



STANTON WINS
ELEANOR M. INGRAM
Author of 'The Game and the Car' and 'The Flying Mercury' etc.
 Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBERG.

CHAPTER I—At the beginning of great automobile races the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted.

CHAPTER II—In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The mechanic saves machine from wreck.

CHAPTER III—The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores.

CHAPTER IV—Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They attempt to talk over the train. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto.

CHAPTER V—Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together.

CHAPTER VI—Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness.

low telegrams, cards, newspapers, hotel memoranda of telephone calls received—all the familiar evidences of the morning after a race. And in the midst of the litter stood an ice-water pitcher containing a mass of pale-yellow roses. Stanton frowned and looked about him for a bell.

Some one rang from a corner and approached the bed.

"Better, sir?" queried a businesslike voice; a distinctly medical young man in glasses gazed down at him.

The full situation came clearly to Stanton.

"All right," he gave brief assurance. "What time is it?"

The young man consulted a watch. "Thirty-eight minutes past twelve. You have slept about eighteen hours, as I figure it. I told Mr. Floyd that he was all you needed; you were knocked out by that attack of illness, followed by a day's work that was enough to exhaust a horse. I saw you race, yesterday."

"Where is Floyd?"

"He stayed here until midnight, until you had been sleeping like a baby for five hours. He was nearly all in himself, but he wouldn't leave until he was sure you were all right. One of the nicest fellows I ever met. He made me promise to stay with you, I, with an expansive smile. 'I have got more time than patients, as yet. Here, all this junk came for you, on the table. I have answered seventeen telephone calls and sent off twelve postals in the water-jug. All right?'

"All right, and much obliged," Stanton affirmed, beaming into smiling, while he glanced casually at the table.

"There isn't any one I am in a hurry to see or hear from. I think I will get up; it's breakfast time."

"I think so. Considering it is your first meal for thirty-six hours, I'll order for you. Although I fancy you could digest a rubber tire; you look fit. Oh, Mr. Floyd left a note."

Stanton rose to his elbow.

"Where is it?" demanded the man who cared to hear from no one.

It was a short note on the hotel stationery, written in a wide-open, legible hand that somehow recalled Floyd's direct gray eyes.

"Dear Stanton: The doctor says you are only tired; and I have got to be in New York by morning. I would not leave you if I could do as I wanted. I hope you will believe that."

"Cordially,"

"JESSE FLOYD."

The letter might have been written by a girl, for its reticence and lack of the personal element, but Stanton was well content. It rang right. He felt vigorously alive and amazingly hungry.



"Better, Sir," said a Business-Like Voice.

times, Stanton? I'm sure he is the best man we have had," fretted his manager.

Stanton was recalling that interview as he went up the stairs of the quiet apartment house indicated. After all it was true that Floyd might have volunteered his address, himself, if he had wished it known. Perhaps he did not want to see his driver unofficially. A sense of unwelcomeness oppressed Stanton, but he kept on his way. He had never swerved from a course because of the opinions of others; he did not think of turning back now.

Some one was singing, as he reached the fourth floor; singing in a smooth, honey-rich, honey-golden contralto. Warned of his approach by the bell pushed below, the door of the apartment was opened, so that the melody came flooding his hearing with its haunting familiarity. A little old Irishwoman in black silk was peering up at the tall visitor on the threshold.

"Mr. Floyd?" he inquired. "My name is Stanton."

The old servant drew back, smiling invitation, and pushed aside a curtain. And Stanton saw Jessica Floyd rise from her seat at the piano, taking a step to meet him.

She was so like Floyd that he could have cried out in wonder, yet was most purely and softly feminine. She seemed taller in her clinging pale blue gown, and even more slender, but Floyd's silver-gray eyes looked out from her long lashes, Floyd's bronze curls clustered around her wide brows, under the braids wound about her head, and her smile was a more timid reflection of the incarnate sunshine of his.

"I am sorry Jesse is not at home," she said, holding out her hand with a natural grace of hospitality that rose above her nervous shyness. "I am Jessica Floyd, Mr. Stanton, his sister."

She was afraid of him. The too obvious fact struck deep into Stanton, as he felt her fingers flutter in his clasp. So this was the reputation he had earned for himself?

"Perhaps I should not have come," he apologized quite humbly. "I—Floyd gave me no warrant for it. But he was very good to me, when I was sick in Lowell, and I wanted to thank him."

She looked at him fully, then, and again he could have cried out at the wonder of so meeting Floyd's straight candor of regard.

"Why should you not come? Jesse has not so many friends that they are not welcome in his home. Only, if he had known of your coming, he would have been here."

She moved to a chair, inviting him by a gesture to do likewise, and took up a half-embroidered silk scarf.

"He was called out of town," she added, after waiting for her silent guest to speak. "He will be sorry to have missed you. From Mr. Green he learned that you had quite recovered, after he left you."

"And he? I hurt his arm?"

She glanced up astonished.

"You hurt his arm?"

"I was driving the car." Stanton assumed grim responsibility.

This time she laughed, two adorable dimples starting into view in her cheeks of glowing rose-and-amber velvet; not the complexion of a blonde beauty, nor of a brunette, but some happy intermediate tint that presupposed flawless health and much sunlight. Stanton had never observed any dimples about his mechanic.

"I am certain Jesse never thought of that standpoint. He said a turn and a tire were to blame. But his arm is almost well."

She spoke so lightly, with so much of Floyd's own nonchalant acceptance of incidental mishaps, that Stanton was surprised into indelicacy.

"You do not worry about him?" he questioned. "You are not nervous about his racing, and racing with me?"

Her lashes fell, her face grew serious.

"If anything happens to Jesse, I will die too," she slowly answered. "We are—twins. No, I do not worry. Besides, I grew up used to seeing Jesse in danger; he told you of his life with father."

"Yes."

"Well, he never had time to be afraid, or I to be afraid for him. You can not be afraid of things you have been doing or seeing done ever since you could understand at all. As ordinary babies are taken out in carriages, Jesse was taken out in fast motor-cars. My father could not bear him out of his sight; when Jesse was in bits, he was taken to the factory

each day to amuse himself among the workmen and machines."

Profoundly interested, he studied her.

"And you, Miss Floyd? What did you do?"

"I?" she turned aside her head, her full, firm young mouth slightly compressed. "When I was fourteen, I said to my father, one morning, 'Daddy, what is to become of Jessica? Jesse is learning all he needs to be a man; how is Jesse's sister to learn to be a woman?' And he answered me frankly, Jessica, I do not know. You have no kinswomen, and I could not endure a stranger in your mother's house. You will have to let Jesse be wise for both, except for your nurse's woman-teaching.' So I—did. Jesse is Jesse and Jessica for both. You are the first visitor who ever followed him here, and the first I ever received in New York. We are like no one else in the world, I believe."

"You are never lonely?" he wondered.

Her answer he never quite forgot; long afterward its quiet pathos would come back to him.

"Often," she said, and picked up the embroidery.

Stanton was not always gentle, but he had tact enough when he chose to exert it. With a natural change of tone he moved away from personalities, speaking of the race and the race pictures in the pile of newspapers near her. And she responded with charming readiness and understanding.

"Will your brother be home tonight?" Stanton inquired, when he rose to go, at the end of a half hour.

"No," she regretted, a trifle hurriedly.

He hesitated, in the grasp of an impulse strange to himself.

"I am alone in the crowd, too," he rejoined. "If I thought Floyd would not object, or feel that I took advantage of his absence, I should ask if you would do me so much honor as to go to the theater with me, this evening."

Her gray eyes widened, the color flushed through her transparent skin. Suddenly and vividly Stanton was reminded of Floyd's face on the first night when he invited the mechanic to race with him for the season.

"You are asking me?" she doubted.

"I would like to do so. But not if you think Floyd would refuse to let me, if he were here. He can't have much of an opinion of me."

"I wish I might tell you what Jesse thinks of you," she made grave answer. "I am quite sure that he would let me go with you, Mr. Stanton; you are very good and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

The little old Irishwoman in black silk opened the door for him, beaming and smiling. Amazed at himself, bewildered by a sense of having seen Floyd and yet not seen him, Stanton went down into the practical city street.

He spent two hours in selecting an irreproachable play and theater; a task of some delicacy in this his native town. After which, he ate a perfunctory dinner and went home to dress. Stanton, whose overbearing willfulness spared no one, whose rough tongue hurt his mechanic as often as they met, would no more have taken Floyd's sister to dine with him in a public restaurant without Floyd's permission, than he would have stolen his purse.

It was a dazzling Jessica whom he found waiting for him, at the appointed hour. Yet she was simply gowned in delicate gray, with a demure lace collar that came up to her round chin, and long lace sleeves. It was her vivid, expressive face; the bronze curls massed under the wide gray hat, the splendid glow and young vitality of her, that made people look over to Stanton approving of her unreservedly; he had fixed masculine notions of what women should wear in public places.

On her left arm, over the transparent sleeve, she wore an antique silver bracelet fully four inches in breadth; a singular ornament, set with dull turquoise matrix. When Stanton assisted her to remove her cloak, at the theater, she suddenly winced.

"The bracelet—it caught my arm," she explained, before he could question. "It is too heavy, really, to wear."

But nevertheless, she did not take it off, and several times through the evening touched her gloved finger to the silver band as if to assure herself that it was in place. A souvenir, perhaps, Stanton idly reflected. He was too much interested in the wearer to pay heed to the bracelet. Except for the hours passed with Floyd, he had never experienced anything like this satisfying companionship.

The performance had ended, and Stanton was carefully piloting his charge through the slow-moving mass of people, when he heard his own name exclaimed. He glanced around, and saw Valerie Carlisle coming down the stairs from the boxes, her large, amber eyes fixed upon him. Under the strong light, in her elaborate pale-green gown, her shoulders bare and showing satin-white where her cloak had slipped back, her blonde hair circled with a wreath of green emeralds and pearls, she was

She was so like Floyd he could have Cried Out in His Wonder.

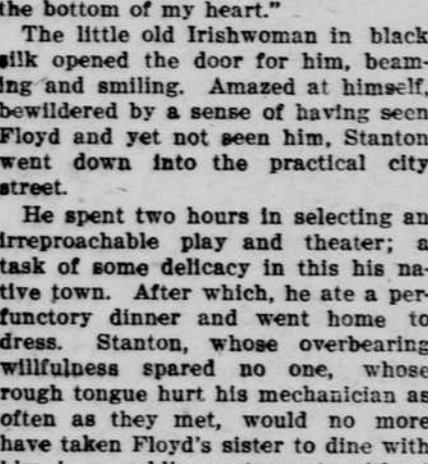
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Along R. R. No. 2.
 Jorgen Plambeck had a load of hogs on the Loup City markets Wednesday.

Robt. Dinsdale is improving west Loup City by grading the street in front of his new residence. This new home and the improvement of the street makes a wonderful change in that part of town.

Mrs. Gordon Snyder was very sick last Thursday.

Fritz Bichel got a new Case separator the past week.

John Peterson took home a new carriage last Tuesday.

Russell Snyder started for Ravenna with a load of hay last Thursday morning but did not get further than Tom Garner's on account of mud. The rain was a good one at that point.

John Holm had an experience last Thursday which none of us would wish to have. He had a pony which had thrown him some time ago, but Thursday wishing to go to Loup City he saddled the pony and started. He had not gone far before he had all he could do to stay in the saddle, the pony bucking its very worst. At this stage of the game, the bit in the bridle broke, leaving John at the mercy of the beast. This happened at the home of Winnifred Hughes, 7 miles below Loup City. Imagine, if you can, riding a wild bronco without a thing to guide it. The pony kept on a run all the time, giving its rider numerous hard jolts, but John rode it to the finish near Chris Oljensbrun's place, where the animal gave up sufficiently for John to get off. What made the bronc more unmanageable was the fact that the bridle was dragging and constantly striking against its legs. One end of the broken bit had forced into one leg making a bad wound. You could track the pony where blood had flowed from the wound. At Oljensbrun's, however, he secured another bridle and rode on into town. He does not care, by the way, to repeat that morning's experience.

A small portion of the route was covered with last Wednesday night's rain. The extreme north end along the divide, and the extreme south end at Tom Garner's, there was good rain.

Wilber Curry was at Loup City after threshing coal last Thursday.

Mrs. J. H. Ling's brother and sister visited her several days the past week. They are soon to leave for a southern home, where they will engage in fruit farming.

It doesn't pay to let grain stand in the shock and wait for a machine. You can fall plow earlier if you stack and early plowing is always the best.

Art Wilson bought a new binder last week. Art has 105 acres of fine wheat this year.

Iver Lynne brought a load of hogs to the Loup City markets last Friday.

Miss Laura Bartunek visited at the home of Homer Hughes last week.

Clarence Sweetland has been fitting W. O. Brown's new house out with bathroom fixtures and air pressure boiler and plumbing.

Andy Gray is suffering everything. The cancer has spread over all the right side of his face, his right eye is completely closed, but through it all he is very patient. It is yet hoped he may find something to help him.

The rain of last Friday night only covered the route from Fritz Bichel's east along the divide, getting heavier near Loup City. Wiggle Creek did not get any, neither did the south-east portion of the route get any rain to speak of this spring.

Winter wheat threshing is the order of the day. The second cutting of alfalfa was fair to good. Oats fair. Potatoes fair to good. More people stacking their grain than ever before. Pastures poor on the east side of the route and good on the west side. Hay fair to good. Corn tasseling and is fair to fine. Millet is fair. Cattle and horses look good. A good rain is needed.

Ike Klieh dug a cesspool last week for W. O. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mickelwait went over to Loup City Monday by the auto route. Mrs. Lew Schwamer and baby accompanied them to Ord in the evening.—Quiz.

Tom Lay was up on route 2 last week.

Eilbe Smalley is working in Loup City.

Will Draper and men plastered Robt. Dinsdale's new house last week.

The big four did some grading on route two last week.

Mrs. Chas. Sickness was visiting her father, Andy Gray last week.

R. D. Hendrickson, Pete Ogie, L. L. Conger, J. S. Pedler and J. W. Conger went to Rockville last Wednesday night and installed the I. O. O. F. officers there. Boelus sent up an auto load of boys and altogether there was a good gathering. After the installation we were all treated to ice cream and cake and cigars by the Rockville lodge. The Rockville boys never do anything by halves when it comes to entertaining. We all departed for our homes feeling glad that we were there.

Searl Wolfe is working for F. G. Casteel.

Chas. Oljensbrun sold a shorthorn registered bull to Geo. Kramer for his ranch at Kanorado, Kans., he shipped the same last week.

Art Wilson got badly stung while harvesting a swarm of bees at Loup City

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Haven't Heard All

You saw the list of Talent last week, but you haven't heard the whole story of this Big Week.

A boys' and girls' Chautauqua is a part of it. It is directed by Helen Bradford Paulsen, the greatest playground exponent in the country. She has seventeen trained assistants in direct charge of the work—one at each town.

The music alone is worth the price of admission—5 celebrated concert companies and musical organizations. The Imperial Guards Band comes all the way from Europe for this summer tour. Nineteen men, all soloists.

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The doctors that constitute this organization of specialists were selected from different parts of the country and are medical specialists of ability and success. The sole object in view when organizing, that each one might be benefited and enlightened by the experience of the others which of course is true, and has led them to success, which is shown by their many cures of diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, granulated eyelids, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, dropsy, ulcers weak lungs, and those afflicted with long standing, deep seated, chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of the family physician, should not fail to call.

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If you have kidney or bladder troubles, bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for examination.

Their Hypodermic Injection treatments for cancer, tumor, tubercular glands, piles, old sores, is the best curative treatment in the world.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

last week.

E. A. Brown, of Friend, Neb., visited several days on route 2 the past week.

Will Brown and D. C. Grow were over on Clear Creek last week.

Webster township is going to grade the sand from the Hughes school house north. The big four were putting in the clay Saturday. Mr. Nordstedt had the big four grade the road running across, and ditching Retenmeyers land this week. It pays to get the big four to do your grading as they will do one third more in a day than you can yet do by others.

Miss Murel Knight, of Miller, Neb., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gordon Snyder, this week.

Clarence Burt marketed a load of porkers Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hughes were out on route 2 Monday.

Billy Rowe and sons have got a house 24x28 ready for plastering in a little over a week and had to use old lumber for sheeting, the house is north of the elevator.

The Snyder Bros. started to thresh their wheat Monday.

Oliver Brodock helped Mrs. Ling's brother and sister in some auto trouble on the cemetery hill Monday, the carrier was detained a half hour on account of not being able to pass them on the hill. They were on their way to Aurora, Neb., and had got on the wrong road.

One of W. H. Gunn's steers got struck by lightning last Thursday.

Those that cut the woods along the