

LEGAL NOTICES

Estate of James M. Caldwell Deceased. In County Court of Custer County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, Custer County.

In the County Court of said County. In the Matter of the Estate of William J. Wantz Deceased.

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.

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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.)

But the telegram went to his club and waited for him there, and meant while another telegram arrived at his lodgings signed by a trusted nurse.

"How long has she been asleep?" asked Selwyn under his breath.

"No hope, Captain Selwyn." "No hope, Captain Selwyn."

"No hope, Captain Selwyn." "No hope, Captain Selwyn."

Chapter 24

THE winter promised to be a busy one for Selwyn. If at first he had had any dread of enforced idleness, that worry, at least, vanished before the first snow flew.

Yet, unless still heavier burdens were laid upon him, he could hold on for the present. His bedroom cost him next to nothing; breakfast he cooked for himself; lunch he dispensed with, and he dined at random.

So, when in November the first few hurrying snowflakes whirled in among the city's canyons of masonry and iron, Selwyn had already systematized his winter schedule.

necessity, because he has a comfortable income. If he is determined to maintain a study apartment somewhere, of course I won't insist on his coming to us as he ought to, but to abandon us in this manner makes me almost indignant.

"What effect is it having on Ellen?" inquired Boots curiously.

"Boots, dear," said Nina, who adored him, "tell me what to do. Tell me what has gone amiss between my brother and Ellen. Something has, and whatever it is it began last autumn—that day when you remember the incident?"

"I think so, too," he said. "Hello! Somebody's coming, and I'm off!"

"How d'ye do?" she nodded, greeting Boots as she closed with Nina.

"What a nasty thing to say to a woman," she observed. "It fairly makes me mad."

"I dare not," he said, "because you are married. If you were only free, a vicarious matrimony!"

"That is rude, Mr. Lansing," flushed out Rosamund, and to his astonishment he saw the tears start to her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily.

"You do well to care more for Alice Rutliff than than you give me credit for caring about anybody. People are never wholly worthless, Mr. Lansing—only the very young think that."

Boots said respectfully: "I am sorry for what I said, Mrs. Lane. I hope that your friend Mrs. Rutliff will soon recover."

"No, I do not. I'd tell you if I did, Rosamund!"

"Why, no," said Nina, surprised at her persistence.

"Good night," said Boots to Nina. Then he took Rosamund down to her room with a silent formality that touched her present sentimental mood.

"Boots' salute was admirably formal. Then he went on through the thickening snow, swinging vigorously across the avenue to the park wall and turning south, continued on parallel to it under the naked trees.

"A slattern at the door halted him. "Nobody ain't let up them stairs without my knowin' why," she snarled.

"I want to see Captain Selwyn," he explained.

"How? I'm a little deaf," answered the old woman. "Is it Captain Selwyn you want?"

"Nobody ain't let up them stairs," she snarled.

"How are things, Phil?" "All right. First rate, thank you."

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The City Livery And Feed Barn Feeds your horses no poor grain and will supply you with good Horses and Rigs at reasonable prices. W. A. Tooley