

LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an Order of Sale, issued to me from the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court, at the November 1906 term thereof, to-wit: On the 15th day of November 1906 in favor of Charles A. Robinson and against Mary E. Dalton, I have levied upon the following described real estate to-wit: The South West Quarter of the North West Quarter of the West half of the South West Quarter, and the South East Quarter of the South West Quarter of Section twenty seven Township nineteen Range twenty one in Custer County, Nebraska, and I will, on the 15th day of February 1907 at 10 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Broken Bow, Nebraska, in said county, sell said real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the amount due thereon amounting to the sum of \$178.93 with 7 per cent interest from November 1906 and court costs amounting to \$75.00 and accruing costs. Said above described real estate will be sold subject to all prior liens and incumbrances, as per certificates on file in District Clerk's office. Dated this 15th day of January 1907. ALPHA MORGAN, ATTORNEY

Estate of Richard D. Jones, deceased, in County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. The estate of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Richard D. Jones, deceased, and for the appointment of an administrator of said estate which has been set for hearing hereon, on January 30, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated Dec 19, 1906. A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge

In the County Court of Custer County Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Hous G. Rogers, deceased. The State of Nebraska, to creditors of said Estate. Take Notice, that I will sit in the County Court Room, in Broken Bow, in said county, on the 15th day of February 1907, and the 15th day of July 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. The time limit for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 2nd day of January 1907, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from said date. Dated January 2nd 1907. A. R. HUMPHREY County Judge

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebr., Dec. 19, 1906. Notice is hereby given that Richard Warring, heir of Rachel Warring of Broken Bow Nebr., who on Feb. 29, 1902, made serial No. 1415, H. E. No. 309, SW 1/4, SW Sec. 8, T. 15 N. R. 20 W., of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Broken Bow, Nebr., on the 25th day of February, 1907.

NOTICE OF PETITION. Estate of George Garrison Deceased, in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Harry A. Sherman as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing hereon, on 25th of January 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated Dec. 22nd, 1906. A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 0109, H. E. 1906. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, December 29, 1906. Notice is hereby given that John W. Koch of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who on January 20, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 10663 for the N. 1/4, SW 1/4 of Sec. 11, Township 15 N., Range 20 W., of the Sixth Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. R. Humphrey County Judge at Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the twenty-third day of February 1907.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 0109, H. E. 1906. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, December 29, 1906. Notice is hereby given that John W. Koch of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who on January 20, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 10663 for the N. 1/4, SW 1/4 of Sec. 11, Township 15 N., Range 20 W., of the Sixth Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. R. Humphrey County Judge at Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the twenty-third day of February 1907.

The Younger Set

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

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(Continued from last week.) "Nina, you are madder than a March hares!" "Air your theories, Phil, then come back to realities. The conditions remain. Eileen is certainly a little in love with you, and a little with her means something. And you evidently have never harbored any serious intentions toward the child. I can see that, because you are the most transparent man I ever knew. Now, the question is, What is to be done?" "I am, of course, obliged to believe that you are mistaken," he said. "A man cannot choose but believe in that manner. There is no very young girl, nobody, old or young, whom I like as thoroughly as I do Eileen Erroll. She knows it; so do you, Nina. It is open and aboveboard. I should be very unhappy if anything marred or distorted our friendship. I am quite confident that nothing will."

"In that frame of mind," said his sister, smiling, "you are the healthiest companion in the world for her, for you will either cure her or she you, and it is all right either way." "Certainly it will be all right," he said confidently. For a few moments he paced the room, reflective, quickening his pace all the while, and his sister watched him, silent in her indecision. "I'm going up to see the kids," he said abruptly.

The children, one and all, were in the park, but Eileen was sewing in the nursery, and his sister did not call him back as he swung out of the room and up the stairs. But when he had disappeared Nina dropped into her chair, aware that she had played her best card prematurely, forced by Rosamund, who had just told her that rumor continued to be very busy compiling her brother's name with the name of the woman who once had been his wife.

Nina was now thoroughly convinced of Allice's unusual capacity for making mischief. She had known Allice always, and she had seen her develop from a talented, restless, erratic, emotional girl, easily moved to generosity, into an impulsive woman, reckless to the point of ruthlessness when enud and unhappiness stamped her, a woman not deliberately selfish, but wittingly immoral, for she lacked the passion which her emotion was sometimes mistaken for, and she was kind by instinct.

Sufficiently intelligent to suffer from the lack of it in others, cultured to the point of recognizing culture, her generous unsoundness lay in her utter lack of mental stamina when conditions became unpleasant beyond her will, not her ability to endure them. The consequences of her own errors she refused to be burdened with. To escape somehow was her paramount impulse, and she always tried to—had always attempted it even in school days—and further back when Nina first remembered her as a thin, eager, restless little girl scampering from one scrape into another at full speed. Even in those days there were moments when Nina believed her to be actually irrational, but there was every reason not to say so to the heedless scatterbrain whose father in the prime of life sat all day in his room, his faded eyes fixed wistfully on the childish toys which his attendant brought to him from his daughter's nursery.

All this Nina was remembering, and again she wondered bitterly at Allice's treatment of her brother and what explanation there could ever be for it—except one. Lately, too, Allice had scarcely been at pains to conceal her contempt for her husband, if what Rosamund related was true. It was only one more headlong scrape, this second marriage, and Nina knew Allice well enough to expect the usual stampede toward that gay phantom which was always beckoning onward to promised happiness, that goal of heart's desire already lying so far behind her, and farther still, for every step her little flying feet were taking in the oldest, the vainest, the most hopeless, chase in the world—the headlong hunt for happiness.

And if that blind hunt should lead once more toward Selwyn? Suppose, freed from Ruthven, she turned in her tracks and threw herself and her youthful unhappiness straight at the man who had not yet destroyed the picture that Nina found when she visited her brother's rooms with the desire to be good to him with rocking chairs. Not that she really believed or feared that Philip would consider such an impossible reconciliation; pride and a sense of the absurd must always check any such weird caprice of her brother's conscience, and yet—and yet other amazing and mismatched couples had done it—had been reunited.

And Nina was mightily troubled, for Allice's capacity for mischief was boundless, and that she in some manner had already succeeded in stirring up Philip was a rumor that persisted and would not be annihilated. To inform a man frankly that a young girl is a little in love with him is one of the oldest, simplest and easiest methods of interesting that man

Chapter 14

EILEEN, sewing by the nursery window, looked up. Her little Alsatian maid, cross legged on the floor at her feet, sewing away diligently, also looked up, then scrambled to her feet as Selwyn halted on the threshold of the room. "Why, how odd you look!" said Eileen, laughing. "Come in, please. Susanna and I are only mending some of our summer things. Were you in search of the children? Don't say so if you were, because I'm quite happy in believing that you knew I was here. Did you?"

"Where are the children?" he asked. "In the park, my very ride friend. You will find them on the mall if you start at once."

He hesitated, but finally seated himself, omitting the little formal handshake.

Eileen looked up.

shake with which they always met, even after an hour's separation. Of course she noticed this and, bending low above her sewing, wondered why. It seemed to him for a moment as though he were looking at a woman he had heard about and had just met for the first time. His observation of her now was leisurely, calm and thorough—not so calm, however, when, impatient of his reticence, bending there over her work, she raised her dark blue eyes to his, her head remaining lowered. The sweet, silent inspection lasted but a moment. Then she resumed her stitches, aware that something in him had changed since she last had seen him. But she merely smiled quietly to herself, confident of his unaltered devotion in spite of the strangely hard and unresponsive gaze that had unceasingly evaded hers.

As her white fingers flew with the glimmering needle she reflected on conditions as she had left them a week ago. A week ago between him and her the most perfect of understandings existed, and the consciousness of it she had carried with her every moment in the country—amid the icy tumble of the surf, on long, vigorous walks over the greening hills where wild moorland winds whipped like a million fairy switches (ill the young blood fairly sang, pouring through her veins.

Since that—some time within the week—something evidently had happened to him here in the city while she had been away. What? As she bent above the fine linen garment on her knee, needle flying, a sudden memory stirred coldly—the recollection of her ride with Rosamund—and instinctively her clear eyes flew open, and she raised her head, turning directly toward him a disturbed gaze he did not this time evade.

In silence their regard lingered; then, satisfied, she smiled again, saying, "Have I been away so long that you must begin all over, Captain Selwyn?" "Begin what, Eileen?" "To remember that the silence of selfish preoccupation is a privilege I have not accorded you?" "I didn't mean to be preoccupied." "Oh, worse and worse!" She shook her head and began to thread the needle. "I see that my week's absence has not been very good for you. I knew it the moment you came in with all that guilty, absentminded effrontery which I have forbidden."

He colored up as he took her hand in his. Then they both laughed at the very vigorous shake. "What a horribly unfriendly creature you can be," said Eileen. "Never a greeting, never even a formal expression of pleasure at my return."

"You have not returned," he said, smiling. "You have been with me every moment, Eileen." "What a pretty tribute!" she exclaimed. "I am beginning to recognize traces of my training after all." When the children came in they left the nursery together and descended the stairs to the library. Austin had just come in, and he looked up from his solitary cup of tea as they entered.

"Hello, youngsters! What conspiracy are you up to now? I suppose you snuffed the tea and have come to deprive me. By the way, Phil, I hear that you've sprung the trap on those Slowiths people." "Neergard has, I believe." "Well, isn't it all one?" "No, it is not," retorted Selwyn so bluntly that Eileen turned from the window at a sound in his voice which she had never before heard.

"Oh!" Austin stared over his suspended teacup, then drained it. "Trouble with our friend Julius?" he inquired. "No trouble. I merely severed my connection with him." "Ah! When?" "This morning." "In that case," said Austin, laughing, "I've a job for you." "No, old fellow, and thank you with all my heart. I've half made up my mind to live on my income for awhile and take up that chaotic matter again."

"And blow yourself to smithereens! Why spatter nature thus?" "No fear," said Selwyn, laughing. "And if it promises anything I may come to you for advice on how to start it commercially." "If it doesn't start you heavenward you shall have my advice from a safe distance. I'll telegraph it," said Austin. "But, if it's not personal, why on earth have you shaken Neergard?" And Selwyn answered simply: "I don't like him. That is the reason, Austin."

The children from the head of the stairs were now shouting demands for their father, and Austin rose, pretending to grumble. "Those confounded kids! A man is never permitted a moment to himself. Did you?"

"Where are the children?" he asked. "In the park, my very ride friend. You will find them on the mall if you start at once."

He hesitated, but finally seated himself, omitting the little formal handshake.

"Is all well with Gerald?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Is he still with Neergard & Co.?" "Yes, Eileen." "And you don't like Mr. Neergard?" "No." "Then Gerald must not remain."

"He said very quietly: 'Eileen, Gerald no longer takes me into his confidence. I am afraid—I know, in fact—that I have little influence with him now. I am sorry. It hurts, but your brother is his own master, and he is at liberty to choose his own friends and his own business policy. I cannot influence him. I have learned that thoroughly. Better that I retain what real friendship he has left for me than destroy it by any attempt, however gentle, to interfere in his affairs.'"

She stood before him, straight, slender, her face grave and troubled. "I cannot understand," she said, "how he could refuse to listen to a man like you." "A man like me, Eileen? Well, if I were worth listening to no doubt he'd listen. But the fact remains that I have not been able to hold his interest."

"Don't give him up," she said, still looking straight into his eyes. "If you care for me, don't give him up." "Care for you, Eileen! You know I do." "Yes, I know it. So you will not give up Gerald, will you? He is—is only a boy. You know that. You know he has been—perhaps—indiscreet. But Gerald is only a boy. Stand by him, Captain Selwyn, because Austin does not know how to manage him—really he doesn't. There has been another unpleasant scene between them. Gerald told me."

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THE IDEAL FUEL MILWAUKEE SOLVAY COKE ALL THE YEAR ROUND. It drew from his pocket a fat box. "Nina up there, Eileen? Oh, all right! Excuse me, I'll be back pretty soon. You'll stay to dine, Phil?" "I don't think so." "Yes, he will stay," said Eileen calmly. And when Austin had gone she walked swiftly over to where Selwyn was standing and looked him directly in the eyes.

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