

A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Copyright, 1911, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

PROLOGUE.

Lovers of Romance, attention! Here's a story you will like. It tells of mystery under the dreamy moon of the Pacific islands and of love in the shady lanes of New England—and what more can a story reader want? The mystery, of course, is introduced early in the tale, and the love follows close after. Together they go hand in hand through the pages of the story, never parting company until the final chapter. There the mystery departs, but the love remains.

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. And no greater story teller than the latter ever lived.

CHAPTER II.

The Ruby Ring.

I AM Captain Broughton of the shipwrecked schooner North Star," he explained. "All I had went down with my ship except this ring, and I should be glad to get some idea of its value so that the pawnbrokers can't cheat me."

"It's hardly in our line," snapped the clerk. "Expert valuation is a business in itself, and—"

The conversation was interrupted by a bald, oldish man, who, with an air of authority, demanded to know what was the matter. On its being explained, he took up the ring, looked at it with some surprise and asked Matt if he belonged to the people that had been rescued at sea by the mail steamer.

"Yes," said Matt, smiling, "and though appearances are against me, I am neither one of the James brothers nor a bandit."

The man thawed at this and requested Matt to step into his private office.

"I am Mr. Snood," he said, "the managing partner of this concern." As soon as they were inside the office and seated, Mr. Snood examined the ring carefully.

"Where did you get this?" he asked suddenly, raising his keen eyes to Matt's face.

"It was given to me."

"Permit me to inquire by whom?"

"My employer—the gentleman whose ship I lost."

"Why did he give it to you?"

"I was leaving his service. I had been associated with him for years."



"We'll advance you \$4,000 on it." He held me in very great esteem and made me a present of the ring on my departure.

"He's a very rich man—this employer?"

"Oh, yes; very rich indeed."

"Then you have no reason to doubt that this ring was—legitimately acquired?"

"No one who knew him could ever doubt that. Why, it would be utterly incredible."

"You must pardon me for asking these questions," went on Mr. Snood in a kinder tone. "It's a good plan to be careful you know. After all, it is to your own interest as well as ours, isn't it?"

"Quite so," assented Matt, hoping that Mr. Snood would soon come to the point.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the

latter, hesitating and examining the ring again with evident admiration. "Mind, I'm not saying you mightn't get a better offer elsewhere, but this is the best Snood & Hargreaves can do for you. We'll advance you \$4,000 on it at 7 per cent interest, and we'll engage to buy it outright, now or later, for \$5,500."

This was so much more than Matt had ever dreamed of that he could only gasp. Fifty-five hundred dollars! He had thought vaguely of a couple of thousand, trembling at his own presumption. Fifty-five hundred dollars! Why, that was a fortune—not that he wished to sell the ring except in the last extremity, nor, as he bewilderingly considered the proposal, did he care to take so large an advance as \$4,000. The interest charges would soon grow beyond his powers to meet them, and the ring would be irretrievably lost. Explaining his perplexities to Mr. Snood, it was finally agreed that he was to be advanced a thousand dollars only, with the privilege of selling the ring at any time he wished for the larger sum.

A little later he left the store with fifty twenty-dollar gold pieces weighing down his pockets and the following memorandum pinned carefully inside his waistcoat:

San Francisco, Jan. 24, 1904.

Messrs. Snood & Hargreaves hereby acknowledge the receipt of a solitary ruby ring, of an antique, oriental setting, from my over, Captain Matthew Broughton, who, in consideration of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars advanced to him today by Messrs. S. & H. on security of said ring, and receipt by Captain Broughton hereof, acknowledged, agrees to pay S. & H. 7 per cent interest semi-annually on said loan.

GEORGE H. SNOOD,
For Snood & Hargreaves.

MATTHEW BROUGHTON.

Matt returned to the windy street in far better spirits than he had left it. He had \$1,000 in his pockets; \$4,500 more to draw on if need be; and best of all he could now "go home." It was a strange instinct that called him back to Manaswan. In the east, for there was not a single tie that bound him to the place unless it were his parents' graves. But after years of wandering, of contented exile, of acquiescence in the life he had made for himself, something within him had at last revolted. Homesick, heartsick, weary of palms and reefs and naked savages, Manaswan appeared to him as the solution of this subtle malady of the soul. At Manaswan a miracle would happen, and he would be happy. The first use he made of his money was to buy his ticket.

He gave the clergyman \$500 to assure the safe return of the natives to their various islands; and that afternoon the honest, devoted fellows, in charge of nine-year-old Master Thompson, accompanied him across the bay to cheer his departure on the Overland. Standing there in a line of nine, marshaled by that little white boy, they presented a singular spectacle on the platform, what with the earrings in their ears, two with tattooed faces, and all weeping copiously. Nor was the effect diminished by their singing a resounding hymn, and then listening, with bowed heads, to the prayer Tanielu, the Tongan, offered up amid the jostle of trunks and passengers. Matt's own eyes were dim as the train roved away, and there was a very real lump in his throat. Why was he going to Manaswan while everything he valued lay behind him? Why was he leaving tried and true friends for strangers? An island fairyland for a prim little Connecticut town? Yet his resolution did not waver, and he was inspired by the thought that in five days he would be "home."

"This is a hard world for a colored man, sir," he said once to Matt, "especially if he's better educated than the most of his race and is given to thinking a little, like I do. The majority of them are no company for me, with their common ways and cheap ideas; and, of course, I am personum non grata to white folks. Here I am, stuck middlewise between the two."

Matt conceived a sincere regard for the old fellow, whose lowly, effacing life was not without a certain tragedy. There was a fine strain in the mulatto and an innate dignity and kindness that commanded respect, not to speak of a whimsical humor that gleamed out even in his most earnest moments. "You're a man," he once said to Matt, "while I have the misfortune to be a problem. That's a bigger difference between us than color itself. The darky can't go anywhere and do anything, but right off, he's a problem. When we eat, we're a problem; when we go to a hospital, we're a problem; we can't hop on a train, but there again we're a problem; when we die, we're a problem, for, Lord save us, black bones mustn't lay next to white."

Nothing could be got from the boarders except warnings. Each one ran down his own business. On Matt's appealing to Victor the latter retorted the swift flash of the garage business. "Owners are getting to know too much," he said. "You can't sell a ten dollar pair of gas lights for sixty like you did once. If I was you, Mars' Broughton, I'd try mules. There never has been enough mules, and there never will be!"

Matt accordingly, though rather slackly, it must be confessed, began to look into mules; he accumulated stacks of mule information; he wrote to Washington and got for nothing the concentrated wisdom of a whole mule sub-bureau. All this was very encouraging, and was made more so by Victor's request to come in as a partner. He thought he could sell out his garage for \$1,400 or \$1,600, and volunteered to be Matt's man Friday.

"I won't be any trouble to you," he pleaded earnestly. "I know my place, and I'll keep it, no matter how close we have to live; and I'll cook and wash, and do everything till we're on our feet."

Matt did not commit himself; it was so much easier to dawdle along and coquette with imaginary mules, and work out imaginary mule profits, than to bestir himself with actualities.

One day, after breakfast, while he was in his room, he was called down to the parlor by the only visitor that had ever sought him. The grizzled, smiling man who rose to greet him was a stranger.

"I'm the editor of the Manaswan Banner," said the stranger, introducing himself deferentially. "Tom May-

nard, my name is, and a very injured man, Mr. Broughton! Yes, sir, a very injured man, for surely the local paper had the first call on a local boy? Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated in the same key of pretended indignation, "to think you were hiding here all this time, and I didn't know a thing about it!"

"I don't understand," said Matt, smiling now. "What's this all about, anyway?"

"And so you are a real live king?" went on Mr. Maynard, ignoring the question, and gazing at him in humorous awe. "What a lot of stick in the muds it makes us feel that one of our boys could go out and do that, while we stayed at home with the chores." (To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

G. G. Meisinger drove in today to attend to some trading with the merchants for a few hours.

Miss Hattie Ficht was in the metropolis yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. C. A. Lanning of Eagle, Neb., arrived in the city this morning for a short visit with Mrs. Ada Moore and family.

Mrs. Mary Taylor of Union was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business at the court house.

Miss Della Everett returned this afternoon from Liberty, Nebraska, where she had been for the past few days visiting with friends.

C. H. Boedeker of Murray came up yesterday and spent several hours here looking after business matters, as well as visiting his friends.

L. M. McVey and wife, from the vicinity of Union, were in the city yesterday and attended to some shopping with the merchants.

W. R. Bryan returned this morning from his farm, near South Bend, where he has been looking after some matters of business for a few days.

Amos Doty came in last evening on No. 2 from Caspar, Wyoming and will make a short visit here with his mother before returning to his work in the west.

Mrs. Bertha Royer came in last evening from her home at Horton, Kansas, and will visit for a short time at the home of her mother, Mrs. I. N. Cummings.

C. A. Lord of Lincoln, of the Lord Auto company, and representative of the Overland automobiles, was in the city today looking after business matters.

George F. Smith of Kansas City, Missouri, arrived in the city this morning to visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Smith, for a few days, as well as with Mrs. Robert Gibson, who is quite sick.

County Commissioner C. R. Jordan returned to his home at Alvo yesterday afternoon, after being here in attendance at the meeting of the county commissioners.

L. D. Hiatt of Murray was in the city today for a few hours visiting with his friends, having motored up from his home with Clayton Rosencrans, who was out in the country looking after important matters of business.

J. W. Kean and wife of San Bernardino, California, are here visiting for a short time at the home of W. T. Richardson and family at Mynard. Mrs. Kean is a sister of Mrs. Richardson, and was formerly Miss Emma Robins of this city.

Charles Ohm and wife and Charles Neal, of Oak Harbor, Ohio, who have been here for some days visiting at the home of Fred Ohm, a brother of Mr. Charles Ohm and a brother-in-law of Mr. Neal, departed last evening on No. 2 for their home in the east.

FOUND—A gold bar pin with initials "C. M. H." on the outside and the name "C. E. McFall" on the inside. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement.

41-5-2td-1tw

FOR SALE—A modern seven-room house, \$1,800.00, about one-half original cost. Cottages on easy terms. Acreage.

Widham Investment & Loan Co. 11-4-d&w

Try the Journal Want Ads.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

M. M. Shipman, an old resident of Cass county and a No. 1 man, goes east this week to reside for the winter. We shall expect Mr. S. back to Nebraska next year better satisfied than ever.

Our diminutive friend, Jimmy Winterstein, a brother-in-law of W. L. Van Alstyne, arrived here on Wednesday evening. Jim is a first-class "print," and started for Red Cloud this morning to work on the Chief. He is direct from the Plattsmouth Herald.—Adams County Gazette.

The grand encampment of Odd Fellows yesterday elected C. F. Williams of Plattsmouth, M. W. Grand Patriarch; Mr. Hendricks of Tecumseh, M. W. Grand High Priest; Isaac Oppenheimer of Lincoln, M. W. Grand Senior Warden; John Evans, Grand Scribe, and Samuel McClay of Lincoln, Grand Treasurer.—Journal.

The Plattsmouth Sportsman's club have challenged the Omaha club to a match game of shooting, the proceeds to be devoted to the grasshopper sufferers, and Mr. Kennedy of the Omaha club writes Dr. Livingston, president of our club, that they will decide at their next meeting on Saturday evening.

Senator Hitchcock, Surveyor Wiltse, Dr. Warren and a lot of our own boys all went out hunting on Tuesday and shot—well, they shot a good many times, but it won't need an express train to bring in the game. They're all good shots, but the three who head this list are better at bringing down men than geese.

\$50.00 REWARD.—Broke jail on the night of August 4, 1873, one Thomas Keeler, about 17 years old, 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, heavy set, red hair and face, thick lips, light eyes, weighs about 150 pounds; had on a black hat, heavy shoes, check shirt, new elastic suspenders, pepper and salt pants. Also one Willis R. Goodell, a boy about 16 years old, slim, dark hair and eyes, downcast look. Both were awaiting trial for horse stealing. The above reward will be paid for the capture of the two, or \$25.00 each.

M. B. Cutler, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

The members of the local board of directors at Plattsmouth, for the Central Life Insurance Company, N. Y., held a meeting at the office of Mr. Stadelmann, on Tuesday evening last and elected their officers for the ensuing year, viz.:

- E. G. Dovey, President, Plattsmouth.
- M. L. White, Vice President, Plattsmouth.
- U. W. Wise, Secretary, Plattsmouth.
- Jno. Christensen, Treasurer, Plattsmouth.
- Directors: Joshua Murray, farmer, Cass county.
- Samuel Barker, stock dealer, Cass county.
- W. C. Brown, assistant treasurer, B. & M. R. R., Plattsmouth.
- Wm. Stadelmann, merchant, Plattsmouth.
- W. L. Hobbs, ex-treasurer and farmer, Cass county.
- Samuel Chapman, lawyer, Plattsmouth.
- U. W. Wise, superintendent, public schools, Plattsmouth.
- E. G. Dovey, merchant, Plattsmouth.
- Chas. McEntee, prop. Brooks House, Plattsmouth.
- Jno. Christiansen, master mechanic, B. & M. Plattsmouth.
- R. C. Cushing, banker and R. R. contractor, B. & M. R. R.
- A. L. Sprague, lawyer, Plattsmouth.
- Isaac Wiles, farmer, Plattsmouth.
- M. L. White, contractor and bridge builder, and county commissioner, Plattsmouth.
- W. G. Woodruff, merchant, Plattsmouth.

Honorary Members: Jno. Fitzgerald, banker and R. R. builder, Plattsmouth. Jno. Watson, farmer, Cass county. L. G. Todd, farmer, Pleasant Hill.

GORDER'S FALL SALE OF POLAND CHINAS!

To be held at farm, one-half mile south of Plattsmouth, Nebr., on WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12, 1913 Sale begins at 1 o'clock. Free Lunch at Noon.

24 Boars. 26 Sows.

In this offering there will be a choice lot of good stuff sold and it will contain a lot of richly bred animals with lots of individual merit. The herd boar used is Petite Tecumseh and he will also be included in this offering. He is a two-year-old sired by Matchless Expansion, out of a grand-daughter of Miller's Tecumseh. A number of the spring pigs are by him. Others are by the good boar Futurity Jack, a son of I Am Big Too. We have a good spring litter by Guy Price's Last, out of a dam by Big Victor. There will be some fall stuff sold and this is sired by Teddy, a son of Big Mischief by Mischief Maker's Best. This will be an excellent place to get some good, stretchy spring boars and gilts and good, useful fall stuff. If you are interested write for catalog. Crates will be furnished to all those shipping out.

Mrs. August Gorder COL. H. S. DUNCAN, Auctioneer. RAY PATTERSON, Clerk.

Medical Examiners: R. R. Livingston and Jno. Black.

The above officers of the Plattsmouth local board have their lives insured for one hundred thousand dollars. No person can be elected to office unless his life is insured for five thousand dollars or more in this company.

Miss Katie Johnson has opened a confectionary in part of the room occupied by her father as a drug store, and has on hand a nice stock of sweetmeats which she is selling cheap. Success to you, Katie.

One of the finest displays of apples to be seen this season was at the county treasurer's office last Monday preparatory to being sent east as specimens. They were from the orchard of Wm. Hobbs, esq., near Rock Bluffs.

Business must be brisk in Plattsmouth, the street is crammed with teams daily. In fact, we don't see any other place in our travels that looks any more like substantial prosperity than our own town, in spite of some grumblers.

Strang, the great windmill man, has just returned from Wisconsin and Minnesota. He went up there to raise the wind, and comes back satisfied that after all this is the best country for his business. There's plenty of wind, so he puts up a new wind flouring mill at Bennett, on the M. P. R. R. Success to Strang and all other Windmills.

Aid Meeting, Court House Hall.—On motion, by Sam M. Chapman, the meeting came to order, and J. A. MacMurphy was called to the chair. J. F. Hobbs elected secretary. Mr. Adolph d'Allemant was called for, who, in a few remarks, portrayed the destitution of Furnas county; he stated that flour was their greatest need; that clothing was also very acceptable; he stated further that the object was to obtain im-

ALFALFA LAND.

The Prince of Monaco was amazed at the "Twenty Miles of Countless Stacks of Alfalfa" on both sides of the Burlington through the Government Shoshone Project near Powell, Wyo., and was further surprised to learn that all this wonderful development had taken place within five years.

FARMERS ARE MAKING MONEY feeding this alfalfa to sheep, beef steers, dairy cows and hogs—the easiest and most profitable kind of farming.

GO WITH ME TO THE BIG HORN BASIN and file on one of these Government irrigated homesteads where alfalfa means money.

YOU HAVE TEN YEARS' TIME without interest to repay the Government the actual cost of water-right and you have plenty of water for irrigation. You pay down \$4.70 per acre and then skip two years before next payment.



Write for map and particulars. D. CLEM DEEVER, 1004 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Immigration Agent