LEGAL NOTICES

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 29 day of February 1909 in the case of D M Amsberry vs the Broken Bow Business and Normal College et al.

I will on Tuesday the 4th day of May, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court house in the city of Broken Bow, Nebraska, sell at public sale for cash, lots 2-3 and 4 of block 98 Railroad addition to Broken Bow, Nebraska, to-gether, with all buildings and appurtenances on said lots.

Dated this 1st day of April 1909.

A 1 1951 John M. Turner, Receiver.

NOTICE OF PETITION

Estate of Joseph A. Babcock, deceased. In County Court of Custer County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of George W. Babcock as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on May 26, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated April 20, 1909. A. R. Humphrey,

a22-m13-4t. County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the Estate of William J. Wantz, deceased.

The State of Nebraska, to Creditors of said Estate:

Take Notice, that I will sit in the County Court Room, in Broken Bow, in Said County, on the 26th day of May 1909, and the 19th day of November 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive and examine all claims filed and presented against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance; and that on he first date above named the petition of the widow will be heard for homestead, exemptions and allowance, and other statutory rights.

The time limit for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 20 day of April 1909, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from said date.

Dated 4-20-'09. A. R. Humphrey,

a22-m13-4t. County Judge.

ORDIANCE.

An ordiance vacating to the use of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, all that part of what was formerly North Railway Street in railroad addition to Broken Bow, lying south of the southerly line of blocks one hundred seven (107) and one hundred eight (108) of Groats Addition to Broken Bow, and all that part of North First Avenue, lying south of a line extending from the south east corner of lot four (4) in block one hundred seven (107), in straight line to the south west corner of lot five (5) in block one hundred eight (108) of Groats Addition.

Be it ordained by the Mayor and the Council of the city of Broken Bow, Custer County, Nebraska:

Section 1. All that part what was formerly North Railroad Street in Railroad addition to broken Bow, Nebraska, lying south of the southerly line of blocks one hundred seven (107) and one hundred eight (108) in Groats Addition to Broken Bow and all that part of North First Avenue south of a line drawn from the south east corner of lot four (4) in block one hundred seven (107) in a right line to the south west corner of lot (5) in block one hundred eight (108) of Groats addition to Broken Bow, be and the same are hereby vacated to the use of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company for railroad purposes.

Section 2. This oridance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage, approval and publication as required by law.

[SEAL] W. A. George, Mayor.

Attest. E. S. Holcomb, City Clerk.

NOTICE TO NON RESIDENT DEFENDANT

In the District Court of Custer County Nebraska.

Isaac A. Reneau, Plaintiff, vs Wm. H. Ford, Henry Paul, et al., Defendants.

The defendant, Henry Paul will take notice that on the 11th day of April, 1909, Wm H. Ford, one of the defendants in the above entitled action filed his answer and Cross petition in said action in the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which said Cross-petition so filed by the said defendant, Wm. H. Ford against the said defendant, Henry Paul, are, to set aside, vacate and cancel a certain mortgage made by the plaintiff, Isaac A. Reneau and his wife to the said defendant, Henry Paul on the first day of December, 1906 upon the North west quarter of Section 15, Township 20, Range 20 in Custer County, Nebraska, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of $1300.00, the same being due and payable on the first day of December, 1911 and drawing interest at the rate of 6½ per cent per annum until paid and which mortgage is recorded in Book 73 at page 466 of the records of Custer County, Nebraska.

Said Cross-petition alleges that at the time said mortgage was made that the defendant, Wm. H. Ford was entitled to said land by virtue of a contract which he had entered into in the early part of 1906 with the then owner of the samp, Edward L. Ford, and that under and by virtue of said contract of purchase, the said Wm. H. Ford, at the time of the execution of the said mortgage was in open, notorious, absolute and exclusive possession of said land of which possession the defendant, Henry Paul had notice and was bound to take notice. That said Cross-petition further alleges that the said plaintiff, Isaac A. Reneau had no right or authority to execute said mortgage or to encumber said land for the reason that he well knew that the said defendant, Wm. H. Ford was entitled to the same and was in posession of the same.

You, the said defendant Henry Paul, are required to answer said Petition on or before Monday, the 24th day of May 1909.

Dated this 14th day of April 1909.

William H. Ford

By S. A. Holcomb,

C. L. Gutterson,

a15-m6t and A. Wall, his Att'ys

BREEDERS TAKE NOTICE

Parties wishing services of a first class shire stallion will find same at my ranch at farm prices.

a 2 m-6 F. H. Weisenreder

Plymouth Rock Eggs.

Full blooded Barred Plymouth Rock eggs 50 cents per setting of 15. $3.00 per hundred eggs. J. E. Wilson, phone 355. a1tf

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

(Continued from last week.)

out a word, small eyes vacant, the moisture visible on the ridge of his nose, his red, blunt hands dangling as he walked. Behind him a hockey laughed.

* * * * * * *

In due time Neergard, who still spent his penny on a morning paper, read about the Orchil ball. There were three columns and several pictures. He read every item, every name, to the last imbecile period.

Then he rose wearily and started downtown to see what his lawyers could do toward reinstating him in a club that had expelled him—to find out if there remained the slightest trace of a chance in the matter. But even as he went he knew there could be none.

There was a new pressure which he was beginning to feel vaguely hostile to him in his business enterprises—hitches in the negotiations of loans, delays, perhaps accidental, but annoying; change of policy in certain firms who no longer cared to consider acreage as investment, and a curiously veiled antagonism to him in a certain railroad, the reorganization of which he had dared once to aspire to.

And one day, sitting alone in his office, a clerk brought him a morning paper with one column marked in a big blue pencilled oval.

It was only about Gerald Erroll and Gladys Orchil, who had run away and married because they happened to be in love, although their relatives had prepared other plans for their separate disposal. The column was a full one, the heading in big type—a good deal of pother about a boy and a girl, after all, particularly as it appeared that their respective families had determined to make the best of it.

It took Neergard all day to read that column. Then he went home with a mental lassitude that depressed him and left him drowsy in his great armchair before the grate—too drowsy and apathetic to examine the letters and documents laid out for him by his secretary, although one of them seemed to be important—something about alienation of affections, something about a yacht and Mrs. Ruthven, and a heavy suit to be brought unless other settlement was suggested as a balm to Mr. Ruthven.

To dress for dinner was an effort—a purely mechanical operation which was only partly successful, although his man aided him. But he was too tired to continue the effort, and at last it was his man alone who disembarrassed him of his heavy clothing and who laid him among the bedclothes, where he sank back, relaxed, breathing loudly in the dreadful depressed stupor of utter physical and neurotic prostration.

Chapter 27

EVEN before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a villainous mess. Did of Neergard, he had meant to deal him a crushing blow at the breakaway which would settle him forever and incidentally bring to a crisis his own status in regard to his wife.

Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know. He did not know anything about her. But he meant to.

That she had been and probably now was under Selwyn's protection he believed. What she and Selwyn intended to do he did not know. But he wanted to know. He dared not ask Selwyn—dared not because he was horribly afraid of Selwyn—dared not yet make a legal issue of their relations, of her sequestration or of her probable continued infirmity because of his physical fear of the man.

But there was, or he thought that there had been, one way to begin the matter, because the matter must sooner or later be begun, and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible and on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the Niobrara turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchil.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign, and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape and was slowly beginning to move when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check, just as the first papers were about to be served on him.

There was nothing to do but wait until Neergard got well, because his attorneys simply scoffed at any suggestion of settlement out of court, and Ruthven didn't want a suit involving his wife's name while he and Selwyn were in the same hemisphere.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

* * * * * * *

In these days Selwyn's life was methodical and colorless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's, doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense—and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children. Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function, and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin and a quiet cigar in the library.

* * * * * * *

The elopement of Gerald and Gladys made a splash in the social puddle.

Eileen, loyal, but sorrowfully amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horridly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina, "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all or needed to. Boots is a dear. Do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots' house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here. In fact, their luggage is upstairs now. Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Yes," said Eileen faintly.

Nina laid a cool, smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair, a light caress sensitive as an unasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived posthaste on learning that Drina was indisposed.

"Don't be frightened. The little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook soon, I fancy."

Half an hour later Drina was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavy lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been riding the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No. I'm just very tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close, and looked up into his steady eyes—and knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down, for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought specter had fled.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"N-nothing—a—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you—and I—outlawed—tongue tied. Don't look at me; don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter and walked slowly again to the window.

After awhile he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

It was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were during the day intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll and asked me, 'Is there a child here, or is it for a charity bazaar?'

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive, a mere scrap. I thought it best to inclose it, which I do herewith."

The inclosed he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill, I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror."

And that was all, only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me.

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison; the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address.

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer.

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them.

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I personally cannot guess what it might mean."

Selwyn turned the page:

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll, calling it her army doll—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere—out of doors in the shrubbery, we think—and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn party.'

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity."

He turned the last page. On the other side were merely the formula of leave taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For awhile he stood in the center of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven. He knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island. What was Ruthven after?

Chapter 28

RUTHVEN was after his divorce. That was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realize that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had passed—that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her, but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the Niobrara, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit, whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seem-

(Continued Next Week.)