

LEGAL NOTICES

Estate of James M. Caldwell Deceased, in County Court of Custer County, Nebraska. The state of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that the executors of said estate have filed a final account and report of their administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such which have been set for hearing at 10 o'clock A. M. when you may appear and contest the same.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Order of Sale, issued to me by the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court, at the February term thereof, to-wit: On the 28th day of February 1909 in favor of William Wilde and against E. J. and L. S. Maulsby.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebr. March 13, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Thomas S. Smith, of Round Valley, who, on December 1st, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 01674 serial No. 3025 for N. & N. E. section 22 township 18 N., range 19 W., sixth principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Broken Bow, Nebraska, on the 15th day of May, 1909.

NOTICE OF RECEIVERS SALE

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, made by the Hon. Bruno O. Hostetler, Judge said of District Court, on the 23rd day of February 1909, in the case of D. M. Amsberry vs the Broken Bow Business and Normal College et al.

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. Mauk, Deceased.

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, 1904 made Homestead entry No. 10875, for SE 4 section eleven, township 16 north, range 22 west of the sixth principal meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. R. Humphrey, County Judge at Broken Bow, Nebr., on the eighth day of May, 1909.

Pure Laced Wyandottes

Pure bred Silver Laced Wyandotte eggs for sale. 50c per doz. Mrs. Lizzie O'Rourke phone 2672.

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The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from last week.)

"Then what is it? I have been—you have left me so much alone this winter, and I supposed I understood!"

was not yet quite ready to spurn Ruthven, because he wanted a little more



Gladys Orchil.

"My work," he said, but she scarcely knew the voice for his.

"I know; you have had no time. I know that. I ought to know it by this time, for I have told myself often enough. And yet when we are together it is—it has been—different. Can you tell me why? Do you think me changed?"

"You must not change," he said. The mounting sea of passion swept him. He turned on her unsteadily, his hands clinched, not daring to touch her. Shame, contrition, horror that the damage was already done, all were forgotten. Only the deadly grim duty of the moment held him back.

"Dear," he said, "because I am unchanged—because I love you so help me, and God help us both!"

"Tell me," she said steadily, but it was fear that stilled her voice. She laid one slim hand on the table, bearing down on the points of her fingers until the nails whitened, but her head was high and her eyes met his, straight, unwavering.

"I—I know it," she said. "I understood there was something. If it is trouble, and I see it is, bring it to me. If I am the woman you took me for, give me my part in this. It is the quickest way to my heart, Captain Selwyn. I ask it."

Her eyes wavered, then returned his gaze.

"For love of you," she said, as white as death.

He caught his breath sharply and straightened out, passing one hand across his eyes. When she saw his face again in the dim light it was ghastly.

"There was a woman," he said, "for whom I was once responsible. He spoke wearily, head bent, resting the weight of one arm on the table against which she leaned. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes, You mean—Mrs. Ruthven."

"I mean her. Afterward, when matters had altered, I came home."

He raised his head and looked about him in the darkness.

"Come home," he repeated, "no longer a man—the shadow of a man, with no hope, no outlook, no right to hope."

He leaned heavily on the table, his arm rigid, looking down at the door as he spoke.

"No right to hope. Others told me that I still possessed that right. I knew they were wrong. I do not mean that they persuaded me. I persuaded myself that, after all, perhaps my right to hope remained to me. I persuaded myself that I might be, after all, the substance, not the shadow."

He looked up at her.

"And so I dared to love you."

She gazed at him, scarcely breathing.

"Then," he said, "came the awakening. My dream had ended."

She waited, the lace on her breast scarce stirring, so still she stood, so pitifully still.

"Such responsibility cannot die while those live who undertook it. I believed it until I desired to believe it no longer."

He took one step toward her, and his voice fell so low that she could just hear him.

"She has lost her mind, and the case is hopeless. Those to whom the laws of the land have given care of her turned on her, threatened her with disgrace. And when one friend of hers hinted this miserable conspiracy her madly came swiftly upon her, and suddenly she found herself helpless, penniless, abandoned, her mind already clouded and clouding faster. Elton, was there then the shadow of a doubt as to the responsibility? I dare not utter one word of love to you. I dare not touch you. What chance is there for such a man as I?"

out of him, just enough to place him on a secure footing among those of the younger set where Ruthven, as lack of a leader, was regarded by the young with wide eyed awe.

Why Neergard, who had forced himself into the Slowthwaite, ever came to commit so gross a blunder as to drag on or even permit the club to acquire the acreage, the exploiting of which had threatened their existence, is not very clear.

Already the familiarity of his appearance and his name seemed to sanction his presence. Two minor clubs, but good ones—in need of dress—had strained at this social camel and swallowed him. Card rooms welcomed him—not the rooms once flung open contemptuously for his plucking, but rooms where play was fiercer and where those who faced him expected battle to the limit.

And they got it, for he no longer felt obliged to lose. And that again was a mistake. He could not yet afford to win.

George Fane, unpleasantly involved in Block Copper, angry, but not very much frightened, turned in casual good faith to Neergard to ease matters until he could cover. And Neergard looked him in the tighter and shouldered his way through Rosamund's drawing room to the sill of Sanxon Orchil's outer office, treading brutally on Harmon's heels.

Harmon in disgust, wrath and fear went to Craig; Craig to Maxwell Hunt; Hunt whined Mottly; Mottly, cold and sleek in his contempt, came from Palm Beach.

The cohesive power of caste is an unknown element to the outsider.

That he had unwittingly and prematurely aroused some unsuspected force on which he had not counted and of which he had no definite knowledge was revealed to Neergard when he desired Rosamund to obtain for him an invitation to the Orchil's ball.

It appeared that she could not do so—that even the threatened tendency of Block Copper could not sharpen her wits to devise a way for him. Very innocently she told him that Jack Ruthven was leading the Chinese colition with Mrs. Delmour-Carnes from one end, Gerald Erroll with Gladys from the other—a hint that a card ought to be easy enough to obtain in spite of the strangely forgetful Orchils.

Long since he had fixed upon Gladys Orchil as the most suitable silent partner for the rebuilt house of Neergard, unconcerned that rumor was already sending her abroad for the double purpose of getting rid of Gerald and of giving deserving aristocracy a look in at the fresh youth of her and her selling price.

He had come on various occasions close to the untried skirts of this young girl—not yet, however, in her own house. But Sanxon Orchil had recently condescended to turn around in his office chair and leave his amusing railroad combinations long enough to divide with Neergard a quarter of a million copper profits, and there was another turn to be expected when Neergard gave the word.

Therefore it puzzled and confused Neergard to be overlooked where the gay world had been summoned with an accompanying blast from the public press; therefore he had gone to Rosamund with the curtest of hints that he would like to have a card to the Orchil affair.

"There is no use in speaking to George," she said, shaking her head.

"Try it," returned Neergard, with a hint of a snarl. And he took his leave and his hat from the man in waiting, who looked after him with the slightest twitching of his shaven upper lip, for the lifting of an eyebrow in the drawing rooms becomes warrant for a tip that runs very swiftly below stalls.

That afternoon, alone in his office, Neergard remembered Gerald, and for the first time he understood the mistake of making an enemy out of what he had known only as a friendly foe.

But it was a detail, after all—merely a slight error in assuming too early an

arrogance he could have afforded to wait for. He had waited a long, long while for some things.

As for Fane, he had him locked up with his short account. No doubt he'd hear from the Orchils through the Fanes. However, to clinch the matter he thought he might as well stop in to see Ruthven.

So that afternoon he took a hansom at Broad and Wall streets and rolled smoothly uptown, not seriously concerned, but willing to have a brief understanding with Ruthven on one or two subjects.

As his cab drove up to the intricately ornamental little house of gray stone a big touring limousine wheeled out from the curb, and he caught sight of Sanxon Orchil and Phoenix Mottly inside, evidently just leaving Ruthven.

His smiling and very cordial how was returned coolly by Orchil and apparently not observed at all by Mottly. He sat a second in his cab motionless, the obsequious smile still stenciled on his flushed face. Then the flush darkened. He got out of his cab and, bidding the man wait, rang at the house of Ruthven.

Ruthven in a lounging suit of lilac silk, sashed in with flexible silver, stood with his back to the door as Neergard was announced, and even after he was announced Ruthven took his time to turn and stare and nod with a deliberate negligence that accentuated the affront.

Neergard sat down. Ruthven gazed out of the window, then, soft thumbs hooked in his sash, turned leisurely in impatient interrogation.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Neergard. "I see there's some trouble somewhere. What is it? What's the matter with Orchil and that hatched-faced beagle pup, Mottly? Is there anything the matter, Jack?"

"Nothing important," said Ruthven, with an intonation which troubled Neergard. "Did you come here to ask anything of me? Very glad to do anything, I'm sure."

"Are you? Well, then, I want a card to the Orchils."

"Awfully sorry."

"You mean you won't?"

"Well, if you really insist, they—ah—don't want you, Neergard."

"Who—why—how do you happen to know that they don't? Is this some petty spite of that young cub, Gerald, or—"

"—and he almost looked at Ruthven —is this some childish whim of yours?"

"Oh, really now?"

"Yes, really now," sneered Neergard. "You'd better tell me. And you'd better understand now, once for all, just exactly what I've outlined for myself so you can steer clear of the territory I operate in. I need a little backing, but I can get along without it. And what I'm going to do is to marry Miss Orchil. Now you know; now you understand. I don't care a hang about the Erroll boy, and I think I'll discount right now any intentions of any married man to bother Miss Orchil after some Dakota decree frees him from the woman whom he's driven into an asylum."

Ruthven looked at him curiously.

"So that is discounted, is it?"

"I think so," nodded Neergard. "I don't think that man will try to obtain a divorce until I say the word."

"Oh, why not?"

"Because of my knowledge concerning that man's crooked methods in obtaining for me certain options that meant ruin to his own country club," said Neergard coolly.

"I see. How extraordinary! But the club has bought in all that land, hasn't it?"

"Yes, but the stench of your treachery remains, my friend."

"Not treachery, only temptation," observed Ruthven blandly. "I've talked

"Nothing important," said Ruthven. It all over with Orchil and Mottly. I told Orchil what you persuaded me to do."

"You—you?"

"Not at all; not at all!" protested Ruthven, languidly settling himself once more among the cushions. "And by the way," he added, "there's a lay-by-law, something or other—that understand may interest you"—he looked up at Neergard, who had sunk back in his chair—"about unpaid assessments."

Neergard now for the second time was looking directly at him.

"Unpaid assessments," repeated Ruthven. "It's a certain law—never enforced unless we—ah—had it convenient to rid ourselves of a member."

"Thought it just as well to mention it," said Ruthven blandly, "as they've seen fit to take advantage of the—ah—opportunity—under legal advice. You'll hear from the secretary, I fancy—Mottly, you know. Is there anything more, Neergard?"

He looked at Ruthven, scarcely seeing him. Finally he gathered his thick legs under to support him as he rose, stupidly, looking about for his hat.

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