

LEGAL NOTICES

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 purchase of an order of Bruno O. Hostetter, Judge of the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, made December 24th, 1905 for the sale of real estate hereinafter described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, in said County, on the 20th day of January 1906 and the 21st day of June 1906 at 10 o'clock A. M. to receive and examine all claims filed and presented against said estate.

Notice is hereby given that Robert Kramboz, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who, on April 16, 1905, made Homestead entry No. 19010, for the SW 1/4 of Section 15, Township 18 N., Range 21 W., of the Sixth Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Caswell of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who, on March 28, 1902, made Homestead entry No. 17532, Section 7, Township 15 N., Range 19 W., of the Sixth Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof.

Notice is hereby given that Harry J. Swartz, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who, on Feb. 23, 1902, made serial No. 01145, H. E. W. 58, S. 8, N. 26, 2622, for township 18 north of range 21 west of the sixth principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof.

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The Younger Set

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

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from last week.)

On her way home Alice smilingly reviewed the episode until doubt of Selwyn's approval crept in again, and she amused smile had faded when she reached her home.

Chapter 11

THE house of Ruthven was a small but ultra modern limestone affair, between Madison and Fifth, a pocket edition of the larger mansions of their friends.

With less excuse for the overelaboration since the dimensions were only twenty by a hundred, into this limestone bonbon box tripped Mrs. Ruthven, mounted the miniature stairs with a whirl of her scented skirts, peeped into the drawing room, but continued mounting until she whipped into her own apartments, separated from those of her lord and master by a locked door.

That is, the door had been locked for a long, long time. But presently, to her intense surprise and annoyance, it slowly opened and a little man appeared in slippered feet.

He was a little man and plump, and at first glance his face appeared boyish and round and quite guiltless of hair or of any hope of it.

But as he came into the electric light the hardness of his features was apparent. He was no boy. A strange idea that he had never been assailed some people. His face was puffy and pallid, and faint blue shadows hinted of closest shaving, and the line from the wing of the nostrils to the nerveless corners of his thin, hard mouth had been deeply bitten by the acid of unrest.

For the remainder he wore pale rose pajamas under a silk and silver kimono, an obi pierced with a jeweled scrippin, and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw.

"Well!" said his young wife in astonished displeasure. "Send her out a moment," he said, with a nod of his head toward the maid. His voice was agreeable and full—a trifle precise and overcultivated perhaps.

When the maid retired Alice sat up on the lounge, drawing her skirts down over her small stockinged feet. "What on earth is the matter?" she demanded.

"I am not interested in your affairs," she said unsteadily, still shaken by her own revolt, still under the shock of her own arousing to a resistance that had been long, long overdue.

He swore at her quite calmly. She smiled, shrugged and, imprisoning her knees in her clasped hands, leaned back and looked at him.

"What a ninny I have been," she said. "To be afraid of you so long!"

A gleam crossed his faded eyes, but he let her remark pass for the moment. Then, when he was quite sure that violent emotion had been exhausted within him, "Do you want your bills paid?" he asked.

"We are living beyond our means?" she inquired disdainfully. "Not if you will be good enough to mind your business, my friend. I've managed this establishment on our winnings for two years. It's a detail, but you might as well know it. My association with Fane, Harmon & Co. runs the Newport end of it and nothing more."

"What did you marry me for?" she asked curiously. "A slight cough came into his face. "Because Rosamund Fane lied about you."

"Oh! You knew that in Manila? You'd heard about it, hadn't you—the western timber lands? Rosamund didn't mean to lie. Only the titles were all wrong, you know. And so you made a bad break, Jack? Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it." "And it cost you a fortune and me a husband. Is that it, my friend?" "I can afford you if you will stop your meddling," he said coolly. "You have made a point of excluding Gerald?"

"Very well. I'll telephone Draymore. And"—he looked back from the door of his own apartments—"I got Julius Neergard on the wire this afternoon, and he'll dine with us."

Understanding between them, pressed



Boots Lansing

him a little the boy turned sullen, and Selwyn let the matter drop very quickly.

But neither tact nor caution seemed to serve now. Gerald, more and more engrossed in occult social affairs of which he made no mention to Selwyn, was still amiable and friendly, even at times cordial and lovable, but he was no longer frank or even communicative, and Selwyn, fearing to arouse him again to sullenness or perhaps even to suspicious defiance, forbore to press him beyond the most tentative advances toward the regaining of his confidence.

Gerald and Neergard left the office together frequently now. They often lunched uptown. Whether they were in each other's company evenings Selwyn did not know, for Gerald no longer volunteered information as to his whereabouts or doings. And all this hurt Selwyn and alarmed him, too, for he was slowly coming to the conclusion that he did not like Neergard, that he would never sign articles of partnership with him and that even his formal association with the company was too close a relation for his own peace of mind.

And one morning before he left his rooms at Mrs. Greeve's lodgings to go downtown Percy Draymore called him up on the telephone, and, as that overfed young man's usual rising hour was notoriously nearer noon than 8 o'clock, it surprised Selwyn to be asked to remain in his rooms for a little while until Draymore and one or two friends could call on him personally concerning a matter of importance.

First there was Percy Draymore, overgrown for a gentleman, fat, good humored and fashionable—one of the famous Draymore family noted solely for their money and their tight grip on it; then came Saxon Orchil, the famous banker and promoter, small, orb, bane, dark, with that rich, almost oriental, coloring which he may have inherited from his Cordova ancestors, who found it necessary to dehumanize their names when Rome offered them the choice, with immediate eternity as alternative.

Then came a fox faced young man, Phoenix Mottly, elegant arbiter of all pertaining to polo and the hunt—slim legged, latched faced and more presentable in the saddle than out of it. He was followed by Bradley Harmon, with his washed out coloring of a conspicuous Swede and his corn colored beard, and, looming in the rear like an amiable brontosaurus, George Fane, whose swaying neck carried his head as a camel carries his, nodding as he walks.

"We heard last night," said Draymore, "how that fellow—how Neergard had been tampering with our farmers—what underhand tricks he has been playing us, and I frankly admit to you that we're a worried lot of men sports. That's what this dismal matinee signifies, and we've come to ask you what it all really means."

"Why did you not call on Mr. Neergard?" asked Selwyn coolly. Yet he was taken completely by surprise, for he did not know that Neergard had gone ahead and secured options on his own responsibility, which practically amounted to a violation of the trust between them. "I know nothing about it. I did not know that Mr. Neergard had acquired control of the property. I don't know what he means to do with it. And, gentlemen, may I ask why you feel at liberty to come to me instead of going to Mr. Neergard?"

Sheppard & Burk HEADQUARTERS FOR JUST GROCERIES

WE HAVE A NICE NEW LINE OF Dat s, Import d Figs, Honey, Celery, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, Dill Pickles, Candied Cherries, Candied Citron Peel, Candied Lemon Peel, Orange Peel, Nut Meats, After Dinner Mints.

W. A. GEORGE, PRESIDENT L. H. JEWETT, CASHIER JULES HAUMONT, VICE PRES. R. D. PICKETT, ASST. CASHIER SECURITY STATE BANK BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA RESPONSIBILITY \$500,000. BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

If you are simply complaining because you have been outwitted, go ahead, but if you think there has been any really dirty business in this matter go to Mr. Neergard. Otherwise, being his associate, I shall not only decline to listen, but also ask you to leave my apartments.

"Captain Selwyn is perfectly right," observed Orchil coolly. "Do you think, Draymore, that it is very good taste in you to come into a man's place and begin slanging and cursing a member of his firm for crooked work?"

"Besides," added Mottly, "it's not crooked; it's only contemptible." And to Selwyn, who had been restlessly facing first one, then another, "We came—it was the idea of several among us—to put the matter up to you, which was rather foolish, because you couldn't have engineered the thing and remained what we know you to be. So?"

"Wait!" said Selwyn brusquely. "I do not admit for one moment that there is anything dishonorable in this deal, nor do I accept your right to question it from that standpoint, because I personally have not chosen to engage in matters of this—ah—description, is no reason for condemning the deal or its method."

"Every reason!" said Orchil, laughing cordially. "Every reason, Captain Selwyn. Thank you; we know now exactly where we stand. It was very good of you to let us come, and I'm sorry some of you had the bad taste to show any temper."

"He means me," added Draymore, offering his hand; "goodby, Captain Selwyn. I dare say we are up against it hard."

And so, one by one, with formal or informal but evidently friendly leave-taking, they went away. And Selwyn followed them presently, walking until he took the subway at Forty-second street for his office.

Fritz's Shoe Shop

Call on A. W. Drake at Fred Hay's Store and see him do your Shoe Repair work on his new security Repair Machine. The machine does the work better, quicker and easier and the shoe never gets out of shape.

A. W. DRAKE

The City Livery And Feed Barn

Feeds your horses no poor grain and will supply you with good Horses and Rigs at reasonable prices. Come and see me.

W. A. Tooley

When you want a good, clean SQUARE MEAL go to W. J. CROSS' RESTAURANT

Two doors north Broken Bow State Bank

BROKEN BOW LIVERY

I have repaired and painted my Livery Barn inside and outside and have added four corrals which will feed and water 500 head of stock. See me for reasonable rates. J. H. SPAIN North Side Livery

Chapter 12

DIFFERENCES of opinion between himself and Neergard concerning the ethics of good taste involved in forcing the Slowitha club matter, Gerald's decreasing attention to business and increasing intimacy with the Fane-Ruthven coterie began to make Selwyn very uncomfortable.