

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.

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Thomas A. Batcher, deceased.

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Patrick Nelson, deceased.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Neb., Dec. 19, 1907.

NOTICE OF PETITION. Estate of George Garrison, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 0119, H. E. 1907.

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

BROKEN BOW -LIVERY-

I have repaired and refitted my Livery Barn inside and outside and have added four corrals which will feed and water

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J. W. SPAIN

North Side Livery

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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(Continued from 1st week)

back here. And now I have only to thank you for receiving me, at my own request, for a six months' trial, and to admit that I am not qualified to cooperate with this kind of a firm."

"That," said Neergard angrily, "amounts to an indictment of the firm. If you express yourself in that manner outside, the firm will certainly resent it!"

"My personal taste will continue to govern my expressions. Mr. Neergard, and I believe will prevent any further business relations between us. And as we never had any other kind of relations, I have merely to arrange the details through an attorney."

Neergard looked after him in silence. The tiny beads of sweat on his nose united and rolled down in a big shining drop, and the sneer etched on his broad and brightly mottled features deepened to a snarl when Selwyn had disappeared.

For the social prestige which Selwyn's name had brought the firm he had patiently endured his personal dislike and contempt for the man after he found he could do nothing with him in any way.

He had accepted Selwyn purely in the hope of social advantage and with the knowledge that Selwyn could have done much for him after business hours, if not from friendship, at least from interest or a lively sense of benefits to come. For that reason he had invited him to participate in the valuable Slowthia deal, supposing a man as comparatively poor as Selwyn would not only jump at the opportunity, but also prove sufficiently grateful later.

He was fairly on the outer boundary now, though still very far outside. But a needy gentleman inside was already compromised and practically pledged to support him, for his meeting with Jack Ruthven through Gerald had proved of greatest importance. He had lost gracefully to Ruthven and in doing it had taken that gentleman's measure. And though Ruthven himself was a member of the Slowthia, Neergard had made no error in taking him secretly into the deal where together they were now in a position to exploit the club, from which Ruthven of course would resign in time to escape any assessment himself.

Neergard's progress had now reached this stage. His programme was simple—to wallow among the wealthy until satiated, then to marry into that agreeable community and found the house of Neergard. And to that end he had already bought a building site on Fifth avenue, but held it in the name of the firm, as though it had been acquired for purposes merely speculative.

Chapter 15

ABOUT that time Boots Lansing very quietly bought a house on Manhattan Island. It was a small, narrow, three storied house of brick rather shabby on the outside and situated on a modest block between Lexington and Park avenues, where the newly married of the younger set were arriving in increasing numbers, prepared to pay the penalty for all love matches.

It was an unexpected move to Selwyn; he had not been aware of Lansing's contemplated desertion, and that morning, returning from his final interview with Neergard, he was astonished to find his comrade's room bare of furniture and a hasty and exclamatory note on his own table:

"Phil! I've bought a house! Come and see it! You'll find me in it! Carpetless floors and unpapered walls! It's the happiest day of my life!"

And Selwyn, horribly depressed, went down after a solitary luncheon and found Lansing sitting on a pile of dusty rugs, ecstatically inspecting the cracked ceiling.

"I'm going to have the entire thing done over, room by room, when I can afford it. Look there, Phil! That's to be your room."

"Thanks, old fellow—not now."

"Why, yes! I expected you'd have your room here, Phil!"

"It's very good of you, Boots, but I can't do it."

him. "Woot you?" Selwyn, smiling, shook his head, and the other knew it was true.

"Well, the room will be there, furnished the way you and I like it. When you want it make smoke signals or wigwag."

"I will thank you, Boots."

Lansing said unaffectedly, "How soon do you think you can afford a house like this?"

"I don't know. You see, I've only my income now."

"Plus what you make at the office."

"I've left Neergard."

"What?"

"This morning, for good."

"The deuce!" he murmured, looking at Selwyn, but the latter volunteered no further information, and Lansing, having given him the chance, cheerfully switched to the other track:

"Well, I see whether the line has anything in your line, Phil? Not well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't exactly know what I shall do. If I had capital—enough—I think I'd start in making bulk and dense powders—all sorts; gun cotton nitro powders."

"You mean you'd like to go on with your own invention—chaos?"

"I'd like to keep on experimenting with it if I could afford to. Perhaps I will. But it's not yet a commercial possibility—if it ever is to be. I wish I could control it; the ignition is simultaneous and absolutely complete, and there is not a trace of ash, not an unburned or partly burned particle. But it's not to be trusted, and I don't know what happens to it after a year's storage."

"Anyway," said Lansing, "you've nothing to worry over."

"No, nothing," assented Selwyn listlessly.

After a silence Lansing added, "But you do a lot of worrying all the same, Phil!"

Selwyn flushed up and denied it.

"Yes, you do! I don't believe you realize how much of the time you are out of spirits."

"Does it impress you that way," asked Selwyn, mortified, "because I'm really all right?"

"Of course you are, Phil. I know it, but you don't seem to realize it. You're morbid, I'm afraid."

"What of it? Besides, I knew there was something the matter."

"You know what it is too. And isn't it enough to subdue a man's spirit occasionally?"

"No," said Lansing, "if you mean your—mistake—two years ago. That isn't enough to spoil life for a man. I've wanted to tell you so for a long time."

And as Selwyn said nothing, "For heaven's sake, make up your mind to enjoy your life! You are fitted to enjoy your head that you're done for, that you've no home life in prospect, no family life, no children."

"Do you mean to say, Boots, that you think a man who has made the ghastly mess of his life that I have ought to feel free to marry?"

"Think it! Man, I know it. Certainly you ought to marry if you wish, but, above all, you ought to feel free to marry. That is the essential equipment of a man. He isn't a man if he feels that he isn't free to marry. He may not want to do it, he may not be in love. That's neither here nor there. The main thing is that he is free as a man should be to take any good opportunity, and marriage is included in the list of good opportunities."

Sitting there in the carpetless room piled high with dusty, linen shrouded furniture, Selwyn looked around, an involuntary smile twitching his mouth.

helping Plunket to roll the tennis courts—that last of hers blowing like gold flames and her sleeves rolled to her armpits—and you should see her down in the dirt playing marbles with Billy and Drina shooting away excitedly and exclaiming 'Ten dubs!' and 'Knuckle down, Phil!' like any gamin you ever heard of—totally unspotted, Phil, in spite of all the success of her first winter! And do you know that she had no end of men seriously entangled? Phil!"

"What?" he said.

His sister regarded him smilingly, then partly turned around and perched herself on the padded arm of a great chair.

"Come over here, Phil; no, close to me. I wish to put my hands on your shoulders, like that. Now look at me. Do you really love me?"

"Sure thing, Ninette."

"And you know I adore you, don't you?"

"Madly, dear, but I forgive you."

"No. I want you to be serious, because I'm pretty serious. See, I'm not smiling now. I don't feel like it, because it is a very very important matter, Phil, this thing that has—has—almost happened. It's about Elleen. And it really has happened."

"What has she done?" he asked curiously.

His sister's eyes were searching his very diligently, as though in quest of something elusive, and he gazed serenely back, the most unassuming of smiles touching his mouth.

"Phil, dear, a young girl—a very young girl—is a vapid and uninteresting proposition to a man of thirty-five, isn't she?"

"Rather—in some ways."

"In what way is she not?"

"Well, to me, for example, she is acceptable as children are acceptable—a blessed, sweet, clean relief from the women of the Fanes' set, for example."

"Like Rosemund?"

"Yes. And Ninette, you and Austin seem to be drifting out of the old circles, the sort that you and I were accustomed to. You don't mind my saying it, do you? But there were so many people in this town who had something besides millions—amusing, well bred, jolly people who had no end of good times, but who didn't gamble and guzzle and stuff themselves and their friends, who were not eternally hanging around other people's wives. You have just asked me whether a young girl is interesting to me. I answer, yes, thank God, for the cleaner, saner, happier hours I have spent this winter among my own kind have been spent where the younger set dominated. They are better than those who bred them, and if in time they, too, fall short they will not fall as far as their parents. And in their turn when they look around them at the younger set, whom they have taught in the light and wisdom of their own shortcomings, they will see fresher, sweeter, lovelier young people than we see now. And it will continue so, dear, through the jolly generations. Life is all right, only, like art, it is very, very long sometimes."

Nina sat silent upon the padded arm of her chair, looking up at her brother.

"Mad preacher! Mad mollah! Dear, dear fellow!" she said tenderly. "All this of the world canst thou discount, but not thine own?"

"Those, too," he insisted, laughing. "I had a talk with Boots. But any way I'd already arrived at my own conclusion—that—that—I'm rather overgoing this blighted business."

"Phil!" in quick delight.

"Yes," he said, reddening nicely, "between you and Boots and myself I've decided that I'm going in for—whatever any man is going in for—life! Ninette, life to the full and up to the hilt for mine!"

"I am going to say something that is very, very serious and very near my heart," said Nina.

"I remember," he said. "It's about Elleen, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is about Elleen."

He waited, and again his sister's eyes began restlessly searching his for something that she seemed unable to find.

"You make it a little difficult, Phil. I don't believe I had better speak of it."

"Why not?"

"Why, just because you ask me 'Why not?' for example."

"Is it anything that worries you about Elleen?"

"No, not exactly. It is—it may be a phase, and yet I know that if it is anything at all it is not a passing phase. She is different from the majority, you see—very intelligent, very direct. She never forgets, for example. Her loyalty is quite remarkable. Phil, she is very intense in her—her beliefs, the more so because she is unusually free from impulse, even quite ignorant of the deeper emotions, or so I believed until—until—"

"Is she in love?" he asked.

"A little, Phil."

"Does she admit it?" he demanded, unpleasantly astonished.

"She admits it in a dozen innocent ways to me, who can understand her. But to herself she has not admitted it. I think—could not admit it yet, because—because—"

"Who is it?" asked Selwyn, and there was in his voice the slightest undertone of a growl.

"Dear, shall I tell you?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because, Phil, I think that our pretty Elleen is a little in love with—you."

He straightened out to his full height, scarlet to the temples. She dropped her linked fingers in her lap, gazing at him almost sadly.

"Dear, all the things you are preparing to shout at me are quite useless. I know. I don't imagine. I don't forestall, I don't predict."

(Continued next week)

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