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The LADY OF
the MOUNT
by FREDERIC S. ISNAM
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

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 northwest 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 Lo Seigneur Nole.

CHAPTER VI—The Black Seigneur escapes.

CHAPTER VII—Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" tide.

CHAPTER VIII—Black Seigneur rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

CHAPTER IX—Elise discovers that her 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.

CHAPTER XII—Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XIII—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XIV—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

"In the apartments of state, my Lady. But—" The girl frowned.

"But, but!" she said. "But what?"

"His Excellency has left word—he was expecting a minister from Paris—that no one else was to be admitted; the matter was so important that he wished no interruptions."

She had already turned, however; moved on past him without answer. At the inner entrance to the "little castle" or chateau, which presently she reached, the girl stopped. Here, without in the shadow of two huge cylindrical towers, that crowned the feudal gate-house, a number of soldiers, seated on the steps, clinked their swords and talked; within, beneath the high-vaunted dome of the guard-room lolled the commandant and several officers on a bench before a large window. Immediately on her appearance they rose, but, merely bowing stiffly, she started toward a portal on the left. Whereupon the commandant started forward, deferentially would have spoken—stopped her, when at the same moment, the door she was approaching opened, and the governor himself appeared. At the sight of her he started; a shade of annoyance crossed his thin features, then almost immediately vanished; his cold eyes met hers expectantly.

"I have been told you were very busy, yet I must see you; it is very important—"

A fraction of a moment he seemed to hesitate; then with an absent air: "Certainly, I was very busy; nevertheless—" he stepped aside; permitted her to pass, and softly closed the door. With the same preoccupied air he walked to his table before one of the large fireplaces whose pyramidal canopies merged into the ribs of the vaulting of a noble chamber, and, seating himself in a cushioned chair, looked down at a few embers.

"I came," standing, with her fingers straight and stiff on the cold marble edge of the table, the girl began to speak hurriedly, constrainedly, "I wanted to see you—about the prisoners—"

He did not answer. Gently stroking his fringe as if the dampness from some subterranean place had got into it, he evinced no sign he had heard; and this apathy and his apparent disregard of her awoke more strongly the feeling she had experienced so often since that day in the cloister, when he had promised to set free the servant of the Black Seigneur; had kept his word, indeed, but—

"Can't you see," she forced herself to continue, "after what the man Sanchez thought—suspected about me, what he said that day at the Mount, after what he, the Black Seigneur, did for me—the Governor started—that you, if you care for me at all, he looked at her strangely, "at least, should—"

"As I told you the other day," his accents were cold, "why concern yourself about outlaws and peasants clamoring for rights!"

"But it is my concern," she said passionately. "Unless—"

"Neither yours nor mine," he answered in the same tone. "Only the law's!"

"The law's!" she returned. "You are the law—"

"Its servant!" he corrected.

"But—you could spare their lives! You could deal with them more mercifully!"

"The law is explicit. In the King alone rests the power to—"

"The King! But before word could reach him—"

"Exactly!" As he spoke, the Governor rose. "And now—"

"You will not hear me?"

"If there is anything else—"

Her figure straightened. "Why do you hate him so?" she asked passionately.

"You have hastened their trial, and would carry out the sentence before there is time for justice. And the man whom that day you ordered whipped from the Mount—after letting me think him safe! After all that his master did for me! Why was he issued? Because of him he served of the old Seigneur before that? I heard you ask about him—of his having gone to America? Why did you care about that?"

"You seem to have listened to a great deal!"

"And why did he go to America? He went on, unheeding. "Did you hate

him, too? What for?"

"If you have nothing else to talk about—" He glanced at the door.

"And the lands!" she said. "They were his; now they are yours—"

"Unjustly, perhaps you think—"

"No, no!" she cried. "I didn't mean—I didn't imply that. Of course not! Only, putting out her hands, "I try to understand, and you have never taken me into your confidence, mon pere! You have been indulgent; denied me nothing, but—I don't want to feel the way I have felt the last week, as if—" quickly she stopped. "No doubt there are reasons—although I have puzzled; and if I knew! Can't you, abruptly, "treat me as one worthy of your confidence?"

"You!" he said with quiet irony. "Who—listen!"

The girl flushed. "I had to, because—"

"And who misrepresented facts, as in the case of—Saladin!"

"But—"

"How long," standing over her, "were you on the island?"

"I—don't know—"

"You don't?" His voice implied disbelief.

"Part of the time I was unconscious—"

"In the watchtower with him!"

She made a gesture. "Would you rather—"

"What did he say?"

The girl's eyes that had been so steadfast, on a sudden wavered. "Nothing—much—"

"And you? Nothing, too? Then how was the deception devised—the pact entered into—"

Her figure stiffened. "There was no pact."

"Treason, then? The law holds it treason to—"

"You are cruel; unjust!" she cried. "To me, as you were to him. That old man you had whipped! I wonder, impetuously, "if you are so to all of them, the people, the peasants. And if that is the reason they have only black looks for me—and hatred? As if they would like to curse us!"

He turned away. "I am very busy."

"Mon pere!"

He walked to the door.

"Then you won't—won't spare them?"

He opened wide the door. Still she did not move, until the sight of the commandant without, the curious glance he cast in their direction, decided her. Drawing herself up, she walked toward the threshold, and, bowing perfunctorily, with head held high, crossed it.

CHAPTER XV.

The Voice from the Group.
"No one from the household is allowed through without an order!"

"You will, however, let me pass."

"Because you have a pretty face?"

The sentinel at the great gate separating the upper part of the Mount from the town, answered roughly. "Not you, my girl, or—"

But she who importuned raised the sides of the ample linen head-dress and revealed fully her countenance.

"My Lady!" Half convinced, half incredulous, the soldier looked; stared; at features, familiar, yet seeming different, with the rebellious golden hair smoothed down severely above; the figure garbed in a Norman peasant dress, made for a costume dance when the nobles and court ladies had visited the Mount.

"You do not doubt who I am?" Importunately regarding him.

"No, my Lady; only—"

"Then open the gate!" she commanded.

The man pushed back the ponderous bolts; pressed outward the mass of oak and iron, and, puzzled, surprised, watched the girl slip through.

Of course it was none of his affair, my lady's caprice, and if she chose to go masquerading among the people on such a day, when all the idle vagabonds made pretext to visit the Mount, her right to do so remained unquestioned; but, as he closed the heavy door, he shook his head. Think of the risk! Who knew what might happen in the event of her identity being revealed to certain of those in that heterogeneous concourse without? Even at the moment through an aperture for observation in the framework to which he repaired upon adjusting the fastenings, he could see approaching a procession of noisy fanatics.

The apprehension of the soldier was, however, not shared by the girl, who, glad she had found a means to get away from the chilling atmosphere of her own world, experienced now only a sense of freedom and relief. In her tense mood, the din—the shouting and unwonted sounds—were not calculated to alarm; on the contrary, after the oppressive stillness in the great halls and chambers of the summit, they seemed welcome. Her pulses throbbed and her face still burned with the remembrance of the inter-

view with her father, as she eyed unseeingly the approaching band, led by censer and banner-bearers—

"Vierge notre esperance—" Caught up as they swept along, she found herself without warning suddenly a part of that human stream. A natural desire to get clear from the multitude led her at first to struggle, but as well contend with the inevitable. Faces fierce, half-crazed, encompassed her; eyes that looked starved, spiritually and physically, gleamed on every side. Held as in a vise, she soon ceased to resist; suddenly deposited on a ledge, like a shell tossed up from the sea, she next became aware she was looking up toward a temporary altar, garish with bright colors.

"Etendis sur nous—" Louder rose the voices; more uncontrollable became the demeanor of the people, and quickly, before the unveiling of the sacred relics had completely maddened them, she managed to extricate herself from the kneeling or prostrate throng; breathless, she fled the vicinity.

Down, down! Into the heart of the village; through tortuous footpaths, where the pandering, not pietistic, element held sway; where, instead of shrines and altars, had been erected booths and stands before which vendors of nondescript wares or poor trumpery vented their loquacity on the pilgrims:

"All hot! All hot!"

"A la baraque! A l'ecaille!"

"La vie! Two drinks for a lard!"

"Voilà le plaisir des dames!"

The Mount, in olden times a glorious and sacred place for royal pilgrimages, where kings came to pray and seek absolution, seemed now more mart than holy spot. But those whom the petty traders sought to entice—sullen-looking peasants, or poorly clad fishermen and their families—for the most part listened indifferently, or with stupid derision.

"Bah!" scoffed one of them, a woman dressed in worn-out costume of inherited holiday finery. "Where think you we can get sous for gogwags?"

"Or full stomachs with empty pockets!" said another. "The foul fiend take your Portugal!"

The nomadic merchants replied and a rough altercation seemed impending, when, pushing through the crowd, the girl hurried on.

Down, down, she continued; to the base of the rock where the sand's shining

PUBLIC SALE!

Having rented my farm, I will offer at Public Sale at my farm 8 miles south of Loup City, and 13 miles north of Ravenna, on the old Snyder ranch on

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18th, 1912

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., Sharp



38 Head of Horses 38

Described in part as follows: Gray gelding, 12 years old, weight 1500; bay mare 12 years old, weight 1400; span of geldings, bay and gray, coming 5 years old weight 1650, each; sorrel driving team, 8 and 11 years old, combined weight 2000; black driving mare, 10 years old, weight 1100; bay gelding, 5 years old, weight 1300; horse mule, 3 years old, weight 950; bay horse, coming 3 year old, weight 1300; sorrel driver, coming 3 years old, weight 1000; span of sorrel mares, coming 3 and 4 years old, combined weight 1850; span of gray mares, coming 3 years old, combined weight 2350; span of

bay geldings, coming 2 and 3 years old, combined weight 1950; 19 head of mares and 2 geldings with ages ranging from yearlings to 8 years old.

THIRTEEN HEAD OF CATTLE

Four milch cows, 5 coming yearling steers, and four yearling heifers.

50 HEAD of Hogs, All but 6 of which are thoroughbred Poland China.

FARM MACHINERY

Consisting of one 8 foot Deering binder, nearly new; 2 Deering mowers in good repair; 10-foot Deering rake; Jenkins hay stacker; Jenkins hay sweep; 16-inch sulky plow; 12-inch Good Enough gang plow; riding lister; 3-section steel harrow; 2 riding cultivators; end-gate seeder; truck wagon, with hay rack on; disc harrow; lumber wagon; spring wagon; 2 top buggies; 3 set work harness; set double driving harness; set single driving harness; 3 set fly nets; 4 dozen thoroughbred Plymouth Rock chickens; some household goods and other things too numerous to mention. Also a lot of feed for sale.

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.

CHAS. M. SNYDER,

Wm. PURCELL, Auctioneer.
W. F. MASON, Clerk.

Owner.

NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC POWER PRINT, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

Additional Local

We received a pleasant call yesterday from our sterling friend, Hans Dietz. He had just received a letter from his brother, Carl Dietz, to the effect that Carl had sold his land in the Dakotas and bought land near Miles, Montana, where he has gone to grow up with the country.

Art Reed and wife were from Greeley Saturday last, accompanied by Editor Davis. The party returned home Sunday, Mrs. Davis, who had been visiting here, returning with them.

Cliff Rein returned to the University yesterday morning, where he has some matters to attend to and will return home in a couple of weeks to be with his father. Mr. Rein is doing nicely and it is expected he will be strong enough by that time to make the trip to Chicago for an operation.

Pete Ogle went down to Lincoln Sunday last and brought home a big Buick touring car. He now has the agency for the Buick here. He took along, for the ride up from the capital with him, Cash Pritchard, Myrl Hildeson, Oscar Bechtold and Irvin Rowe. They returned Monday, the boys enthusiastic over the trip.

Call at Daily & Krebs and see what a liberal offer can be had on a piano.

A friend wishes to know why the Northwestern does not have political editorials the past few weeks? If that friend had been pounded into a political pulp in the late awfully lamented campaign, as we had the ill-fortune to have been, he would have refrained from any leading question.

Dr. A. J. Kearns was made happy last week Wednesday by the arrival of his brother, H. W. Kearns, and good wife from Vinton Iowa, who came to spend Thanksgiving time with our genial doctor and wife.

They express themselves somewhat surprised to find such a modern and up-to-date town of this size tucked away out in the wilds of Nebraska, although our doctor had taken pains to apprise them of that fact in the past. Mr. Kearns thinks we have a town any country can well be proud of. They left for other points last Monday.

Hay For Sale

I have some good prairie hay for sale by the ton or in car load lots. Phone 18-on-94. F. E. Kennedy.

Daily & Krebs will place a piano in your home for only \$5.00.

Just wait till Brer. Beushausen and the editor of this great fireside journal get their new autos in the spring. We promise all readers of our respective papers joy rides galore; eh, C. F.?

Take your chickens to Reynolds. He will pay you the highest market price.

Mrs. C. G. Dennis of Hastings spent Thanksgiving with her friends, Miss Nettie Conger and her good mother, and her brother, Will Steen, returning home Monday.

Mrs. D. L. Adamson went to Grand Island Tuesday, meeting her little grandson, Jack Taylor from Council Bluffs, at that place. Mrs. W. S. Taylor will be here for the holidays.

Banker Titus and Postmaster Gibson were up from Litchfield Tuesday shaking hands with their hosts of friends.

Mrs. McFadden and daughter were Grand Island visitors Tuesday.

Will Schuman and wife autoed to Rockville Monday afternoon.

Highest prices paid for hides at Reynolds' meat market.

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The Northwestern not being exactly conversant with Unity Club secrets, last week spoke of Mrs. A. L. Zimmerman entertaining the club, when in reality the club entertained itself at the home of Mrs. Zimmerman, instead, and it being visitors' day, the invitations were extended by the club members to lady friends. Keep history straight.

Dr. A. S. Main and wife returned last week Wednesday evening from their visit to Dale, Ind., bringing home with them the doctor's good mother, Mrs. Sarah Knowlton, who will remain with them over the winter months.

Miss Mary Bills, a cousin of Mrs. Glenn Stevens, is here visiting her, coming over from Shelton Tuesday by auto with Glenn.

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Mrs. A. L. Watson and little daughter, Elsie, came up from Wood River last week Wednesday evening to spend Thanksgiving with Grandma Gardner, remaining over till this week Friday before returning home. Their coming was a total surprise to Mrs. Watson's aged mother.

The first night of the picture show in the new opera house last Friday evening showed conclusively the necessity of plenty of seating capacity, and the crowded condition of the old opera house. The new opera house has a seating capacity of between 500 and 600, and it was fairly well filled on the occasion of the opening night of the picture show.

Farmers' Institute

Wiggle Creek Church and School House

Friday, December 6, 1912
Dinner at Noon.

PROGRAM

1:30—"Weeding Out the Unprofitable Cow," W. C. Andreas, Beatrice; "Winter Wheat Problems," W. F. Johnson, Harvard.

2:00—"Home Nursing," Mrs. W. L. McKenney, Palmer.

7:30—"Pure Food," Mr. Andreas; "The Market Side of the Egg Question," Mrs. McKenney; "Up-to-Date Farmer," Mr. Johnson.