

LEGAL NOTICES

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

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...

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebr., March 15, 1909.

NOTICE OF RECEIVERS SALE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska...

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the District Court of Custer County Nebraska. In the matter of the Estate of William Thompson, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of Custer County Nebraska. In the matter of the Estate of Daniel T. Mauld, Deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte Nebraska, March 8, 1909.

Pure bred Silver Laced Wyndotte eggs for sale. 50c per doz Mrs. Lizzie O'Rourke phone 2072.

The City Livery And Feed Barn Horses and Rigs W. A. Tooley

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from last week.)

be hampered. There are matters, affairs that concern me, that need instant attention at times—at certain times. I must be free to go, free to come. I couldn't be in your house. Don't ask me. There are telegrams—unexpected ones—at all hours.

Chapter 25 MATTERS at Edgewater were beginning to be easier in one way for Selwyn. Alice appeared to forget him for days at a time. She was less irritable, less restless and exacting.

The letter ran on: "I am inclosing the bills you desired to have sent you. Fuel is very expensive, as you will see. The items for fruits, too, seem unreasonably large, but grapes are \$2 a pound and fresh vegetables dreadfully expensive.

"I meant to thank you for sending me the revolver and cartridges. It seemed a silly request, but we are in a rather lonely place, and I think Miss Bond and I feel a little safer knowing that in case of necessity we have something to frighten away any roaming intruder who might take it into his head to visit us.

"One thing we must be careful about. Yesterday Mrs. Ruthven had a doll on my bed, and I sat sewing by the window, not noticing what she was doing until I heard her pretty, pathetic little laugh.

"And what do you think she had done? She had discovered your revolver under my pillow, and she had tied her handkerchief around it and was using it as a doll!"

friendly as before. There was no apparent constraint, nothing from her to indicate that she noticed an absence for which his continual business with the government seemed sufficient excuse.

Resides, her days were full days, consequent upon Nina's goading and indefatigable activity. Selwyn, unable longer to fulfill his social obligations, was being quietly eliminated from the social scheme of things.

Gerald in the early days of an affair with Gladys and before even it had assumed the proportions of an affair had shyly come to Selwyn, not for confession, but with the crafty purpose of introducing her name into the conversation so that he might have the luxury of talking about her to somebody who would neither quiz him nor suspect him.

Selwyn, of course, ultimately suspected him, but as he never quizzed him Gerald continued his elaborate system of subterfuges to make her personality and doings a topic for him to expand upon and Selwyn to listen to.

It had amused Selwyn. He thought of it now—a gay memory like a ray of light flung for a moment across the somber background of his own sad life. Fortunate or unfortunate, Gerald was still lucky in his freedom to hazard it with chance and fate.

Drina's voice sounded afar, and he rose and unhooked the receiver. "Hello, sweetheart," he said gaily. "Is there anything I can do for your youthful highness?"

"I've been talking over the phone to Boots," she said. "You know, whenever I have nothing to do I call up Boots at his office and talk to him."

"That must please him," suggested Selwyn gravely. "It does, Boots says you are not going to business today, so I thought I'd call you up."

"Thank you," said Selwyn. "You are welcome. What are you doing over there in Boots' house?"

"Because she said a man's name." A few moments later her muscles teacher arrived, and Drina was obliged to leave him.

"If you don't wait until I have finished my music," she said, "you won't see mother and Eileen. They are coming to take me to the riding school at 4 o'clock."

Turning to go, for the house and its associations made him restless, he found himself confronting Eileen, who, in her furs and gloves, was just entering the room.

"I came up," she said. "They told me you were here, calling very formally upon Drina, if you please. What with her monopoly of you and Boots there seems to be no chance for Nina and me."

"I will stay until Nina comes, if I may," he said slowly. "You don't look very well, Captain Selwyn. Are you?"

"Perfectly," he laughed—"I am growing old; that is all." "Do you say that to annoy me," she asked, with a disdainful shrug, "or to further impress me?"

He shook his head and touched the hair at his temples significantly. "Took," she retorted. "It is becoming—Is that what you mean?"

"I hope it is. There's no reason why a man should not grow old gracefully." "Captain Selwyn! But of course you only say it to bring out that latent temper of mine. It's about the only thing that does it for me. And please don't plague me, if you've only a few moments to stay. It may amuse you to know that I, too, am exhibiting signs of increasing infirmity. My temper, if you please, is not what it once was."

"Worse than ever?" he asked in pretended astonishment. "Far worse. It is vicious. Kit-Ki took a nap on a new dinner gown of mine, and I slipped her. And the other day Drina hid in a clothespress while Nina was discussing my private affairs, and when the little hub emerged I could have shaken her. Oh, I am certainly becoming infirm. So if you are, too, comfort yourself with the knowledge that I am keeping pace with you through the winter of our discontent."

"I am wondering," he said in a bantering voice, "what secrets Drina heard."

"Would you like to know what Nina was saying to me?" she asked. "I'd rather hear what you said to her. Were you laughing or weeping?"

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