

Buy a Home Where The Heaviest Crops in the State are Produced

Free Transportation to Land Seekers

One of the Heaviest Producing Counties in the State for the Past Twelve Years

THE FUNDINGSLAND INVESTMENT COMPANY of SIDNEY, NEBRASKA, has over 1,000 acres of choice farming land now on the market; for sale at from \$25 to \$35 per acre; one half cash and the balance in three to five years with interest at 6 percent per annum. We also have a few quarters that we can take from \$500 to \$1,000 as first payment.

Cheyenne county, Nebraska, is one of the most favorably located counties in the western part of the state; situated as it is between the two great Platte rivers, and protected by the Rocky mountain range to the south and west, they do not experience the hot winds that are so prevalent in some parts.

We will contract to show you many fields of wheat that in your estimation will yield 35 bushels per acre; rye 25; flax 15; corn 40 oats 50; potatoes 100; alfalfa seed 5; and other staple crops equally good in proportion.

Remember you are not investing your money in an arid region or desert, but where it is sure to bring you good returns. Buying land is a pure business proposition. You want to invest your money somewhere so that you

will be assured of certain satisfactory returns. Cheyenne county and is the one investment that absolutely insures positive returns.

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 17th, 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



CHAPTER I.
A Chance Encounter.
"Don't you know, boy, you ought not to get in my way?"
The tide was at its ebb; the boats stranded afar, and the lad addressed had started, with a fish—his wage—in one hand, to walk to shore, when, passing into the shadow of the rampart of the Governor's Mount, from the opposite direction a white horse swung suddenly around a corner of the stone masonry and bore directly upon him. He had but time to step aside; as it was, the animal grazed his shoulder, and the boy, about to give utterance to a natural remonstrance, lifted his eyes to the offender. The words were not forthcoming; surprised, he gazed at a tiny girl, of about eleven, perched fairly-like on the broad back of the heavy steed.
"Don't you know you ought not to get in my way?" she repeated imperiously.
The boy, tall, dark, unkempt as a young savage, shifted awkwardly; his black eyes, restless enough ordinarily, expressed a sudden shyness in the presence of this unexpected and dainty creature.
"I didn't see you," he half stammered.
"Well, you should have!" And again the little lady frowned, shook her disordered golden curls disapprovingly and gazed at him, a look of censure in her brown eyes. "But perhaps you don't know who I am," she went on with a lift of the patrician doll-like features. "I don't think you do, or you wouldn't stand there like a booby, without taking off your hat." More embarrassed, he removed a worn cap while she continued to regard him with the reverse of approval. "I am the Comtesse Elise," she observed; "the daughter of the Governor of the Mount."
"Oh!" said the boy, and his glance shifted to the most important and in-

sistent feature of the landscape. Carrying its clustered burden of houses and palaces, a great rock reared itself from the monotony of the bare and blinding sands. Now an oasis in the desert, ere night was over he knew the in-rushing waters would convert it into an island; claim it for the sea! A strange kingdom, yet a mighty one, it belonged alternately to the land and to the ocean. With the sky, however, it enjoyed perpetual affiliation, for the heavens were ever wooing it; now heaving pretty ribbons of light about its air-drawn castles; then kissing it with the tender, soft red glow of celestial fervor.
"Yes; I live right on top among the clouds, in a castle, with dungeons underneath, where my father puts the bad people who don't like the nobles and King Louis XVI. But where, categorically, do you live?"
His gaze turned from the points and turrets and the clouds she spoke of—that seemed to linger about the lofty summit—to the mainland, perhaps a mile distant.
"There!" he said, and specifically indicated a dark fringe, like a cloud on the lowlands.
"In the woods! How odd!" She looked at him with faint interest. "And don't the bears bother you?" Once when I wanted to see what the woods were like, my nurse told me they were filled with terrible bears who would eat up little girls. I don't have a nurse any more." Irrelevantly, "only a governess who came from the court of Versailles, and Beppo. Do you know Beppo?"
"No."
"I don't like him," she confided. "He is always listening. But why do you live in the woods?"
"Because!" The reason failed her. "And didn't you ever live anywhere else?"
A shadow crossed the dark young face. "Once," he said.
"I suppose the bears know you," she speculated, "and that is the reason they let you alone. Or, perhaps, they are like the wolf in the fairy-tale. Did you ever hear of the kind-hearted wolf?"
He shook his head.
"My nurse used to tell it to me. Well, once there was a boy who was an orphan and everybody hated him. So he went to live in the forest and there he met a wolf. 'Where are you going, little boy?' said the wolf. 'No where,' said the boy; 'I have no home.' 'No home!' said the kind-hearted wolf; 'then come with me, and you shall share my cave.' Isn't that a nice story?"
He looked at her in a puzzled manner. "I don't know," he began, when she tossed her head.
"What a stupid boy!" she exclaimed severely. A moment she studied him tentatively through her curls, from the vantage point of her elevated

seat. "That's a big fish," she remarked, after a pause.
"Do you want it?" he asked quickly, his face brightening.
"You can give it to Beppo when he comes," she said, drawing herself up loftily. "He'll be here soon. I've run away from him!" A sudden smile replaced her brief assumption of dignity. "He'll be so angry! He's fat and ugly," more confidentially. "And he's so amusing when he's vexed! But how much do you ask for the fish?"
"I didn't mean—to sell it!"
"Why not?"
"I don't sell fish."
"Don't sell fish!" She looked at the clothes, frayed and worn, the bare muscular throat, the sunburned legs. "You meant to give it to me?"
"Yes."
The girl laughed. "What a funny boy!"
His cheek flushed; from beneath the matted hair, the disconcerted black eyes met the mocking brown ones.
"Of course I can't take it for nothing," she explained, "and it is very absurd of you to expect it."
"Then," with sudden stubbornness, "I will keep it!"
Her glance grew more severe. "Most people speak to me as 'my lady.' You seem to have forgotten. Or perhaps you have been listening to some of those silly persons who talk about everybody being born equal. I've heard my father, the governor, speak of them and how he has put some of them in his dungeons. You'd better not talk that way, or he may shut you up in some terrible dark hole beneath the castle."
"I'm not afraid!" The black eyes shone.
"Then you must be a very wicked boy. It would serve you right if I was to tell."
"You can!"
"Then I won't! Besides, I'm not a tattler!" She tossed her curls and went on. "I've heard my father say these people who want to be called 'gentilhomme' and 'monseigneur' are low and ignorant; they can't even read and write."
Again the red hue mantled the boy's cheek. "I don't believe you can!" she exclaimed shrewdly and clapped her hands. "Can you now?" He did not answer. "Monseigneur! 'Gentilhomme!'"
He stepped closer, his face dark; but whatever reply he might have made was interrupted by the sound of a horse's hoofs and the abrupt appearance, from the direction the child had come, of a fat, irascible-looking man of middle age, dressed in livery.
"Oh, here you are, my lady!" His tone was far from amiable; as he spoke he pulled up his horse with a vicious jerk. "A pretty chase you've led me!"
She regarded him indifferently. "If you will stop at the inn, Beppo—"
The man's irate glance fell. "Who is this?"
"A boy who doesn't want to sell his fish," said the girl merrily.
"Oh!" The man's look expressed a quick recognition. "A fine day's work is this—to bandy words with—"
Abruptly he raised his whip. "What do you mean, sirrah, by stopping my lady?"
A fierce gleam in the lad's eyes belied the smile on his lips. "Don't beat me, good Beppo!" he said in a mocking voice, and stood, alert, lithe, like a tiger ready to spring. The man hesitated; his arm dropped to his side. "The very spot!" he said, looking around him.
A moment the boy waited, then turned on his heel and, without a word, walked away. Soon an angle in the sea-wall, girdling the Mount, hid him from view.
"Why didn't you strike him?" Quietly the child regarded the man. "Were you afraid?" Beppo's answering look was not one of affection for his charge. "Who is he?"
"An idle vagabond."
"What is his name?"
"I don't know."
"Don't you?"
A queer expression sprang into his eyes. "One can't remember every peasant brat," he returned evasively. She considered him silently; then: "Why did you say, 'The very spot?'"
"Did I? I don't remember. But it's time we were getting back. Come, my lady!" And Beppo struck his horse smartly.

CHAPTER II.

An Echo of the Past.
Immovable on its granite base, the great rock, or "Mount," as it had been called for centuries, stood some distance from the shore in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France. To the right, a sweep of sward and marsh stretched seaward, until lost in the distance; to the left, lay the dense land, thickly wooded, reached an arm of land, thickly wooded, reached the bay into two smaller basins. But the ocean, jealous of territory already conquered, twice in twenty-four hours rose to beat heavily on this dark promontory, and, in the angry hiss of the water, was a reminder of a persistent purpose. Here and there, through the ages, had the shoreline of the bay, as well as the neighboring curvatures of the coast, yielded to the assaults of the sea; the Mount alone, solidly indifferent to blandishment or attack, maintained an unvarying aspect.
For centuries a monastery and fortress of the monks, at the time of Louis XVI. the Mount had become a stronghold of the government, strongly ruled by one of its most inexorable nobles. Since his appointment many years before to the post, my lord, the governor of the rock, had ever been regarded as a man who conceded nothing to the people and pursued only the set tenure of his way. During the long period of his reign he committed but one indiscretion; generally regarded as a man confirmed in apathy for the gentler sex, he suddenly, when already past middle age, wedded. Speculation concerning a step so unlooked for was naturally rife.
In novel and hut was it whispered the bride Claire, only daughter of the Comtesse de la Mart, had wept at the altar, but that her mother had appeared complacent, as well she might; for the Governor of the Mount and



WHY RENT



When you can get a farm of your own. What you will pay as rent for another year will pay the down payment on Golden Prairie Farm.

Wheat like this is threshing 30 to 40 bushel per acre. Oats are running 60 to 75 bu. per acre and higher



You can get a farm, 1, Level or but slightly rolling; 2, Clay loam soil; 3, Pure well water; 4, Near town, 1 to 5 miles. all for \$15, \$17.50 or \$20 an acre. A few pieces at \$22.50 and \$25. One-fifth down rest on crop payments.

No Hot Winds well water, fine climate,

No extreme heat in summer or extreme cold in winter; west of the sand hills of Nebraska; well grassed, fertile prairie free from alkali, sagebrush, gumbo or hardpan, Pure

Write The Federal Land and Securities Co. Cheyenne, Wyo

the surrounding country was wide and powerful; his sword swept far and wide, even to the Orient, while the number of metayers, or petty farmers that paid him tribute, constituted a large community. Other guests, bending over peat fires within walled walls, affirmed—beneath their breath, least of the spies of the well-hated lord of the North might bear them!—that the more popular, though impoverished, Seigneur Desaurac had been the favored suitor with the young woman herself, but that the family of the bride had found him undesirable. The Desaurac fortune, once large, had so waned that little remained save the rich, though heavily encumbered lands and, in the heart of the forest, a time-worn, crumbling castle.

Thus it came to pass the marriage of the lady to the Governor was celebrated in the jeweled Gothic church crowning a medley of palaces, chapels and monastery on the Mount; that the rejected Seigneur Desaurac, gazing across the strip of water—for the tide was at its full—separating the rocky fortress from the land, shrugged his shoulders angrily and contemptuously, and that not many moons later, as if to show disdain of position and title, took to his home an orphaned peasant lass. That a simple church ceremony had preceded this step was both affirmed and denied; hearsay described a marriage at a neighboring village; more malicious gossip credited it. A man of rank! A woman of the soil! Feudal custom forbade belief that the proper sort of nuptial knot had been tied.

Be this as it may, for a time the sturdy, dark brown young woman presided over the Seigneur's fortunes with exemplary care and patience. She found them in a chaotic condition; lands had either been allowed to run to waste, or were cultivated by peasants that so long had forgotten to pay the metayer, or owner's due, they had come to regard the acres as their own—a delusion this practical helpmate would speedily have dispelled, save that the Seigneur himself pleaded for them and would not permit of the "poor people" being disturbed. Whereupon she made the best of an anomalous situation, and all concerned might have continued to live satisfactorily enough until an abrupt break occurred in the chain of circumstances. In presenting the Seigneur with a child, half-peasant, half-lord, the mother gave up her own life for his posterity.

At first, thereafter, the Seigneur remained a recluse; when, however, a year or two had gone by, the peasant—who had settled in greater numbers thereabouts, even to the verge of the forest—noticed that he gradually emerged from his solitude, ventured into the world at large, and occasionally was seen in the vicinity of the Mount. This predilection for lonely walks clearly led to his undoing; one morning he was found stabbed in the back, on the beach at the foot of the Mount.

Carried home, he related how he had been set upon by a band of miscreants, which later, coming to the governor's ears, led to an attempt to locate the assailants among the

TO BE CONTINUED

Once at Least.

Addison Mizner, the noted vivreur, told, during a visit to Atlantic City, a story about a beautiful young widow. "In her white bathing suit," he said "with her blond hair and her supple grace, the widow is certainly not a-miss."
"Two show girls discussed her rather enviously as she glided past them in her rolling chair the other day."
"She looks so demure," said the first, "and she is so rich and so beautiful—I wonder if she ever had a joy ride!"
"Oh, I'm sure she had," said the other show-girl, "when she attended the sepulture of her octogenarian millionaire husband."

Heat in the High Atmosphere.
Forty sounding balloons carrying registration apparatus, sent up by the Royal Meteorological Society of England, reached different heights. The mean altitude attained was 16,411 meters, the maximum 23,010 meters. At a certain altitude the temperature increased instead of decreasing. This could not have been due to solar radiation because the maximum height was reached after sunset.—Harpers Weekly

For a Square Deal IN Real Estate And Insurance See J. W. Dougal

Office First Floor, 4 doors south of State Bank Building

GERMAN DOCTORS Grand Island Office 108 E 3rd street Free Examination Day Sept 16, 1912

X-RAY FREE \$10.00 X-RAY EXAMINATION WRITE FOR BOOKLET

HOME OFFICES FREE INFORMATION COUPON German Doctors, Main and Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia. Get information—without any obligation—send me free the name of about ailments as checked (X) on this schedule.

FENCE POSTS AT 12C AND 25C EACH

Let us Figure your bill of Lumber and all kinds of Building MATERIAL AT THE LEININGER LUMBER CO., Loud City Neb

Crystal Pop

It's the Best Call at the Bottling Works and take a case home with you and not drink so much water these hot days. CRYSTAL BOTTLING WORKS A. O. LEE, PROPRIETOR

THE GEM THEATER

Change of Program Every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, don't miss any. Special Feature Picture Every Friday A. O. LEE

Most Extraordinary Land Sale the West Has Ever Known

Government auction of 775,000 acres Wind River Reservation lands near Thermopolis, Wyo., September 19th, 1912, at minimum price of \$1.00 per acre, and 350,000 acres Crow Indian Reservation lands near Hardin, Mont., October 21st, 1912 at minimum price of \$1.50 per acre. No residence required. Get title right away. Buy some of these cheap lands and go to raising high priced cattle. You will never have a like chance again Round Trip Ticket from Omaha to Thermopolis, \$31.75 any day until September 30th, good to return to October 31st. Low rates from other stations. Stop overs allowed everywhere. On this ticket you can see the free 640 acre homesteads in Western Nebraska, and stop at Upton, McCroft and Gillette, Wyo., to see the Model 320 acre Free Homesteads—the new three year homestead law applies to these lands—stop at Hardin Mont., and see the Crow Indian lands at \$1.50 per acre at Huntly and Billings to see government irrigated lands and Carey Act lands; see the rich, well watered irrigated lands in the famous BIG HORN BASIN and then to Thermopolis to see the three-quarter million acres of Wind River lands that the government is offering at minimum of \$1.00 per acre. This grand trip and an unusual opportunity. Write quick for maps and full particulars. D. Clem Deaver, Immigration Agent 1004 Farnam Street, Omaha Nebraska