LEGAL NOTICES

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land office at Lincoln, Nebr., Feb. 10, 1000.

Notice is hereby given that Savah E. Grim of Broken Bow, Nebr., who on March 21, 1904, made homestead entry No. 17901, serial No. 1808, ns. ness, section 4 township 15 n. range 2008 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. Humhprey County Judge, at Broken Bow, Nebr., on the 21th day of March, 1900.

Chalimant names as witnessess.

Groken Bow. Nebr.,
Starch, 1900,
Claimant names as witnessess
Claimant names as witnessess
Robert F. Burnett. Thomas Torgerson.
Eli Cox. Jerone Taylor, all of Broken Bow.
CHAS. H. SHEDD.
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Omce at North Platte, Nebraska, March

8. 1994.
Notice is hereby given that Charles Koch of Broken Bow. Nel raska, who, on March 14, 1904, made Homestead Entry 20 1983, for SE 14 section eleven, township 16 north range 22 west of the sixth principal meridian has filed notice of his intention to make fina five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before A. R. Humph rey, County Judge, at Broken Bow, Nebr. on the eighth day of May, 1909.

· inimant names as witnessess: Emmet L Shoup, Sylvester Dale, Joseph bde, Michael Obde, all of Broken Bow. J. E. EVANS. Register.

In the County Court of Custer County Nebr The heirs and all persons interested in the

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 loth day of March 1909 filed in this court a petition alleging, that Cora Kimberling, being an inhabitant of custer county Nebr died intestate therein, on the 21st day of March 1893, siezed of an estate of inheritance consisting of real estate in this county, held in her madin name. Cora Reyner: that the estate of said deceased has never been administered: that the said estate is wholy 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. Nebr. is the sole and only heir of said deceased and that petitioner was her husband, and praying that this Court find all the allegations of said petition true, determin the heirs, and distribute the said real estate discharged of all debts, to said heir subject to the curtesy of petitioner and all necessary reitef.

It is ordered that said petition be heard in this Court on the 3rd day of April 1950 at 10:300 o'clock a. m. after publication of this order for three successive weeks in the Custer County Republican, when and where all in terested parties will be heard.

Dated March 10, 1969.

(SEAL) Mar, 11:25 3t.

A, R. HUMPHREY. County Judge (SEAL)Mar, 11-25-3t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'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 1960 term thereof, towit: On the 8th day of February 1969 in layor of William Wilde and against E. J. and L. S. Maulsby.

Thave levied upon the following pescribed real estate, to wit the North's of the South east 4 and the South 5 of the Northeast 4 of Section 23 township 19 Range 25 in Custer County, Nebraska and I will, on the 18th day of April 1969, at 20 clock P. M., at the east door of the Court House, in the city of Broken Bow, Nebraska, in said county sell said real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the amount due thereon to the sum of \$605.65 with 6 per cent interest from February 8th 1969 and court costs amounting to \$55.00 and accraing costs. Said above real estate will be sold subject to all prior liens and incumbrances, as per certificates on file in District Clerk's office.

Dated this 18th day of March 1969.

H. F. Kennedy, Sheriff. Dated this 18th day of March 1905

H. F. Kennedy, Sheriff. A. P. JOHNSON, Attorney, M-18 A-15-5t

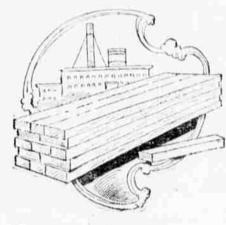
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow. Nebr., March 15, 1009 Notice is hereby given that Thomas S. Smith of Round Valley, who, on December 1st, 1903, made Homestead entry No. 4004 serial No. 4205, for N. 12, N. E. section 22 township 18 N., range 19 W. sixth principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 4nal five year proof, to establish cham to the land above described, before Register and Reciever at Broken How. Nebrasaa, on the fifth day of May, 1900.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Douglas Thompson, Round Valley, Nebr., Nathan A. Smith, of Broken How. Nebr., Edward Smith, Round Valley, Nebr., Samuel Thompson, of Round Valley.

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W. A. Tooley

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from last week) A long letter to him Trom Nina still ther died of it." remained unanswered. Austin had seen him only once in town. Lansing, now back in New York, wrote a postscript in a letter to Dring, asking for

Selwyn's new address, the first Inti-

mution anybody had that he had given

up his lodgings on Lexington avenue. Elbeen had not written him. His sudden leave taking nearly a month ago had so astounded her that she could not believe he meant to be gone more than a day or two. Then came his note, written at the Patroons' club, very brief, coriously stilted and formal with a strange time of finality through it, as though he were taking perfunctory leave of people who had come temporarily into his life and as thoughthe chances were agreeably even of his ever seeing them again.

The girl was not hart as yet; she remained merely confused, increditions unrecomilled.

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

There were dances, too, and Nina went to some of them. So did Eileen, who had created a furore among the younger brothers and undergraduates, and the girl was busy enough with sailing and motoring and dashing through the sound in all sorts of power boats.

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. And if she were at times listless, absent eyed, subdued, a triffe graver or unusually silent, seeking the still paths of the garden as though in need of youthful meditation and the quiet of the sunset hour, she never doubted that that tale would be retold for her again, Only, alas, the fair days were passing, and the russet rustle of October sounded already among the curling leaves in the garden, and he had been away a long time, a very long time, and she could not understand.

the hour for conjugal confab having arrived between husband and wife: he said, with a trace of irritation in his

"I don't know where Phil is or what he's about. I'm wondering-he's got the Selwyn conscience, you knowdamfoolishness. Haven't you heard a word from him, Nina?"

Nina, in her pretty night attire, had morged from her dressing room, lockd out Kit-Ki and her maid and had curled up in a big, soft armchair, cradiing her bare ankles in her hand.

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

2 New, what In the name of common case is he doing in Washington?" exclaimed Austin wrathfully. "Probably resiking his heart because nobody ares to examine his chaosite. By the way, Nina, Gerald has done rather an inexpected thing. I saw him last night. He came to the house and told the that he had just severed his connection with Julius Neergard's company."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Nina. Tin glad he showed the good sense

"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 chooses, begin everything again and come in with me, or, if I am satisfied

that he has any ability, he can set up some sort of real estate office on his

Nina hesitated, another idea intrud-

"Austin, the Orchil boy, the one in Harvard, proposed to Elleen, the little idiet! She teld me. Thank goodness, she still does tell me things! Also the younger and clubbier Draymore youth has offered himself after a killingly proper interview with me. I thought it might amuse you to hear of it."

"It might amuse me more if Eileen would get busy and bring Philip Into camp," observed her husband,

"Do you know," said Nina, "that I believe he is in love with her?"

"Then why doesn't"-"I don't know. I was sure-I am yet I don't believe she is actually in

love with him." After a moment Nina's face grew

grave, and she bent forward. "Alixe is iii. Nobody seems to know what the matter is. Nobody has seen her. But she's at Clifton, with a couple of nurses, and Rosamund heard People go to Clifton for shattered ened, perhaps unsettled, my mind. You nerves, you know. There is mental

"The usual defense in criminal cases," observed Austin, flicking his elgaretie end into the grate. "I'm sorry, dear, that Alixe has the jumps. Hope she'll get over 'em. But, as for pretending I've any use for her, I can't and don't and won't. She spolled life for the best man I know. She kicked his repuhis chivairous Selwyn conscience, let her do it. I did like her once. I don't like her now, and that's natural, and it winds up the matter,"

Ruthven was at that very moment seated in a private card room at the Stuyvesant club with Sanxon Orchil George Fane and Bradley Harmon. and the game had been bridge, as usual, and had gone very heavily against hire.

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

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 mulet them heavily or buy them out. In either case, hav ing been useful to Neergard, his profits from the transaction would have been considerable.

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 strong hold which had now surrendered to him.

Rage made him ill for a week, but there was nothing to do about it. He had been treacherous to his club and to his own caste, and Neergard know it, and knew perfectly well that Ruthven dared not protest, dared not even whimper.

Then Neergard began to use Ruthven when he needed him, and he began to permit himself to win at cards in Ruthyeu's house, a thing he had not dared to do before. He also nermitted him self more ease and freedom in that house, a sort of Inthmacy, even a cer tain jocularity.

Meanwhile Neergard had almost fin lehed with Gerald. He had only one further use for him, and as his social success became more pronounced with what he's up to and it it's any kind of the people he had crowded in among he became bolder and more inscient, no longer at pains to mole tunnel toward the object desired, no longer overcare ful about his mask. And one day he asked the boy very plainty why he had never invited him to meet his sister. And he got an answer that he never forgat.

Ruthven had viewed with ladiffer ence 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 classify attempting to comfort her, both her hands in his.

"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."

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 n 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,

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 Geraid.

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.

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 think," she said, "that you mean my ruin. My mind has become curiously clear during the last year-strangely him than for anybody. And yet-and and unusually limpid and precise. Why, my poor friend, every plot of yours and of your frience, 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 memrumors that she is very iil indeed, ories, all these you supposed had weaklie if you deny it, for you have had trouble in her family. You have heard doctors watching me for months. You trouble in her family. You have heard 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

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 curiesity 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 hieldent with Gerald, you had better not pursue it any further. Do you understand?"

He nodded, dropping his hands into

his cont pockets. "Now you may go," she said coolly.

He went, not, however, to his room, but straight to the house of the fashonable physician who ministered to wealth with an unction and success tation into a cocked hat, and he, with 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 conerence between Nina Gerard and her rusband and almost at the same hour Jack Ruthven, hard hit in the card room of the Stuyyesant club, sat haddled 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 and, 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 physicinus 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 be 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 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, filling in the checks, passed them over without comment.

As they filed out of the card room beed lide of the respectations of the day Inc. a tail, shadowy figure in evening dress stepped back from the door of the card room against the wall to give them right of way, and Orchit, peering at him without recognition in the dull light, bowed snavely 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 sourteons unknown, pronouncing his name: halted him short.

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

But Ruthyen, recovering from the hock of Selwyn's voice, started to pass him without a word. "I said that I wanted to speak to

cond" repeated Selwyn. Ruthven, deigning no reply, attempt ed to shove by him, and Selwyn, placog one hand that against the other' disulder, pushed him violently back into the card room he had just left and, stepping in behind him, closed

and locked the door. "W-what the devil do you mean?" gasped Ruthven, his hard, minutely diasen face turning a deep red.

"What I say," replied Selwyn-"that want a word or two with you." He stood still for a moment in the center of the flittle room, tall, gaunt of feature and very pale.

"Ruthyen," he said, "a few years igo you persuaded my wife to leave



Filling in the checks.

me, and I have never punished you. There were two reasons why I did not. The first was because I did not wish 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 viotent 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-laylted 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

"By God!" began Ruthven, stepping back, one hand reaching for the doorknob, but Selwyn's voice rang out clean

And, as Ruthven glared at him out of

his little eyes, "You'd better sit down, (Continued Next Week.)

"Sit down!"

The West Elevator

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