

The greatest and grandest and most elaborate, gigantic, interesting, thrilling and gorgeous, historical, biblical dramatic, musical, scenic, spectacular and pyrotechnical exhibition the world has ever witnessed, will be seen every night during the FALL FESTIVAL at Hastings, Nebraska, during the week of OCTOBER 7th, when PAIN'S LAST DAYS OF POMPEII with 300 gorgeously costumed performers, including five big circus acts, 15,000 square feet of oil painted scenery, amphitheatre covering five acres, seating 10,000 people, showing the thrilling, awe-inspiring destruction of the City of Pompeii by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. A scene of awful grandeur, a thrilling realization indescribable and never forgotten; concluding with \$1000 DISPLAY OF PAIN'S FAMOUS MANHATTEN BEACH FIREWORKS

General admission 50 cents, reserved seats 25 cents, extra, box seats 50 cents extra, and children under twelve years of age 25 cents.

The Hastings Fall Festival Committee is sparing no effort to make the Farm products, Poultry and Domestic science Departments as attractive as the amusement features. In fact the money expended and the interest exhibited by the committee and farmers all point to a successful exposition. It is determined to make the 1912 Festival in Hastings, the biggest and most splendid event in Nebraska for the year. All the necessary steps for the personal comfort of the visitors during the week have been anticipated and ladies' rest rooms conveniently located.

THE ONLY BIG SHOW COMING

On Its Own Special Railroad Trains of Twenty-five Double-Length Cars

Will Exhibit at
Loup City, Tuesday Oct. 1st
ONE DAY ONLY
Two Performances, at 2 and 8 P. M.

AL. G. BARNES' 3-Ring Wild Animal CIRCUS

350 ANIMAL ACTORS 350

---HERDS OF---
Elephants, Camels, Zebras, Arctic Sea Lions

African---Lions---Ride---Arabian---Stallions

52 GROUPS OF SAVAGE BEASTS 52
In Heart-Thrilling Acts

150 Ponies, Dogs, Apes, Merry Clowns 150
and a Host of Novel Acts

3 Three Military Bands 3

Free Street Parade at 10:30 A. M.

Rain or Shine
LOUP CITY, NEBR.
Tuesday, October 1st

Clear Creek Items

Miss Bessie Peters visited the Lome Elm school last Thursday.

Several of the farmers of this vicinity have lost horses with the new disease.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Coppersmith spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke.

Mr. Loren Hayden Sundayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wash Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Adams, and Mr. and Mrs. Adam Zahn and daughter, Grace, took Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Zahn.

Mr. Jake Egger, of Princeton, Nebraska, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Zahn for a few days' last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fielding and family visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Haddix Sunday.

Many of the farmers of this vicinity have been cutting corn this week.

Mr. Alton Lowery and Mr. Glen Smith are working for J. M. Lowery.

Miss Grace Adams visited with Miss Kate Smith Sunday.

Mr. Jim Hager went to Alliance last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stouffer moved to near Litchfield last week. He has been working for Mr. Frank Kuhn for some time.

Harry Bellinger is not firing for the U. P. any more. He quit his job last week and now is at work running an engine. He got his promotion after he had passed a class examination.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fielding and family

The Lady

OF THE
Mount
By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM**
Author of
"The Strollers"
"Under the Rose"
Etc.

"Haven't you ever heard of the governor's carriage?"

"No."

"That's because he hasn't used it lately; but in her ladyship's day—"

"Her ladyship?"

"The governor's lady—he bought it for her. But she soon got tired of it—perhaps didn't like the way the people looked at her!" roughly. "Mon dieu! perhaps they did scowl a little—for it didn't please them, I can tell you!—the sight of all that gold squeezed from the taxes!"

"Where is he going now?"

"Nowhere himself—he never goes far from the Mount. But the Lady Elise, his daughter—some one in the village was saying she was going to Paris."

"Paris!" The lad repeated the word quickly. "What for?"

"What do all the great lords and nobles send their children there for? To get educated—married, and—to learn the tricks of the court! Bah! With a coarse laugh the man turned; stooping beneath his load, he moved grumblingly on.

The boy, however, did not stir; as in a dream he looked first at the Mount, a dark triangle against the sky, then at the carriage. Nearer the latter drew, was about to dash by, when suddenly the driver, on his high seat, uttered an exclamation and at the same time tugged hard at the reins. The vehicle took a quick turn, lurched dangerously in its top-heavy pomp, and almost upsetting, came to a standstill nearly opposite the boy.

"Careless dog!" a shrill voice screamed from the inside. "What are you doing?"

"The horses, your Excellency!" The driver's voice was thick; as he spoke he swayed uncertainly.

"Lises—quicksands!"

"There, your Excellency," indicating a gleaming place right in their path, a small bright spot that looked as if it might have been polished, while elsewhere on the surrounding sands they rippling parallels caressed the eye with streaks of black and silver.

"I saw it in time!"

"In time!" angrily. "Impudent! Didn't you know it was there?"

"Of course, your Excellency! Only I had misjudged a little, and—" The man's manner showed he was frightened.

"Falseness! You have been drinking! Don't answer. You shall hear of this later. Drive around the spot."

"Yes, your Excellency." Was the now sober and subdued answer.

Ere he obeyed, however, the carriage door, from which the governor had been leaning, swung open.

"Wait!" he called out impatiently and tried to close it, but the catch probably from long disuse—would not hold, and, before the liverie servant perched on the lofty carriage behind had fully perceived the fact, and had recovered himself sufficient to think of his duties, the boy on the bench had sprung forward.

Seemed to read his inmost thoughts a face, indistinguishable but compelling; beyond, something white—a girl's dress—that moved and fluttered:

"Who is he?"

"A poor boy who lives in the woods papa!"

But Beppo leaned forward and whispered, his words too low for the lad to catch. Whatever his information, the governor started; the questioning glance on an instant brightened, and his head was thrust forward close to the boys. A chill seemed to pass over the lad, yet he did not quail.

"Good-by, boy!" said the child, and, leaning from the window, smiled down at him.

He tried to answer, when a hand pulled her in somewhat over-suddenly.

"Drive on!" Again the shrill tones cut the air. "Drive on, I tell you! Diab! What are you standing here for!"

A whip lashed the air and the horses leaped forward. The back wheels of the vehicle almost struck the lad, but, motionless, he continued staring after it. Farther it drew away, and, as he remained thus he discerned, or fancied he discerned, a girl's face at the back—a ribbon that waved for a moment in the moonlight, and then was gone.

Eight years elapsed before next he saw her.

At the unexpected question, the smoke puffed suddenly from the man's lips. "Not I."

"Nor write?"

The man made a rough gesture. "Nor sail to the moon!" he returned derisively. "Read? Rubbish! Write? What for? Does it bring more fish to your nets?"

"Who—could show me how to read and write?"

"You?" Sanchez stared.

"Why not?"

"Books are the tools of the devil!" declared Sanchez shortly. "There was a black man here today with a paper—a writ, I think he called it—or a 'service' of some kind—anyhow, it must have been in Latin," violently, "for such gibberish, I never heard and—"

The boy rose. "People who can't read and write are low and ignorant!"

"Eh? What's come over you?"

"My father was a gentleman."

"Your father!—yes—"

"And a Seigneur!"

"A Seigneur truly!"

"And I mean to be one!" said the boy suddenly, closing his fists.

"Oh, oh! So that's it?" derisively.

"You! A Seigneur? Whose mother—"

"Who could teach me?" Determined, with a trace of color on his brown cheek, the boy looked down.

"Who?" The man began to recover from his surprise. "That's not so easy to tell. But if you must know—well, there's Gabriel Gabarie, for one, a poet of the people. He might do it—although there's talk of cutting off his head—"

"What for?"

"For knowing how to write."

The lad reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?"

"To the poet's."

"At this late hour! You are in a hurry!"

"If what you say is true, there's no time to lose."

"Well, if you find him writing verses about liberty and equality, don't interrupt him, or you'll lose your head," shouted the man.

But when the sound of the boy's footsteps had ceased, Sanchez's expression changed; more bent, more worn, he got up and walked slowly to and fro. "A fine Seigneur!" The moldering walls seemed to echo the words. "A fine Seigneur!" he muttered, and again sat brooding in silence.

In the gathering dusk the lad strode briskly on. A squirrel barked to the right; he did not look around. A party drummed to the left; usually alert to wood sound or life, tonight he did not heed it. But, fairly-out of the forest and making his way with the same air of resolution across the sands toward the lowland beyond, his attention, on a sudden, became forcibly diverted. He had but half completed the distance from the place where he had left the wood to the objective point in the curvature of the shore, when to the left through the gloom, a great vehicle, drawn by six horses, could be seen rapidly approaching. From the imposing equipage gleamed many lamps; the moon, which ere this had begun to assert its place in the heavens, made bright the shining harness and shone on the polished surface of the golden car. Wondering, the boy paused.

"What is that?"

The person addressed, a fisherman belated, bending to the burden on his shoulders, stopped, and, breathing hard, looked around and watched the approaching vehicle intently.

"The governor's carriage!" he said.

"Slam it!" commanded an irate voice.

The lad complied and as he did so, peered eagerly into the capacious depths of the vehicle.

"The boy with the fish!" exclaimed at the same time a girlish treble within.

"Eh? my lord turned sharply.

An impudent one, who stepped the way these, exclaimed the man surety Beppo—on the front seat.

"Stopped the Lady Elise!" The governor repeated the words slowly; a ominous pause was followed by a abrupt movement of the part of the lid.

"He did not stop me, it was I who stopped him over the sea, it was my own good sense that—"

"You were not to be so bold as to stop me, my lord!"

"My lady," Beppo's voice was soft and unctious, "construes forbearance as fear."

"Step nearer, boy!"

Pertly blinded by the lamps, the lad peered; was cognizant of a piercing scrutiny; two hard, steely eyes that glared and mercurial ebb and flow of their moods! The maintenance of autocratic power on the land, and, a more difficult task, on the sea—these

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The Lad Complied.

were matters of greater import than the phenomena of nature whose purposes man is powerless to shape or curb. My lady, his daughter, however, who had just returned from seven years' schooling at a convent and one year at court where the queen, Marie Antoinette, set the fashion of gaiety, found in the conduct of their great neighbor the ocean, a source of both entertainment and instruction for her guests, a merry company transported from Versailles.

"Is it not a sight well worth seeing after your tranquil Seine, my Lords?" she would say with a wave of her white hand toward the restless sea. "Here, perched in mid air like eagles, you have watched the 'grand tide,' as we call it, come in—like no other tide—faster than a horse can gallop! Where else could you witness the like?"

"Nowhere. And when it goes out—"

"It goes out so far, you can no longer see it; only a vast beach that reaches to the horizon, and—"

"Must be very dangerous?"

"For a few days, perhaps; later, not at all, when the pettish tides are the rule, and can be depended on.

TO BE CONTINUED

PROGRESSIVE PARTY

Sherman County Mass Convention

A Mass Convention of Sherman County Voters, believing in the principles of and affiliating with the National Progressive Party Movement, is hereby called to be held on Saturday, the 28th day of September, 1912, at 11 o'clock a. m., at Loup City, Nebraska, as required by law, for the purpose of forming within Sherman County, Nebraska, the new political party, designated the "PROGRESSIVE" Party, and for the purpose of nominating the candidates of said new party for the offices to be voted on at the general election of the year 1912, viz: One candidate for Representative of the 57th District of Nebraska, one candidate for County Attorney of Sherman County and one candidate for County Assessor of Sherman County and for the purpose of selecting a County Central Committee and Committee members from the several voting precincts of the county, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before said Mass Convention.

Dated this 16th day of September, 1912. Progressive Party State Committee, by F. P. Corrick, Chairman Executive Committee.

Louis Rein, Temporary Chairman County Committee.

THE GEM THEATER

Change of Program every Tuesday Thursday and Saturday
Don't miss any of these pictures,

This is always an entertaining and instructive show
A. O. LEE

Autumn Special Rates

Low One Way Rates to Pacific Coast

Special colonist rates Sept. 25 to Oct. 10, \$40 to California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia; \$25 to Utah Central Montana, Eastern Idaho. Secure berths early. Tickets good in chair cars or through tourists sleepers to Salt Lake, Los Angeles, San Francisco, via Scenic Colorado, and to Spokane, Portland, Seattle, over the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways.

Round Trip, Pacific Coast, The \$60 coast rate is in effect daily until Sept. 30th, with special \$55 round trip rate Oct. 12, 14 and 15 to Portland and Seattle.

Summer Tourists Sept is the last month for these rates to Atlantic Seaboard, Eastern resorts, Colorado, the Black Hills, or other summer resorts. Yellowstone Park rates expire Sept. 12.

DRY FARMING CONGRESS—At Lethbridge, Alberta, October 21-25. Special rates available. Special free publications cover any journey you desire to make. Describe it to your nearest Burlington agent. Let him furnish you printed matter or obtain the same from the undersigned.

J. A. DANIELSON Ticket Agent
L. W. Wakely,
General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb

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 on 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.

October 1st 1912,

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

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