LOUP CITY, - . NEBRASKA

Dirty and dishonest hands often wear clean gloves.

The eternal now is the time for everybody to be just.

He who knows himself best is modest, polite and generous.

A Gotham masher met a girl who had taken boxing lessons. He is now the very pink of propriety.

A Tacoma bootblack has retired with a fortune of \$60,000 and an ambition to become a gentleman of pol-

No householder can feel that he has been decently robbed when the front door is opened with a crowbar. It is only a step to the battering ram.

London expects to have a population of 16,000,000 in the year 1960, and it is time for England to begin enlarging its blooming island, don't you

Sixty-eight ministers have preached

trial sermons in a Butler, Pa., pulpit and all have been rejected. What that congregation needs is certainly not nerve. An Atlantic City man went to jail rather than kiss his wife. Had it

been another man's wife there would,

of course, have been no question of imprisonment. When King Edward picked out the first woman to receive the Order of Merit he chose a nurse. This is a distinct slap at the profession of the "lady novelist." Will Miss Corelli re-

main quiet? New York has launched a sensational theory that the country has more allurements to vice than the city. It is presumably worked out on the old minstrel theory of the little beetles making beats and the little bumble bees making bums.

An Illinois swain, while saying farewell to his sweetheart, was so startled by a shout from the girl's father that he fell off the porch, breaking his collar bone. He asks \$2,000 damages. If he wins, this will establish a precedent which will mean millions a year to the courting industry.

A New York woman set the phonograph to playing her favorite tune and then turned on the gas. She's dead now. We have known persons who would gladly have turned on the gas while having to listen to their favorite tunes played by a phonograph. They're alive and likely to suffer again.

Now they have discovered that alleged buttermilk sold in Chicago is a fraud and delusion, being a combination of acid and skimmed milk. What shall be said of the degeneracy of persons who actually go the limit of counterfeiting buttermilk? Let the penalties of the pure food law be imposed to the full extent.

The emperor of Austria has celebrated the sixtieth year of his reign by granting amnesty to all deserters from the army and to refugees from army service, inviting the latter to come home. The human military machines of former days are beginning to be felt in Europe as individuals who must be reckoned with as such in the

A Pennsylvania girl of 15, who was punished by her father for entertaining a young man to whom he and her mother objected, threw herself in the river and was drowned. Perhaps she was only anticipating the evil day. An Indiana girl of 17, who was married at 15, has killed herself because her parents did not interfere when the young man came a-courting.

This country will not suffer from the departure of hundreds or even thousands of immigrants who are now making their way back to the old world. These men show by their act that they did not come over here with the intention of becoming American citizens, but simply for the purpose of earning money faster than they could at home. It is not likely many of them will ever come back again, says the Baltimore American, and the United States will be better off without them.

Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, otherwise Albert Kirby Fairfax, of New York, has lately applied for naturalization as a British subject. He is the twelfth Baron Fairfax, and is a descendant of the sixth baron, who came to America and settled in Virginia. The mother of the present baron, described in the peerage as Lady Fair fax of Cameron, lives in Prince George county, Maryland. The baron, being only a peer of Scotland, will not have a seat in the house of lords. Sixteen Scotch peers, who are also peers of the United Kingdom, are chosen by their fellow peers as members of the house of lords.

The occupation of the musician has become dangerous since the automobile has been introduced on the stage. One jumped the stage in New York and knocked two links out of the trombone player, in addition to quieting the corneter.

A Greenville (Pa.) man has been sent to jail for attempting to break the leg of a pup. When such news breaks into the papers one realizes that the objections to capital punishment should be packed away in cotton for a century or two.



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Bethune trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Chilis the post trader, and his daughter. Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' slege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh cavalry. Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencald. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon's and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glencaid to teach its first school. Miss Spencer meets Nsida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut Brant. meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among, the Sloux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer but she is not his acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ball room with a fan for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the lieutenant that his attentions to Naida must cease, and proclaims an authority over her that justifies the statement.

CHAPETR XVII (Continued).

last. "I wish this made perfectly clear, and for all time. I met Miss Gillis first through pure accident. She impressed me strongly then, and I confess I have since grown more deeply interested in her personality. I have reasons to suppose my presence not altogether distasteful to her, and she has certainly shown that she reposes re pres eq ..'huemom e isnf ireM... confidence in me. Not until late last night did I ever suspect she was the same girl whom we picked up with you out on the desert. It came to me from her own lips and was a total surprise. She revealed her identity in order to justify her proposed clan-

destine meeting with you.' "And hence you request this pleasant conference," broke in Hampton, coolly, "to inform me, from your calm eminence of respectability, that I was no fit companion for such a young and innocent person, and to warn me that you were prepared to act as her protector."

Brant slightly inclined his head. "I may have had something of that nature in my mind."

"Well, Lieut. Brant," and the olderman rose to his feet, his eyes still smiling, "some might be impolite enough to say that it was the conception of a cad, but whatever it was: the tables have unexpectedly turned. Without further reference to my own personal interests in the young lady, which are, however, considerable, there remain other, weighty reasons that I am not at liberty to discuss, which make it simply impossible for you to sustain and relationship to Miss Gillis other than that of ordinary social friendship."

"You-you claim the right-"

"I distinctly claim the right, for the reason that I possess the rght, and no one has ever yet known me to relinquish a hold once fairly gained. Lieut. Brant, if I am any judge of faces, you are a fighting man by nature as well as profession, but there is no opportunity for your doing any fighting here. This matter is irrevocably settled-Naida Gillis is not for you.'

mean to insinuate that there is an understanding, an engagement between you?" he faltered, scarcely knowing how best to resent such utterance.

"You may place your own construction upon what I have said," was the quiet answer. "The special relations existing between Miss Gillis and myself chance to be no business of yours. However, I will consent to say this-I do enjoy a relationship to her that gives me complete authority to say what I have said to you. I regret having been obliged by your persistence to speak with such plainness, but this konwledge should prove sufficient to control the actions of a gentleman.'

For a moment the soldier did not answer, his emotions far too strong to permit of calm utterance, his lips tightly shut. He felt utterly defeat-"Your language is sufficiently explicit," he acknowledged at last. ask pardon for my unwarranted intrusion.

At the door he paused and glanced back toward that motionless figure yet standing with one hand grasping the back of the chair.

"Before I go, permit me to ask a single question," he said, frankly. "I was a friend of old Ben Gillis, and he was a friend of my father before me. Have you any reason to suspect that he was not Naida Gillis' father?"

Hampton took one hasty step forward. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed flercely, his eyes two coals of

Brant felt that the other's display of irritation gave him an unexpected advantage.

"Nothing that need awaken anger, I am sure. Something caused me to harbor the suspicion, and I naturally supposed you would know about it. Indeed, I wondered if some such knowledge might not account for your very deep interest in keeping her so entirely to yourself."

Hampton's fingers twitched in nervousness altogether unusual to the man, yet when he spoke his voice was like steel. "Your suspicions are highly interesting, and your cowardly insinuations base. However, if, as I suppose, your purpose is to provoke a quarrel, you will find me quite ready to accommodate you."

An instant they stood thus, eye to eye. Suddenly Brant's memory veered to the girl whose name would be smirched by any blow struck between them, and he forced back the hasty retort burning upon his lips.

"You may be, Mr. Hampton," he said, standing like a statue, his back to the door, "but I am not. As you say, fighting is my trade, yet I have never sought a personal quarrel. Nor is there any cause here, as my only purpose in asking the question was to forewarn you, and her through you, that such a suggestion had been openly made in my hearing. I presume it was a lie, and wished to be able to brand it so."

"By whom?" "A fellow known as Silent Murphy, a government scout." "I have heard of him. Where is

"He claimed to be here waiting orders from Custer. He had camp up the creek two days ago, but is keep- sent you," and the soldier's down cast

dark regarding his relationship to Naida, and erecting a barrier between the other two. It was a masterpiece

had been materially changed. He

Yet Brant was far from being satis-

fied. Hampton had not even advanc-

real issue, leaving the soldier in the

of defense, puzzling, irritating, seemingly impassable. From the considbut one thought clearly defined-whoever she might prove to be, whatever was her present connection with Hampton, he loved this dark-eyed, auburn-haired waif. He knew it now, and never again could he doubt it. He paused, half inclined to retrace his a time when I can 'a tale unfold." steps and have the matter out. He turned just in time to face a dazzling vision of fluffy lace and flossy hair

beside him in the dimly lighted hall. "Oh, Lieutenant Brant!" and the vision clung to his arm tenderly. "It s such a relief to find that you are unhurt. Did--did you kill him?"

Brant stared. "I-I fear I scarcely compehend, Miss Spencer. I have certainly taken no one's life. What can you mean?"

"Oh, I am so glad; and Naida will be, too. I must go right back and tell the poor girl, for she is nearly distracted. Oh, Lieutenant, isn't it the most romantic situation that ever was? And he is such a mysterious character!"

"To whom do you refer? Really, I am quite in the dark."

"Why, Mr. Hampton, of course. Oh know all about it. Naida felt so badthat I just compelled her to confide her whole story to me. And didn't you fight at all?"

"Most assuredly not," and Brant's eyes began to exhibit amusement: "in deed, we parted quite friendly.'

"I told Naida I thought you would. People don't take such things so seriously nowadays, do they? But Naida is such a child and so full of romantie notions, that she worried terribly what he is going to do for her?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, hadn't you heard? He wants to send her east to a boarding school and give her a fine education. Do you know, Lieutenant, I am simply dying to see him? he is such a perfectly, splendid western character.

"It would afford me pleasure to tare-



"Naida Gillis Is Not for You."

Brant was breathing hard. "Do you | ing well out of sight for some reason, i face brightened with anticipation. Telegrams have been received for him at the office, but another man has called for them."

'Who?" "Red Slavin."

"The cur!" said Hampton. "I reckon there is a bad half-hour waiting for those two fellows. What was it that Murphy said?"

"That he knew the girl's real name.'

"Was that all?" "Yes; I tried to discover his meaning, but the fellow became suspicious and shut up like a clam. Is

there anything in it?" Hampton ignored the question. "Lieut. Brant," he said, "I am glad we have had this talk together, and exceedingly sorry that my duty has compelled me to say what I have said. Some time, however, you will sincerely thank me for it, and rejoice that you escaped so easily. I knew your father once, and I should like now to part on friendly relations with his

son. He held out his hand, and scarcely knowing why he did so, Brant placed his own within its grasp, and as the eyes of the two men met, there was a consciousness of sympathy between them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Slight Interruption.

"Do-do you really think it would be proper? But they do things so differently out here. don't they? Oh, I wish you would."

what might be the result, Brant | ver. knocked upon the door he had just closed, and, in response to the voice within, opened it. Hampton sat up on the chair by the window, but as lis eyes caught a glimpse of the return ed soldier with a woman standing besi de him, he instantly rose to his feet.

"Mr. Hampton," said Brant, "I trust | nated. I may be pardoned for again troubling you, but this is Miss Spencer, a great admirer of western life, who is de sirous of making your acquaintance."

Miss Spencer swept gracefully forward, her cheeks flushed, her hand extended. "Oh, Mr. Hampton, I have, so wished to meet with you ever sin ce I first read your name in Aunt Lyclia's petuous disposition. I regret the neletters-Mrs. Herndon is my aunt, you know-and all about that awful time you had with those Indians. You see, am Naida Gillis's most particular friend, and she tells me so nuch about you. She is such a dear, sweet girl! She felt so badly this mo: ming over your meeting with Lieut. Prant, fearing you might quarrel! It was such a relief to find him unhurt, but I felt that I must see you also, so as to relieve Naida's mind entirel; r."

"I most certainly appreciate your The young officer passed slowly frankly expressed interest, Miss. Spendown the dark staircase, his mind still cer," he said, standing with hear hand tively. bewildered by the result of the inter- still retained in his, "and am exceed-

view. His feelings toward Hampton ingly glad there is one residing in this community to whom my peculiar mer-

found it impossible to nurse a dislike which seemingly had no real cause for

its are apparent." Miss Spencer sparkled instantly, her cheeks rosy. "I do wish you would some time tell me about your exploits. Why, Mr. Hampton, perhaps ed a direct claim; he had dodged the if you were to call upon me, you might see Naida, too. I wish you knew Mr. Moffat, but as you don't, perhaps you might come with Lieut. Brant."

Hampton bowed, "I would hardly venture thus to place myself under the protection of Lieut. Brant, aleration of it all, Brant emerged with though I must confess the former attractions of the Herndon home are now greatly increased. From my slight knowledge of Mr. Moffat's capabilities, I fear I should be found a rather indifferent entertainer; yet I sincerely hope we shall meet again at

"How nice that will be, and I am so grateful to you for the promise. Bythe bye, only this very morning a man stopped me on the street, actually mistaking me for Naida."

"What sort of a looking man, Miss Spencer?'

"Large, and heavily set, with a red beard. He was exceedingly polite when informed of his mistake, and said he merely had a message to deliver to Miss Gillis. But he refused to tell it to me."

The glances of the two men met, but Brant was unable to decipher the meaning hidden within the gray eyes. Neither spoke, and Miss Spencer, never realizing what her chatter meant, rattled merrily on.

"You see there are so many who speak to rie now, because of my public position here. So I thought nothing strange at first, until I discovered ly over your meeting this morning his mistake, and then it seemed so absurd that I nearly laughed outright. Isn't it cdd what such a man could possibly want with her? But really, gentlemen, I must return with my news; Naida will be so anxious. I am glad to have met you both."

Hampton bowed politely, and Brant conducted her silently down the stairway. "I greatly regret not being able to a scompary you home," he explained, "but I came down on horseback. about it. Isn't it perfectly delightful and my duty requires that I return at once to the camp."

"Oh, incleed! how very unfortunate for me!" Even as she said so, some unexpected vision beyond flushed her cheeks prettily. "Why, Mr. Wynkoop," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you happened along, and going my way, too, am sure. Good morning, Lieutenant; shall feel perfectly safe with Mr. Wynkoop."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Door Opens, and Closes Again. In one sense Hampton had greatly enjoyed Miss Spencer's call. Her bright, fresh face, her impulsive speech, her unquestioned beauty, had had their effect upon him, changing for the time being the gloomy trend of his thoughts.

But gradually the slight smile of amusement faded from his eyes. Something, which he had supposed lay securely hidden behind years and distance, had all at once come back to haunt him-the unhappy ghost of an expiated crime, to do evil to this girl Naida. Two men, at least, knew sufficient of the past to cause serious trouble. This effort by Slavin to hold personal communication with the girl dimmer and dimmer with every passing year, began to flicker once again proached by other brands. within his heart. He desired to see this man Murphy, and to learn exactly what he knew.

He entered the almost deserted saloon opposite the hotel, across the threshold of which he had not stepped for two years, and the man behind the bar glanced up apprehensively.

"Red Slavin?" he said. "Well, now, see here, Hampton, we don't want no trouble in this shebang." "I'm not here seeking a fight, Jim."

returned the inquirer, genially. "I merely wish to ask 'Red' an unimportant question or two." "He's there in the back room, I

reckon, but he's damn liable to take a pot shot at you when you go in." Hampton's genial smile only broad-

ened, as he carelessly rolled an unlight cigar between his lips. He walked to the door, flung it | clergymen, teachers and singers use

swiftly and silently open, and stepping within, closed it behind him with his left hand. In the other glittered Feeling somewhat doubtful as to the steel-blue barrel of a drawn revol-

"Slåvin, sit down!"

The terse, imperative words seemed fairly to cut the air, and the redbearded gambler, who had half risen to his feet, an oath upon his lips, sank back into his seat, staring at the apparition confronting him as if fasci-

"Put your hands on the table, and keep them there!" he said. "Now, my dear friend, I have come here in peace, not war, and take these slight precautions merely because I have heard a rumor that you have indulged in a threat or two since we last parted, and I know something of your imcessity, but trust you are resting comfortably."

"Oh, go to hell!"

"We will consider that proposition somewhat later." Hampton laid his hat with calm deliberation on the table. "No doubt, Mr. Slavin,-if you move that hand again I'll fill your system with lead-you experience some very natural curiosity regarding the object of my unanticipated, yet I hope no less welcome visit."

Slavin's only reply was a curse, his bloodshot eyes roaming the room fur-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs, Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing

o make my troubles public.
"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No torgue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

The Matter With It. "What is the matter with my poem?" asked the amateur contribut-

or; "isn't the meter all right?" "Oh, yes," replied the editor, "the meter is excellent." "I think if you look again you will find that the rhymes are faultless."

ingenious, I might say. "Then why do you decline it?" "You have forgotten to say anything."

"The rhymes are very good, quite

Starch, like everything else, is lesing constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years was evidently made for some definite ago are very different and inferior topurpose. Hampton decided to have a those of the present day. In the latface-to-face interview with the man est discovery-Defiance Starch-all in himself; he was accustomed to fight jurious chemicals are omitted, while his battles in the open, and to a finish. the addition of another ingredient, in-A faint hope, which had been growing vented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never ap-

Had Its Uses.

"I love to whiff the aroma of the burning leaves," said the poetical girl, as they strolled through the park.

"So do I," replied her tall escort; "it drowns the odor of gasoline from the automobiles."

Your Wife, Mother or Sister Can make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies better than the expert cook by using "OUR-PIE," as all the ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. Each package, enough for two large pies, 10 cents. Order to-day from your grocer.

We ought not to look back unless:

it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience. -George Washington. Many Professional Men,

Brown's Bronchial Troches for curing hoarseness and coughs. A man who says a mean thing

about another man isn't half as mean as the man who repeats it. PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is gnaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Prins in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Our great care should be not to

live long, but to live well.-Seneca. Lewis' Single Binder — the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

For he that once is good is ever great.-Ben Johnson.

