

# 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.



"I'm almost sorry I came."

**CHAPTER IV.**  
"Always call me Chris."  
**B**UT Mr. Doty was more to be trusted than Matt had thought; of a sudden he came bustling up like a rushing little tug, towing two staterooms. Bewildering introductions ensued; Matt found himself shaking hands with an imposing gentleman with a white mustache; shaking hands with a young lady in blue foulard, whose dark, soft glance lingered curiously on his own. Matt hardly knew whether she was pretty or not—at least very pretty. His first impression was more of graciousness, youth and breeding; of rather an impudent little mouth, parting continually on perfect teeth; of delicately penciled eyebrows, a nose slightly aquiline, and an abundance of glossy hair, which under the lamplight appeared darker than it really was.  
"I've met a considerable number of kings in my time," said the general genially, "but always glad to add another to the list, you know. It's rather a reproach to us, I'm afraid, that we let the papers discover you first."  
"Oh, those papers?" exclaimed Matt. "But really, general, what is one to do? I might as well run after an express train as try to deny all that rubbish."  
"Nobody is safe in this country," agreed the general, with great good humor. "You can go to bed at night in an honored citizen and wake up in the morning an alliterative outcast—Merciless Marshall Murders Maid or something equally surprising and unpleasant."  
"It's the smudgy pictures I hate most," put in Miss Marshall. "I've had mine stuck all round with little cupid's shooting arrows into an unfortunate foreign nobleman."  
The general still laughing at his own sally, was greeted and diverted by a passing acquaintance, affording Matt the opportunity of asking Miss Marshall if she would not like to make the round of the booths with him. Her face showed her pleasure at the proposal, and in her answering look, so arch and eager, Matt seemed to read something that made him dizzy. She was more than pretty; she was exquisite, and the sudden realization of her beauty was not without a dart of pain. They moved about, talking—or, rather, trying to talk, for the noise and jostle caused constant interruptions—talking and hoping for chairs and eluding the general like a pair of truntings, all the while looking into each other's eyes and laughing. But there were no chairs; there was not an empty spot in the whole church except in the pulpit, and that was set inaccessibly in midair like a wooden jolly on a long, twisted stem. Matt gazed at it much as a castaway sailor might gaze at an unshipped—unmanned airship drifting high above his head. But as he gazed his resolution grew, and he announced it recklessly.  
"But they'll all see us!" cried Miss Marshall, aghast.  
"Only the tops of our heads, and they won't recognize us," said Matt.  
"And Mr. Doty will be scandalized—everybody will."  
"Oh, nonsense," said Matt. "It's the dickens to stand up here, with people digging into you and pestering you to buy beadwork pincushions, when you'd give everything in the world for a cozy talk."  
"A cozy talk would be nice, wouldn't it? Though it would take an elephant to get through all!"  
"Come along. I'll be the elephant."  
The pulpit was reached by a spiral stair—or, rather, could be reached by pressing apart a stout lady gabbling to another stout lady, sweeping through five gauzy little girls and disturbing a moaning tier of sweaters, two to a step. Had Matt not been in evening dress he would never have succeeded in dislodging these lovers, but his swallowtail was an awe inspiring garb and

found till the sweetest girl in the world, who is also the cleverest girl in the world, suddenly became the only girl in the world, and—  
"Yes, you'd better stop there," said Miss Marshall. "That isn't frankness, that's conventionality. A second later you'll be saying 'Love me and the world is mine.'"  
"Would that be so awfully silly?" asked Matt.  
"Not only silly, but bromidian."  
"Bromidian? What's bromidian?"  
"Repeating commonplaces, like a parrot."  
"Mayn't anybody say I like you without being called a parrot—or that brom-name?"  
"In good society Mr. Anybody never says that to Miss Somebody after an acquaintance so very brief as ours."  
"No short cuts allowed; is that the idea?"  
"Yes."  
"What's the most I could be permitted to say, then?—worrying? You said worrying, yourself."  
"It isn't quite fair to steal my word."  
"How clever one has to be—to like you. One mustn't say this; one mustn't say that; it's like a complicated game, and terribly beyond a poor sailor like myself. You must forgive me for being blundering and stupid. I hardly know anything about young white ladies."  
Miss Marshall laughed outright at being thus described. "I never thought of myself as a young white lady," she said, much entertained. "It sounds as funny to me as though you called me a young pink lady, or a young blue lady. Oh, dear," she went on softly, "I don't want to be too hard on my poor sailor, who's awfully nice and winning, even if he is stupid, and doesn't know the right word. Let's just admit that I like you and that you like me—and that perhaps in some queer way it was all inevitable."  
This unexpected admission made Matt's heart leap; again there was that dart of pain, that sense of overwhelming and somehow elusive happiness. The fragrance of that enchanting young womanhood was in his brain. For a while he remained silent, as though under a spell he was loath to break. "I don't believe I can laugh any more," he said at last, looking up strangely at his companion. "I don't believe I can even go on talking as we have done. I would like to go away as I did yesterday, and think, and think, and think."  
"That's what I did, too," she returned in a voice that was almost a whisper. "When great things happen one wishes to be alone, doesn't one?"  
"Tell me your name," he said, still in that wondering tone. "It's incredible, but I do not know it."  
"Christine, though they call me Chris—always call me Chris."  
"And mine such a horrid one—Matt—there—and it's always Matt, you know, which is even worse."  
"I like it. Matt and Chris—it sounds old fashioned, doesn't it, like one's Mayflower ancestors? And ye afore said Matthew was a young man of noble presence and of signal worth and understanding, withal sober and upstanding in the fear of God, ye whilk of all ye pilgrim maids he chose one Christine Marshall, avowing for her—"  
"Go on—don't stop there."  
But she did stop there, looking down at him with eyes like stars, all wonder and tenderness and shining, girl-like, with just a quiver of the pretty mouth.  
Alas for the lie that came back to roost, accompanied by a peremptory knocking on the pulpit panels, and the apparition of a very impatient young man in a high collar.  
"Say, brother, ain't you ever going to give us that recitation?"  
"It has been unavoidably postponed," said Matt brazenly, rising, as Miss Marshall did the same. He pleaded with her to remain a little longer, but she would not. It seemed that by this time the general would be as a roaring lion, and prudence dictated a return. They found him not exactly roaring, but certainly fretful, not to say crusty, and his recognition of Matt was of the scantiest.  
"For heaven's sake let us get out of this place," he said, smothering an expletive. "You might have had some thought of the horses even if you hadn't for me. Come along."  
"Oh, papa, wait. I've invited Mr. Broughton to have tea with us tomorrow—about 4." Then she added to Matt, "Please come, won't you?"  
"Shall look forward to it," snapped the general, with the manner of a person temporarily blocked in a burning building. "Good night, good night!" And with that and the pressure of a slender, gloved hand, Matt was left alone—more alone, so it seemed to him, than he had ever been before in his life. (To Be Continued.)

## CHRISTMAS SHOP BY ST. MARY'S GUILD IN THE RILEY BLOCK

The ladies of St. Mary's Guild will hold a Christmas shop in the Hotel Riley block on Friday and Saturday, December 5 and 6, at which time all manner of dainty and choice gifts for the Christmas season will be offered for sale. This will be a splendid chance to secure some choice articles for gifts and will doubtless be taken advantage of by the people of this section of the county, as last year the Christmas shop was very successful.

## MAX PRIES HAS HAND POISONED FROM A PIECE OF STEEL

From Friday's Daily.  
Several days ago Max Pries, who is employed in the Burlington shops, ran a small piece of steel into his hand, but thought nothing particularly of the matter at the time beyond the fact that it was a very painful wound, and he supposed in a few days it would be all right, as he did not think that there was any steel remaining in the wound. On Wednesday, while at work, he noticed a small object in the wound and discovered that it was a part of the steel that had remained. He went to the office of a physician this morning and discovered that he had a very sore hand, as it had become infected slightly, and he will be compelled to take a short vacation from his duties.

## A. J. M'KINNEY RECEIVES SERIOUS INJURIES IN RUNAWAY

From Friday's Daily.  
A very serious runaway occurred on Washington avenue last evening that resulted in A. J. McKinney receiving some very severe injuries. The injured man and William Newland had started out the avenue and had only gone a short distance when the horse became scared at some object along the street and started to run, breaking away from the men and tearing along at a great rate of speed, and as they passed Locust street they turned up this thoroughfare, and in front of the residence of Carl Kunsman the buggy turned over, throwing the occupants out and seriously injuring Mr. McKinney, who received a severe gash over the eye and was knocked unconscious, while the buggy was completely demolished. Mr. Newland was not injured so severely, although badly shaken up and bruised. The injured man was removed to his home and is suffering a great deal of pain today from the effects of his injuries.

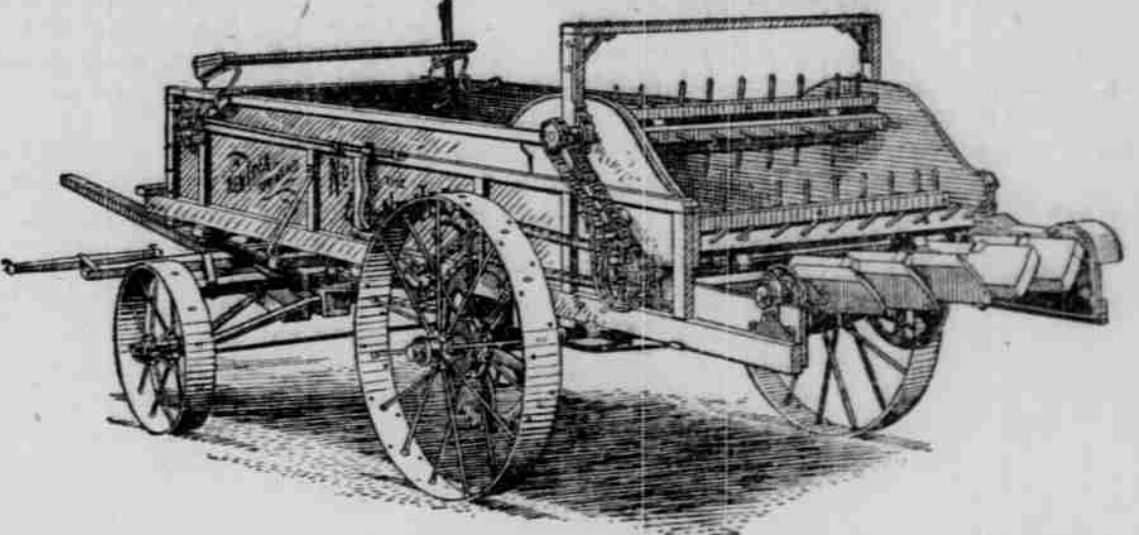
## LOYAL SONS CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS AT THEIR MEETING

From Friday's Daily.  
At the pleasant home of Mrs. Inez Stenner last evening the Loyal Sons class of the Christian church held their regular business meeting, being the guests of their classmates, Ernest, Leon and Clarence Stenner. The main business of the evening was the election of the officers of the class for the ensuing year, and the following were chosen for the different offices: President, John Stander; vice president, Luther Pickett; secretary, Leon Stenner; treasurer, Hugh Stander. The class decided at the meeting to continue an active campaign for new members and for the upbuilding of the class in every way by a program of entertainments and social gatherings that would bring the different members into closer touch. The first of the gatherings will be an oyster supper to be given at the Modern Woodman building on Friday evening, December 12. The class also picked for their subject for the next debate, which will be given at the home of B. A. McElwain, the subject, "Resolved, That the Labor Unions Have Been an Element in the Making of Better Civilization." The different debaters were chosen and a red-hot argument may be looked forward to by the members of the class and their friends.

Typewriter supplies at the Journal office.  
**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars toward the cure of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe his remedy is perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.  
NAT. BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# The "New Idea" Manure Spreader

## Does More and Better Work.



It thoroughly pulverizes all kinds of manure. Spreads more manure in less time than any other machine of like capacity. The manure is spread wider and more evenly. Simple construction makes the New Idea the ideal spreader for busy farmers. Substantially made from the best material. Every part is inspected many times from start to finish. No complicated gears to get out of order. Has a steady, non-jerking feed and a perfect, endless conveyor that positively cannot slip.

**Here Are a Few More Features of This 100-Point Spreader:**  
Two cylinders (instead of one). Pointed cylinder teeth that never pull out. Cannot choke or clog. Unique and patented distributor spreads manure 5 to 7 feet wide. Low down. Direct chain drive and simplest of all feeding mechanisms. Strong Wheels, lightest draft. Look at the "New Idea" Spreader the next time you are near our store.

**D. B. EBERSLE**  
Large, descriptive and freely illustrated catalog, FREE.

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH RECEIVES MUCH NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS

From Friday's Daily.  
The Christian church in this city is undergoing some improvements that will add greatly to the appearance of this structure. The building has just received one coat of paint and in a few days the second coat will be added, which will make the appearance of the building very neat and an ornament to the section of the city where it is located. The paint for the structure was donated by the members of the Sunday school, and the different members of the congregation have volunteered for the work of putting on the paint and they have done a very neat job of it. In addition to new paint on the church building, new concrete steps have been placed on the front entrance, as well as in the rear entrance to the church, and these also contribute greatly to making the work very neat and will fill a greatly felt need, as the old wooden steps were getting in a very bad state of repair. This enterprise on the part of the members of the Christian church is certainly commendable and shows the proper spirit among the members to contribute to the upbuilding of the city.

## SUFFERING FROM TUBERCULOSIS OF BONE IN ONE OF HIS ARMS

From Friday's Daily.  
This morning Allen M. Renner was a passenger for Omaha, where he goes to be with his little son, Earl, who is there in Immanuel hospital. The little boy is suffering from tuberculosis of the bone of one of his arms, and in order to save the arm the surgeons are to undertake a very delicate operation. The bone in the lower part of the left arm has become almost loose enough to remove, and the intention is to remove a small bone from the lower part of his leg and transplant it to the arm, where it will be used to replace the diseased bone. The tissue in the leg will grow sufficiently to make the leg as good as ever and it is hoped that the transplanted bone will give the little boy a good arm.

**Beautiful Shetland Ponies** for sale at all times, for the next 100 years, unless I die in the meantime. I have now an extra fine stallion, the best in the state, for sale. Well broke for both harness and saddle.  
Wm. Gilmour, Plattsmouth, Neb. R. F. D. No. 1.

## A Well Preserved Man.

Judge Reuben Foster of Union was in the city yesterday on a visit with his many old-time friends. He is one of the best preserved men in the state for his years, being 83. It will be remembered he was police judge in this city for several years and made the law fractures step lively when they appeared in his court. He is just as active and can get around with as great ease as when he was a resident of this city.—Nebraska City News.

## FERDINAND LEHMAN HERE IN INTEREST OF INVENTIONS

From Friday's Daily.  
Ferdinand Lehman of Omaha was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters in connection with his business interests, which consists of a number of useful articles that he has invented and is putting on the market. They consist of a patent adjustable safety scaffold attachment, adjustable ladder support and combination roof jack, bracket and ridge hook. In addition to these, Mr. Lehman has placed on the market a patent window shade holder and ventilator, which has been received with much praise from all who have saw it, and he believes that a splendid trade in these useful inventions can be built up.

## DELIGHTFUL GATHERING AT SCHULTZ HOME

From Friday's Daily.  
Last evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Schultz was the scene of a very pleasant time, the occasion being a farewell in honor of Miss Pearl O'Donnell, of Russell, Iowa, who has been a guest of Miss Florence Schultz for the past few weeks. The young people spent the evening most delightfully in the playing of various games and in the contest of pinning the tail on a paper donkey Don Seivers captured the king prize, while Chris Schultz for his poor judgment received the honny prize. In the pinochle contest, Miss Ethel Seybert received the king prize, having secured a far greater number of games than any of the company. A very tempting and delicious four-course luncheon was served during the course of the evening, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the company, and much praise was given the hostess for the pleasant time that was afforded the company. There were some fourteen present at the gathering and everyone felt that they had a most pleasant time indeed.

Try the Journal for calling cards.

**PILES No Money Till Cured**  
Fistula and All Rectal Diseases cured without the knife. Permanent cures guaranteed. Write for Free Illustrated book on Rectal Diseases and testimonials of hundreds of cured patients in Nebraska and Iowa.  
**DR. E. R. TARRY - 240 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.**

## DO THESE WINTER TOURIST FARES INTEREST YOU?

There are Winter Tourist Rates to Florida and Gulf Resorts that include also the route through New Orleans and Washington—interesting circuit tour of the historical Southland. For Southern landseekers, desiring trips of shorter duration, there are still lower Winter Excursion fares on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Burlington main line, high class trains run to Kansas City and St. Louis, connecting in Union Stations with all trains to the South.  
Or will it be Southern California this Winter? If you would like to go there in the greatest comfort, over the interesting and scenic way, ask about the Burlington's personally conducted excursions via Denver, Scenic Colorado Salt Lake City. Call or write for Winter Publications—"Low Rates South," "California Tourist Excursions," "Pacific Coast Tours." Describe your proposed tour and let us help you amplify it to include all possible attractions.  
**W. C. CLEMENT, Ticket Agent**  
**L. W. WAKELEY, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebr.**

