NIGHTINGALE & SON Attorney and Counseicr-at-Law LOUP GITY, NEB.

R. H. MATHEW, Attorney-at-Law,

Loup City, Nebraska

AARON WALL Lawyer Practices in all Courts Loup City,

ROBERT H. MATHEW **Bonded Abstracter** LOUP CITY, - NEBRASKA.

Only set of Abstract books in county

O. E. LONGACRE PHYSICIAN and SURGEON Office, Over New Bank.

TELEPHONE CALL, NO. 39 A. J. KEARNS PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Loup City, - Nebraska

A. S. MAIN PHYSICIAN and SURGEON Loup Gity, Nebr. Office at Residence, Telephone Connection

J. E. Bowman M. D. Carrie L. Bowman M. D.

Phone 114

S. A. ALLEN, DENTIST.

LOUP CITY, . . NEB. Office up stairs in the new State Bank building.

W. L. MARCY. DENTIST.

LOUP GITY, NEB Phone, 10 on 36

V. I. McDonall **Prompt Dray Work**

Call lumber yards or Taylor's how?" elevator. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 6 on 57

C. E. Stroud

Formerly of Kansas City. Painting, Papering and Decorating looks!" Special attention paid to Autos and Carriages. All tops renewed and repaired. All work

Phone 0

W. H. DUNKR CONTRACTOR and PLASTERER

guaranteed.

Phone 6 on 70 Give me a call and get my prices. I will treat you right. Satisfaction Guaranted

C. R. SWEETLAND PLUMBER AND ELECTRICIAN

For good clean and neat work Satisfaction Guaranteed

Come and get my prices

For a Square Deal

Estate Real And Insurance See

Dougal

Offce First Floor, 4 doors south of

State Bank Building

The LADY OF the MOUNTS BY FREDERIC S. ISNAM AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," UNDER THE ROSE" ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

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 Desaurac, nobleman.

CHAPTER III—Young Desaurac 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 Le Seigneur Nois. CHAPTER VI-The Black Seigneur es-

CHAPTER VII-Lady Elise is caught the "Grand" tide.

CHAPTER VIII-Black Seigneur rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his re-CHAPTER IX-Elise discovers that he savior was the boy with the fish.

CHAPTER X-Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor.

CHAPTER XI-Lady Elise has Sanchez set free.

came ashore, but, according to habit, preserved a shrewd silence; in the afternoon a small number of the crew landed to take on stores and ammunition-of which there was ever a plentiful supply at this base; that night, however, all, including their master, betook themselves to the

"Glad to see you ashore, mon capitaine." Pierre Laroche, standing at the door, just beyond reach of the fierce driving rain, welcomed the Black Seigneur warmly; but the young man, one of whose arms seemed bound and useless, cut short his greeting; tossed bruskly aside his heavy cloak, and called for a room where he might sit in private with a companion. This person the landlord eyed askance; nevertheless, with a show of bluff heartiness, he led the way to a small chamber, somewhat apart, but overlooking the long low apartment, the general eating and drinking place of the establishment, BOWMAN & BOWMAN now filled by the crew and a number

"Your capitaine has been hurt? How?" A strapping, handsome girl, clad in red and of assured mien, passing across the room, paused to address a man of prodigious girth, who drank with much gusto from a huge vessel at his elbow.

"Did not your father, Pierre Laroche, tell you?" "He? No; all he thinks of is the

"Then must le capitaine speak for himself, Mistress Nanette."

"You are not very polite, Monsieur Gabarie," she returned, tossing her head; "but I suppose there is a reason; you have been beaten. In an encounter with the Governor's ships? Did you sink any of them? It would be good news for us islanders."

"You islanders!" derisively. "Yes, islanders!" she answered defightly. "But tell me; a number of you wear patches, which make you look very ugly. They were acquired-

"In a little clerical argument!"

growled the poet. She glanced toward the secluded apartment; its occupants-the subject of their conversation, and a priest, a feeble-looking man of about seventy, whose delicate, sad face shone white and out-of-keeping is that adventuresome company. "At any rate, the Black Seigneur hasn't lost his good

"Take care you don't lose your heart!" "Bah!" Her strong bold eyes

swept back. "Much good it would do "And for that reason-" "Messieurs!" the landlord's voice broke in upon them; "behold!" it seemed to say, as pushing through the company, he preceded a lanky lad

who bore by their legs many plucked fowls and birds-woodcock, wild duck, cliff pigeons-and made his way to the great open fireplace at one end of the room. There, bending over the glowing embers, the landlord deliberately stirred and spread them; then, reaching for a bar of steel, he selected a poulet from the hand of the lanky attendant and prepared to adjust it; but before doing so, prodded it with his finger, surveyed it critically, and held it up for admiring attention. "Who says old Pierre Laroche doesn't know how to care for his

friends? What think you of it, my "Plump as the King's confessor," muttered the poet.

"Or your King himself!" said one of the islanders. "On with the King! Skewer the King!" exclaimed a fierce voice. "And then we'll eat him!" laughed

the girl, showing her white teeth. "Thoughtless children!" From his place at the table in the small room adjoining, the priest, attracted by the grim merriment of the islanders, down to regard them; the red

fire; the red gown. "Here, at least, will you find a safe asylum, Father," said his companion, the Black Seigneur, in an absent tone; "a little rough, perhaps, to suit your

"The rougher, the more suitableas I've often had occasion to learn since leaving Verranch."

"Since being driven from it, you mean!" shortly. "Ah, those revolutionary documents

placed in my garden!" "To make you appear-you, Father! a sanguinary character!" But the other's laugh rang false.

"Alas, such wickedness! But I was

too comfortable; its garden, an Eden! It was more meet I should be driven CHAPTER I-Countess Elise, daughter forth; go out into the highways, where of the Governor of the Mount, has chance I found-such misery! I reproached myself I had not sought it soonervoluntarily. From north to south peasants dying, women and children starving, no one to administer the last rites-on every side, work, work for the outcast priest! For ten years it has occupied him-a blessed privi-

"And then," the young man, who ad seemed absorbed in other thoughts, hardly listening, looked mechanically up, "you came back?"

"A weakness of age! To see the old place once more! The little church; God's acre at its side; to stand on the hill at Verranch and look out a last time over the beautiful vale toward the Mount!" Briefly he paused. "Yet I am glad I yielded to the temptation; otherwise should I not have met your old servant, Sanchez; who told me all-how you had long been looking for me, and arranged our meeting for that day-on the island of Casque!"

"But not," the young man's de neanor at once became intent; his eyes gleamed with sudden flerce lights, "for what followed!"

The priest sighed. "Shall I ever forget it? The terrible night, the troop-ship, the killed and wounded. And the poor fellows taken prisoners! I can not but think of them and their fate. What will it be?"

The other did not answer; only impatiently moved his injured arm and, regarding him, the down-turned, dark countenance, the knit brows, quickly the priest changed the subject of con-

In the large room some one began to play, and before the fire, where now the birds were turning and the serving-lad, with a long spoon was basting, the dark-browed girl started to dance. At the side of the hearth old Pierre smoked stolidly, gazed at the coals, and dreamed-perhaps of the past, and dangers he had himself encountered, or of the present, and his ships scattered-where?-on profitable, if precarious errands. Somberly, in no freer mood than on the occasion of their first visit to the inn, the crew looked on; but a tall, savage-appearing islander soon matched her step; a second took his place; from one partner to another she passed-wild, reckless men whose touch she did not shun; yet it might have been noticed her eyes turned often, through wreaths of smoke, mist-like in the glare and glimmer of dips and torches, toward the Black Seigneur.

Why-her gaze seemed to say-did he not join them, instead of sitting here with a priest? She whirled to the threshold; her flushed face looked "Are you saying a mass for the souls of your men who were captured?"

"I see," he returned quietly, "you have been gossiping."

"A woman's privilege!" she flashed back. "But how did it happen? And not only your arm," more sharply regarding him, "but your head! I fancy if I were to push back a few locks of that thick hair I should discover-it must have been a pretty blow you got, my Seigneur Solitude!" He made no reply and she went on. "You, who I thought were never beaten! By a mere handful of troops, too! Did you have to run away very fast? If I were a man-

"Your tongue would be less sharp," he answered coolly, the black eyes indifferent.

"Much you care for my tongue!" she retorted. "No?"

"No!" she returned mockingly, when bove the din of voices, the crackling of the fire, and the wild moaning of the wind in the chimney, a low, but distinct and prolonged call was heard -from somewhere without, below.

Seigneur, your father! I promised "What is that?" Quickly Nanette turned: superstitious, after the fashion of most of her people, a little of the stabbed at the foot of the Mount by color left her cheek. Again was it wafted to them, nearer, plainer! "The voices of dead men from the sea!"

"More like some one on the steps who would like to get in-some fisherman who has just got to shore!" said old Pierre Laroche, waking up and emptying his pipe. "Throw open the door. The stones are slippery-the night dark-"

One of the crew obeyed, and, as the wind entered sharply, and the lights flickered and grew dim, there half staggered, half rushed from the gloom, the figure of a man, wild, wet, whose clothes were torn and whose face was freshly cut and marked with many livid signs of violence. "Sanchez!" From his place the

Black Seigneur rose. The others looked around wonderingly; some with rough pity. "What's the matter, man?" said one.

lock as if you had had a bad fall." "Fall!" Standing in the center of the room, where he had come to a hear no more! sudden stop, the man gazed, bewildered, resentful, about him; then above the circle of questioning faces, his uncertain look lifted; caught and remained fixed on that of the Black Seigneur. "Fall?" he repeated, articulating with difficulty. "No! I hadno fall-but I will speak-with my master-alone!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The Seething of the Sea.
"'I have concluded to deal leniently with you,' said the Governor; 'set ou free!' I could not believe."

one who has not tasted food for many Alone in the little chamber, the hours. The other, for his part, showed door of which now was closed, shutno immediate desire to disturb that occupation; for some time waited; and ting them from sight of the company in the general eating and drinking it was not until the servant stopped, room adjoining, Sanchez and the Black reached out his arm for a glass, to Seigneur sat together. Before them drink, that the young man again the viands that had been placed on the table were untouched; the filled too content; the rose-covered cottage glasses, untasted. As he spoke, the

man bent forward, his words disjointscmething of it-how it is laid outed; his eyes gleaming. "'But,' the Governor added, 'the criminal must be taught not to for-

started from his chair.

'Beaten like a dog!"

the clock on the shelf.

told you he would!"

-by the Lady Elise-

"You mean-"

sneered the other.

hiding-'

"Hiding!"

"Silence! Or-"

threatened at the other!"

made a movement, "did he-"

looked at him; then again sank back;

stared straight ahead. Without, the

laughter and harsh' voices of the is-

landers had become louder; within the

little chamber, the only sound now

was the hard, persistent ticking of

"But how," at length Desaurac

"That I was betrayed and you were

"Impossible!" the Black Seigneur

"Because she has a pretty face!"

"That is it!" The servant's voice

rose stridently. "Beaten at one end,

The arm the young man had reached

out fell to his side. "Hush! You're

mad; you don't know what you're say-

"And you did not know what you

were doing! Oh, I dare say it- I tell

you now I little liked the task of tak-

ing her back; expecting some sort of

treachery, and, when it came, was not

surprised! Any more than, when they

had brought me before the Governor,

I saw her at the cloister-watching,

he, her father, was questioning me!

her, she walked out-to show me I

"Then tried to cozen me into be-

lieving it was not through her," went

on the man bitterly, as if speaking to

himself. "But I know the lying blood

-none better-and when she saw it

was no use," he paused and looked up,

the marks of the stripes on his face

seeming suddenly to burn and grow

livid, "she acknowledged it to my

words! And when she left the place,

she turned around to look back at

"Perhaps," said the man, a venom-

ous light in his obstinate eyes, "it

Outside, the wind, blowing sharper,

whistled about the eaves, beat at the

window and shook the blinds angrily;

far below, a steady monotone to those

other sounds, could be heard the rush

"Why did I cross myself that day

Sanchez's taciturnity—the

on the island, when I saw her-behind

reticence of years-suddenly burst its

bonds. "Because she made me think

of the former lady of the Mount-the

Governor's wife-who betrayed the

him to keep the secret-he would

have it, for the sake of the lady; but

now-to you! Your father was

"It was given out," sourly, "by

"That same day he had a letter-

from her. As evening fell he walked

near the Mount-was followed by the

Governor, who sprang, struck in the

back and left him for dead! I found

him and took him home. But before

he recovered, it was reported my lady

"I know not: a punishment. per

liked to be considered such-a white-

faced, pretty, smiling thing whose

beauty and treachery this other one,

the daughter, inherits. It was the

ghost of herself looking over your

shoulder that day on the island, with

neur brought down his hand. "I will

"Because she has caught your

"No more, I say! Think you

would not avenge your wrongs at once, were it possible? That I would

not strike for you, on the instant? But

now? My hands are tied. Another

matter-of life, or death-presses

Sanchez looked at him quickly: said

no more; between them, the silence

grew. The servant was the first to

move; turning to the table, he began

to eat; at first mechanically; after-

ward faster, with the ravenous zest of

"The palace? The plan of the

Mount? Did you notice? Tell me

fancy! Because you-

"Enough!" Angrily the Black Seig-

the same bright, perfidious eyes-"

She was always delicate-or

the Governor!-

had died-

"How?"

"Stabbed! By him!"

rogues-again to shield her!"

was all a fancy; or-I am lying!"

"You are not mistaken?"

and breaking of the surf.

'I won't deny.' Those were her

might as well confess!"

"She did that?"

me-and laugh-"

exclaimed with sudden violence.

"Learn!" violently. "The way

Sanchez swallowed; set down the glass hard. "Yes, yes! I saw much -a great deal!" he answered with eager zest. "Oh, I kept my eyes open, get;' then turned to his soldiers. 'Beat me this fellow from the Mount!' he although I seemed not to, and was mindful of learning all I could!" "What!" The blood sprang to the

"Here!" From his pocket the young man took a note-book; pencil. "Set it dark face of the listener; he half down; everything! I know something, already, from the old monks-the "And they did! A merry chase, down the streets, across the sands! I, an old soldier!" His voice choked. rough diagrams in their books. You entered where? Take the pencil and—" For some moments the young man

The minutes passed and still Sanchez traced; seemed almost to forget his injuries in his i-terest in the labor. Plan after plan was made; torn up; one finally remained in the hand of the Elack Seigneur.

"You think-" Anxiously the servant watched his master's face; but the latter, straight, erect, with keen eyes fixed, did not answer.

"You think-" again began the man when the ancient time-piece, beating harshly the hour, interrupted.

"Eleven o'clock! High tide!" The Plack Seigneur pushed back his chair and rose.

"Good!" Sanchez's alacrity indicated a quick comprehension of what the movement portended. "You-had better remain

shortly. "Me" said the servant with a harsh

laugh "Me?" "Have you not had enough of my family-my service?" the young Seigneur demanded bitterly.

"Bah!" muttered the other. "The dog that's beaten springs at the chance to bite! You go to rescue your comrades. 1-will go with you!" "In which case, death-not vengeance-will most likely be your re-

"I care not!" stubbornly A moment the Black Seigneur regarded him; then made a gesture.

"Well, have your way!" He listened. "The wind is in the west." "Behind the coping to listen when "A little south of west," answered And, when I looked up and caught

"A rough night for your boat have crossed!"

"Oh, I was bound to come! And if you hadn't been here, I'd have gone on, on-till I found you-The hand of the young man touched

the other's shoulder. "Come!" he said, and threw open the door. "You are going in the storm?" The girl, Nanette, intercepted them.

The Black Seigneur nodded shortly. "It must be an important mission to take you to sea on such a night. Why don't you stay where it's warm and comfortable? Or," with a laugh, "at least until Monsieur Gabarie," indicating the corpulent figure intrenched behind a barricade of dishes and bottles on a small table near the fire, "has finished the little puppet play he is writing."

"It is finished!" As he spoke, the poet rose. "I had but written 'curtain' when you spoke. Your wine, fair Nanette, hath a rarely inspiring quality!" "Oh, I care not for your compliments!" she returned. "Your capitaine," again studying the Black Seigneur with dark sedulous eyes, "has not found it so much to his liking! He has neither asked for more, nor drunk what he ordered; and now

would venture out-" Unmindful of her words the young an called to old Pierre.

"Well," she went on, throwing back her head, "if you lose your ship, come to me, and-I'll see you have an-

Above in his chamber at the inn, not long thereafter, the priest, looking out of the window, saw a line of men file down the narrow stairs; embark in the small boats from the sheltered nook where they lay, and later, in the light of the moon, breaking from between scudding clouds and angry vapors, a ship that got under wayglided like a phantom craft from the heaven and set seaward through the

CHAPTER XIV.

The Pilgrimage. From far and near the peasants and the people of the towns and villages, joined in the customary annual descent upon-or ascent to-the Mount. None was too poor, few too miserable, to undertake the journey. A pilgrimage, was the occasion called; but although certain religious ceremonies were duly observed and entered into by some with fanatical warmth, many there were, who, obliged to pay tithes, | QQ rourished the onerous recollection of he enforced "ecclesiastical tenta" to the exclusion of any great desire to privilege of beholding and bowing before the sacred relics. To these recalcitrant spirits, license and a rough sort of merrymaking became the order of the hour.

Early in the morning the multitude began to arrive—in every manner of dilapidated vehicle, astride starvedlooking donkeys and bony horses, or on foot. Many who had camped out the night before, by wayside or in forest, brought with them certain | 8% points enroute. scanty provisions and a kitchen pot n which to boil thin soup, or some poor makeshift mess; others came empty-handed, "pilgrims" out at the elbow and shoeless, trusting to fortune for their sustenance, and looking capable even of having poached in one of the wide forests they had traversed, lespite a penalty, severe and disproportionate to the offense, for laying hand on any lord's wild birds or rab

Savage men; sodden men-good oad and indifferent! Like ants thronging about the hill, they straightway streamed to the Mount; took posses sion of it, or as much as lay open to them; for around the top, chosen abode of the Governor, extended a wall; grim, dark and ominous; bristing with holes which seemed to look blackly down; to watch, to listen and to frown. Without that pretentious line of encircling masonry, the usual din, accompaniment to the day and the presence of so many people, pre vailed; within, reigned silence, a sol emn hush, unbroken by even a sentinel's tread.

"I shall be glad when it's all over!" Standing at the window of her cham ber the Lady Elise had passed in dressing to look out upon the throng
—a thousand dots upon the sand, dark moving masses in the narrow by ways, and motionless ones near the nporary alters.



The Governor Himself Appeared. "Oh, my Lady!" Her companion, and former nurse, a woman about fifty years of age, ventured this mild "There, Marie! You can go!"

"Yes, your Ladyship-" "One moment!" The slender figure turned. "This fastening—" In an instant the woman was b

"Have you heard anything more to be hanged day after tomorrow-

when the pilgrimage is over." "Day after tomorrow!" The brown eyes looked hard and bright; the small white teeth pressed her lip. "And the man my fa-the Governor fountain in the center. had-whipped from the Mount-you have heard nothing more of himwhere he has gone?"

disappeared completely; fied this counth he cloister walk. try, perhaps, for those islands where so many like him," half bitterly, "have suppose he is-" gone before!"

The girl looked up in a preoccupied manner. "Poor Marie! Your only sister died there, didn't she?"

"Yes, my Lady; I never saw her fter she left France with her husband and baby girl. He was an unpatriotic fellow-Pierre Laroche!" "No doubt," said the Governor's daughter absently, as the other pre-

pared to leave the room. Alone, the girl remained for severa! moments motionless before the great Venetian mirror; then mechanically, hardly looking at the reflection the glass threw back at her, she finished her tollet. This task accomplished, still she stood with brows closely drawn; afar the flute-like voices of the choir-boys arose from different parts of the Mount, but she did not seem to hear them; made a sudden quick gesture and walked toward the door in the manner of one who has arrived at some resolution.

Passing down a corridor, she

reached an arched opening whose massive door swung easily to her touch. and let herself out by a private way. which had once been the ancient abbot's way, to an isolated corner of a small secluded platform. From this point a stairway led up to a passage spanning a great gulf. Below and aside, where the red-tiled houses clung to the steep slope of the rock, fluttered many flags; yet the girl did not pause either to contemplate or admire. Only when her glance passed seaward and rested on the far-away ocean's rim of light, did she stop for an instant-mid-way on the bridgethen, compressing her lips, moved on about the prisoners, Marie?" abrupt- the faster; down the incline on the "Those who were tried, I mean?" other side; up winding stairs between "Nothing-only Beppo said they are giant columns, reaching, at length, that bright and grateful opening, the cloister. With an unvarying air of resolution she stepped forward; looked in; the place was empty-silent save for the tinkling of the tiny

"Are you looking for some one, my Lady?"

The voice was that of Beppo, who "No, my Lady; he seems to have was regarding her from an angle in "I am looking for his Excellency. I

To be Continued

THE GEM THEATER

We are showing license pictures, Come and ee them they are good.

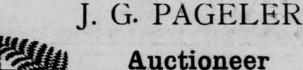
Change of Program every Tuesday Thursday and Saturday Don't miss any of these pictures,

This is always an entertaining and instructive show

CMMMMMMMMM 2

A.O. LEE

Nebraska



City. Loup

I will call sales in any part of Sherman County. Phone or write, Jack Pageler Loup City, Nebraska.

Travel in Comfort to California

There are many routes to select from, each having special features. Arrange your trip to California or points intermediate so that you can go over one route and return by way of another, traveling all the way over the lines of the

Union-Southern Pacific

Every inch of main line is protected by Automatic avail themselves of the compensating | & Electric Block Safety Signals,

> In addition, two-thirds of the distance to Ogden is double tracked The above features-Automatic Electric Block Safety Signals and heavy double track, together with its dustless gravel roadbed, fast and splendidly equipped electric lighted trains, direct route and excellent dining cars-have given to these lines the title

"Standard Route of the West"

See Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City and many other popular touris For literature and information relative to diverse routes, fares,

stopovers, side trips, etc., call on or adress J. W. Collipsiest, Agent,

Loup City, Neb.

Rich Fertile Farm Lands For Sale by The Federal Land and Securities Co.

Of Cheyenne, Wyo

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