

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 19, 1907.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, March 8, 1907.

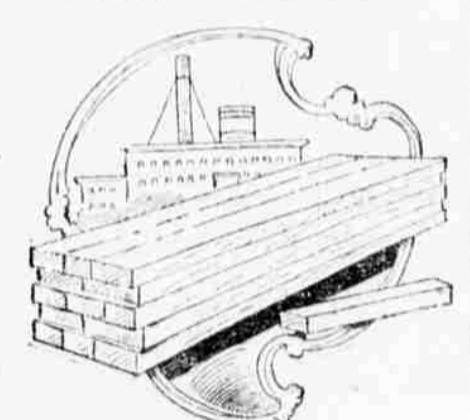
THE HEIRS AND ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN THE ESTATE OF CORA KIMBERLING, deceased.

SHERRIFF'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, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court, at the February 1907 term thereof, to-wit: On the 28th day of February 1907 in favor of William Wilde and against E. J. and L. S. Maulsbey.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, March 12, 1907.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, March 12, 1907.

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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.) A long letter to him from Nina still remained unanswered.

of it as well as I. You know her father died of it. "The usual defense in criminal cases," observed Austin, flicking his cigarette end into the grate.

There were dances, too, and Nina went to some of them. So did Ellen, who had created a furore among the younger brothers and undergraduates.

Ruthven was at that very moment seated in a private parlour at the Stuyvesant club with Sanxon Orchil, George Fane and Bradley Harmon.

It was possible now to ride cross country, and Nina, who was always in terror of an agitated ounce to her perfect figure, rode every day with Ellen and Austin, on a big hunter, joined them two days in the week.

Several things had gone against Mr. Ruthven recently. For one thing, he was beginning to realize that he had made a vast mistake in making himself up in any transactions with Neergard.

There were dances, too, and Nina went to some of them. So did Ellen, who had created a furore among the younger brothers and undergraduates.

When he, at Neergard's cynical suggestion, had consented to exploit his own club—the Slowitha—and had consented to resign from it to do so, he had every reason to believe that Neergard meant either to mulct them heavily or buy them out.

Truly, for her, the world was still green, the sun bright, the high sky blue, but she had not forgotten that the earth had been greener, the sun brighter, the azure above her more splendid—once upon a time—like the first phrase of a tale that is told.

But even while he was absorbed in figuring them up—and he needed the money, as usual—Neergard coolly informed him of his election to the club, and Ruthven, thunderstruck, began to perceive the depth of the underground mole tunnels which Neergard had dug to undermine and capture the stronghold which had now surrendered to him.

On one of Austin's week end visits, the hour for conjugal confab having arrived between husband and wife, he said, with a trace of irritation in his voice:

Then Neergard began to use Ruthven when he needed him, and he began to permit himself to win at cards in Ruthven's house, a thing he had not dared to do before. He also permitted himself more ease and freedom in that house, a sort of intimacy, even a certain familiarity.

"I don't know where Phil is or what he's about. I'm wondering—he's got the Selwyn conscience, you know—what he's up to and if it's any kind of daintiness. Haven't you heard a word from him, Nina?"

Meanwhile Neergard had almost finished with Gerald. He had only one further use for him, and as his social success became more pronounced with the people he had crowded in among he became bolder and more insistent, no longer at pains to make himself toward the object desired, no longer over-careful about his mask.

"I haven't heard from him," she said. "Rosamund saw him in Washington—passed him on the street. He was looking horribly thin and worn, she wrote. He did not see her."

Ruthven had viewed with indifference Gerald's boyish devotion to his wife, which was even too open and naive to be of interest to those who witnessed it. But he had not counted on Neergard's sudden hatred of Gerald, and the first token of that hatred fell upon the boy like a thunderbolt when Neergard whispered to Ruthven one night at the Stuyvesant club and Ruthven, exasperated, had gone straight home to find his wife in tears and the boy clumsily attempting to comfort her, both her hands in his.

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it."

"Perhaps," said Ruthven coldly, "you have some plausible explanation for this sort of thing. If you haven't, you'd better trump up one together, and I'll send you my attorney to hear it. In that event," he added, "you'd better leave your joint address when you find a more convenient house than mine."

"Well, yes. As a matter of fact, Neergard is going to be a very rich man some day, and Gerald might have— But I am not displeased. What appeals to me is the spectacle of the boy acting with conviction on his own initiative. Of course he can, if he chooses, begin everything again and come in with me, or, if I am satisfied

As a matter of fact, he had really meant nothing more than the threat and the insult, the situation permitting him a heavier hold upon his wife and a new grip on Gerald in case he ever needed him, but threat and insult were very real to the boy, and he knocked Mr. Ruthven flat on his back, the one thing required to change that gentleman's pretense to deadly earnest.

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it."

Ruthven scrambled to his feet. Gerald did it again, and after that Mr. Ruthven prudently remained prone during the delivery of a terse but concise opinion of him expressed by Gerald.

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it."

After Gerald had gone Ruthven opened first one eye, then the other, then his mouth and finally sat up, and his wife, who had been curiously observing him, smiled.

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it."

She dropped her folded hands into her lap, gazing coolly at him, but there was a glitter in her eyes which arrested his first step toward her.

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Nina. "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it."

"I think," she said, "that you mean my ruin. My mind has become curiously clear during the last year—strangely and unusually limp and precise. Why, my poor friend, every plot of yours and of your friends, every underhand attempt to discredit and injure me, has been perfectly apparent to me. You supposed that my headaches, my outbursts of anger, my wretched nights, passed in tears, and the long, long days spent kneeling in the ashes of dead memories, all these you supposed had weakened, perhaps unsettled, my mind. You lie if you deny it, for you have had doctors watching me for months. You didn't know I was aware of it, did

you? But I was, and I am. And you told them that my father died of—of brain trouble, you coward! What a credulous fool you are," she said, "to build your hopes of a separation on any possible mental disability of mine!"

He stood a moment without answering, then quietly seated himself. The suspicious glimmer in his faded eyes had become the concentration of a curiosity almost apprehensive.

"Go on," he said. "What else?" "For the remainder of the spring and summer," she said, "I shall make my plans regardless of you. I shall not go to Newport. You are at liberty to use the house there as you choose. And, as for this incident with Gerald, you had better not pursue it any further. Do you understand?"

He nodded, dropping his hands into his coat pockets. "Now you may go," she said coolly.

He went, not, however, to his room, but straight to the house of the fashionable physician who ministered to wealth with an unctious and success that had permitted him in summer time to occupy his own villa at Newport and dispense further ministrations when requested.

On the night of the conjugal conference between Nina Gerard and her husband and almost at the same hour Jack Ruthven, hard hit in the card room of the Stuyvesant club, sat huddled over the table, figuring up what sort of checks he was to draw to the credit of George Fane and Sanxon Orchil.

And now as he sat there, pencil in hand, adding up the score cards he remembered that he was to interview his attorney that evening at his own house, a late appointment, but necessary to insure the presence of one or two physicians at a consultation to definitely decide what course of action might be taken to rid himself of the wife who had proved useless and almost ruinous to him.

He had not laid eyes on his wife that summer, but for the first time he had really had her watched during her absence. What she lived on, how she managed, he had not the least idea and less concern. All he knew was that he had contributed nothing, and that he was quite certain that her balance at her own bank had been nonexistent for months. In the autumn he had heard of her conduct at Hitherwood House, and a week later, to his astonishment, he learned of her serious illness and that she had been taken to Clifton. It was the only satisfactory news he had had of her in months.

When he had finished his figuring he fished out a check book, detached a tiny gold fountain pen from the bunch of seals and knickknacks on his watch chain and, billing in the checks, passed them over without comment.

As they filed out of the card room into the dim passageway, Orchil leading a tall, shadowy figure in evening dress stepped back from the door of the card room against the wall to give them right of way, and Orchil, peering at him without recognition in the dull light, bowed suavely as he passed, as did Fane, craning his curved neck, and Harmon also, who followed in his wake.

But when Ruthven came abreast of the figure in the passage and bowed his way past a low voice from the countenance unknown, pronouncing his name, halted him short.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Ruthven," added Selwyn; "that card room will suit me, if you please."

But Ruthven, recovering from the shock of Selwyn's voice, started to pass him without a word.

"I said that I wanted to speak to you," repeated Selwyn.

Ruthven, deeming no reply, attempted to shove by him, and Selwyn, placing one hand flat against the other's shoulder, pushed him violently back into the card room he had just left and, stepping in behind him, closed and locked the door.

"What the devil do you mean?" gasped Ruthven, his hand, minutely shaven face turning a deep red.

"What I say," replied Selwyn—"that I want a word or two with you."

He stood still for a moment in the center of the little room, tall, gaunt of feature and very pale.

"Ruthven," he said, "a few years ago you persuaded my wife to leave

me, and I have never punished you. There were two reasons why I did not. The first was because I did not wish to punish her, and my blow at you would have reached her heavily. The second reason, subordinate to the first, is obvious—decent men in these days have tacitly agreed to suspend a violent appeal to the unwritten law as a concession to civilization. This second reason, however, depends entirely upon the first, as you see.

"I have—ah—invited you here to explain to you the present condition of your own domestic affairs"—he looked at Ruthven full in the face—"to explain them to you and to lay down for you the course of conduct which you are to follow."

"By God!" began Ruthven, stepping back, one hand reaching for the door-knob, but Selwyn's voice rang out clear and sharp:

"Sit down!" And, as Ruthven glared at him out of his little eyes, "You'd better sit down."

(Continued Next Week.)

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