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 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.

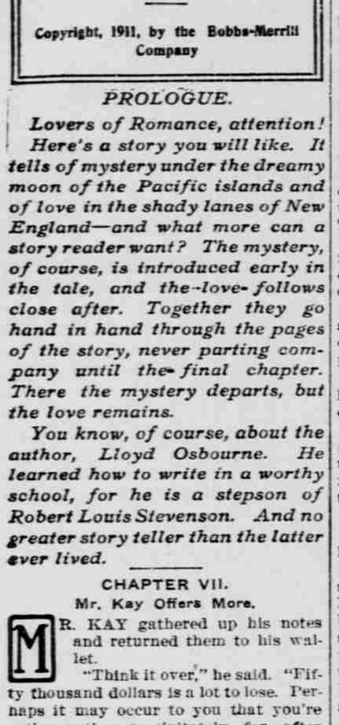
CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Kay Offers More.

MR. KAY gathered up his notes and returned them to his wallet.

"Think it over," he said. "Fifty thousand dollars is a lot to lose. Perhaps it may occur to you that you're acting rather precipitately, for, after all, a man's first duty is to himself, and you scarcely seem to be in—er—very affluent circumstances. If you should care to place a small flag in your window—a tie, for that matter, or any bright bit of color—we shall accept it as a sign that you have—er—changed your mind. Don't forget that, will you? It is quite conceivable that the sum might be increased if we were assured of your active co-operation, but it would be superfluous to go into that at this stage. Just a little flag at your window, and within six hours I shall be promptly at your service."

Matt burst out laughing. "Is that your usual method of communication?" he asked. "But why not a skyrocket



"Fifty thousand dollars is a lot to lose."

while you are about it, or a blue light, and masks, of course—and a password. I'll say 'Walter,' and you answer 'Jones,' or perhaps a single mysterious word, like 'gurgle.' Gurgle's rather good. How do you like gurgle?"

The other's face darkened at this derision. When he spoke it was with perceptible humiliation and embarrassment. "I'm only an agent," he murmured. "Such theatrics are none of my making, though in this affair they seem unavoidable. Laugh all you like, Mr. Broughton. A man who has thrown away a fortune for a whim is entitled to, though some day when you're older and learn how hard a world this is it may seem considerably less humorous. Good night," he continued, holding out his hand. "Permit me to apologize for my persistence, and to thank you for your good nature under the infliction. You will let me hear from you, will you not? And remember that the amount might be materially increased. Good night, good night!"

Matt accompanied him down the stairs and to the front door, where, with a renewed grasp of the hand and another cordial farewell, the stranger walked briskly away. It almost looked as though an automobile had been awaiting him, for a second later there was a clash of gears, a flood of blinding light and a magnificent limousine swept headlong into the night.

Matt turned indoors again, eager for his delayed supper and in a state of extreme perplexity and exhilaration. It was not every body who would have refused $50,000. The fact that he had done so put him in a glow of self esteem. Though why had it been offered—good God, why? And who was John Mort, and what could they possibly want of him? How strange it all was, how insoluble! And, strangest of all, that he, Matt, the obscurest of mortals, should be caught up in anything that could conceivably "shake the world." That was what Mort had said—"it would shake the world." Well, it shouldn't shake if he could help it. He was loyal through and through. The "wolves" were chasing the wrong sleigh if they thought they could get a bite out of him.

The next morning turned out a veritable black Monday. Not only was it raining a sleety, dismal rain—Matt could have endured that—but he was assailed, besides, by a succession of disasters. First of all, there was no letter from Snood & Hargreaves. Somehow he had fully counted on getting it, and the firm's delay in writing began to take on an ominous aspect. With scarcely $80 in his pocket and part of that owing here and there, he felt uncomfortably pressed for money. Then there was Daggancourt, whom he had completely forgotten in the flow of larger events—Daggancourt, effusively expectant of that immediate departure for Kentucky. To make a man weep is a painful experience, and it was in this manner Daggancourt received the news of a second postponement.

"I'd set my foolish old heart on it," he sobbed. "I believed you were in earnest. It's—it's a terrible blow."

"But it's only put off a little while," said Matt. "For heaven's sake, don't think I've given it up, Victor. In fact, it's more of a life and death thing to me now than ever before."

Daggancourt shook his head.

"I was willing to go my last dollar," he said. "I could have worked for you with both hands and starved and stinted—not for the money in it, Marse' Broughton—but because you are you; because it is the colored man's instinct—his curse—to love and serve a master. Say no more, sir. I shall not trouble you again. I am like the Psalmist who put his trust in princes, and verily was he disappointed."

Matt was conscience stricken; he had leaned on Victor; he had found comfort and a sense of safety in the old fellow's rugged affection. It was hard to see it go, and it appeared doubly valuable, now that it was lost. Matt telegraphed to Snood & Hargreaves:

Please give immediate effect to my letter and remit money for ring by express. Telegraph reply, saying when I may expect to receive it.

When this was accomplished he encountered the concluding disaster of that whole disastrous morning. His telephoned request to speak to Miss Marshall was received by a maid, who said that her mistress was ill and could not come down. Nor could a message be carried to her because she was asleep. One might be left, however. Did the gentleman wish to leave one?

Matt, wretchedly perturbed, could think of nothing else than that Miss Marshall was to be informed that he had rung her up. "Broughton, not Button—B-r-o-u-g-h-t-o-n—and please tell her I shall call this afternoon in the hope of seeing her and perhaps take her for a drive if the weather clears and she is well enough."

At 3 he was at Fair Oaks in a worse downpour than ever, only to find himself rebuffed. Half soaked, he stood on the threshold and was told that Miss Marshall could see no one and that the doctor had given her some sleeping stuff. The general, too, had intrenched himself against callers. Matt climbed into his buggy and drove off, sick with despair.

Splashing along the muddy road, he wondered at himself for refusing that $50,000. With the money they had offered him Chris, for was not this what it amounted to? With $50,000 in his pocket he might go up to that big house and take her bodily away, marry her, have her for his very own?

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have taken the money—would have jumped at it. Fifty thousand dollars! It might be years before he would be worth a quarter as much. And here he was throwing it out of the window like a quixotic fool. It was not in him to betray John Mort. It was simply that he was incapable of it. He almost wished that he was not. It was not principle nor religion nor anything—but a fact. He himself was quite helpless. Volition lay altogether beyond him. It was something he could not do, that was all.

At home there was a telegram awaiting him. It read:

Matthew Broughton, Care Mrs. Sattane. Manaswan, Conn.:

Experts pronounce ruby flawed and worth $500 only. Firm faces substantial loss on advance already made. If accrued interest be not promptly paid shall dispose of ring at end of statutory period. Telegraph instructions.

SNOOD & HARGREAVES.

It was a blow to make any man stagger; defenseless, his first instinct was to hide in his room. Matt locked the door and with desperation read the telegram again. Good God, all he had then was the money in his pocket!

Were it not for Chris he would have been less unmanned. The sea is a hard master, but it will always feed and clothe a man who has made it his trade. He couldn't starve—it wasn't that. But it meant losing Chris—abandoning all thought and dreams of her as his wife.

How did he know that he wasn't being cheated? There was no flaw in the ruby. Everything John Mort had was of the best, of the finest. "Experts pronounce ruby flawed!" The chap would have paid him $5,500 then and there for the ring. He was an expert himself, that bald man. He hadn't dillydallied or anything, but had been eagerness itself to clinch the bargain. It was inconceivable that he had been mistaken. He was a thief, that was what he was, a low, contemptible thief, who had discovered how to get the ring for a thousand—the thousand originally advanced.

He raged up and down the room in impotent wrath. People knocked and spoke through the keyhole, but he disregarded them. One, alone, could have been of the least solace to him, and she was lying in that great, grim house beyond those miles of dripping woods.

But she would know soon enough—too soon. A few days and they would say goodby for the last time, forever, unless a miracle happened. The general was the only person capable of figuring in a miracle. But Matt built no hopes there. It was impossible to associate "Bless you, my children," with that keen, proud face—rather, a withering sentiment and a glance that would strike like a knife. The miracle would be how to get out alive—how to escape with the last shred of self respect.

No, with $4,000, with Daggancourt and the aid of Chris' intrepid spirit, it had been within the bounds of reason. The rose could have been plucked, general or no general, and carried in triumph to that Kentucky farm. But $80 was eighty—nothing.

By supper time he had somewhat recovered his composure and, though very pale, contrived in other respects to conceal the crushing nature of his misfortune. He announced gravely that he had received bad news and begged that he might be excused from giving the particulars.

After supper he got his overcoat and settled himself in a dry corner of the veranda, where his reflections were suddenly arrested by the stoppage of an automobile at the gate and the descent of a vaguely familiar figure. It was an immense limousine, not unlike the one he had associated with Mr. Kay's departure the night before. In fact, the vaguely familiar figure was Mr. Kay himself, advancing hurriedly up the board walk.

"Brought the mint with you?" asked Matt.

"Why, certainly I have," exclaimed Mr. Kay with undisguised eagerness. "I am ready to raise our offer to a hundred thousand, and shall be most pleased to settle the matter at once on that basis."

"I gave you my decision last night," Matt said. "Or rather I told you I hadn't the information you wanted. You surely can not have any better proof of it than this. What man in his senses would refuse a hundred thousand dollars? I know I wouldn't. I was only joking when I raised you. It was only to see how far you would go. Mr. Kay, you are trying to buy something I haven't got, and there it is in a nutshell."

"Then who was the violinist you referred to in that newspaper account? The man who played on the ship, and quelled the savages when they were ready to attack you? Answer me that, please. It is very important—it is the key to everything."

Matt started; he had completely forgotten that chance reference to John Mort; the indiscretion of it now took his breath away. What an ass he had been ever to let Hunter Hoyt extort it from his lips!

"Answer me that," continued the stranger, with a gleam of his yellow teeth, and clutching at Matt's arm again.

"Oh, the violinist?" returned Matt, pretending to laugh. "He was nothing to get excited about. In reality, he wasn't a violinist at all, but played the concertina, and he didn't quell anybody. That was all the newspaper men's work, like most of the interview. It was simply that we had a scare once down in New Britain and kept him playing till we could get at our pistols."

"Then there was nothing in it?"

"Well, there had been a massacre in the next bay, and"—

"But no violinist? No one at all resembling the miniature I showed you?"

"No, no! He was a Dutchman named Van Tassel and had been a waiter in a Sydney restaurant. He was a hot tempered little fellow and had hit somebody over the head with a bottle. That's how we came to take him—paid us £20 to smuggle him out of his scrape."

"I see that you can't help us," said Mr. Kay after a pause. "It's disappointing to have to admit it. I wish I could persuade you to go before my principals and tell them what you've told me. They blame me for my failure—are not convinced, you know—think they could have got this information out of you—this information that isn't there. Perhaps I might make it worth your while to come—out of my own pocket, you know—out of my own pocket. Would you consider it?"

"Where do you want me to go?"

"Only to the railway station, to a private car we have sidetracked there. You could show them that we are on a wrong scent—support me in what I have already reported. I should be glad to pay $50. Surely that would be worth half an hour of your time? What do you say?"

Matt hung back. He was confused, undecided and not unconscious of a vague apprehension. Yet the $50 was terribly tempting. It would allow him to extend his stay in Manaswan; to put off his departure for a couple of weeks; to be near Chris—to see her, to talk to her, to linger in paradise before he would be cast out of it forever. Nor would it be any disloyalty to John Mort, but merely a repetition of evasion and falsehood, possibly even helpful now that he was better forewarned. As to their doing him any harm that was preposterous. Threaten, perhaps? Well, let them threaten! One could stand a lot of threatening for $50.

"Yes, I'll go for $50," he said. "Only if you don't mind I'd rather have it in advance."

Mr. Kay hastened to count out two twenties and a ten, and then seemed to find it an infliction that Matt should suggest any further delay. It was only to run upstairs and leave the money and his purse under the pillow, but Mr. Kay chafed and demurred, and Matt on his return found him waiting with ill suppressed impatience.

"Come along," he cried, and, gripping Matt's arm as though not to allow him to escape again, hurried down the board walk to the automobile. A moment later they were both inside and the car swiftly moving.

(To Be Continued.)

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

Heisel & Ripple are making good lager beer again.

N. G. Robb, esq., from the western part of the county, dropped in to see the Herald on Saturday. He is a welcome visitor at our office always.

We have just received a load of Nebraska coal from Mr. Bridenstein, who lives about twelve miles below here. We shall use it and report as to its burning qualities next week.

John Leasley went to Lincoln yesterday to attend the state university. Before going he replenished our treasury and said he could not think of doing without the Herald. Success to you, John.

The fire made some neighbors for the Herald. O'Neil has moved up in Elster's' old tailor shop with his butcher outfit, and Heisel has gone into the old hotel, both opposite the Herald office.

The Cass County Educational society met on Thursday morning, December 31, the last day of the Institute, Prof. Wise in the chair. Various subjects were discussed. On motion of Mr. Polk, the next place of meeting was fixed at Weeping Water, subject to the call of the president. An election of officers was then held, which resulted as follows: Prof. Wise, president; Messrs. Ramsey, Hall and MacMurphy, vice presidents; W. B. Swearingen, secretary and treasurer. An executive committee was then appointed as follows: Mr. Usinger, Thos. Wiles and J. F. Polk. Editorial committee, B. S. Ramsey, MacMurphy and Miss Gertie Johnson. Meeting adjourned to meet at Weeping Water.

U. W. Wise, Pres't.
Miss Flora Wise, Sec'y.

Roll of honor for the first grammar grade:

	Avg.
Edyth Shryock	.99
Willie Vivian	.97
Julius Cooley	.96
Kittie McNeil	.95
Theo. Livingston	.94
Ida Waterman	.94

Julia E. Gearhart, Teacher.

Judge Ellison and Joe Gilmore are renovating the old ice house back of the Herald office, and are going to lay in a supply of ice.

Mrs. John Thurston, sister of Judge and Robert T. Maxwell, died of typhoid pneumonia on Friday last. Her decease was sudden and leaves a large circle of devoted and mourning friends.

We call especial attention to the arrangements of the B. & M. R. R., made for the purpose of carrying free relief goods and seed for our western settlers. This company have certainly shown their best face towards the settlers on their lands.

Through press of business we have neglected to notice the return to health and business of Mr. Fred Gorder, grain buyer for the Plattsmouth Grain company. Fred had a tight squeak of it, but is now all O. K. and once more ready for duty and business. Try him on, farmers, when you are selling your crops.

We received several weeks ago a load of Cass county coal from J. Bridenstine, of which we made mention at the time, saying that we should give further notice of it after trying its buring properties. The coal, we understand from Mr. Bridenstine, is dug out only some five or six feet from the surface, and where the water from a spring reaches it, so that it was thoroughly saturated with water. We let it lay until it dried out and now, after a careful trial, will give some of the results. It burns much less freely than Iowa coal at first, but after it is fairly ignited retains the heat much longer, forms few clinkers, and leaves fine ashes resembling sawdust. There is but little gas arising from it, which is so offensive in the other soft coal, and as far as we have tried it, at least, none of the black soot which arises from the Iowa coal. A fair opinion of its merits can hardly be formed from burning this coal, which found so near the surface of course would be of an inferior quality, but as Mr. Bridenstine assures us he intends to keep digging, and will bring us another load when he gets in a little deeper, we shall have an opportunity to test it thoroughly and will report further. In the meantime we wish him success, and trust that Cass county before long will be burning coal dug within her own limits.

Tonight.

Tonight, if you feel dull and stupid, or bilious and constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you will feel all right tomorrow. For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE.
In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

The Livingston Loan and Building Association, Plaintiff, vs.

Louis D. Tolle R. R. Richardson, first name unknown, and Lulu Richardson, his wife; Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter, his wife, Defendants.

To Louis D. Tolle, R. R. Richardson, first name unknown, and Lulu Richardson, his wife, non-resident defendants in the above entitled action:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the plaintiff has commenced an action against you in the District Court of Cass county, Nebraska for purpose of foreclosing certain mortgages: In its first cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 12th day of January, 1909, covering the following described real estate to-wit: Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, in block 4, in Stadelmann's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 35 of mortgages, at page 671, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska, and to recover the sum of $54.40 taxes and interest, together with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent from November 12th, 1913. In its second cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on January 12th, 1909, covering lots 5 and 6, in block 4, in Stadelmann's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 35 of mortgages, at page 672, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska. In its third cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 12th day of January, 1909, covering lots 7 and 8, in block 4, and that portion of lot 18, in said block 4, which lies north of the north line of lot 9, when said north line is continued easterly to Tenth street, all in Stadelmann's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 35 of mortgages at page 673, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska, and to recover the sum of $1.50 insurance, together with interest thereon from November 12, 1913. In its fourth cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 14th day of August, 1907, covering the southwest 60 feet of lot 2 in Streitwieser's Sub-division of lot 113, in the SW¼ of the NW¼ of Section 19, Township 12 N., Range 14 E. of the 6th P. M. in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 35 of mortgages, at page 105, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska, and to recover the sum of $19.04 taxes, with interest thereon at 10 per cent from the 12th day of November, 1913. In its fifth cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 24th day of May, 1907, covering the S½ of lot 7, in block 62, in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 32 of mortgages, at page 636, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska, and the sum of $32.68 paid for taxes, with interest and costs thereon, together with interest at 10 per cent from November 12th, 1913. In its sixth cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 18th day of March, 1907, covering lot 5, in block 50, in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, which mortgage appears of record in Book 32 of mortgages, at page 512, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Nebraska, and to recover the sum of $15.73 taxes and interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent from the 12th day of November, 1913. In its seventh cause of action to foreclose a mortgage given by R. R. Richardson, first name unknown, to The Livingston Loan and Building Association on the 16th day of April, 1910, covering lot 5, in block 50, in the City of Plattsmouth; also 60 feet off of the southwest side of lot 2, in Streitwieser's Sub-division of lot 113, in the SW¼ of the NW¼ of Section 19, Township 12, N. Range 14, E. in the City of Plattsmouth; also lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block 4, in Stadelmann's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, and that portion of lot 18, in said block 4, Stadelmann's Addition, which lies north of the north line of lot 9, when said line is continued easterly to Tenth street, all in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and the sum of $2.50 paid for insurance, together with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent from the 12th day of November, 1913, together with equitable relief on all of said causes of action. You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 5th day of January, A. D. 1914, and in failing so to do your default will be duly entered therein and judgment taken as prayed for in plaintiff's petition.

THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.
By A. L. TIDD, Its Attorney.
11-24-4wks

NOTICE.
In the District Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska.

Plattsmouth Loan and Building Association, Plaintiff, vs.

George Cator, Mrs. George Cator, first name unknown, et al., Defendants.

To the Above Named Defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on September 4, A. D. 1913, plaintiff filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and purpose of which is to foreclose a mortgage given by Jacob P. Falter and Mary Falter to the above named plaintiff, dated May 15, A. D. 1907, on lot five (5), in block one hundred seventy-two (172), in the City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and to have each of the defendants in said suit, including yourselves, foreclosed of all equity of redemption in and to said mortgaged premises. That said premises may be sold according to law and out of the proceeds thereof plaintiff be paid the sum of three hundred ninety-three dollars and eight cents ($393.08), with interest thereon at ten per cent (10 per cent) per annum from July 21, 1913, and for costs of suit, and that defendant be adjudged to pay any deficiency which may remain after applying the proceeds of said sale to the payment of said debt, and to have the mortgage given by Edna McCrudden to the American Bonding Company of Baltimore, Maryland, inferior to the lien created by plaintiff's mortgage, and for such other relief as may be just and equitable.

This notice is by order of the court.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, January 5, 1914, or your default will be duly entered of record.

PLATTSMOUTH LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION.
J. M. LEYDA,
RAWLS & ROBERTSON,
Attorneys.
11-24-4wks

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In County Court.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, Cass County, ss.
In the Matter of the Estate of Ivan S. White, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the 15th day of December, 1913, and on the 15th day of June, 1914, at 9 o'clock a. m. each day for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 15th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.
In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, Cass County, ss.
In the Matter of the Estate of William H. Betts, Sr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that a hearing will be had upon a petition for the appointment of an Administrator of the estate of said deceased in the County Court room of Cass County, Nebraska, at Plattsmouth, therein at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., December 17th, and that all objections to said petition must be filed on or before the time for said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, this 14th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

C. E. TEFFT, Attorney. 11-17-3wks

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE.
In the District Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska.

Anna Amelia Monroe, Plaintiff, vs. Agatha Stull, Widow of John Frederick Stull, Deceased, et al., Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree of the District Court in and for Cass County, Nebraska, entered in the above entitled cause on the 17th day of September, A. D. 1913, and an order entered by said court on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1913, the undersigned sole referee, will on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1913, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the south front door of the Court House, in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest responsible bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

The east half (E½) of the northwest quarter (NW¼) and the east half (E½) of the southwest quarter (SW¼) of Section two (2), Township twelve (12), Range thirteen (13); lot four (4) in Section thirty-six (36), Township thirteen (13), Range thirteen (13), and all of lot three (3), in Section six (6), Township Twelve (12), Range fourteen (14), lying west of the right of way of the B. & M. Railroad, and all that part of said lot three (3) lying east of the said right-of-way, which lies north of the bridge or culvert immediately north of Swallow Point, all in Cass County, Nebraska.

The above described land will be sold subject to the life use of Agatha Stull, widow of John Frederick Stull, deceased, to and to fifteen (15) acres to the said east half (E½) of the northwest quarter (NW¼) and the east half (E½) of the southwest quarter (SW¼) of Section two (2), Township twelve (12), Range thirteen (13), including the buildings, orchard and fence thereon, and a right-of-way twenty (20) feet wide thereon.

Said fifteen (15) acres and the right-of-way are designated by stakes set at the corners thereof and will be described in the deed to purchaser by metes and bounds.

Said sale will be held open for one hour.

Dated at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1913.

C. H. TAYLOR, Referee.
RAWLS & ROBERTSON, Attorneys. 11-17-5wks

In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of William J. O'Brien, deceased.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of William J. O'Brien, Deceased.

You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of November, 1913, Johanna Morley, executrix of the estate of William J. O'Brien, deceased, filed in said County Court her final account as such executrix and that said final account will be heard on the 4th day of December, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the County Court room in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and you are hereby cited to appear at the time and place above described and show cause, if any exists, why said account and petition for discharge should not be allowed.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the said Johanna Morley, executrix, give notice to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Plattsmouth Journal, a newspaper printed and published in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to the date set for said hearing.

Dated this 7th day of November, 1913.

ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 11-10-3wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Albert Pendl, Plaintiff, vs. David Earwicker, et al., Defendants.

To David Earwicker, the unknown Heirs and Devisees of David Earwicker, deceased; Sylvia E. Smith, Warren M. Smith, Myrtle R. Pratt, Elmer L. Smith, Lois Smith Medinnis, Robert G. Donovan, George C. Donovan, William W. Gullion, the unknown heirs and devisees of William W. Gullion, deceased, E. T. Stamp, the unknown heirs and devisees of E. T. Stamp, deceased, Samuel Casey, the unknown heirs and devisees of Samuel Casey, deceased, Mary Ann Casey, the unknown heirs and devisees of Mary Ann Casey, deceased, non-resident defendants in the above entitled action:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the plaintiff has commenced an action against you in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, for the purpose of quieting the fee simple title in the plaintiff, in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The E½ of the NW¼, the SW¼ of Sec. 7, Twp. 12, Rge. 14, East of the 6th P. M. in Cass County, Nebraska, being more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point 16.66 chains north and 2.27 chains east of the southwest corner of the SW¼ of said Sec. 7, Twp. 12, N. Rge. 14 E of the 6th P. M. thence running north 1.1525 chains, thence east 6.82 chains, thence south 1.1525 chains, thence west 6.82 chains to the place of beginning, also fractional lots 3 and 23 in the west half of the SW¼ of Sec. 7, Twp. 12, N. Rge. 14 East of the 6th P. M. in Cass County, Nebraska, and being more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point 16.66 chains north and 7.09 chains east of the southwest corner of Sec. 7, Twp. 12 North, Range 14 East of the 6th P. M., running thence north 2.50 chains, thence east 6 chains, thence south 2.50 chains, and thence west 6 chains to the place of beginning, also all of lot 8, in the SW¼ of the NW¼ of Sec. 7, Twp. 12, N. Rge. 14 East of the 6th P. M., in Cass County, Nebraska, being more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point 16.29 chains north of the southwest corner of the SW¼ of said Sec. 7, running thence east 7.09 chains to the place of beginning, thence north 2.50 chains, thence east 6 chains, thence south 2.50 chains, and thence west 6 chains to the place of beginning and also all of block 2 in Townsend's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and to forever enjoin you and each of you from claiming any right, title, claim, lien or interest in and to the above described real estate, and to remove certain clouds from plaintiff's title in and to said real estate, and for equitable relief. You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 16th day of January, A. D. 1914, and in failing so to do your default will be duly entered therein and judgment taken as prayed for in plaintiff's petition.

ALBERT PENDL, Plaintiff.
By A. L. TIDD, His Attorney.

Don't Suffer Longer!

RELIEF IS WITHIN YOUR GRASP

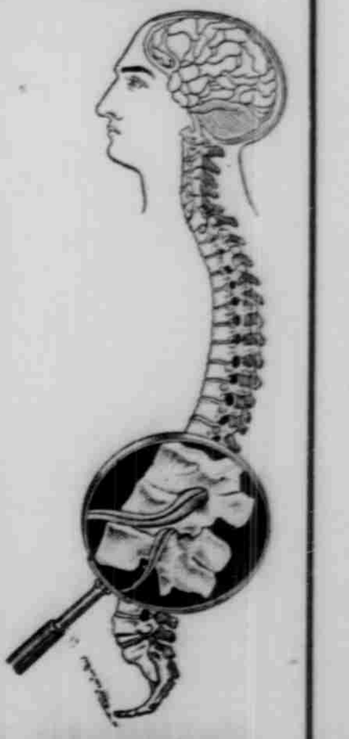
Don't try us as a last resort, but try us as a first resort, and you will never be disappointed.

In acute cases our results are marvelous, quick and positive.

The accompaning illustration depicts a human spinal column, surmounted with the grandest handiwork of the Creator, the head, through which passes a conduit—the spinal cord—carrying the vital force—Life.

Two sections of the column are enlarged, showing two nerves leaving the spinal cord on their way to some organ within the body. See the difference in the size of the nerves. The large one is the health-giving one; the small one disease in the organ in which it ends. If you are suffering or ailing, you have one of these, caused by luxation of the vertebrae. Let us fix this trouble before you become a chronic sufferer; if your trouble is already chronic, we can still conquer it.

Examination and consultation free. If trouble is not within our line or ability we tell you so.



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