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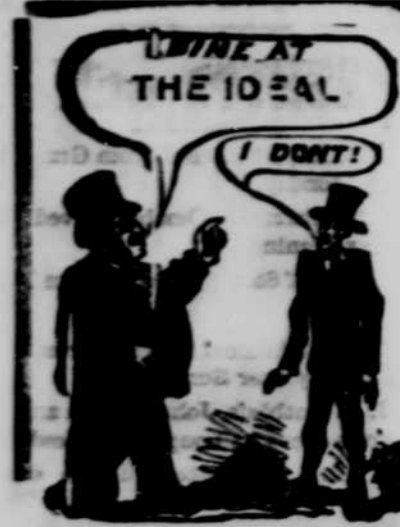
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also for a Good Lunch We also carry a Full Line of Bread and Pastry Goods and also send Bread by parcel post. Phone Black 127 South Side Public Square.

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**COAL**

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We also have a car of Coke.

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**LEININGER LUMBER COMPANY**

**Bulletin of Winter Travel  
Specialties**

**DENVER**—Western Stock Show, January 19th to 24th 1914. Special rates from East and North of Denver. Denver makes this a gala week for the stockmen of the Western country.

**WINTER TOURIST RATES** in effect daily, with lower homeseekers' fares first and third Tuesday of each month. Present indications are that the number of Northern visitors during the winter of 1913-14, to the south, will be the greatest in the history of the Southland. **PERSONALLY CONDUCTED PARTIES TO CALIFORNIA**—seven each week—via Denver, Scenic Colorado, Salt Lake, in through tourist sleepers. Burlington special conductors are men especially selected to look after your comfort enroute.

I can secure you very handsome illustrated publications of Southern or California Railroads and hotels, if you desire them. "Low Rates south," "California Tourist Parties," "Pacific Coast Tours."

Let me help you plan any tour you have in mind.

J. A. Danielson, Agent Loup City, Nebr.

L. W. Wakeley, Gen. Pass. Agt. Omaha, Neb.

Let us figure on that next bill of Job  
Work We Guarantee to suit you

**THE NORTHWESTERN**

Entered at the Loup City Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

Office Phone. - Red 21  
Residence. - Black 21

J. W. BURLING, Editor and Pub  
J. R. GARDNER, Manager.

President Wilson and his administration should surely do something for our good friend, E. A. Brown of the Friend Sentinel. He is on duty each week with something strong in support of the democratic party and equally denunciatory of any republican paper that fails to see anything but glory hallelujah in the Bryan administration. Wonder what Ed. is looking for? Is it a consulship, minister plenipotentiary, or merely a dinky little postoffice in a town the size of Friend?

In the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Commercial Club held last Friday evening, elsewhere in this paper, is to be found the appointment of a committee to see Mr. Henry Ohlsen regarding the rebuilding of his brickyard, the Union Pacific having made application to the railway commission to remove the spur built to the yards. Since that time the committee learned that the railroad company have agreed to leave said spur as it is till spring, or until Mr. Ohlsen has definitely decided as to whether or not he would rebuild his yards, hence any action upon the part of the committee was deemed unnecessary.

A letter from Jacob Biemond of Rathdrum, Wash., states he sold out his butchershop at Vev Ford, Wash., and purchased a shop at Rathdrum, to which place he wishes the address of his paper changed. From a circular sent in Jake's letter, Rathdrum is a nice little town of some 120 inhabitants, nestled at the foot of a mountain, some 27 miles east of Spokane, with a chain of lakes surrounding it, and very picturesque scenery on all sides, with plenty of hunting in the mountains and fishing on the lakes. He reports all well and sends regards to all friends here.

Our people will remember the entertainment given at the opera house a number of weeks ago, the first number of the present lecture course by Shungopavi, the Indian. They will regret also to learn that he died about a week ago in hospital at Kansas City, though we did not learn the cause.

**PLEASANT EVENING  
GIVEN TO FRIENDS**

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Outhouse entertained with a very sumptuous five-course dinner last Wednesday evening the following friends: Rev. and Mrs. L. V. Sloumb, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tracy, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Outhouse, Mrs. A. J. Johnson and Mrs. H. J. Johansen. A very pleasant social evening followed.

**J. Q. PRAY RETURNS  
FROM FLORIDA TRIP**

J. Q. Pray returned Monday noon from his visit to his sister at Jacksonville, Florida, and Southern points of interest. He reports having had a most enjoyable time, though somewhat fatigued over the strenuous "go" of the past fortnight.

**AGED FATHER AND  
SISTER HERE ON VISIT**

W. P. Thrasher of Independence, Mo., accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Emma Malbaff, of the same city, arrived in Loup City last Friday on a visit to their son and brother, Mr. Skip Thrasher, and family. The father is a hale and hearty old gentleman of 84 years past, and looks good for

**MIGRATORY DEBTOR**

By SELINA ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

"The end of a long journey!" said Ernest Brill with a sigh of satisfaction, as he knocked at the door of a humble little cottage in Virden.

Outside half a dozen poorly dressed but happy faced children were playing at skipping rope. A sign nailed up on the fence post read: "Z. Naylor, Shoes Mended." In his shirt sleeves and leather apron, the cobbler himself came to the door.

"Mr. Naylor's?" inquired the young law clerk briskly and with pleasantness.

"That's me," nodded the old man. He had one of those patient pleading faces one sees in ancient pictures. His hands were worn and gnarled, his whole appearance and that of the disordered room behind him spoke of poverty and deprivation.

"I represent Brown & Bradley, lawyers, Macon," announced Brill. "I came—"

A deep shadow crossed the face of the old man, a humid veil clouded his eyes. He clutched the door post convulsively. Then he bent his head in an abject way like a person dealt a crushing blow.

"I know without your telling me," he spoke sorrowfully. "John Andrews has found me out again. It's the old worry and persecution over again, I suppose."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Naylor," dissented Ernest brightly. "I know all about John Andrews, but I came not to bring you trouble, but good news."

"Break it gently then, friend, for I'm not used to it," replied Naylor pathetically, the ghost of a smile on his wan features.

"It is this," explained Brill: "A good many years ago you were interested in a business concern that failed. After nearly a decade in litigation a distribution has been ordered to the creditors. They consist mostly of parcels of real estate. You have been apportioned a little farm of forty acres over in the next county I visited it on my way here. It is no great thing, but your children will greet it as a paradise and you will find rest and comfort after your hard life."

The old man stood swaying to and fro. His haggard face expressed incredulity. Suddenly he sank to the doorstep, bowed his head in his hands

and sobbed out his overpowering emotions. When he looked up it was with three words:

"And John Andrews?"

"My friend," spoke Brill, placing a gentle hand upon the shoulder of his host, "I have become deeply interested in your case. You are known to many a law firm as 'The Migratory Debtor.' We of the bar know fully what that means. Years ago you owed John Andrews some five hundred dollars. You incurred his enmity. Since that time he has kept the original judgments alive. In his mean malice he has hunted you from place to place. If you get work, he put his claim in legal hands and gets you out of it. Twice he has sold out your few poor household holdings. The duty of our firm ends in handing you the papers giving you possession of the farm, but I can surmise that this leech, this miser, Andrews, will soon find you out."

"He surely will!" groaned Naylor.

"I propose, therefore, that you make out an agreement in your name to hold the farm subject to his claim, to be paid off in small monthly instalments. I will take it to him and intercede for the respite."

"But if he refuses?"

"I will guarantee the payments myself."

fore, the somewhat shabby handbag in her lap. Suddenly there was a jar, the car stopped. Inside of five minutes those aboard knew that a wreck ahead would block the route for at least four hours, with no station within ten miles.

The petty natures of the fashionable crowd were soon manifested in loud complaints and abuse of the trainmen. The demure, dignified girl in the dimly dress took in the delay and inconvenience like the little lady that she was. Somehow a conversation began between them. Then Ernest brought her a drink of water from a near farmhouse. It was nearly midnight when they reached Hartville. He secured a cab at her request. They parted, but with a queer longing at his heart Ernest Brill realized that it would be many a day before he would forget "Little Miss Dimity."

He recalled with a vivid memory the sweet, sympathetic face of the impressive young girl when she listened to the story of old Mr. Naylor which had drifted into their casual conversation. It was ten o'clock the next morning when Ernest reached the Andrews home.

"Mr. Andrews—Mr. John Andrews," he spoke to the servant who answered his summons at the door.

"Why, sir, have you not heard?" asked the servant with a strange stare, "Mr. Andrews died last week."

"You startle me," exclaimed Ernest, quite shocked at the unexpected intelligence. "It was on business that I came. Can you direct me to those in charge of his estate?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Mallory, his lawyer, is in the library with Miss Nelson. She is a distant relative Mr. Andrews left his estate to, sir."

"Please take in my card."

"This way, sir," spoke the servant a moment later, and Ernest was ushered into the presence of a dignified looking gentleman and—Little Miss Dimity!

He stood somewhat dumbfounded. He recalled his conversation with the welcoming young lady before him with some misgivings. Then he regained his self-composure.

"I have come to offer this agreement in behalf of Mr. Naylor," he said, "but, as I have told you all about it, a further explanation is not necessary. I will guarantee the payments named in the document."

Miss Ada Nelson accepted the paper. She glanced at the lawyer. He nodded as if from some prearranged understanding. Miss Nelson placed the paper in the blazing grate, where it was consumed to ashes.

"You are a noble man," said Miss Nelson, extending her hand impetuously. "We must cast the veil of charity over the harsh judgment of my dead uncle. Let me help you, making still more secure and happy the worthy man you so generously befriended."

And, their young, glowing hearts in unison with human sympathy, soon merged into the deeper ecstasy of mutual love.

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**SET EXAMPLES AS SETTLERS**

Much Credit for the Upbuilding of Province of Manitoba is Given to the Icelanders.

Icelandic settlers have played no small part in the progress and prosperity of the province of Manitoba, Canada, and it is claimed that the story of the foreign population of Winnipeg must necessarily begin with the Icelander. He has set the pace for all the incoming races. He is the illustration par excellence of how a people of ambition and industry can master difficulties, triumph over prejudice, and attain their desired place in the commercial, the political, the intellectual and social life of a hustling and growing city in a strange land. In Winnipeg there are Icelanders worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000. Stepping outside the city, it is not unusual to find Icelanders with farms of 1,000 acres, all of which they have earned in this country, for few of them possessed \$100 when they arrived. The log cabins of the first settlers have given way to neat and comfortable frame dwellings, and the farming is carried on with the most advanced type of implements.

**Clutched the Doorpost Convulsively.**

He Settled It. Two club friends returning home were having a keen but good-natured argument over the probable make-up of the next house.

**BUY A HOME**

In Lower Rio Grande Valley, Texas, where everything grows. I have some of the choicest tracts in the Valley where the Germans from Loup City have bought--(Chas Scwaderer, Joe Blaschke, August Volkman and others I can exchange some of this land for Sherman county land if priced right. Come and see me, about rates for the trip and I will be glad to tell you all about crops climate Etc., Etc.

**W.D. Zimmerman**

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