

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Neb., Jan. 28, 1909. Notice is hereby given that James Sampson, of Broken Bow, Neb., who on February 18, 1902, made the Homestead Entry No. 2588, Serial No. 01297, for section 13, Township 21 North of Range 20, West of the 6th P. Meridian, has filed a notice of intention to make his 5 year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 12th day of March, 1909.

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 31st day of March, 1909, and the 10th day of August, 1909 at 10 o'clock a. m. to receive and examine all claims filed in a proceeding against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance, and that on the first day of the said month of August, the widow will be heard for homestead, exemption and allowance, and other statutory rights.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 10, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Sarah E. Grim of Broken Bow, Neb., who on March 21, 1891, made homestead entry No. 19901, serial No. 6242, in section 4, township 15 N., range 29 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 25th day of March, 1909.

To William T. Huston, Non-Resident Defendant. You are hereby notified that on the 21st day of December, 1908, Mary E. Huston filed her petition in the district court of Custer County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain from you an absolute divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, non-support and desertion; to secure the custody and control of your minor children, and to procure their appropriate relief. You will answer said petition on or before the 1st day of March, 1909.

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 finding of heirs, distribution and discharge as such which have been set for hearing before said court on March 22, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.

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Horses and Rigs

at reasonable prices. Come and see me.

W. A. Tooley

The Younger Set

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

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(Continued from last week.)

"Do you really?" she stammered, shrinking away from him. "Truly. Nothing is altered. Nothing of the bond between us is weakened. On the contrary, it is strengthened. You cannot understand that now. But what you are to believe and always understand is that our friendship must endure."

"I want to ask you something," she said, "in reply to prove that you are a little bit human, May 17?"

"Could you and I care for each other more than we now do if we were married?"

"I think so," he said. "Why?" she demanded, astonished. Evidently she had expected another answer.

"He made no reply, and she lay back among the cushions considering what he had said, the flush of surprise still lingering in her cheeks.

"How can I marry you," she asked, "when I would not care to endure a man as cold as you, even from you? It—such things—would spoil it all. I don't love you that way. Oh, don't look at me that way! Have I hurt you, dear Captain Selwyn? I did not mean to. Oh, what has become of our happiness? What has become of it?"

And she turned, full length in the swing, and hid her face in the silken pillows. He looked down at her, slowly realizing that it was a child he still was dealing with—a child with a child's innocence, repelled by the graver phases of love, unresponsive to the deeper emotions, bewildered by the glimpse of the mature role his attitude had compelled her to accept.

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance, and she went, with a smile and a whisper: "Wait for me, if you don't mind; I'll come back to you."

At intervals he caught glimpses of Eileen through the gay crush around him. He danced with Nina and suggested to her it was time to leave, but that young matron had tasted just enough to want more, and Eileen, too, was evidently having a most delightful time. So he settled into the harness of pleasure and was good to the plink and white ones, and they told each other what a "dear" he was and adored him more inconspicuously than ever.

Truly enough, as he had often said, these younger ones were the charmingly wholesome and refreshing antidote to the occasional misbehavior of the mature. They were, as he also asserted, the hope and promise of the social fabric of a nation, this younger set.

Supper and then the Woodland cotillion was the programme, and almost all the tables were filled before Selwyn had an opportunity to collect Nina and Austin and capture Eileen from a very rosy checked and indignant boy who had quite lost his head and heart and appeared to be on the verge of a headlong declaration.

"It's only Percy Draymore's kid brother," she explained, passing her arm through his with a little sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, here come Nina and Austin. How pretty the tables look all lighted up among the trees! And such an uproar!" as they came into the jolly tumult and passed in among a labyrinth of tables, greeted laughingly from every side.

Under a vigorous young oak tree thickly fastooned with lanterns Austin found an unoccupied table. There were a great deal of racket and laughter from the groups surrounding them, but this seemed to be the only available spot; besides, Austin was hungry, and he said so.

Nina, with Selwyn on her left, looked around for Gerald and laughing. When the latter came sauntering up Austin questioned him, but he replied carelessly that Gerald had gone to join some people whom he, Lausung, did not know very well.

"Why, there he is now!" exclaimed Eileen, catching sight of her brother seated among a very noisy group on the outer edge of the illuminated zone. "Who are those people, Nina? Oh, Rosamund Fane is there, too; and—"

She ceased speaking so abruptly that Selwyn turned around, and Nina hid her lip in vexation and glanced at her husband, for among the overornamented and almost boisterous group which was attracting the attention of everybody in the vicinity sat Mrs. Jack Ruthven, and Selwyn saw her.

For a moment he looked at her—looked at Gerald beside her, and Neergard on the other side, and Rosamund opposite, and at the others whom he had never before seen. Then, quietly, but with heightened color, he turned his attention to the glass which the servant had just filled for him and, resting his hand on the stem, stared at the bubbles crowding upward through it to the foamy brim.

Nina and Boots had begun ostentatiously an exceedingly animated conversation, and they became almost aggressive, appealing to Austin, who sat back with a frown on his heavy face, and to Eileen, who was sipping her

from Oyster Bay to Wyossett, to pour a stream of garrulous and animated youth and beauty into the halls and over the verandas and terraces and lawns of Hitherwood House.

It was to be a lantern frolic and a lantern dance and supper, all most formally and impressively informal. And it began with a candle race for a big silver gilt cup and a motor boat race won by Boots and Gerald. Out in the bay lay Neergard's yacht, outlined in electricity from stem to stern, every

spark and funnel and contour of hull and superstructure twinkling in jeweled brilliancy.

On a great improvised open pavilion set up in the Hither woods, garlanded and hung thick with multicolored paper lanterns, dancing had already begun, but Selwyn and Eileen lingered on the lawn for awhile, fascinated by the beauty of the fireworks pouring skyward from the Niagara.

"They seem to be very gay aboard her," murmured the girl. "Once you said that you did not like Mr. Neergard. Do you remember saying it?"

He replied simply, "I don't like him, and I remember saying so."

"It is strange," she said, "that Gerald does."

Selwyn looked at the illuminated yacht. "I wonder whether any of Neergard's crowd is expected ashore here. Do you happen to know?"

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance, and she went, with a smile and a whisper: "Wait for me, if you don't mind; I'll come back to you."

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Nina and Boots had begun ostentatiously an exceedingly animated conversation, and they became almost aggressive, appealing to Austin, who sat back with a frown on his heavy face, and to Eileen, who was sipping her

mineral water and staring thoughtfully at a big, round, orange tinted lantern which hung like the harvest moon behind Gerald, throwing his curly head into silhouette.

What conversation there was to carry, Boots and Nina carried. Austin silently satisfied his hunger, eating and drinking with a sullen determination to make no pretense of ignoring a situation that plainly angered him deeply. And from minute to minute he raised his head to glare across at Gerald, who evidently was unconscious of the presence of his own party.

When Nina spoke to Eileen, the girl answered briefly, but with perfect composure. Selwyn, too, added a quiet word at intervals, speaking in a voice that sounded a little tired and strained.

It was that note of fatigue in his voice which aroused Eileen to effort—the instinctive move to protect, to sustain him. Conscious of Austin's suppressed but increasing anger at her brother, amazed and distressed at what Gerald had done for the boy's very presence there with the set of whom they disapproved was an affront to them all—she was still more sensitive to Selwyn's voice, and in her heart she responded passionately.

Nina looked up, surprised at the sudden transformation in the girl, who had turned on Boots with a sudden flow of spittle and the gayest of challenges, and their laughter and badinage became so genuine and so persistent that, combining with Nina, they fairly swept Austin from his sulky abstraction into their toils, and Selwyn's subdued laugh, if forced, sounded pleasant now, and his drawn face seemed to relax a little for the time being.

Once she turned, under cover of the general conversation which she had set going, and looked straight into Selwyn's eyes, flashing to him a message of purest loyalty, and his silent gaze in response sent the color flying to her cheeks.

It was all very well for awhile, a brave, sweet effort, but ears could not remain deaf to the increasing noise and laughter, to familiar voices, half caught phrases, indiscreet even in the fragments understood. Besides, Gerald had seen them, and the boy's face had become almost ghastly.

Alise, unsmilingly flushed, was conducting herself without restraint. Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent. Even Rosamund spoke too loudly at moments, and once she looked around at Nina and Selwyn while her pretty, accentless laughter, rippling with its undertone of malice, became more frequent in the increasing tumult.

There was no use in making a pretense of further gaiety, Austin had begun to scowl again. Nina, with one

shocked glance at Alise, leaned over toward her brother.

"It is incredible!" she murmured. "She must be perfectly mad to make such an exhibition of herself. Can't anybody stop her? Can't anybody send her home?"

Austin said sullenly, but distinctly "The thing for us to do is to get out, Nina, if you are ready."

"But—what about Gerald?" faltered Eileen, turning pitifully to Selwyn. "We can't leave him—there!"

The man straightened up and turned his drawn face toward her.

"Do you wish me to get him?" "Yes, you can, if you wish it. Do you think there is anything in the world I can't do, if you wish it?"

As he rose she hid her hand on his arm.

"I—I don't ask it"—she began.

"You do not have to ask it," he said with a smile almost genuine. "Austin, I'm going to get Gerald, and Nina will explain to you that he's to be left to me if any sermon is required. I'll go back with him in the motor boat. Boots, you'll drive home in my place."

As he turned, still smiling and self-possessed, Eileen whispered rapidly: "Don't go. I care for you too much to ask it."

He said under his breath, "Dearest, you cannot understand."

"Yes, I do! Don't go, Philip, don't go near her."

"I must."

"If you do—if you go—how can you care for me as you say you do—when I ask you not to—when I cannot endure to?"

She turned swiftly and stared across at Alise, and Alise, instead in the flushed brilliancy of her youthful beauty, half rose in her seat and stared back.

Instinctively the young girl's hand tightened on Selwyn's arm. "She—she is beautiful!" she faltered, but he turned and led her from the table, following Austin, his sister and Lausung, and she clung to him almost convulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

"I must go back," he whispered, "dearest, dearest, I must!"

(Continued Next Week.)

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Chapter 21

HITHERWOOD HOUSE, opened from end to end to the soft sea wind, was crowded with the gayest, noisiest throng that had gathered there in a twelvemonth. The Orchids and the Lawns were there, the Ministers, the Craigs from Wyossett, the Grays of Shadow Lake, the Draymores, Fanes, Mustys, Cardwells—in fact, it seemed as though all Long Island had been drained from Cedarhurst to Islip and