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You cannot find a section in the west which offers as many opportunities to the farmer and investor as Cheyenne county. We are selling the best land in the world for the money and at a figure that can appeal only to level headed, successful business farmers and investors. You must see what we have, and we want you to see it, and to investigate every phase and condition surrounding it.

If you want to better your condition; if you want to live in a delightful climate; if you want to enjoy life to the full—start planning today to buy a farm in Cheyenne county and arrange to go out with us on our next excursion.

September 10th, 1912,

For information regarding our free transportation offer to land seekers, and full information in detail regarding Cheyenne county, Nebraska lands, call on or write

J. W. Dougal, Loup City, Nebr.
Special Representative

STANTON WINS
By Eleanor M. Ingram
Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.
Illustrated by Frederick Thornburgh

back, and a zigzag scar start into his forehead. He did not know that he spoke, yet his cry reached the street below.

"Floyd!"

"I am Floyd."

"You—"

"I am Jessica."

The room reeled giddily, his vision blurred. And as his composure went down in chaos, her courage rose up to aid his need.

"You're going to take it hard," compassion her earnest voice. "I've been doin' wrong to you, while I thought I was only hurtin' myself. I'm sorry."

The help, the soft excitement-born accent so blent with memories of splendid peril and comrade risk, fell on ready ears.

"God!" breathed Stanton, and sank into a chair, dropping his face upon his arm as it rested on the little table.

"You've got to bear it; there's only me. But that's the only way I've deceived you, Stanton." The rustle of her dress came strangely with his name in those clear tones. "All that I told you of my life is true, except Jes. My father had to have a son, an' he made me one. At first, when I was little, it was for fun he called me Jes when I had my boy-clothes on, an' played there were two of us. But when we found that all the country-side, all the factory hands, every one except my nurse believed Jes and Jessica twins, we let it go on. It made it easier for him in trainin' me to be his partner. For he said I was man-fit for that. So Jes studied an' raced an' worked with him all day; in the evenin' Jessica wore frocks and frills. We lived alone in the big house; it was so easy; I used to dark on my skin a bit; that was all. You're not listenin'—you want time to think it out—"

He neither moved nor contradicted. Time for readjustment he did need, for realization of this and himself. Standing, a slim, upright figure, she gave it to him, waiting while the little Swiss clock on the mantle chattered through many minutes.

"When my father died," she resumed, at last, "after I found out that I wasn't goin' to die, too, I saw Jes was able to earn his livin' while Jessica was liable to starve. I had it in my blood to love that work, I suppose; I told you once that the very smell of exhaust gas drove me out of myself with speed-fever. Every racer knows it, you know it, that feelin'." So I got a place in the Mercury factory; an' that way I met you. I don't know how to make you understand!"

He interrupted her ruthlessly, al-

most roughly, as he might once have spoken to Floyd; not looking up.

"What of all that? You are you, now. You've let me think you dead for two months—you left me in hell."

"No, no!" she denied in swift defense. "Not that I never guessed that you could believe me dead; I thought you must know me—Jessica."

"How should I know? You never came near me. The Floyd I knew would have come," the bitterness of those desolate nights and days choked speech.

There was a pause, filled with some strange significance beyond his fathoming.

"I couldn't come," she deprecated, her face broken. "You're makin' this hard. When I was picked up, stunned, an' taken to the hospital, after we went off the bridge, they found I wasn't Jes. They talked of me—the newspapers printed stories about Stanton's mechanician—they said, they said you knew I was a woman when we went West—"

The movement that brought Stanton to his feet was galvanic. He understood, finally, in one blinding flash of full comprehension; understood the doctor, the nurse, his fellow-drivers' embarrassed reticence, and Miss Carlisle. Understood, too, that here had been a suffering acute as his own. An' in the man's hot outburst of protectin' Jes and Jessica were fused into one.

"They'll talk to me," he grimly assured. "I'm not shut in a hospital, now. Why didn't you send them to me? You knew I'd come to you—"

His sentence broke, as his eyes caught and held hers; Floyd's eyes, straight and true in spite of the girl's scarlet shame burning in either cheek.

"I knew, yes, you are that kind. But now could I tell you would want to come? How can I tell it now? You'd see me through safely, anyhow. I'm rememberin' that you dismissed Floyd for one falsehood, an' I've tricked you for weeks."

He drew a step nearer her; the pulse which had commenced to beat through him the day they started for Indianapolis and which had ceased two months ago, suddenly woke anew with a long steady stroke. The old rich sense of life ran warm along his veins.

"What of you?" he put the question.

"Brute enough I've been to Floyd. Perhaps he had too much of me for you to want more?"

She gasped before the challenge, then abruptly flared out, powder to spark, defiance to mastery, as so often on track or course.

"You're mockin' me, Ralph Stanton! An' I won't bear it. I've told you too often that I cared, trustin' you'd never know the rest. I ought to have kept away from you, an' I couldn't do it. I never meant you to know I was any one but Jes Floyd, I meant to be your partner an' mechanician all my life. I hated bein' a girl. But you came here an' found Jessica when I wasn't expectin' you. When you asked me if you might marry my sister, there at the Comet factory, you almost killed me. For then I did want to be a girl, your girl. Yes, I'm sayin' it, an' I won't marry you, I won't. I gave Jessica a chance, an' you didn't love her, you loved Jes. I couldn't be happy any more, either way. I'm tired of watchin' the Mercury had fallen on me—wouldn't better go; I'm never goin' to see you again."

"You're going to see me," corrected Stanton, slowly definite. "forever. You're going to marry me today."

She lifted her face to him as he stood over her, the girl's piteous beauty of it, the boy-comrade's direct candor, the mechanician's unarmored obedience, and he saw her trembling whose courage matched his own.

"Don't make me unless you want me, truly," she whispered. "We're playin' square, now."

His reply was inarticulate, the expression which leaped into his eyes was that with which he once had looked at Floyd across the cups of chocolate. Only now it came with the fierce movement that crushed her supple figure in an embrace blending every passion to be spent on man or woman.

"Jess, Jess—comrade Jess, love Jess!"

After a while, she made the last essay.

"You're sure, Ralph?"

"Hush."

"You've lost your racin' mechanician."

"I'm not going to race; we're going to Buffalo to open the Comet automobile factory."

"I've known you every minute; you didn't all know either Jes or Jessica."

For the first time since the Mercury car changed tires on the Cup race course, Stanton's blue-black eyes laughed into the gray ones.

"Perhaps not, but I know Jess Stanton."



"You're Going to Marry Me Today."

ton. Get your hat and furs and come sign your contract; we're team-mated for the long run, my girl."

THE END.

Point of View.

When the necessity of daily labor is removed and the call of social duty fulfilled, that of moderate and timely amusement claims its place as a want inherent in our own nature. To relieve this want and fill up the mental vacancy games are devised, books are written, music is composed, spectacles and plays are invented and exhibited. And if these plays have a moral and virtuous tendency; if the sentiments expressed are calculated to rouse our love of what is noble, and our con-

tempt of what is base and mean; if they unite hundreds in a sympathetic admiration of virtue, abhorrence of vice or derision of folly—it will remain to be shown how far the spectator is more criminally engaged than if he had passed the evening in the idle gossip of society, in the feverish pursuits of ambition or in the unsated and insatiable struggle after gain.—Walter Scott.

Carelessness Causes Bad Writing.

Talking of handwriting—an industrious journalist, who writes all his copy legibly with his own right hand, said that he couldn't understand why anyone should not write legibly. It was quite as easy as writing the other way. Only you had to learn it young. Once you get the careless habit with the pen or pencil you cause endless confusion. And you cannot cure the silly habit of illegible writing when you grow rather proud of it. There is an argument for the retention of the writing master at school.

Poor Man!

Mrs. Mary Austin in an address on primitive woman in New York, uttered a neat epigram about man.

"Never find fault with a man," she said. "Praise him always."

Then, with a smile, she added:

"Man, you see, always regards the very as truth, and truth as abuse."

Foreign Interference.

Patriot—I understand you are living abroad now, Americans not good enough for you, eh?

Expatriate—Oh, it isn't that; it is simply that I prefer being at home with foreigners to staying at home with foreigners.—Judge.

WHY MAN DISLIKES SPRING

Its Beauty Marred for Him by House Cleaning and its Various Accompaniments.

If spring didn't bring nothin' worse than th' primrose by th' brook it wouldn't be so bad. But along with th' turquoise sky an' th' first little patches o' green comes house cleanin', wall paperin', flower beds, stove pipes, candidates an' red-nosed politicians, fresh an' buoyant after a long winter's loaf.

If there's any work in th' world that a man hadn't cut out fer it's house cleanin'. Sufferage or no sufferage it's distinctively a woman's work. What self-respectin' man wants t' take down th' settin' room stove an' put it on th' back porch an' cover it with rag carpet?

Wher's th' man that ever feels right again after fillin' th' ticks at th' livery stable an' dustin' th' chromos? Flower bed makin' is another thing that cheapens a man. What man ever feels like takin' his place again among his peers after puttin' a border o' whitewashed stones around th' tulip bed er teachin' a rose bush t' climb over th' parlor window, an' connect with th' spout? Paintin' a iron bed is somethin' else that's calculated t' destroy what little feelin' o' superiority er woman that th' average husband sometimes secretly entertains. You kin paint a iron bed an' look at it ever day fer a year an' see some new place you missed.

No man in the world can git out good work an' give his business proper attention er give his employer value received durin' th' wall paper season. Next t' th' money trust probe ther' hain't nothin' as pressin' as a good law compellin' a paper hanger t' git on th' job at th' appointed time an' not lay off fer a ball game till t' contract is finished an' he has taken his traps out o' th' parlor.—Indianapolis News.

The Last Letter

Written by Christ

Newspapers throughout the United States are printing what is alleged to be a letter written by Christ. In this letter was an injunction that it should be published to the world by whoever found it, together with the statement that misfortune and bad luck would follow the person having possession of it—in the event that it was not given publicity. There was likewise a promise that whoever may have a copy of this in his or her possession will prosper and be followed by good fortune.

The Northwestern has received a number of requests to print this letter, so if it will relieve the superstitious fears of any one, here it is: According to the history of the letter, it was written by Christ just after His crucifixion, signed by the Angel Gabriel, 99 years after the Savior's birth, and presumably deposited by Him under a stone at the foot of the cross. On the stone appeared this legend, "Blessed is he who shall turn me over."

No one knew what the inscription meant, or seemed to have sufficient curiosity to investigate, until the stone was turned over by a little child, and the letter which follows was discovered:

"Whoever works on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church and keep holy the Lord's day without any manner of work. You shall not idle or misspend your time in bedecking yourself with superfluities of costly apparel and vain dressing, for I have ordered it a day of rest. I will have that day kept holy that your sins may be forgiven you. You will not break any commandments, but observe and keep them, they being written by My hand and spoken by My mouth. You shall not only go to church yourselves, but also your man servant and your maid servant. Observe My work and My commandments.

"You shall finish your work every Saturday at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five days in the year, beginning on Good Friday and continuing the five days following, in remembrance of the blood of my wounds I received for you and mankind.

"You shall love one another and cause them that are not baptized to come to church and receive the holy sacrament, that is to say, baptism,

and then the supper of the Lord, and be made a member thereof, and in so doing I will give you long life and many blessings. Your land will be replenished and bring forth abundance, and I will comfort you in the greatest temptation, and he that doeth to the contrary shall be cursed.

"I will also send hardness of heart on them and especially on hardened and unrepentant unbelievers. He that hath given to the poor shall find it profitable. Remember to keep the Sabbath day, for the seventh day I have taken as a resting day for Myself.

And he that hath a copy of this letter written by My own hand and spoken by My own mouth and keepeth it without publishing it to others, shall not prosper, but he that publisheth it to others, shall be blessed by Me, and if their sins be as many as stars by night, and if they truly believe, they shall be pardoned, and they that believe not this writing and My commandments will have My plagues upon you, and you will be consumed, with your children, goods and cattle and all other worldly enjoyments that I have given you. Do but once think of what I have suffered for you. If you do, it will be well with you in this world and in the world which is to come.

"Whoever shall have a copy of this letter and keep it in their house, nothing shall hurt them, neither pestilence, thunder nor lightning, and if any woman be in birth, and put her trust in Me she shall be delivered of her child. You shall hear no more news of Me except through the Holy Scriptures, until the day of judgment. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found."

The story goes that the little child who found it passed it to one who became a convert to the Christian faith. He failed to have the letter published. He kept it, however, as a sacred memento of Christ, and it passed down to different generations of the family for more than one thousand years. During this period the family suffered repeated misfortunes, migrated to different countries until finally one of them came to America, bringing the letter with him. They settled in Virginia, then moved further South, still followed by misfortune, when finally the last member, a daughter, approached her deathbed and called a neighbor, Mrs. Thompson, giving her the letter and related its history for more than one thousand years. The Thompson woman began the attempt to have it published and it first appeared in the Rome (Ga.) Tribune on Oct. 31, 1891. It then appeared in the Dalton (Ga.) Citizen, and Mrs. Wortman, now living in Marion, Ind., clipped it and kept it in her possession for many years, without an effort to have it published. She was followed by misfortune, which she attributed to her neglect in not trying to have the letter published. Mrs. Ruby Crutchfield of Trevarant, Tenn., is also said to have had a copy and failed to make an effort to have it published for three years, and was followed by a varied lot of misfortunes, which she attributed to the fact of her neglect in this respect.

Clear Creek Items

A dance was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Miller spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zwink.

Miss Irma Lowery and Lawrence Lowery left the first of the week for Broken Bow to attend high school.

The Lone Elm school opened Monday with Grace Adams as teacher.

Among those from this vicinity who are attending the State Fair this week are Mr. and Mrs. Adam Zahn, R. D. Adams, Russell Adams and Mr. and Geo. Zahn.

Prisoners Seated at Small Tables.

Preparations have been completed at the federal penitentiary for seating the prisoners at small tables in the dining-room instead of seating all the 800 men together at long, low benches.

The new method of seating the prisoners for their meals is one of a number of improvements which the warden has made in the prison system in the past few years. It involved the relaying of the dining-room floor and the manufacturing of 104 small, neat tables for the men.

Each table will seat eight men, and under the new arrangement white and colored prisoners will be separated.

Formerly the men were seated in rows on benches at long, desk-like tables, and there was no discrimination as to color.

Believing that the new system would conduce more largely to the individual prisoner's self-respect and aid in establishing a new viewpoint as to his obligations, the warden succeeded in providing the small tables.—Atlanta Constitution.

Drink the New

Crystal Pop

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Change of Program Every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, don't miss any.

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