



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury...

CHAPTER II—In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger...

CHAPTER III—The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle...

CHAPTER IV—Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They decide to take walk...

CHAPTER V—Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton...

CHAPTER VI—Stanton descends from his car, fuming his mask and gauntlets on the seat...

CHAPTER VII—Stanton descended from his car, fuming his mask and gauntlets on the seat...

CHAPTER VIII—Stanton descended from his car, fuming his mask and gauntlets on the seat...

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Chautauqua August 17 to 21

Mr. Stanton, summoned a low-toned, smooth voice, from the car; Valerie Carlisle leaned out, extending a small hand.

"I have been waiting here for an hour," she informed him. "I am so distressed that my car should have hurt you, I shall reproach myself so much if anything happens to you tomorrow because of your strained arm, that I wanted to ask you about it myself. A weakness there might kill you, might it not?"

"It might, if it existed," he confirmed. "But the strain does not trouble me. I deserved to pay more severely for such stupid carelessness."

"It was an accident," she depreciated. "I suppose you just forgot, Frankly, though, I wish you were to drive a Duplex or an Atalanta, tomorrow. I do not like the Mercury, it is so often in wrecks."

"It is faster than either of the others," Stanton defended, yet moved in spite of himself by her anxiety for his safety. "I am also obliged to admit that it is not responsible for any of our mishaps, so far, at least; I lead it into trouble, myself, sometimes."

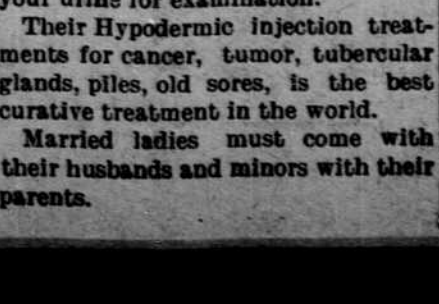
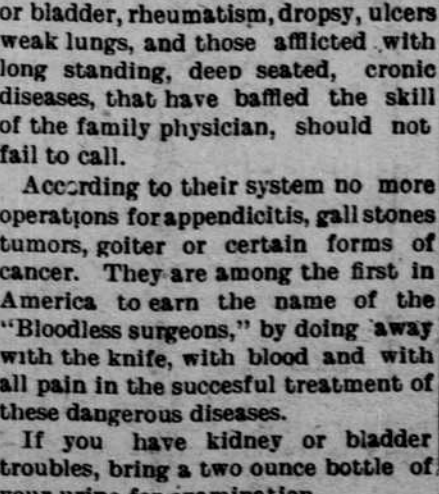
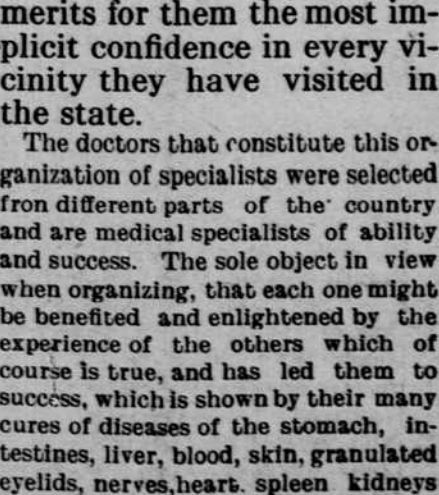
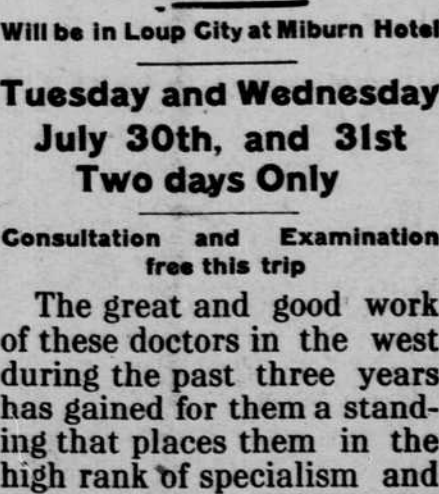
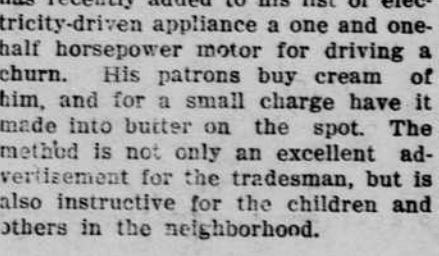
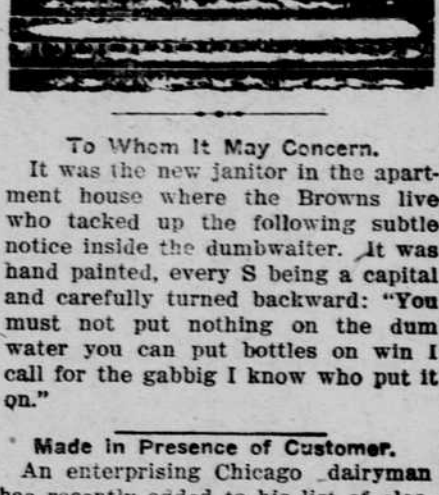
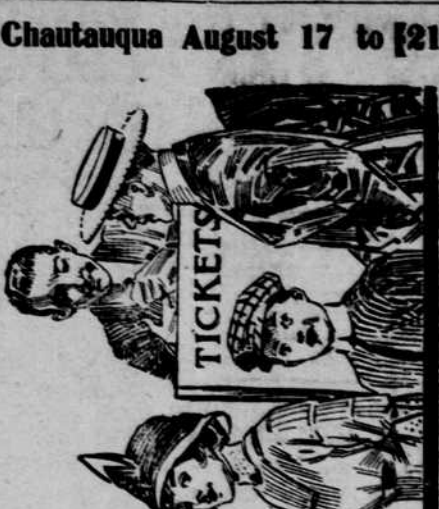
"Her long, fair fingers fell; she tapped her fingers nervously upon the door panel. "If you could not race, who would be likely to win, Mr. Stanton?"

"You are taking it for granted that I will succeed—I easily may not. But without the Mercury, probably the Duplex or the Atalanta on this long road race. On a track, I would choose the Italian car."

"She listened attentively, then smiled. "I am such an amateur; I do not half understand. I have come with an invitation from papa. He wishes to consult you about auto tires, those for your next race, and he hopes you will dine with us, this evening."

"Thoroughly surprised, he promptly declined me to Mr. Carlisle; I must get ready for tomorrow. Moreover, it is for the Mercury company to discuss tires, not for me."

Her small mouth set, she drew aside her shimmering skirts. "We will decide that on the way—I will put you down at your hotel, at least."



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The Nashville Sorenaders. Chautauqua August 17, to 21

Great Change in Homestead Law

MORE LIBERAL THAN EVER BEFORE Just think of it! Only 2 1/2 months' actual residence required during 3 years, instead of 6 months as before. Write today and let me tell you about the—

Government Irrigated Farms in the Big Horn Basin. Twelve years time to pay for water right, without interest. Only small payments first five years. Included in New Law

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Send for folder telling all about the soil, crops grown, conveniences to timber, coal and other advantages for home building. When writing let me know which lands interest you most.

D. Clem Deaver, Immigration Agent 1004 Farnam Street, Omaha Nebraska

Along R. R. No. 2. The ball game between Divide and Bloody Run was won by Divide. Score 5 to 4.

Hugh Cash sold hogs at Loup City last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milt Rentfrow and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. B. Coulton, attended the celebration at Wiggle Creek the Fourth.

It has been years since the bushes along the creeks have been loaded with plums, cherries and grapes like they are this year.

Clayton Conger played ball down by Lars P. Neilson's Sunday.

Will Miller and Wilber Curry have each cut the weeds along their lines the past week.

Vincent Bogard was at Loup City with a load of porkers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Criss were out to Wiggle Creek in their auto the Fourth.

John Gallaway commenced cutting his wheat on Hattie Hayhurst's place Saturday.

Mrs. Homer Hughes has improved fast since her last operation and was at the celebration on Wiggle Creek the Fourth.

Mrs. Frank Daddow got struck on

almost ready to cut and some late oats commencing to ripen. The second cutting of alfalfa has commenced and the crop will be fair to good; hay is fair and needs a good rain; the average amount of corn is only a little over a knee high but most of it growing fast; pastures are not good as last week; potatoes are good on part of the route.

The Wiggle Creek celebration on the Fourth commenced with a parade at 10:30 and there was a continuous program during the entire day. There was everything one could wish for, even one of the finest rains of the season covered all the Wiggle Creek country, with one to one and a half inches of rain. The address by Prof. J. H. Burwell was fine and all others did their parts well. Kay rode a bucking bronco which was said to be the best that has ever been seen on the creek. The drill on horse back was also good. The potato race was an exciting one. A six inning ball game between Wiggle Creek and Austin was won by Wiggle Creek, the score standing 6 to 0. The stand and baby rack did a rushing business. Free baths were not on the program but a great many got one during the heavy rain and wind storm that came up suddenly. A good many got to the church and school house just as the storm broke and it was a stampede to see who should get in first. When the storm was at its worst several buggies were driven along by the wind into the horses tied to the hitch rack, throwing several to the ground. The horses were not hurt but several buggies were badly damaged. Some spring seats on the wagons were picked up and blown several rods. A few hail stone fell. The rain seemed to be the heaviest just south of Roy Conger's and Will Bearen's. The rain followed almost the exact course of the last rain. All of the west part of Route 2 at and west of Will Miller's need rain.

Rural Carrier Examination At Litchfield and Loup City, Nebraska, for Sherman county, Saturday July 27th, 1912

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination on the date and at the places named above, as a result of which it is expected to make a certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Litchfield and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes at post offices in the above named county, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion. The usual entrance salary for rural carriers is from \$600 to \$1000 per annum.

Age limit 18 to 55, on the date of examination. The maximum age limit is waived in cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service. An applicant must have his actual domicile in the territory supplied by a postoffice in the county for which the examination is announced. The examination is open to all male citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements. Application form 1341, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination, can be secured from the secretary of the local examining board or the postmaster at any of the places named above, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

JOHN C. BLACK President



Valerie Carlisle Leaned Out Extending a Small Hand.

thought of Ralph Stanton getting drunk.

"You'd better phone to the insane asylum," advised the mechanic, and turned his back to the whole affair, watching the brilliant spectacle before him with scornful gray eyes.

Five minutes passed, then the first car was called to its station. The Mercury had drawn fifth in the lottery for place. Just four minutes before the starting hour, a taxicab bowled furiously across the course, came to a lanky stop at the edge of the course, and

To be continued

Le Warned. It isn't safe to put much trust in a man who is good merely because he expects his goodness to be no flood.