

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Nebraska, November 21, 1906.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 0922, H. E. 19010. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, November 21, 1906.

Estate of Elizabeth Morrow Deceased, in County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice that L. H. Jewett has filed a final account and report of his administration, and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on January 15th, 1907 at 10 o'clock A. M., when you may appear and contest the same.

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Thomas J. Butcher Deceased. The State of Nebraska, to Creditors of said Estate: Take notice that I will sit in the County Court room in Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 26th day of January, 1907, and the 21st day of June, 1907 at 10 o'clock A. M. to receive and examine all claims filed and presented against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance, and that on the first date above named the petition of the widow will be heard for homestead, exemptions and allowance, and other statutory rights.

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Patrick Tehon, Deceased. Notice to Creditors: The State of Nebraska, to Creditors of said Estate: Take notice that I will sit in the County Court room in Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 30th day of January, 1907, and the 19th day of June, 1907 at 10 o'clock A. M., to receive and examine all claims filed and presented against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance.

NOTICE FOR TAX DEED. To M. M. Pierce and Frank Curtis: You are hereby notified that the undersigned on March 20, 1907, purchased at tax sale lots three and four in block 28, of F. Gandy's addition to the city of Broken Bow, Nebraska, for the taxes due thereon for the years 1897 to 1906 inclusive.

NOTICE OF SALE REAL ESTATE. In the matter of the estate of Isaac June, deceased. In the district court of Custer County, Nebraska. Notice is hereby given that in the pursuance of an order of Bruno O. Hostetler, Judge of the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, made December 5th, 1906 for the sale of real estate hereinafter described.

Administratrix of the estate of S. T. GARD, Isaac June, deceased. Attorney.

Real Estate & Insurance. FARMS AND RANCHES FOR RENT. LEGAL PAPERS DRAWN. Surveying and platting neatly done.

DR. CHRISTENSON. Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Chronic Diseases. Fitting of Glasses. Office in Realty Block.

B. & M. Train Schedule. WEST BOUND. EAST BOUND. No. 37, 11:20 a.m. No. 40, 11:20 a.m.

Schedule of Broken Bow Mails. POUCHES FOR THE EAST CLOSE AS FOLLOWS: Train No. 40, 11:20 a.m.

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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(Continued from last week.)

implied intimacy between this red haired young girl and Captain Selwyn. "Dear Miss Erroll," she said blandly, "I spoke as I did only to assure you that I also disregard such malicious gossip."

"But if you disregard it, Mrs. Fane, why do you repeat it?" "Merely to emphasize to you my disbelief in it, child," returned Rosamund. "Do you understand?"

"Yes. Thank you. Yet I should never have heard of it at all if you had not told me." Rosamund's color rose one degree. "It is better to hear such things from a friend, is it not?"

"I didn't know that one's friends said such things, but perhaps it is better that way, as you say, only I cannot understand the necessity of my knowing—of my hearing—because it is Captain Selwyn's affair, after all."

"And that," said Rosamund deliberately, "is why I told you."

"Told me? Oh, because he and I are such close friends?"

"Yes. Such very close friends that I"—she laughed—"am informed that your interests are soon to be identical."

The girl swung round, self possessed, but dreadfully pale.

"If you believed that," she said, "it was vile of you to say what you said, Mrs. Fane."

"But I did not believe it, child!" affirmed Rosamund, several degrees redder than became her and now convinced that it was true. "I never dreamed of offending you, Miss Erroll."

"Do you suppose I am too ignorant to take offense?" said the girl unsteadily. "I told you very plainly that I did not understand the matters you chose for discussion, but I do understand impertinence when I am driven to it."

"I am very, very sorry, that you believe I meant it that way," said Rosamund, biting her lips.

"What did you mean? You are older than I; you are certainly experienced; besides, you are married. If you can give it a gentler name than insolence I would be glad—for your sake, Mrs.



Ruthven.

chief than of real malice and unfeigned liking and respect for the turning worm.

"And, my dear," she said, concluding the account of the adventure to Mrs. Ruthven that afternoon at Sherry's. "I've never been so soundly abused and so soundly trounced in my life as I was this blessed morning by that red headed novice. Oh, my! Oh, my! I could have screamed with laughter at my own undoing."

"It's what you deserved," said Alice, intensely annoyed, although Rosamund had not told her all that she had so kindly and gratuitously denied concerning her relations with Selwyn. "It was sheer effrontery of you, Rosamund, to put such notions into the head of a child and stir her up into taking a fictitious interest in Philip Selwyn which I know—which is perfectly plain to me, to anybody—never existed."

"Of course it existed," retorted Rosamund, delighted now to worry Alice. "She didn't know it; that is all. It really was simple charity to wake her up. It's a good match, too, and so obviously and naturally inevitable that there's no harm in playing prophesies. There is the youthful brother of our red haired novice now. He sees us, and he's coming to inflict himself with another moon faced creature. Shall we bolt?"

Alice turned and stared at Gerald, who came up boyishly red and impetuous.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Ruthven? Did you get my note? How d'ye do, Mrs. Fane? Awfully jolly to collide this way. Would you mind?"

"You," interrupted Rosamund, ought to be downtown unless you've concluded to retire and let Wall Street go to smash. What are you pretending to do in Sherry's at this hour, you very dreadful infant?"

"I've been luncheon with Mr. Neergard, and would you mind?"

"Yes, I would," began Rosamund promptly. But Alice interrupted, "Bring him over, Gerald." And as the boy thanked her and turned back, "I've a word to administer to that boy, Rosamund, so attack the Neergard creature with moderation, please. You owe me that at least. Here he is now, and don't be impossible and

frighten him, Rosamund."

The presentation of Neergard was accomplished without disaster to anybody. On his thin nose the dew glistened, and his thick, fat hands were hot. But Rosamund was too bored to be rude to him, and Alice turned immediately to Gerald:

"Yes, I did get your note, but I am not at home on Tuesday. Can't you come—wait a moment. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Why, I'm going back to the office with Mr. Neergard."

"Nonsense! Oh, Mr. Neergard, would you mind—very sweetly—if Mr. Erroll did not go to the office this afternoon?"

Neergard looked at her—almost—a fixed and uncomfortable smirk on his round, red face. "Not at all, Mrs. Ruthven, if you have anything better for him?"

"I have—an allopathic dose of it. Thank you, Mr. Neergard, Rosamund, we ought to start, you know, Gerald!" with quiet significance. "Goodby, Mr. Neergard. Please do not buy up the rest of Long Island, because we need a new kitchen garden very badly."

Mrs. Ruthven's motor moved up from its waiting station Rosamund was quite ready to enter when Alice said cordially: "Where can we drop you, dear? Do let us take you to the exchange if you are going there."

Now, Rosamund had meant to go wherever they were going merely because they evidently wished to be

alone. The abruptness of the check both irritated and amused her.

"If I knew anybody in the Bronx I'd make you take me there," she said vindictively. "But as I don't you may drop me at the Orchids, you uncivil creatures. Gerald, I know you want me anyway, because you've promised to adore, honor and obey me. If you'll come with me now I'll play double dummy with you. No? Well, of all ingratitude!"

And she smiled dazzlingly upon Gerald, then turned up her pretty nose at him, but permitted him to attend her to the Orchids' door.

When he returned to Alice and the car was speeding parkward he began again eagerly:

"Jack asked me to come up, and, of course, I let you know, as I promised I would. But it's all right, Mrs. Ruthven, because Jack said the stakes will not be high this time."

"You accepted?" demanded Alice in quick displeasure.

"Why, yes, as the stakes are not to amount to anything."

"Gerald!"

"What?" he said unasily.

"You promised me that you would not play again in my house?"

"I—I said for more than I could afford."

"No; you said you would not play. That is what you promised, Gerald."

"Well, I meant for high stakes. I—well, you don't want to drive me out altogether, even from the perfectly harmless pleasure of playing for nominal stakes."

"Yes, I do."

"W—why?" asked the boy in hurt surprise.

"Because it is dangerous sport, Gerald."

"What! To play for a few cents a point?"

"Yes, to play for anything. And as far as that goes there will be no such play as you imagine."

"Yes, there will—I beg your pardon—but Jack Ruthven said so."

"Gerald, listen to me. A bo—a man like yourself has no business playing with people whose losses never interfere with their appetites next day. A business man has no right to play such a game anyway. I wonder what Mr. Neergard would say if he knew you?"

"Neergard! Why, he does know."

"You confessed to him?"

"Yes; I had to. I was obliged to—to ask somebody for an advance."

"You went to him? Why didn't you go to Captain Selwyn or to Mr. Gerald?"

"I did; not to Captain Selwyn. I was ashamed to. But I went to Austin, and he fired up and lit into me, and we had

a muss-up, and I've stayed away since."

"Oh, Gerald! And it simply proves me right."

"No, it doesn't. I did go to Neergard and made a clean breast of it. And he let me have what I wanted like a good fellow."

"And made you promise not to do it again?"

"No, he didn't. He only laughed. Besides, he said that he wished he had been in the game."

"What!" exclaimed Alice.

"He's a first rate fellow," insisted Gerald, reddening, "and it was very nice of you to let me bring him over today. And he knows everybody downtown too. He comes from a very old Dutch family, but he had to work pretty hard and do without college. I'd like it awfully if you'd let me—if you wouldn't mind being civil to him once or twice, you know. I'm going to propose him for the Stuyvesant and the Proscenium. Why not?"

"I see. And now you propose to bring him to my house?"

"If you'll let me. I asked Jack, and he seemed to think it might be all right if you cared to ask him to play."

"I won't!" cried Alice, revolted. "I will not turn my drawing rooms into a clearing house for every money laden social derelict in town! I've had enough of that. I've endured the accumulated wreckage too long—wrecked treasure craft full of steel and oil and coal and wheat and heaven knows what! I won't do it, Gerald. I'm sick of it all—sick, sick!"

The sudden, flushed outburst stunned the boy. Bewildered, he stared round eyed at the excited young matron, who was growing more incensed and more careless of what she exposed every second.

"I will not make a public gambling hell of my own house," she repeated, dark eyes very bright and cheeks aflame. "I will not continue to stand sponsor for a lot of queer people simply because they don't care what they lose in Mrs. Ruthven's house! You babble to me of limits, Gerald. This is the limit! Do you or does anybody else suppose that I don't know what is being said about us—that play is too high in our house, that we are easy in our choice of intimates as long as they can stand the pace? Do you think I was educated for this—for the wife of a cavalier of industry?"

"Mrs. Ruthven!" he gasped. But she was absolutely reckless now, and beneath it all perhaps lay a certainty of the boy's honor. She knew he was to be trusted—was the safest receptacle for wrath so long repressed. She let prudence go with a parting and vindictive slap and opened her heart to the astounded boy. The tempest lasted a few seconds. Then she ended as abruptly as she began.

To him she had always been what a pretty young matron usually is to a well bred but harebrained youth just un tethered. Their acquaintance had been for him a combination of charming experiences diluted with gratitude for her interest and a harmless soupcon of sentimentality. In her particular case, however, there was a little something more—a hint of the forbidden—a troubled enjoyment, because he knew, of course, that Mrs. Ruthven was on no footing at all with the Gerards.

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven," he blurted out with clumsy sympathy, "you mustn't think such things, because they're all rot, you see, and if any fellow ever said those things to me I'd jolly soon!"

"Do you mean to say you've never heard us criticised?"

"I—well—everybody is—criticised, of course!"

"But not as we are. Do you read the papers? Well, then, do you understand how a woman must feel to have her husband continually made the butt of foolish, absurd, untrue stories, as though he were a performing poodle? I—I'm sick of that, too, for another thing. Week after week, month by month, unpleasant things have been accumulating, and they're getting too heavy, Gerald, too crushing for my shoulders. Men call me restless. What wonder! Women link my name with any man who is kind to me! Is there no excuse then for what they call my restlessness? What woman would not be restless whose private affairs are the gossip of everybody? Was it not enough that I endured terrific publicity when—when trouble overtook me two years ago? I suppose I'm a fool to talk like this, but a girl must do it some time or burst. And to whom am I to go? There was only one person, and I can't talk to—that one. He—that person—knows too much about me anyway, which is not good for a woman. Gerald; not good for a good woman—I mean a pretty good woman, the kind people's sisters can still talk to, you know."

"I want you to believe me your friend," said Gerald in the low, resolute voice of unintentional melodrama. "Why, thank you. Are you so sure you want that, Gerald?"

"Yes, as long as I live!" he declared, generous emotion in the ascendant. A pretty woman upset him very easily, even under normal circumstances. But beauty in distress knocked him flat, as it does every wholesome boy who is worth his salt.

And he said so in his own naive fashion, and the more eloquent he grew the more excited he grew and the deeper and blacker appeared her wrongs to him.

She was very light hearted that evening when she dropped him at the Stuyvesant club and whizzed away to her own house, for he had promised not to play again on her premises, and she had promised to be nice to him and take him about when she was shy of an escort.

WHEN IN DOUBT. "I don't know what to have for Supper—Dinner—Lunch." How many times have you said that? NEXT TIME JUST ORDER Sealshipt Oysters. Everybody likes "Sealshipt"—they are so very different from other oysters. "Sealshipt" Oysters come direct from the choicest beds in the country.

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