a story you will like. It tells of mystery under the dreamy moon of the Pacific islands...

You know, of course, about the author, Lloyd Osbourne. He learned how to write in a worthy school, for he is a stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER I.

Who is John Mort?

The moonlight streamed through the palms of the Pacific island of Lotoalofo, outlining on the beach a vivid tracery of fronds and stems.

In all those lonely seas there is no lonelier island than Lotoalofo. On some Pacific charts it is called the "four crowns of Quiros," with a question mark after it.

Here, leaning against one of these venerable guns, were two men in close and earnest conversation. One of them was about forty-five, tall and thin, with high cheek bones and a narrow, ugly, withered face.

His companion was Matthew Broughton, a man of thirty-one, sobered, hardened and somewhat worn by eleven years on the outposts of civilization.

"But, my friend, is there anything you complain of?" Mort was asking, his slight foreign accent more marked than usual as the result of his concern.

"It is here," he said, laying his hand to his heart. "I don't know what's the matter with me; but I'm tired of it all; homesick, perhaps, dissatisfied, depressed."

"Do not reproach me, sir. I told you this before my last trip, not wishing to take you unawares."

"What a choice!" he murmured. "What a choice!" "It is an impulse stronger than I am," returned Matt after a silence.

"I wonder at myself," said Matt. "There is not a soul in the world I respect more, admire more—yes, love—than I do you. Yet I am going."

"Nearly 8,000, sir, in French, English and American gold, besides the chest of Chile silver."

"My friend, it is yours, and the schooner also, it is yours. It is small enough return for such loyal service. Ah, indeed, much too small, and I will increase it with this—"

"There's another matter much more pressing," he exclaimed, "a pledge to be given and by you sacredly kept—"

"Oh, I fear not that. We are self-sustaining now, and besides in a couple of years I look forward confidently for your return.

John Mort paused on the last word, peering strangely at his companion.

"Your private affairs were none of my business, sir. I have always made it a point of honor to keep my curiosity to myself."

"Well, I suppose it's just this, sir; if you wished me to know you would tell me."

John Mort mused as though, indeed, he were very near to making a confidant of his companion.

"It is enough for you to know that I am a ghost," he said oddly. "Mort means dead, and the fancy pleased me to take it for my name.

"I shall guard it, sir."

"And you appreciate, even in this half told way, its supreme, its vital importance?"

"I do, sir."

"Then let us go back."

In silence they walked up the path to the broad veranda of the house—the house that had taken three years to build, whose massive walls were timbered with whole trees—a low, red tiled, Spanish structure, in appearance half fort and half monastery.

her in Guadalcanar. Who she was or what she had been—actress, dancer or exalted lady, Pole, Russian, Albanian or Magyar—all was a mystery she shared with her somber husband.

"I cannot persuade him," said Mort, with affected lightness, stooping to kiss his wife's hand, "the captain abandons us."

"I have one favor to ask before I go," said Matt, somewhat huskily; "just one favor. One," he went on, "just one favor."

His chief preoccupation, however, was more to avoid being cheated in the disposal of the ring, for, though he had little knowledge of jewels, the stone seemed to him of unusual fire and purity and evidently was very valuable.

He determined to pick out the biggest and most fashionable jewelry store and, explaining his position, ask the favor of their expert advice.

A large, imposing mirror gave him the clew, for there, at full length, he saw what a deeply tanned, wild haired, ragged desperado he appeared and saw also with the tail of his eye a scurry of pale employees to guard the exits and block his escape.

Flushing to the eyes, more with shame than anger, and still closely followed by the store detective, he made his way to the nearest clerk.

"Music is the only language—the divine language," he exclaimed, "and how far surpassing the stupid commonplace of words! Captain, you are a thousand times right, and all our affection for you, all our sorrow, all our unuttered hopes and prayers for you, will find their voice in what I play."

When once the violin had touched his chin John Mort became a different man. He was strangely ennobled; the glamor of his genius lent dignity and beauty to his gaunt frame; his thin, haggard, deeply lined face took on a new expression, so rapt, so inspired, that he might have been in communion with another world.

He had taken as a motive one of those simple, plaintive German folk songs, passing from improvisation to improvisation, till it seemed the cry of all suffering, doomed humanity.

"An hour later he was aboard the North Star, and the rustling land breeze was bearing him out of the lagoon on the long slant north. Six years of his life were sinking with the palms behind him.

"Among the passengers yesterday on board the incoming Oceanic Steamship company's Mariposa were Captain Broughton and nine south sea islanders, of the schooner North Star, capsize in north latitude 34, west longitude 132, during a heavy squall."

"The crew, none of whom drowned, contrived to perch themselves on the ship's bottom, and after four days of intense suffering were picked up by the W. H. Hall of this city, in lumber for Suva, Fiji. The Hall, in her turn, transferred them to the mail steamer, which was fortunately intercepted a week later."

"Captain Broughton cannot speak too highly of the extreme kindness of Captain Hayward, Purser Smith, and the officers and passengers of the Mariposa toward himself and his crew. A concert was given in aid of the shipwrecked mariners, and the sum of \$318.75 realized on their behalf."

"The North Star was of seventy-four tons register, built at Bath, Me., in 1884, and carried no insurance. It was learned from Captain Broughton that she had been employed in the copra trade for many years, and was on her way to this port for drydocking and repairs."

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Old and New Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

The identical kind of apple that tempted Eve is on exhibition at the Herald office, raised by Perry Walker of Cass county. It is called a "Paradise Sweet" and Eve must have been very strong-minded indeed if she would not succumb to such an apple as that.

Connor and "Thatch" got away with a big grain contract the other day. Half the hay and oats contract let by the government this year, and part of the corn contract. It will leave considerable money in the place, besides making a market here for all our surplus grain.

Out of the northwest corner of two little youngster's mouths, startled our people, on Saturday evening just about nightfall. The small frame building in the rear of Leonard's photographic gallery which had been used as a smoke-house for bologna sausages by Judge Ellison was found to be on fire.

He determined to pick out the biggest and most fashionable jewelry store and, explaining his position, ask the favor of their expert advice. They might be obliging enough to tell him what the gem was worth and thus help him materially.

A large, imposing mirror gave him the clew, for there, at full length, he saw what a deeply tanned, wild haired, ragged desperado he appeared and saw also with the tail of his eye a scurry of pale employees to guard the exits and block his escape.

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THE NEW SHOE STORE AND HARNESS SHOP - MOST READY FOR BUSINESS

From Tuesday's Daily.

The fixtures for the new shoe store and harness shop, which is being started by Mr. John Frank in the Leonard building, opposite the Journal office, are all in position and the store will be ready in a few days to do business.

Mr. Frank comes to this city well recommended from his former home at Farnam, Nebraska, and will prove a most useful addition to the business life of the city.

The occupancy of the Leonard building fills up all the store buildings in the main part of the city, with the exception of one room in the Wollenkamp building on lower Main street, as the vacant store rooms in the Riley block are to be occupied by the firm of Peters & Richards and Frank R. Gobelman with his stock of wall paper and paints, and this will fill the business section of the city better than it has been for some years and keep up with the growth of the city.

Mrs. Kate Oliver departed this morning for Lincoln, where she will visit for a short time with her daughter in that city.

The annual examination of the city schools commenced on Monday of this week. The first ward, under the charge of Miss Marcia Lincoln, was examined on Monday by Prof. Wise and Mayor Livingston, Mr. Carruth and Mr.

Pollock of the council were present more or less of the time, but no parents or other visitors. The school passed a fair examination and was especially good in numerals, Roman and Arabic.

The Second ward school, teacher, Mrs. Arnold, was examined on Tuesday. Present, Prof. Wise, Mayor Livingston, Councilman Johnson, Rev. Mr. Arnold and the editor. We would like to tell all the little folks said, and notice each scholar's good points, if we had time and space. Not having these two requisites at our command, we must simply say we were very much pleased, indeed, with the little folks.

Oh what a nice wedding cake we got from Weeping Water, all on account of Miss Kate Winslow, and the Rev. Mr. Folds suggests that Mr. Davis can test the efficacy of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup.

Jos. Perry, county clerk of Franklin county, and well known in Cass county, died last week. He had many friends, both here and in the place he chose as his new residence in Nebraska.

Weeping Water grows like magic; every time we go there we feel surprised and pleased with the changes for the better. Just now they are putting up a new \$3,000 school house, which will be a very fine building when completed. Messrs. Fleming & Rice have just opened a new stock of goods, and the old stand-bys, Reed Bros., have a large and commodious stone building plumb full of new and handsome fall and winter goods.

The Third ward school, Miss Caddie Foster, teacher, was examined on Wednesday. Present, Prof. Wise, Mayor Livingston, Councilmen Johnson, Newmann and Carruth. The examination was fair.

The Fourth ward will be examined today, as we go to press. We will give a report in our next, and also the High school examination, which will take place the ensuing week.

The absence of parents and visitors, except those connected in an official way with the schools, has been very noticeable, and was commented on by the examining board and teachers, who feel hurt that the parents exhibit so little interest in what has been done for the children. We sincerely hope the High school examination next week will be better attended.

Mrs. J. J. Roberts, who is well known in our town as the widow of the Rev. J. J. Roberts, formerly pastor of the M. E. church here, is in town on a visit to some of her old friends and acquaintances.

Entertains Kensington Club.

Yesterday afternoon the Kensington club was entertained most delightfully at the home of Mrs. R. A. Bates, and the ladies enjoyed a very pleasant time in working upon their dainty fancy work and in social conversation, and the hours sped by very rapidly.

A very delicious three-course luncheon was served at an appropriate hour, which served to add greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon. The occasion was a very pleasant one and the jolly crowd of ladies saw with regret the time for departure draw near.

Notice to Masonic Lodge! The members of Plattsmouth Lodge, A. F. and A. M., are hereby notified to meet at their hall tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in order to attend the funeral of Brother C. Emmet Sweet, at the Masonic Home.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

How's This? We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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Better PIE Crust Baked With

Calumet Baking Powder

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST

CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

MRS. EMILY HAYES AN AGED LADY PASSES AWAY

From Tuesday's Daily. Mrs. Emily Hayes, an aged lady who has been residing at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ellis Daniels, near Union, died last evening at quite an advanced age.

Her mother, Mrs. Lee Farris, near Union, and while here was taken suddenly sick with a severe attack of bowel trouble, and her condition gradually grew worse until death brought relief from her sufferings.

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