

## 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, on the 10th day of November 1907, I have sold, to wit: On the 10th day of November 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House in Custer County, Nebraska, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described premises, 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 10th day of February 1908 at 2 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 sale, subject to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the amount of thereon amounting to the sum of \$17,500.00, and court costs amounting to \$250.00 and accruing costs. Said above described real estate will be sold subject to all prior liens and encumbrances, as per certificates on file in District Clerk's office.  
Dated this 12th day of January 1908.  
H. P. KENNEDY, Sheriff  
ALPHA MORAN, Attorney

Estate of Richard D. Jones, deceased. In 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 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 herein, on January 20, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated Dec 19, 1907.  
A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of John Rogers, deceased. The State 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 John Rogers, deceased, and for the appointment of an administrator of said estate which has been set for hearing herein, on January 20, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated Dec 19, 1907.  
A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Neb., Dec. 19, 1907. Notice is hereby given that Richard W. Waring, heir of Rachel Waring of Broken Bow, Neb., who on Feb. 24, 1902, made serial No. 0145, H. E. S. 20, for the S. W. 1/4 of the N. W. 1/4 of range 20, west of the 6th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 5 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Broken Bow, Neb., on the 6th day of February, 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
Harry J. Swick, of Lillian, Neb.; Alonzo Tracy, of Broken Bow, George Templar, of Broken Bow, Mack J. Christman, of Broken Bow, Neb.  
John Reese, Register.

**NOTICE OF PETITION.**  
Estate of Francis W. Evans 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 Jacob A. Evans as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on February 15th 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated January 14, 1908.  
A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Serial No. 01109, H. E. 1908  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, December 28, 1907.  
Notice is hereby given that John W. Koch of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who, on January 30, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 0088, for the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 11, Township 16 N., Range 22 W., of the Sixth Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five 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 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
John W. Rogers, Sylvester, Ida, David J. Coulter, of Broken Bow and Charles S. Eckroff of Merma.  
J. E. EVANS, Register.

## 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 the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# The Younger Set

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

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from last week.)

His influence—to prevent him from putting himself financially through his eyes. I ask you for his family's sake to discontinue any more gambling, to hold him strictly to his duties in your office, to overlook no more shortcomings of his, but to demand from him what any trained business man demands of his associates as well as of his employees. I ask this for the boy's sake."

"I am not aware that Gerald receives any interference from me or from you either," said Neergrad coolly. "And as far as that goes, I and my business require no interference either. And I believe that settles it."

He touched a button. The man-servant appeared to usher Selwyn out. The latter set his teeth in his under lip and looked straight and hard at Neergrad, but Neergrad, about, both hands in his pockets, turned squarely on his heel and sauntered out of the room, yawning as he went.

It did fair to become a hard day for Selwyn. He foresaw it, for there was more for him to do, and the day was far from ended, and his self-restraint was nearly exhausted.

An hour later he sent his card in to Rosamund Fane, and Rosamund came down presently, mystified, flattered, yet shrewdly alert and prepared for anything since the miracle of his coming justified such preparation.

"Why in the world," she said, with a flushed gaiety perfectly genuine, "did you ever come to see me?"

"It's only this," he said—"I am wondering whether you would do anything for me."

"Anything! Merd! Isn't that extremely general, Captain Selwyn? But you never can tell. Ask me."

So he bent forward, his clasped hands between his knees, and told her very earnestly of his fears about Gerald, asking her to use her undoubted influence with the boy to shame him from the card tables, explaining how utterly disastrous to him and his family his present course was.

"Could you help us?" he asked. "Help us, Captain Selwyn? Who is the 'us,' please?"

"Why, Gerald and me—and his family," he added, meeting her eyes. The eyes began to dance with merriment.

"This family," repeated Rosamund—"that is to say, his sister, Miss Erroll. His family, I believe, ends there, does it not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fane."

"I see. Miss Erroll is naturally worried over him. But I wonder why she did not come to me herself instead of sending you as her errand ambassador."

"Miss Erroll did not send me," he said, flushing up. And, looking steadily into the smiling girl's face confronting him, he knew again that he had failed.

She smiled. "Come to me on your own errand, for Gerald's sake, for anybody's sake, for your own preferably, and I'll listen, but don't come to me on another woman's errands, for I won't listen even to you."

"I have come on my own errand," he repeated coldly. "Miss Erroll knew nothing about it and shall not hear of it from me. Can you not help me, Mrs. Fane?"

But Rosamund's rose china feature had hardened into a polished smile, and Selwyn stood up wearily to make his adieu.

But as he entered his hansom before the door he knew the end was not yet, and once more he set his face toward the impossible, and once more the hansom rolled away over the asphalt, and once more it stopped, this time before the house of Ruthven.

Ruthven's greeting was a pallid stare, but as Selwyn made no motion to rise he lounged over to a couch and, half reclining among the cushions, shot an insolent glance at Selwyn, then yawned and examined the bangles on his wrist.

After a moment Selwyn said, "Mr. Ruthven, you are no doubt surprised that I am here."

"I'm not surprised if it's my wife you've come to see," drawled Ruthven. "If I'm the object of your visit, I confess to some surprise—as much as the visit is worth and no more."

"The vulgarity of the insult under the man's own roof scarcely moved Selwyn to any deeper contempt and certainly not to anger."

"I did not come here to ask a favor of you," he said coolly, "for that is out of the question, Mr. Ruthven. But I came to tell you that Mr. Erroll's family has forbidden him to continue his gambling in this house and in your company anywhere or at any time."

"Most extraordinary," murmured Ruthven, passing his ringed fingers over his minutely shaven face—that strange face of a boy hardened by the depravity of ages.

"So I must request you," continued Selwyn, "to refuse him the opportunity of gambling here. Will you do it—voluntarily?"

"No."

"Then I shall use my judgment in the matter."

"And what may your judgment in the matter be?"

"I have not yet decided. For one

thing I might enter a complaint with the police that a boy is being morally and materially ruined in your private gambling establishment."

"Is that a threat?"

"No, I will act, not threaten."

"Ah," drawled Ruthven, "I may do the same the next time my wife spends the evening in your apartment."

"You lie!" said Selwyn in a voice made low by surprise.

"Oh, no, I don't. Very chivalrous of you—quite proper for you to deny it."



"M-murder!" stammered Mr. Ruthven.

Like a gentleman—but useless, quite useless. So the less said about invoking the law the better for some people. You'll agree with me, I dare say.

And now, concerning your friend Gerald Erroll—I have not the slightest desire to see him play cards. Whether or not he plays is a matter perfectly indifferent to me, and you had better understand it. But if you come here demanding that I arrange my guest lists to suit you you are losing time."

Selwyn, almost stunned at Ruthven's knowledge of the episode in his rooms, had risen as he gave the man the lie direct.

For an instant, now, as he stared at him, there was murder in his eye. Then the utter hopeless helplessness of his position overwhelmed him as Ruthven, with danger written all over him, stood up, his soft, smooth thumb hooked in the glittering sash of his kimono.

"Show if you like," he said, backing away instinctively, but still nervously impatient, "and keep your distance! If you've anything further to say to me, write it." Then, growing bolder as Selwyn made no offensive move:

"Write to me," he repeated, with a venomous smirk. "It's safer for you to figure as my correspondent than as my wife's correspondent. Let go of me! W-what the devil are you d-d-doing?"

For Selwyn had him fast, one sinewy hand twisted in his silken collar, holding him squirming at arm's length.

"M-murder!" stammered Mr. Ruthven.

"No," said Selwyn, "not this time. But be very, very careful after this."

And he let him go with an involuntary shudder and wiped his hands on his handkerchief.

Ruthven stood quite still, and after a moment the livid terror died out in his face and a rushing flush spread over it—a strange, dreadful shade curiously opaque—and he half turned, dizzily, hands outstretched for self support.

Selwyn coolly watched him as he sank on to the couch and sat huddled together and leaning forward, his soft, ringed fingers covering his empurpled face.

Then Selwyn went away with a shrug of utter loathing, but after he had gone and Ruthven's servants had discovered him and summoned a physician their master lay heavily amid his painted draperies and cushions, his congested features set, his eyes partly open and possessing sight, but the whites of them had disappeared, and the eyes themselves, save for the pupils, were like two dark slits filled with blood.

There was no doubt about it. The doctors, one and all, knew their business when they had so often cautioned Mr. Ruthven to avoid sudden and excessive emotions.

That night Selwyn wrote briefly to Mrs. Ruthven:

I saw your husband this afternoon. He is at liberty to inform you of what passed. But in case he does not there is one detail which you ought to know—your husband believes that you once paid a visit to my apartments. It is unlikely that he will repeat the accusation, and I think there is no occasion for you to worry. However, it is only proper that you should know this, which is my only excuse for writing you a letter that requires no acknowledgment. Very truly yours,

PHILIP SELWYN.

To this letter she wrote an excited and somewhat incoherent reply, and, rereading it in troubled surprise, he began to recognize in it something of the strange, illogical, impulsive attitude which had confronted him in the first weeks of his wedded life.

Here was the same minor undertone of unrest sounding ominously through every line; the same illogical, unhappy attitude which implied so much and said so little, leaving him uneasy and disconcerted, conscious of the vague recklessness and veiled reproach, dragging him back from the present through the dead years to confront once more the old pain, the old bewilderment at the hopeless misunder-

standing between them.

INA had run up to town for a day from Silver-side and had telephoned Selwyn to take her somewhere for luncheon. She urged him to return with her, insisting that a week end at Silver-side was what he needed to avert physical disintegration.

"What is there to keep you in town?" she demanded. "The children have been clamoring for you day and night, and Eileen has been expecting a letter. You promised to write her, Phil."

"I'm going to write to her," he said impatiently. "Wait a moment, Nina. Don't speak of anything pleasant or intimate just now, because—because I've got to bring up another matter—something not very pleasant to me or to you. It is about—Alice. You knew her in school years ago. You have always known her."

"Yes."

"You—did you ever visit her—stay at the Varian's house?"

"Yes."

"In—her own home in Westchester?"

"Yes."

There was a silence. His eyes shifted to his plate; remained fixed as he said: "Then you knew her—father?"

"Yes, Phil," she said quietly, "I knew Mr. Varian."

"Was there anything—anything unusual—about him—in those days?"

"Have you heard that for the first time?" asked his sister.

He looked up. "Yes. What was it, Nina?"

She became busy with her plate for awhile. He sat rigid, patient, one hand resting on his claret glass. And presently she said without meeting his eyes:

"It was even farther back—her grandparents—one of them— She lifted her head slowly. "That is why it so deeply concerned us, Phil, when we heard of your marriage."

"What concerned you?"

"The chance of inheritance—the risk of the taint—of transmitting it. Her father's erratic brilliancy became more than eccentricity before I knew him. I would have told you that had I dreamed that you ever could have thought of marrying Varian. But how could I know you would meet her out there in the Orient? It was—your cable to us like a thunder-bolt. And when she—she left you so suddenly—Phil, dear—I feared the true reason—the only possible reason that could be responsible for such an insane act."

"What was the truth about her father?" he said doggedly. "He was eccentric. Was he ever worse than that?"

"The truth was that he became mentally irresponsible before his death."

"You know this?"

"Alice told me when we were school-girls. And for days she was haunted with the fear of what might one day be her inheritance. That is all I know, Phil."

He nodded and for awhile made some pretense of eating, but presently leaned back and looked at his sister out of dazed eyes.

"Do you suppose," he said heavily, "that she was not entirely responsible when—when she went away?"

"I have wondered," said Nina simply. "Austin believes it."

"I can't believe it," he said, staring at vacancy. "I refuse to." And, thinking of her last frightened and excited letter imploring an interview with him and giving the startling reason, "What a scoundrel that fellow Ruthven is," he said, with a shudder.

That night he wrote to Alice:

If Ruthven threatens you with divorce on such a ground he himself is likely to be judged mentally unbalanced. It was a brutal, stupid threat, nothing more, and his insult to your father's memory was more brutal still. Don't be stampeded by such threats. Disprove them by your calm self-control under provocation. Disprove them by your discretion and self-confidence. Give nobody a single possible reason for gossip. And, above all, Alice, don't become worried and morbid over anything you might dread as inheritance, for you are as sound today as you were when I first met you, and you shall not doubt that you could ever be anything else. Be the woman you can be. Show the pluck and courage to make the very best out of life. I have slowly learned to attempt it, and it is a difficult if you convince yourself that it can be done.

To this she answered the next day:

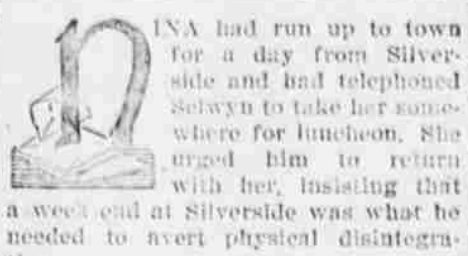
I will do my best. There is danger, treachery, everywhere, and if it becomes unbearable I shall put an end to it in one way or another. As for his threat—incident on my admitting that I did go to your room and defying him to dare believe evil of me for doing it—I can laugh at it now, though when I wrote you I was terrified, remembering how mentally broken my father was when he died.

But, as you say, I am sound, body and mind. I know it. I don't doubt it for one moment, except at long intervals, when, apropos of nothing, a faint sensation of dread comes creeping.

But I am sound! I know it so absolutely that I sometimes wonder at my own perfect sanity and understanding, and so clearly, so faultlessly, so precisely does my mind work that—and this I never told you—I am often and often able to detect mental inadequacy in many people around me, the slightest deviation from the normal, the least degree of mental instability. And it would amaze you, too, if I should tell you how many, many people you know are in some degree more or less insane.

He's only serenely disagreeable to me now, and we are almost taking of one another except over the card tables. Gerald has been winning rather heavily. I am glad to say—glad as long as I cannot prevent him from playing. And yet I may be able to accomplish that yet in a roundabout way, because the apple staged and hawked back Mr. Neergrad has apparently become my slavish creature—quite infatuated. And as soon as I've fastened on his collar and made sure that Rosamund can't unhook it I'll try to

## Chapter 10



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standing between them.

## THE VALUES ARE AT TOWNEN'S

500 Naval Oranges on Sale Monday February 1st at 15c per dozen.

On Sale Tuesday Feb'y 2nd, 50 boxes of the finest Crackers in tin boxes. Plain or salted, crisp, tender and fresh. Special price 65 cents a box—box returnable, we charge you 50 cents for the box and credit same when returned.

On sale Wednesday Feb'y 3rd 14 lbs of the fanciest head rice for \$1.00

On Sale Thursday Feb'y 4th, 100 pounds large meaty prunes finest grown at 15c lb.

On Sale Friday Feb'y 5th, 100 lbs fine fancy white cooking figs at 14 lbs for \$1.00

On Saturday Feb'y 6th 50 lbs fancy fruit cake, the finest—delicious—to close out at 30 cents a pound, worth 40 cents.

Keep your eye on these dates every one a snap, some big values in them.

Stock food, Worm powders, Egg producers. The best Standard & Hess.

Send in your orders early. We will do our best to please you.

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W. A. GEORGE, PRESIDENT L. H. JEWETT, CASHIER  
JULES HAUMONT, VICE PRES. R. D. PICKETT, ASST. CASHIER  
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RESPONSIBILITY \$500,000. BROOKER BOW, NEBRASKA  
There is a guaranty of deposits in this bank. You are invited to call and investigate our method. : : : : :  
**YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED**

## 17 CTS. A DAY BUYS AN OLIVER

This amazing offer—the New Model Oliver Typewriter No. 5 at 17 cents a day—is open to everybody, everywhere.