

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 19, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Sarah E. Grim, of Broken Bow, Neb., who on March 21, 1893, made homestead entry No. 17901, sec. 16, range 20W 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, March 8, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Charles Koch, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, who on March 14, 1896, made homestead entry No. 19887, sec. 14, range 22 west 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, Neb., on the 25th day of March, 1909.

In the County Court of Custer County, Neb. The heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Cora Kimberling deceased. TAKE NOTICE—That John M. Kimberling, a resident of Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 10th day of March 1909 filed in this court a petition alleging that Cora Kimberling, being an inhabitant of Custer County, Nebraska, died intestate on the 21st day of March 1893, seized of an estate of inheritance consisting of real estate in this county, held in her main name, Cora Kimberling, that the estate of said deceased has never been administered; that the said estate is wholly exempt from execution, attachment, or other mesne process and is not liable for payment of any debts of said deceased; that Florence E. Kimberling, aged 17 years, and a resident of Broken Bow, Neb., is the sole and only heir of said deceased and that petitioner was her husband, and praying that this Court and all the allegations of said petition be determined, and that the said real estate be sold and the proceeds thereof be distributed to the said Florence E. Kimberling, and all necessary relief.

It is ordered that said petition be heard in this court on the 25th day of April, 1909 at 10 o'clock a. m. after publication of this order for three successive weeks in the Custer County Republican, and where all interested parties will be heard.

Dated March 10, 1909. A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge.

(SEAL) Mar. 11-25 At

In the County Court of Custer County, Neb. In the matter of the estate of Sarah J. Dailey and Byron L. Dailey. NOTICE.

The devisees, legatees, heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Daniel T. Mauk deceased. TAKE NOTICE: That Sadie Mauk, has filed in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, a duly authenticated copy of the last will and testament of Daniel T. Mauk, and of the Probate thereof, in the County of Rhea in the State of Tenn., and a petition praying to have the said instrument admitted, allowed and probated as the last will and testament of the said Daniel T. Mauk, in this court, which will relate to both real and personal property in this county, said petition also prays for the appointment of Frank Mauk or Sadie Mauk as executor. That thereon it was ordered, on the 27th day of March 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. when and where all parties interested in said estate may appear and object to said appointment. Dated February 19, 1909. A. R. HUMPHREY, County Judge.

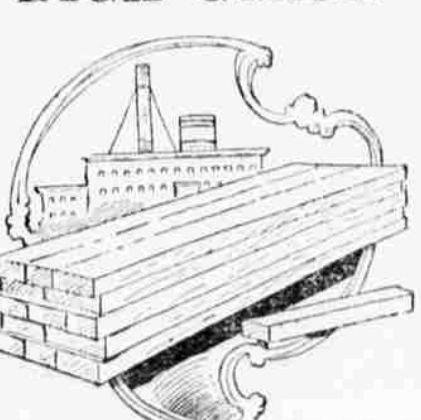
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Att'y. for Petitioner

F. 2 M 18-4.

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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.)

"To Gerald or her?" But he only muttered: "They don't know what they're doing. Let me go, Ellen"—gently detaching her fingers, which left her hands lying in both of his.

She said, looking up at him: "If you go—if you go—whatever time you return—no matter what hour—knock at my door. Do you promise? I shall be awake. Do you promise?" "Yes," he said, with a trace of impatience, the only hint of his anger at the prospect of the duty before him.

So she went away with Nina and Austin and Boots, and Selwyn turned back, snuffering quietly toward the table where already the occupants had apparently forgotten him and the episode in the riotous revelry increasing with the accession of half a dozen more men.

When Selwyn approached, Neergard saw him first, stared at him and snickered, but he greeted everybody with smiling composure, nodding to those he knew, a trifle more formally to Mrs. Ruthven, and, coolly pulling up a chair, seated himself beside Gerald.

"Boots has driven home with the others," he said in a low voice. "I'm going back in the motor boat with you. Don't worry about Austin. Are you ready?" The boy had evidently let the wine alone or else freight had sobered him, for he looked terribly white and tired.

"Yes," he said, "I'll go when you wish. I suppose they'll never forgive me for this. Come on."

"One moment, then," nodded Selwyn. "I want to speak to Mrs. Ruthven." And, quietly turning to Alice and dropping his voice to a tone too low for Neergard to hear, for he was plainly attempting to listen:

"You are making a mistake. Do you understand? Whoever is your hostess, wherever you are staying, find her and go there before it is too late."

She inclined her pretty head thoughtfully, eyes on the wineglass which she was turning round and round between her slender fingers. "What do you mean by 'too late'?" she asked. "Don't you know that everything is too late for me now?"

"What do you mean, Alice?" he returned, watching her intently. "What I say. I have not seen Jack Ruthven for two months. Do you know what that means? I have not heard from him for two months. Do you know what that means? No? Well, I'll tell you, Philip. It means that when I do hear from him it will be through his attorneys."

He turned slightly paler. "Why?" "Divorce," she said, with a reckless little laugh, "and the end of things for me."

"On what grounds?" he demanded doggedly. "Does he threaten you?" "She made no movement or reply, reaching there, one hand on her wine-glass, the smile still curving her lips. And he repeated his question in a low, distinct voice, too low for Neergard to hear, and he was still listening.

"Grounds? Oh, he thinks I've misbehaved with—never mind who. It is not true, but he cares nothing about that either. You see," and she bent nearer confidentially, with a mysterious little nod of her pretty head—"you see, Jack Ruthven is a little insane. You are surprised? Pooh! I've suspected it for months."

He stared at her. Then, "Where are you stopping?" "Abroad the Niobrara."

"Is Mrs. Fane a guest there too?" He spoke loud enough for Rosanund to hear, and she answered for herself, with a smile at him bristful of malice. "Delighted to have you come aboard, Captain Selwyn. Is that what you are asking permission to do?"

"Thanks," he returned dryly, and to Alice, "if you are ready, Gerald and I will take you over to the Niobrara in the motor boat."

"Oh, no, you won't!" broke in Neergard, with a sneer. "You'll mind your own business, my intrusive friend, and I'll take care of my guests without your assistance."

Selwyn appeared not to hear him. "Come on, Gerald," he said pleasantly. "Mrs. Ruthven is going over to the Niobrara."

"For God's sake," whispered Gerald, white as a sheet, "don't force me into trouble with Neergard."

Selwyn turned on him an astonished gaze. "Are you afraid of that whelp?" "Yes," muttered the boy. "I'll explain later, but don't force things now, I beg you."

Mrs. Ruthven coolly leaned over and spoke to Gerald in a low voice; then to Selwyn she said, with a smile: "Rosanund and I are going to Brookminster anyway, so you and Gerald need not wait. And thank you for coming over. It was rather nice of you"—she glanced insolently at Neergard—"considering the crowd we're with. Good night, Captain Selwyn. Good night, Gerald. So very jelly to have seen you again!" And under her breath to Selwyn: "You need not worry. I am going in a moment. Goodby, and—thank you, Phil. It is good to see somebody of one's own caste again."

A few moments later Selwyn and Gerald in their oilskins were dashing eastward along the coast in the swiftest motor boat south of the Narrows. The boy seemed deathly tired as they crossed the dim lawn at Silver-side. Once on the veranda steps he stumbled, and Selwyn's arm sustained him, but the older man forbore to question him, and Gerald, tight lipped and haggard, offered no confidence until at the door of his bedroom he turned and laid an unsteady hand on Selwyn's shoulder and said: "I am in a very bad fix. I want to talk with you tomorrow. May I?"

"You know you may, Gerald. I am always ready to stand your friend." At the end of the corridor Selwyn halted before Ellen's room. A light came through the transom. He waited a moment, then knocked very softly. "Is it you?" she asked in a low voice. "Yes. I didn't wake you, did I?" "No. Is Gerald here?" "Yes; in his own room. Did you wish to speak to me about anything?" "Yes."

"Threats of calling loans?" asked Selwyn, smiling. "Hints; not exactly threats. I was in a bad way too." The boy winced and swallowed hard; then, with sudden white desperation stamped on his drawn face, he added: "Oh, Philip, it—it is disgraceful enough, but how am I going to tell you the rest? How can I speak of this matter to you?"

"What matter?" "About—about Mrs. Ruthven." "What matter?" repeated Selwyn. His voice rang a little, but the color had fled from his face.

"She was—Jack Ruthven charged her with—and me—charged me with—" "You?" "Yes."

"Well, it was a lie, wasn't it?" Selwyn's ashly lips scarcely moved, but his eyes were narrowing to a glimmer. "It was a lie, wasn't it?" he repeated.

"Yes, a lie. I'd say it, anyway, you understand, but it really was a lie." Selwyn quietly leaned back in his chair. A little color returned to his cheeks.

"All right, old fellow"—his voice severely quivered—"all right. Go on. I know, of course, that Ruthven lied, but it was part of the story to hear you say so. Go on. What did Ruthven do?"

"There has been a separation," said the boy in a low voice. "He behaved like a dirty cat. She had no resources, no means of support." He hesitated, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "Mrs. Ruthven has been very, very kind to me. I was—I am fond of her. Oh, I know well enough I never had any business to meet her. I behaved abominably toward you and the family. But it was done. I knew her and liked her tremendously. She was the only one who was decent to me, who tried to keep me from acting like a fool about cards."

"Did she try?" "Yes—indeed, yes! And, Phil, she—I don't know how to say it—she—when she spoke of—of you—begged me to try to be like you. And it is a lie that people say about her—that roscop says. I know. I have known her so well—and I was like other men—charmed and fascinated by her, but the women of that set are a pack of cats, and the men—well, none of them ever ventured to say anything to me! And that is all, Philip. I was horribly in debt to Neergard. Then Ruthven turned on me—and on her, and I borrowed more from Neergard and went to her bank and deposited it to the credit of her account. But she doesn't know it was from me. She supposes Jack Ruthven did it out of ordinary decency, for she said so to me. And that is how matters stand. Neergard is ugly and grows more threatening about those loans, and I haven't any money, and Mrs. Ruthven will require more very soon."

"Is that all?" demanded Selwyn sharply. "Yes, all. I know I have behaved shamefully."

"I've seen," observed Selwyn in a dry, hard voice, "worse behavior than yours. Have you a pencil, Gerald? Get a sheet of paper from that desk. Now, write out a list of the loans made you by Neergard—every cent, if you please—and the exact amount you placed to Mrs. Ruthven's credit. Have you written that? Let me see it."

The boy handed him the paper. He studied it without the slightest change of expression, knowing all the while what it meant to him, knowing that this burden must be assumed by himself, because Austin would never assume it. But the thought of the coat sent a shiver over him and left his careworn face gray.

After a moment he turned to Gerald, a smile on his colorless face, and said: "It will be all right, my boy. You are not to worry. Do you understand me? Go to bed now. You need the sleep. Go to bed, I tell you. I'll stand by you. You must begin all over again, Gerald, and so must I—and so must I."

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES. Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Liver Spots, Falling of the Hair, Bad Complexion, Eczema, Throat Ulcers, Bone Pains, Bladder Troubles, Weak Back, Burning Urine, Passing Urine too often. The effects of constitutional sickness of the taking of too much injurious medicine receives searching treatment, prompt relief and a cure for life.

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Dr. Ora Caldwell & Co., Omaha, Neb. Chicago, Ill.

Address all mail to 1100 Bee Building, Omaha Nebraska.

Chapter 22

SELWYN had gone to New York with Gerald for a few days," as he expressed it, but it was now the first week in October, and he had not yet returned to Silver-side.

A brief note to Nina thanking her for having had him at Silver-side and speaking vaguely of some business matters which might detain him indefinitely; a briefer note to Ellen regretting his inability to return for the present, were all the communications they had from him except news brought by Austin, who came down from town every Friday.

(Continued Next Week.)

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She's Cured Thousands Given up to Die. Dr. CALDWELL of CHICAGO. Practicing Allopathy, Homeopathy, Electric and General Medicine. By request will visit professionally Grand Central Hotel, Broken Bow, Mar 13 returning every four weeks. Consult her when the opportunity is at hand.

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