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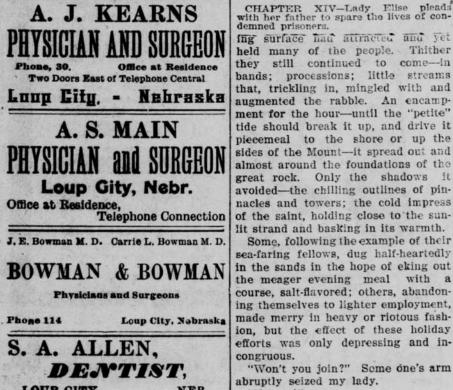
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or her own purse, only to discover

"Aye, forsooth! His comrades-ta-

some I've seen dangling from the

branches in the wood. He, the Black

Seigneur, may wish to save them; but

the Mount almost bitterly. "It is im-

CHAPTER XVI.

The Mountebank and the People.

In the center walked a man, dressed

"What, indeed?" The girl regarded

what can he do?"

SYNOPSIS. need, that we were starving, he for-

gave-I mean, remembered me-all I CHAPTER I-Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy. had done and," in a wheedling voice. cent money-money-"He did?" Swiftly the girl reached

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 gov-ernment stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman. she had forgotten to bring one. "But of course," in a tone of disappointvery well forget or desert one who

CHAPTER III-Young Desaurac deter-mines to secure an education and be-come a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris. had so generously befriended him." "There are those now among his friends he must needs desert," the crone cackled, wagging her head.

CHAPTER IV-Lady Elise returns aft-er seven years' schooling, and entertains many nobles. A shadow crossed the girl's brow. "Must needs?" she repeated.

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. Neb. ken prisoners near the island of Casque? His Excellency will hang them till they're dead-dead, like

CHAPTER VI-The Black Seigneur es-CHAPTER VII-Lady Elise is caught n the "Grand" tide.

CHAPTER VIII-Black Seigneur res-cues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

CHAPTER IX-Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish. pregnable." "Way there!" At that moment, a deep, strong voice from a little group

CHAPTER X-Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor. of people, moving toward them, interrupted.

CHAPTER XI-Lady Elise has Sauchez set free.

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

CHAPTER XIII-Sanchez tells Desaur-ac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to re-lease the prisoners at the Mount. as a mountebank, who bent forward, laden with various properties-a bag

that contained a miscellany of spuri-CHAPTER XIV-Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of conous medicines and drugs, to be sold demned prisoners. from a stand, and various dolls for a ing surface had attracted and yet small puppet theater he carried on his held many of the people. Thither back. It was not for the Governor's they still continued to come-in daughter, or the old woman, however,

bands; processions; little streams his call had been intended. "Way that, trickling in, mingled with and there!" he repeated to those in front augmented the rabble. An encampof him ment for the hour-until the "petite' But they, yet seeking to detain, called out: "Give the piece here!" tide should break it up, and drive it piecemeal to the shore or up the Like a person not lightly turned sides of the Mount-it spread out and from his purpose, he, strolling-player almost around the foundations of the as well as charlatan, pointed to the great rock. Only the shadows it Mount, and, unceremoniously thrustavoided-the chilling outlines of pining one person to this side and another to that, stubbornly pushed on. As

long as they were in sight the girl lit strand and basking in its warmth. watched, but when with shouts and Some, following the example of their laughter they had vanished, swalsea-faring fellows, dug half-heartedly lowed by the shifting host, once more in the sands in the hope of eking out she turned to the crone. That perthe meager evening meal with a son, however, had walked on toward course, salt-flavored; others, abandonthe shore, and indecisively the Goving themselves to lighter employment, ernor's daughter gazed after. The made merry in heavy or riotous fashwoman's name she had not inquired, ion, but the effect of these holiday but could find out later; that would efforts was only depressing and innot be difficult, she felt sure. Soon, with no definite thought of

congruous. "Won't you join?" Some one's arm abruptly seized my lady. "No, no!"

ing that earlier over-sensitive percep-Unceremoniously he still would have tion for details, but seeing the picture drawn her into the ring, but with a sudden swift movement, she escaped from his grasp. "My child!" The voice was that of a wolfish false friar who, seeing her pass quickly near by, broke off in threat, solicitation and appeal for sous, to intercept her. "Aren't you in a hurry, my child?" "It may be," she answered steadily, with no effort to conceal her aversion at sight of the gleaming eyes and teeth. "Too much so, to speak with you, who are no friar!"

by a cane, and the sentiment: "Inus all bad peasants deserve to fare!" and culminating in an excellent climax to the lesson—a tattoo on the peasant's head that sent him simultaneously, and felicitously, down with the cur-

tain. "What think you of it?" At my ady's elbow one of the officers turned o a companion.

"Amusing, but-" And his glance turned dubiously toward the people. Certainly they did not now show proper appreciation either for the literary merits of the little piece or the precepts it promulgated in fairly sound-

ing verse. "The mountebank!" From the crowd a number of discontented voices rose. 'Come out, Monsieur Mountebank!" "Yes. Monsieur Mountebank, come

out; come out!" With fast-beating heart the Lady Elise gazed; as in a dream had she listened-not to the lines of the puppet play; but to a voice-strangely fament at her oversight, "he couldn't miliar, yet different-ironical; scoffing; laughing! She drew her breath quickly; once more studied the head, in its white, close-fitting clown's covering; the heavy, painted face, with red, gaping mouth. Then, the next moment, as he bowed himself back-



CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback. Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mounte bank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull aprehension he had manifested when

irst ordered into custody. "Do you think they'll put me in lungeon?'

"Dungeon, indeed!" the man anwered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the publicates, calottes, and all the dark noles for people of consequence-trait

To be Continued

MCKELVIE'S BARGAIN OFFER

There is only one Real farm paper in Nebraska, and that is The Nebraska Farmer, published at Lincoln by S. R. McKelvie.

The Nebraska Farmer is a weekly farm paper, over fifty years old. During a single year it contains over 1,200 pages, and is edited by men who have spent a life-time

in connection with Nebraska farming. It carries no med-ical, liquor or unreliable advertising. The annual New Year's number alone is worth more than the subscription price for one year. That beautiful number will be sent to all who accept this December offer.

McKelvie says the only way to run a farm paper is to keep it clean and reliable, stop it when the time is out, give no premiums or other free stuff, and sell the paper at the lowest possible price. That is his policy with The Nebraska Farmer, and it is now received on that basis in more than 40,000 Nebraska farm homes.

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In order to accept this offer, cut out this notice and mail it today to The Nebraska Farmer, Lincoln, Nebraska, or ask for a free sample copy before subscribing. After reading a copy of this Real farm paper, you will be sure apparently unmindful of a missile to subscribe. The local representative some one threw and which struck his will make you this same rate.

Additional Local

"Act second!" the tinkling of a bell Mrs. Carrie Bogseth, who has been prefaced the announcement, and once visiting the folks at home over more was the curtain drawn, this Thanksgiving, returned to her school time revealing a marsh and the bad just south of Loup City Monday peasant at work, reluctantly beating morning. Her many friends were sorry to lose her again and hope no tangling alliances may arise to make any other place but this feel like home.-Erickson Journal.

A merry little tune, it threaded the Comes to our table the Erickson act; it was soon interrupted, however, Journal, a neat and newsy little 6-col. during a scene where a comical-lookquarto, four pages at home, journal ing devil on a broomstick, useful both printed and edited by A. C. Bell, who for transportation and persuasion, had been a printer on the Ord Journal came for something which he called and Greeley Independent in the past. the peasant's soul. Again the bad peasant protested; would cheat even Bro. Bell has a right to feel proud of the devil of his due, but his satanis the start he has made.

ship of 600, mostly miners. Later,

having made good, he received a call

to go to Columbus, the state capital,

and take a like position in the new

railroad Y. M. C. A. building, with

night charge of the entire building

which he accepted. Still later, when

labor troubles and strikes caused fi-

nancial down curve in Y. M. C. A.

circles, he resigned from the work and

returned to his former employment of

railroading, going to firing on the To-

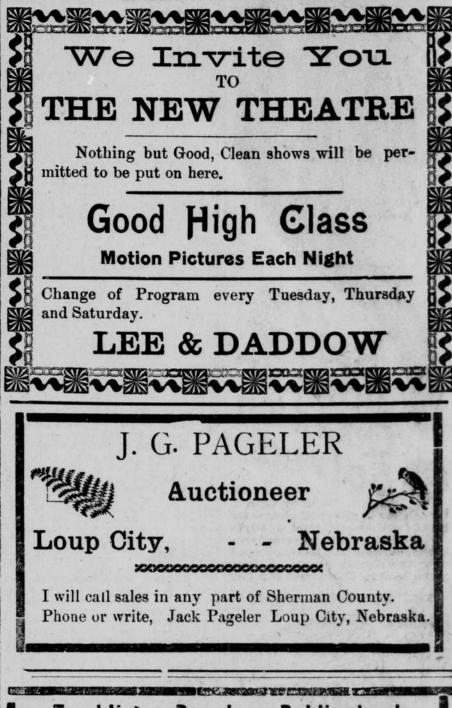
Mourning Customs.

widow of less than two year's stand-



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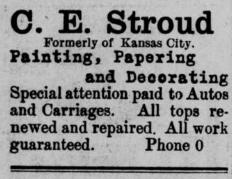
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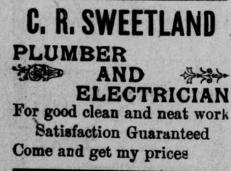
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"What mean you?" His expression, ingratiating before, had darkened, and rom his mean eyes shot a malignant look; she met it with fearless disdain

"That you make pretext of this holy day to rob the people-as if they are not poor enough!"

"Ban you with bell, book and candle! Your tongue is too sharp, my girl!" he snarled, but did not linger long, finding the flashing glance, the contemptuous mien, or the truth of her words, little to his liking. That

he profited not by the last, however, was soon evident, as with amulets and talismans for a bargain, again he moved among the crowd, conjuring by a full calendar of saints, real and imaginary, and professing to excommunicate, in an execrable confusion of monkish gibberish, where the peo-

with his demands. "So they are-poor enough!" Lean- and you will see-" ing on a stick, an aged fishwife who had drawn near and overheard part of the dialogue between the thrifty rogue and the girl, now shook her withered head. "Yet still to be cozened! Never too poor to be cozened!" she repeated in shrill falsetto tones. "And why," sharply my lady turned

to the crone, "why are they so poor? The lands are rich-the soil fertile." "Why?" more shrilly. "You must come from some far-off place not to know. Why? Don't you, also, have to pay metayage to some great lord? And banalite here, and banalite there. until-"

"But surely, if you applied to your great lord, your Governor; if you told him-' "If we told him!" Brokenly the

woman laughed. "Yes; yes; of course; "I don't understand," said the Gov

ernor's daughter coldly. Muttering and chuckling, the woman did not seem to hear; had started to hobble on, when abruptly the girl

stopped her. "Where do you live?" "There!" A claw-like finger point-"On the old Seigneur's lands-a little distance from the woods-"

"The old Seigneur? You knew him?" "Knew him! Who better?" The whitened head wagged. "And the Black Seigneur? Wasn't he left, as a child, with me, when the old Seigneur went to America? And," pursing her thin lips, "didn't I care for him, and bring

him up as one of my own?" "But I thought-I heard that he, the Black Seigneur, when a boy, lived in the woods."

"That," answered the old creature was after. After the years he lived with us and shared our all! Not that we begrudged-no, no! Nor he! For

as a whole-a vague impression of faces; in the background, the Mountits golden saint ever threatening to

where she was going, she began to re-

trace her steps, no longer experienc-

strike!--until she drew closer; when abruptly the uplifted blade, a dominant note, above color and movement vanished, and she looked about to find herself in the shadow of one of the rock's bulwarks. Near by, a scattering approach of pilgrims from the sands narrowed into a compact stream directed toward a lower gate, and, remembering her experience above, she would have avoided the general current; but no choice remained. At the

portals she was jostled sharply; no respecters of persons, these men made her once more feel what it was to be one of the great commonalty: an atom in the rank and file! At length reaching the tower's little square, many of

them stopped, and she was suffered to escape-to the stone steps swinging sharply upward. She had not gone far, however, when looking down, she was held by a spectacle not without novelty to her.

In the shadow of the Tower of the King stood the mountebank she had seen but a short time before on the sands. Now facing the people before his little show-house, which he had set up in a convenient corner, he was calling attention to the entertainment he proposed giving, by a loud beating

on a drum. Rub-a-dub-dub! "Don't crowd too close!" Rub-a-dub-dub! "Keep order

"Some trumpery miracle mystery!" called out a jeering voice. "Or the martyrdom of some saint!" cried another.

"I don't know anything about any saint," answered the man, "unless,"rub-a-dub-dub!-"you mean my lord's

lady!" And truly the piece, as they were to discover, was quite barren of that antique raligious flavor to which they objected and which still pervaded many of the puppet plays of the day. The Petit Masque of the Wicked Peasant and the Good Noble, it was called; and odd designation that at once inter-

ested the Lady Elise, bending over the stone balustrade the better to see. It nterested, also, those official guardians of the peace, a number of soldiers and a few officers from the garrison standing near, who unmindful of the

girl, divided their attention between his fault!" the pasteboard center of interest and

the people gathered around it. Circumspectly the little opened; a scene in which my lord, in

a waistcoat somewhat frayed for one of his station, commands the lazy peasant to beat the marsh with a stick that the croaking of the frogs may not disturb at night the rest of his noble spouse, seemed designed principally to show that obedience, submission and unquestioning fealty were the great lord's due. On the one hand, was the natrician born to rule: on the other, the peasant, to serve; and no task, however onerous, but should be

gladly welcomed in behalf of the master, or his equally illustrious lady. The dialogue, showing the disinclination of the bad peasant for this simple employment and the good lord's noble solicitude for the nerves of his highborn spense, was both nimble and wit-

ty' especially those bits punctuated

lajesty would not be set aside

"Down With the Devil!"

little theater-the half-closed, dull

eyes met hers; passed, without sign

or expression!—and she gave a nerv-ous little laugh. What a fancy!

the water to the Song of the Stick.

For if there's a croak, For you'll be the stroke,

From no gentle hand."

"Beat! beat! At his lordship's command;

As numerous inquiries from friends "You may rob your master," he said, in effect; "defraud him of banalite, of the editor's son, Frank W. Burbardage and those other few taxes leigh, are made to us from day to day necessary to his dignity and position; as to how he is getting along in his but you can't defraud Me!" Whereeastern home, we take this occasion upon he proceeded to wrest what he of answering all questions from wanted from the bad peasant by force friends here and elsewhere. When -and the aid of the broomstick!-ache and his wife left here the first of companying the rat-a-tat with a well-July, 1911, they went to Nelsonville. rhymed homily on what would certain-Ohio, where Frank had accepted the ly happen to every peasant who position of physical director of the Y. sought to deprive his lord of feudal M. C. A. in that city, with a memberrights. At this point a growing rest-

found resentful expression. "That for your devil's stick!" "To the devil with the devil!" "Down with the devil!"

iveness on the part of the audience

The cry, once started, was not easy to stop; men in liquor and ripe for mischief repeated it; in vain the mountebank pleaded: "My poor dolls! My poor theater!" Unceremoniously they tumbled it and him over; a few,

who had seen nothing out of the ordinary in the little play took his part; words were exchanged for blows, with many fighting for the sake of fighting, when into the center of this, the real

Nelsonville he had joined the Ohio M. stage, appeared soldiers. "What does it mean?" Impressive E. Conference, deciding to later make in gold adornment and conscious au- the ministry his life work, and while thority, the commandant himself came in Columbus, when not otherwise endown the steps. "Who dares make riot gaged, he was down at the railway

on a day consecrated to the holy relics? But you shall pay!" as the soldiers separated the belligerents. services. Some three months' since 'Take those men into custody andwhile the annual session of the Ohio who is this fellow?" turning to the mountebank, a mournful figure above the wreckage of his theater and poor in Columbus, he was assigned to a puppets scattered, haphazard, like victims of some untoward disaster.

"It was his play that started the trouble," said one of the officers. "Diable!" the commandant frowned.

his work. He had just finished a se-What have you to say for yourself?" "I," began the mountebank, "I-" he ries of successful meetings and was repeated, when courage and words about to begin meetings at another point. Can you blame "dad" when alike seemed to fail him

The commandant made a gesture. his heart is made glad with good news 'Up with him! To the top of the Mount!"

"No, no!" At once the fellow's voice came back to him. "Don't take me there, into the terrible Mount! Don't lock me up!"

"Don't lock him up!" repeated some work in the Master's vineyard. one in the crowd, moved apparently by the sight of his distress. "It wasn't

"No; it wasn't his fault!" said oth-

"Eh?" Wheeling sharply, the complay mandant gazed; at the lowering faces that dared question his authority; then at his own soldiers. On the beach he might not have felt so se-cure, but here, where twenty, wellarmed, could defend a pass and a nob batter their heads in vain against anyway!" walls, he could well afford a confident ront. "Up with you!" he cried stern-17 and gave the mountebank a conemptuous thrust.

For the first time the man's apathy eemed to desert him; his arm shot back like lightning, but almost at once cell to his side, while an expression, pologetically abject, as if to atone for hat momentary fierce impulse, overpread his dull visage. "Oh, I'll go," e said in accents servile. And proeeded hurriedly to gather up the renains of his thester and dolls. "I'm illing to go."

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of her father in her usual suit of blue "Nothing more this morning, Mr. Killer. with a white hat. "She should at

least have shown her respect," said Ting-a-ling. the critic, "by wearing a black hat."

"Number, please."

"Heljo-is this central?"

"Of course this is central. What did you think it would be-the circumference? Number, please."

"Well, now don't get your hair all mussed up-just gimme old Corntossel's farm."

"Hello." "Hello."

"Is this Mrs. Corntossel?" "Yes-who is this talking?"

"This is Mrs. I. Starve'em, of the Bedbug Hotel at Hotwater. Say, Mrs. Corntossel, we want one small spring pullet, a dozen this year's eggs, twelve ears green corn, six cucumbers, a small cabbage and a quart of buttermilk. Send 'em down by mail this afternoon sure. The postage will be 14 or 15 cents. And say, just put on a special delivery stamp so that the postmaster will deliver 'em quick. We're expectin' a boarder here to supper an' got to have 'em right off."

"All right, Mrs. Starve'em I'll put 'em in an old flour sack an' mail 'em right away."

Sounds like a joke, don't it, or an idiot's gibberish? But it is not, says the Albion News. After the first of next January, when the new parcels post law goes into effect, the telephone lines may expect to be swamped with just such conversations, for under this law the public can send 11 pounds of merchandise for 15 cents over any rural line or within the city delivery limits of any city.



ong, but she surely did make it deep "Hello." while she was about it. What a farce this wearing of 'mourning' is, With which I heartily agreed. Our vou? fidelity to old, heathenish customs is stonishing when we stop to think

about it. The moment the spirit takes its departure some one begins to plan the 'mourning' garb for the bereft mes, as though outward and visible igns of their woe were a real necesity, and oftentimes the less the inward regret the greater the outward

ledo & Ohio, most of the time on a giving him every care and comfort a switch engine in the yards. While at that love could give, and he had often expressed his disapproval and dislike of the symbols of mourning and would have approved her disregard of the conventional garb. Why do we so closely follow those mission doing religious work, freold, senseless customs? There is quently having charge of preaching nothing beautiful or comforting or even significant in many of them, but we blindly follow from superstitious Methodist conference was being held dread of breaking away from old idols.

Yet she had shown her love and

devotion to him by being with him

almost constantly during his illness,

Another person shocked his neigha pastorate at Jasper, in the southern bors by refusing to have anyone part of the state, where he is at pres-"sit up" with the body of the departed one, which lay in a closed ent, and where a recent letter tells us he is getting along well and happy in room where nothing could molest and needed no care nor vigil. But it was "customary," and anyone who dares depart from custom risks horrified criticism. Yet his course was more

commendable and sensible than that from his boy? We are sure his many which asks of others the unnecessary friends will be pleased to hear from but customary rite of "sitting up" him and join with those who already with the cold clay until the time of have through us wished for success burial. and happiness for himself and his

Truly, our customs need reforming. noble wife and little daughter in their -Nebraska Farmer.

Ting-a-ling. "Hello." "And Mrs. S. is married again, said an acquaintance, speaking of a

"Hello, is this central?" "Yes, number, please." "Gimme Killer's meat market." "Hello."

ing. "Her mourning didn't last very "Is this Killer's market?"

I heard a women severely criticised "All right Mrs. Backto, etc. Is cause she appeared at the funeral there anything else?" I heard a women severely criticised

What Parcels Post Will Mean

"Yes ma'am; what can we do for

"This is Mrs. Backtothe Soil, on R. F. D. No. 13. We've just moved out on this farm from Chicago. you know, and say, Mr. Killer, we want a four-pound porter-house, two pounds of bologna, a medium-size white tish. a pound of butter, a pound of lard and three or four pounds of ice sent out by mail this morning. The postage

will be about 15 cents, and just charge that in with the bill."