

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebr., Jan. 29, 1907.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of Custer County, Nebr., in the matter of the estate of John Collier, Sr., Deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Nebr., Feb. 10, 1907.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT. Estate of Rachel Fleming deceased, in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska.

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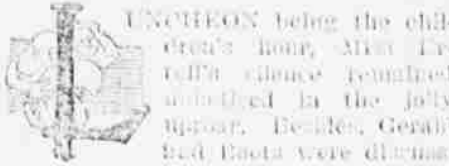
The Younger Set

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

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(Continued from last week.)

Chapter 20



CHAPTER 20. "THEY'RE BEING THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, MISS TAYLOR," said Selwyn.

"No, I'm not trying to be truthful. And I say there is no harm in her. I have made up my mind on that score."

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His world across the face with over-tinged fingers. "If there's any talk about it—if there's any newspaper talk—if there's a divorce, who will ask her to their houses? Who will condone this thing? Who will tolerate it or her? Men, and men only, the odious sort that fawn on her now and follow her about half-sneeringly. They'll tolerate it, but their wives won't, and the kind of women who will receive and tolerate her are not included in my personal experience. What a fool she has been! Good heavens, what a fool!"

A trifle paler than usual, he said: "There is no real harm in her. I know there is not." "You are very generous, Phil," said Selwyn. "No, I am trying to be truthful. And I say there is no harm in her. I have made up my mind on that score."

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"Rosamund—spoke of scandal to—Eileen?" he repeated. "Is that possible?" "How long do you suppose a girl can live and not hear scandal of some sort?" said Nina. "It's bound to rain some time or other, but I prepared my little duck's back to shed some things."

"You say," insisted Selwyn, "that Rosamund spoke of me—in that way—to Eileen?" "Yes, it only made the child angry, Phil, so don't worry."

"No, I won't worry. No, I won't. You are quite right, Nina. But the pity of it, that tight, hard-shelled woman of the world to do such a thing to a young girl."

"Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina, with a shrug. "The antidote to her speeches is obvious."

"Right, thank God," said Selwyn between his teeth. "Mens sana in corpore sano! Bless her little heart! I'm glad you told me this, Nina."

He rose and laughed a little, a curious sort of laugh, and Nina watched him, perplexed.

"Where are you going, Phil?" she asked. "I don't know, I—where is Eileen?" "She's lying down—a headache, probably too much sun and salt water. Shall I send for her?"

"No, I'll go up and inquire how she is. Suzanne is there, isn't she?" And he entered the house and ascended the stairs.

The little Abastian maid was seated in a corner of the upper hall, sewing, and she informed Selwyn that mademoiselle had "had in ze head."

But at the sound of conversation in the corridor Eileen's gay voice came to them from her room asking who it was, and she evidently knew, for there was a hint of laughter in her tone.

"It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn.



Eileen curled up among the cushions, fragrant hand which lay for a second in his, closed, and withdrew, leaving her eyes very friendly.

"Come out on the west veranda," she said. "I know what you wish to say to me. Besides, I have something to confide to you too. And I'm very impatient to do it."

He followed her to the veranda. She seated herself in the broad swing and moved so that her invitation to him was unmistakable. Then when he had taken the place beside her she turned toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct gaze.

"What is disturbing our friendship?" she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I went to my room after luncheon and lay down on my bed and quietly deliberated. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?"

"What?" he asked. "That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship and that what I said to you on the beach was foolish. I don't know why I said it. I'm not the sort of girl who says such stupid things, though I was apparently for that one moment. And what I said about Gladys was childish. I am not jealous of her, Captain Selwyn. Don't think me silly or perverse or sentimental, will you?"

"I wish to ask you something," said Selwyn. "With pleasure," she said. "Go ahead." And she settled back, fearlessly expectant.

"Very well, then," he said, striving to speak coolly. "It is this: Will you marry me, Eileen?"

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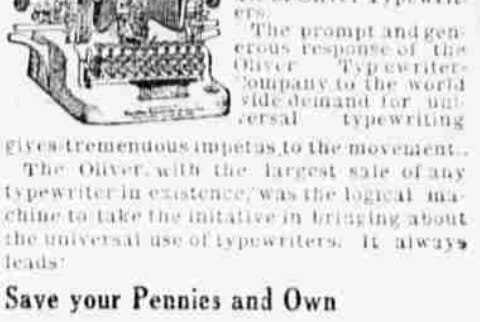
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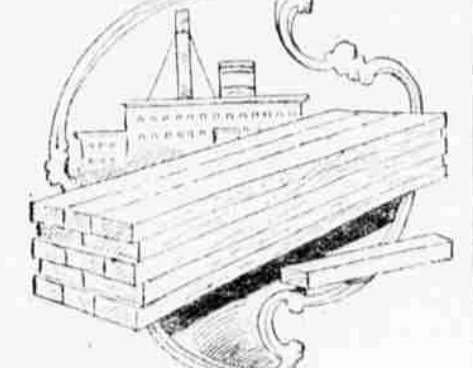
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