

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Neb., Jan. 28, 1907. Notice is hereby given that James Sampson, of Broken Bow, Neb., who, on February 1, 1902, made Homestead Entry No. 208, Serial No. 0197, for a section 13, Township 21 North of Range 20, West of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 17th day of March, 1907.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of John Collier, Sr., Deceased. The State of Nebraska, to the Creditors: Take notice that I will sit in the County Court room in Broken Bow, in said County on the 21st day of March, 1907, and the 16th day of August, 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 19, 1907. Notice is hereby given that Sarah E. Grim, of Broken Bow, Neb., who on March 21, 1901, made homestead entry No. 1791, serial No. 043, n. s. sec. 4, township 15 n. range 23 w. 6th 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, Neb., on the 27th day of March, 1907.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 19, 1907. Notice is hereby given that Sarah E. Grim, of Broken Bow, Neb., who on March 21, 1901, made homestead entry No. 1791, serial No. 043, n. s. sec. 4, township 15 n. range 23 w. 6th 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, Neb., on the 27th day of March, 1907.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT

Estate of Rachel Fleming deceased, in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that J. H. Fleming has filed a final account and report of his administration, and a petition for final settlement of said account, and distribution and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court, on March 22, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

The Younger Set

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

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(Continued from last week.)

The boy a chance. But Gerald remained utterly unresponsive, stolidly so, and the other instantly relinquished the hope of any confidence at that time, shifting the conversation at once to the object and reason of Gerald's coming and gayly expressing his belief that the time was very near at hand when chasite would figure heavily in the world's list of commercially valuable explosives.

It was early in August that Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his chasite was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far that he had ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing and Edgerton Lawn of the Lawn Nitro Powder company to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm beach, but at the same time he informed them of the characteristic modesty that he was not yet prepared to guarantee the explosive.

He froze chasite and boiled it and baked it and melted it and took all sorts of hair raising liberties with it, and after that he ground it to a powder, placed a few generous pinches in a small hand grenade and affixed a primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret—the composition of the primer charge.

"I used to play baseball in college," he observed, smiling, "and I used to be a pretty good shot with a snowball." They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black, sea soaked rock jutting out above the waves. Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself and, with the long, overhead, straight throw of a trained ball player, sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock.

There came a blinding flash, a stunning, clean cut report—but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust—all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been.

"I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Captain Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your chasite and impact primer seem to do the business, and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro Powder company is ready to do business too. Can you come to town tomorrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you." But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin.



Something disquieting had come into the world.

had suddenly come into the world, something unpleasant, but indefinite, yet sufficient to leave her vaguely apprehensive.

Somebody threw a tennis ball at her. She caught it and hurled it in return, and for a few minutes the white, felt covered balls flew back and forth from scores of graceful, eager hands. A moment or two passed when no balls came her way. She turned and walked to the foot of a dune and seated herself cross legged on the hot sand, her serious, beautiful eyes fixed steadily on a distant white spot—the sponson canoe where Gladys and Selwyn sat, their paddle blades flashing in the sun.

How far away they were! Gerald was with them. Curious that Selwyn had not seen her waiting for him, knee deep in the surf—curious that he had seen Gladys instead! True, Gladys had called to him and signaled him, white arm upflung. Gladys was very pretty—with her heavy, dark hair and melting, Spanish eyes and her softly rounded, olive skinned figure. Gladys had called to him, and she had not. That was true, and lately—for the last few days or perhaps more—she herself had been a little less bubbly in her greeting of Selwyn—a little less sans facon with him. After all, a man comes when it pleases him. Why should a girl call him—unless she—unless—

Perplexed, her grave eyes were fixed on the sea where now the white canoe pitched nearer, close on now. When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult over and over. As Elisea looked she saw a dark streak leap across his face—saw him stoop and wash it off and stand, looking blindly at her, while again the sudden dark line crisscrossed his face from temple to chin and spread wider like a stain.

Thank you; I will use your kerchief if you insist, I'll stop in a moment anyway.

"Please sit here," she said—"here where I've been sitting." He did so, muttering: "What a nuisance! It will stop in a second. You needn't remain here with me, you know, go in. It is simply glorious."

"I've been in, I was drying my hair." He glanced up, smiling; then, as the wet kerchief against his forehead reddened, he started to rise, but she took it from his fingers, hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it and brought it back cold and wet.

"Please sit perfectly still," she said. "A girl likes to do this sort of thing for a man."

"If I'd known that," he laughed, "I'd have had it happen frequently." She only shook her head, watching him unsmiling. But the pulse in her hand became very quiet again.

"It's no end of fun in that canoe," he observed. "Gladys Orchil and I work it beautifully."

"I saw you did," she nodded. "Oh! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I don't know. Gladys called you. I was waiting for you—expecting you. Then Gladys called you."

"I didn't see you," he said. "I didn't call you," she observed serenely, and after a moment she added, "Do you see only those who hail you, Captain Selwyn?"

He laughed. "In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."

"So do I," she said. "Please hail me after this—because I don't care to take the initiative. If you neglect to do it, don't count on my hailing you any more."

The stain spread on the kerchief. Once more she went to the water's edge, rinsed it and returned with it. "I think it has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked as he laid the cloth against his forehead. "You frightened me, Captain Selwyn. I am not easily frightened."

"I know it." "Did you know I was frightened?" "Of course I did."

"Oh," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't do anything silly, did I?"

"No; you very sensibly called me Phillip. That's how I knew you were frightened."

A slow, bright color stained face and neck. "So I was silly, after all," she said, biting at her under lip and trying to meet his humorous gray eyes with unconcern. But her face was burning now, and, aware of it, she turned her gaze resolutely on the sea. Also, to her further annoyance, her heart awoke, beating unwarrantably, absurdly, until the dreadful idea seized her that he could hear it. Disconcerted, she stood up—a straight, youthful figure against the sea. The wind, blowing her disheveled hair across her cheeks and shoulders, fluttered her clinging skirts as she rested both hands on her hips and slowly walked toward the water's edge.

"Shall we swim?" he asked her. She half turned and looked around and down at him.

"I'm all right. It's stopped bleeding. Shall we?" he inquired, looking at her. "You've got to wash your hair again anyhow."

She said, feeling suddenly stupid and childish and knowing she was speaking stupidly: "Would you not rather join Gladys again? I thought that—that."

"Thought what?" "Nothing," she said, furling at herself. "I am going to the showers. Goodby."

"Goodby," he said, troubled. "Unless we walk to the pavilion together?" "But you are going in again—are you not?"

"Not unless you do." "What have I to do with it, Captain Selwyn?" "It's a big ocean and rather lonely without you," he said so seriously that she looked around again and laughed.

"It's full of pretty girls just now. Plunge in, my melancholy friend. The whole ocean is a dream of fair women today."

BARGAINS AT BOWENS

We are offering this week some bargains and wish that the public would inspect these prices, quality of goods and avail themselves of this chance.

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(Continued Next Week.)