

# PUBLIC SALES!

I am leaving the country and will offer for sale at my farm 1-2 mile north of Loup City, on the Arcadia road the following described property, to wit:

## WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1912

Commencing at Ten o'clock A. M. Sharp

### 19 HORSES AND MULES 19

1 bay horse 6 years old, weight 1300; 1 bay horse 3 years old, weight 1150; 1 bay mare 4 years old, weight 1100; 1 gray mare 3 year old, weight 1200; 1 gray horse 3 years old, weight 1000; 1 gray mare 6 years old, weight 950; 1 gray mare 12 year old, weight 1100; 1 black mare 4 years old, weight 1100; 1 black mare 10 year old, weight 1000; 1 brown mare 3 year old, weight 950; 1 brown mare 7 years old, weight 1050; 1 brown mare 12 years old, weight 950; 1 brown horse 3 years old, weight 800; 1 team geldings 4 and 6 years old, well matched, weight 2100; 2 sucking colts; 2 black jacks 2 and 3 years old.



### 7 HEAD OF CATTLE 7

5 Extra good milch cows and two bull calves



### 16 HOGS 16

Fifteen pure bred O. I. C. pigs, one boar



### FARM MACHINERY

1 Great Western Manure spreader; 1 new disc; 1 new moline Lay-by; 1 riding lister; 3 walking cultivators; 1 harrow; 2 wagons; 2 hay racks; 1 mower; complete set hay tools; Feed grinder; 1, 4 1-2 horse power Olds gas engine; 1, 2 seat carriage; 1 top buggy; 1 breaking plow; 4 sets work harness; 2 cream separators; 3 incubators, brooders; 1 book case; 5 beds; cupboard and other household articles too numerous to mention.

### FREE LUNCH AT THE NOON HOUR

**Terms of Sale:**—All sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, a credit of 8 Months will be given by purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale, property to be settled for before being removed from the place.

## Mrs. A. H. HANSEL, Owner.

J. G. PAGELER, Auctioneer,  
W. F. MASON, Clerk,  
Northwestern Power Print, Loup City, Neb.

## The Lady OF THE Mount

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM  
Author of "The Strollers" "Under the Rose" etc.  
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

**SYNOPSIS.**  
CHAPTER I—Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy.  
CHAPTER II—"The Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desmarc, nobleman.  
CHAPTER III—Young Desmarc determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris.  
CHAPTER IV—Lady Elise returns after seven years' schooling, and entertains many nobles.  
CHAPTER V—Her ladyship dances with a strange fisherman, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious La Reine Marie.  
CHAPTER VI—The Black Selwyn escapes.  
CHAPTER VII—Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" tide.  
CHAPTER VIII—Black Selwyn rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.  
of rugged ancestry, but never vicious only headstrong! And she didn't mind that—  
Already had he begun to slack that first thundering pace when something white—a veil, perhaps, dropped from the countenance of lords and ladies some days before—the land and waited to the beach—battered like a live thing suddenly before him. In his tense mood, Selwyn, abashed, sprang to one side; then wheeling outright, madly took the bit in his teeth. Perforce his mistress resigned herself, sitting straight and sure, with little

Sands were the firm at the reins. Selwyn was behaving very badly, but—at least he was superb, worth conquering, if—  
A brief thrill of apprehension seized her as, again drawing near the point of land, he showed no signs of yielding resisted all her attempts to turn, to direct him to it. With nostrils thrust forward and breathing strong, he continued to choose his own course; to whirl her on; past the promontory; around into the great bay beyond—now a vast expanse, or desert of sand, broken only, about half-way across, by the small isle of Casque. Toward this rocky formation, a pygmy in the great Mount from which it lay concealed by the intervening projection of land, the horse rushed.  
On, on! In vain she still endeavored to stop him; thinking uselessly of stories the fishermen told of this neighboring coast; of the sands that often shifted here, setting pitfalls for the unwary. She saw the sky grow yet darker, noted the nearer flashings of light, and heard the louder rumblings that followed. Then presently another danger she had long been conscious of, on a sudden became real.  
She saw, or thought she saw, a faint streak, like a silver line drawn across the sky where the yellow sands touched the somber horizon. And Selwyn seemed to observe it, too; to detect in it cause for wonder; reason for hesitation. At any rate, that headlong speed now showed signs of diminishing; he clipped and tossed the sand less vigorously, and looked around at his mistress with wild, uneasy eyes. Again she spoke to him; pulled with all her strength at the reins, and, at once, he stopped.  
None too soon! Great drops of rain had begun to fall, but the girl did not notice them. The white line alone riveted her attention! It seemed to grow broader; to acquire an intangible movement of its own; at the same time to give out a sound—a strange, low droning that filled the air. Heard for the first time, a stranger at the Mount would have found it inexplicable; to the Governor's daughter, the menacing cadence left no room for doubt as to its origin.  
The girl's cheek paled; her gaze swung in the opposite direction, toward the point of land, now so distant. Could they reach it? She did not believe they could; indeed, the "grand" tide coming up behind on the verge of the storm, faster than any horse could gallop, would overtake

them midway. And Selwyn seemed to know it also; beneath her, he trembled. Yet must they try, she thought, and had tightened the reins to turn, when looking ahead once more, she discerned a break in the forbidding cliffs of the little island of Casque, and, back of the fissure, a shining spot which marked a tiny cove.  
A moment she hesitated; what should she do? Ride toward the isle and the white danger, or toward the point of mainland and from it? Either alternative was a desperate one, but the isle lay much nearer; and quickly, the brown eyes gleaming with sudden courage, she decided; touched her horse and pressed him forward.  
But fast as she went the "grand" tide came faster; struck with a loud, menacing sound the seaward side of the isle and swung hungrily around. My lady cast over her shoulder a quick glance; the cove, however, was near; only a line of small rocks, jutting from the sand, separated her from it. If they could but pass, she thought; they had passed, she told herself joyfully, when of a sudden the horse stumbled; fell. Thrown violently from his back, a moment was his cognizant of a deafening roar; a riotous advance of foam; above, a hundred birds that screamed distractedly; then all these sounds mingled; darkness succeeded, and she remembered no more.  
**CHAPTER VIII.**  
The Old Watch-Tower.  
A wall! A window—a prison-like interior! As her eyes opened, the Governor's daughter strove confusedly to decipher her surroundings. The wall seemed real; the narrow window, too, high above, framing, against a darkening background, a slant of fine rain! Again she closed her eyes, only to be conscious of a gentle languor; a heaviness like that of half-sleep; of bodily heat, and also a little bodily pain. For an indefinite period, really a moment or two, she resigned herself to that dreamy torpor; then, with an effort, lifted her lashes once more.  
As she gazed before her, something bright seemed leaping back and forth; a flame—that played on the wall; revealing the joints between the stones of massive masonry; casting shadows, but to wipe them out; palling near a small window, the only aperture apparent in the cell-like place. Turning from the flickering, her glance quick-

ly sought their source—a fire in a hearth, before which she lay—or half sat, propped against a stone.  
But why? The spot was strange; in her ears sounded a buzzing, like the murmur of a waterfall. She remembered now; she had lingered before one—in the woods; and Selwyn had run away, madly, across the sands cove.  
**A Butterfly, Poised and Waving Its Wings, Held Her for a Long Time.**  
until—my lady raised her hand to her brow; abruptly it fell. In the shadow on the other side of the hearth some one moved; some one who had been watching her and who now stepped out into the light.  
"Are you better?" said a voice.  
She stared. On the bold, swarthy features of a young man now standing and looking down at her, the light flared and gleamed; the open shirt revealed a muscular throat; the downturned black eyes were steady, solicitous. His appearance was unexpected, yet not quite strange; she had seen him before, but, in the general surprise and perplexity of the moment, did not ask herself where. The interval between what she last remembered on the beach—the rush and swirl of water—and what she woke to, absorbed the hazy workings of her mind.  
The young man stopped; stirred the fire, and after a pause, apparently to give her time to collect her thoughts, repeated his question: "Are you bet-



### Along R. R. No. 2

Henry Oberhiller marketed a load of wheat Monday.  
The Seniors and teachers were out to Miss Minnie Oltjenbrun's home and spent the evening last Thursday.  
Nick Daddow was working the roads south of H. W. Brodock's last week.  
Miss Lizette Miller visited over Sunday at Loup City.  
Henry Reed did some road work at C. W. Burt's last week.  
While some parties from Arcadia were baling hay for R. P. Ratslaff last week in some way the hay was set on fire, burning up about six tons. The baler was also destroyed and it looked for a time as if the whole country to the south would be swept by the fire but with hard work they succeeded in putting it out.  
Chas. Johnson is up at Comstock, Neb., this week.  
Gordon Snyder has been up to his farm near Comstock the past week putting up a new house, barn and other outbuildings. He is expected home next week.  
John Czarnek will farm the old Chas. Snyder place the coming year.  
Tom Lay of Rockville has been appointed district deputy for the Odd Fellows for this district.

To all Odd Fellows: Don't fail to be at the hall Saturday night, as two degrees will be put on, including the first. Come out and make this a rousing meeting.  
Joe Blaschke has been grading the Divide road from the old Squires place to Loup City.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Snyder will move in the spring to their farm near Comstock, Neb.  
Miss Mable Depew was completely surprised at the home of Chris Oltjenbrun last Thursday night by the senior class and her teachers. Saturday was her birthday and they thought that the surprise would be more complete to have it a few days earlier, so Thursday evening she was taken out by Miss Minnie to her home, the crowd following latter. All had one of the jolliest times.  
J. Plambeck and sons hauled three loads of hay from south of Oltjenbrun's Tuesday.  
Iver Holmburg will soon be a well man again.  
Ed Radcliff is remodeling H. S. Conger's house this week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Andy Coppersmith were trading at Loup City Tuesday and took home a new spring wagon.  
R. P. Ratslaff had a load of wheat on the Loup City market Tuesday.  
N. P. Neilson's new hog house is almost completed.  
Grover Huston is a little better.  
Wilber Curry will farm next year where Russel farmed this year, west of the Will Garner place.  
Jim Roush will farm the land farmed by Wilber Curry, next year. This will make him a half section.  
There was a big ball game last Sunday near the home of Ralph Peters, between Fairview and Cob Creek, the score standing 11 to 17 in favor of Cob Creek. This is the fourth game that has been played between these nine and the first to be won by Cob Creek. One game was a tie. Jolly crowds witnessed each game.  
John Wall hauled a 4-horse load of lumber for his father's new barn Tuesday.  
Wiggle Creek was well represented at the Rally Day exercises in the Austin church last Sunday, Oct. 20th. An excellent program was rendered.  
Marvin Hughes has been staying at the home of Winifred Hughes while his parents were visiting at Glenville.  
Mr. and Mrs. Obermiller and family autoed up to Mr. Thode's last Sunday to spend the day.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hughes and son, Homer, and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Daddow and Mr. and Mrs. Tom McFadden and two children started in autos for Glenville, Neb., last Saturday morning. They will visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hughes' daughter and family, also Mr. Anthus and family. They are expected home the middle of this week.  
Mrs. Gordon Snyder and Miss Bogseth visited last Sunday with Mr. S. McFadden's.  
Mr. Lowberg, son-in-law of H. Reed, who lives in Iowa, reports his corn to be making 72 bushels per acre. A slight difference considering the crop in this vicinity.  
Mr. Neisner is hauling lumber from Loup City this week for the purpose of building a new barn on his place.  
Mr. Roy was at Loup City Monday doing some trading.

Don't forget the social to be given in Dist. 37 Friday evening, Oct. 25th. Every one come. Ladies, please bring baskets.  
Frank Daddow and family spent last Sunday at the home of Lonnie Daddow.  
Vida Cowling and Florence Depew were visitors at Blanche Draper's school Friday.  
A surprise party was given on Jess Vian Friday evening by his Sunday school class and many friends. 74 were present. Oyster soup, celery and coffee were served.  
Miss Eunice Chase visited with Winifred Parsley from Friday night till Sunday.  
A box social and program at Lone Elm Friday, Oct. 26th. All welcome.  
Rev. Zike was on the sick list last week.  
Several farmers on Route 1 have begun shucking corn.  
Virgil Waller returned from the

sand hills Thursday.  
Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Miller visited at the Ed. Shipley home Sunday.  
Mr. Damratski is building a new barn instead of a house and it is nearing completion.  
Jim Hager is back from a visit at Alliance, Neb.  
A surprise dance was given at Frank Kusek's Saturday night. A large crowd and a good time.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Heapy leave for Alabama this week for their little son's health.  
Mrs. Ed Shipley, who has been very sick, is improving slowly.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain moved to their new home west of Andy Coppersmith's, Saturday.  
C. O. Johnson was called to the bedside of his brother who was thought to be passing away, but he was so much better this week that Mr. Johnson came home.  
John Peterson was helping Hans Deitz haul wheat Tuesday.  
Miss Minnie Plambeck visited at

Jorgen Plambeck's the past week.  
John Peterson had a very close call from death or serious injury Tuesday at the elevator. In some way the dump failed to hold his wagon in driving across and the two front wheels dropped in where the rear wheels should. This threw Mr. Peterson head first between the kicking horses and it looked for a time as though he would be killed. As it was he came out of it with only a bruised leg. He had to cut some of the harness before he could get his team up and when he did one of them almost fell into the dump in struggling to get to its feet. Hans Deitz had almost the same experience with a load of wheat a few minutes latter.  
Girls, Boys, the Young and the Old, Don't forget the story Halloween has told, Of Ye Witches, and Ye Elfs abroad in the land.  
A silent, swift and mysterious band. All kinds of Hallow'en goods, masks, etc., at The Rexall Store. Don't miss seeing our window.  
Vaughn & Hinman

*What Next, Tailor?*

**For The Same Money**  
you might pay for clothing made six or seven months ago over dummy models, our Chicago tailors, Ed. V. Price & Co., build up-to-date clothes Expressly To Your Order and give a style that pleases, a shape that is permanent, a wearing service that means economy, and an individuality that satisfies.

A personal trial will prove why their work is so highly regarded. Let us take your measure. Today!

**J. W. Dorsey**  
Two-Button Novelty Sack, No. 812

**PAGELER & ROUNDS**  
Auctioneers  
Arcadia, - - - - Nebraska

We will call sales together or separately, in any part of Sherman County. Phone or write, Jack Pageler or Parl Rounds, Arcadia, Nebraska.

**Rich Fertile Farm Lands**  
For Sale by  
**The Federal Land and Securities Co.**  
Of Cheyenne, Wyo

Situated in southeast Wyoming near the foothills of the mountains, west of the Sand hills of Nebraska; out of reach of the hot winds. Fertile soil, free from alkali and gumbo, clay subsoil, good water, climate enexcelled. Sold on crop payment plan. Write the Federa, Land and Securities Co., 100 w 17th St., Cheyenne, Wyo., for particulars.

**October Rate Specialties**  
Low One Way Rates to Pacific Coast.

These are in effect only until October 10th, \$30 to California, Oregon, Washington, and \$25 to Utah and portions of Montana and Idaho. Reserve berths early.

**Tourist Rates South**  
The usual winter tourist and homeseekers' rates to southern localities have been announced. The south is growing in its attractions for northern people. Ask for some of the attractive literature, descriptive of southern resorts, hotels and tours.

**Through Tourists Sleepers To California via Santa Fe Route**  
Commencing November 5th, from Omaha every Tuesday night at 11:35 p. m., personally conducted, through conducted tourists sleepers will be run to Los Angeles via Denver thence Santa Fe direct line—Grand Canyon Route. These sleepers may be taken from Omaha early Tuesday night from Lincoln at midnight or leaving Denver Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m.

**Winter Tourists Rates To California** are daily in effect. Free literature, California Excursions, Pacific Coast Tours, Southern Tours leaflet. Have your ticket read "Burlington." You will then have the broadest choice of diverse routes to and from the coast.

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