



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanism of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jess Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted.

CHAPTER II—In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The mechanic saves machine from wreck.

CHAPTER III—The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores.

CHAPTER IV—Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They all go to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto.

CHAPTER V—Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together.

and opened to admit its passenger. Stanton" hailed his manager, choking with exasperation and relief. Stanton, for Heaven's sake—where—what—

"Rick," the driver lunged at him, springing across to his car, from which Floyd slid out to give him entrance. "Mask, gloves, you others."

"Rick" echoed the unbelieving Mr. Green, amid the flurry of preparation. "You, you sick!"

Stanton, in his seat, turned a colorless face toward him before clasping on the mask.

"Sick," he reiterated explicitly. "Are you ready, Floyd?"

The Mercury drew up to her line on exact time. And in the moments while the cars in front were being sent away, Floyd found an opportunity to put a question.

"You have been ill?" he coldly asked.

"Acute indigestion; I've been in a doctor's office since nine o'clock last night," snapped Stanton. "Did you think I was lying to you?"

"No. Are you fit to drive?"

"If you're afraid I'm not, get out and leave me."

The signal was given. When the Mercury flashed across the line, Floyd was almost as pale from anger as Stanton from recent illness.

The race was for three hundred miles, thirty times over the ten mile course with its sharp elbows and steep hills, and was expected to take some six hours of continuous driving. The strain was not light for the pilot at the wheel.

For the first hour there was no incident out of the usual. Floyd attended strictly to his work and Stanton drove rather more sanely than usual. But at the beginning of the second hour, the rear of the Atlanta car came in view through the fog of dust ahead; the Atlanta, which had started four minutes in advance of them. Stanton sighed with grim satisfaction, and speeded in pursuit.

"Turn ahead," warned Floyd, at his ear.

There was a bad turn. His eyes on the machine in front, Stanton rounded the banked curve at a pace which sent the shrieking crowd of spectators receding from the danger-line and sprayed yellow soil high into the air.

As the Mercury lurched into the straight stretch beyond, as Floyd was in the act of turning to examine the rear tires, there came a sharp explosion and a reeling stagger of the car as a rear casing blew out, wrenched itself bodily from the wheel and rolled like a hoop into a field a hundred yards away.

The machine tottered to the edge of the road, stopping under the powerful brakes. Floyd sprang out, dragging loose one of the extra tires carried, while Stanton reached for the tool-box. They had no need or time for conversation, as they worked, people from all directions flocking around in a pushing, eager circle to watch the proceedings.

The two worked well together, Floyd's deft swiftness balanced by Stanton's strength. When the task was finished, the driver first regained his place.

"Get in," he ordered crisply. "Are you going to take all day, or am I going to catch that Atlanta?"

Floyd obeyed first and retorted second, an invaluable habit.

"If you're going to catch anything but a smash, I'd suggest a slow-down for that turn," he countered, in the blurred accent so softly deceptive. "No tire built is going to stick on a wheel under such roughin'."

Stanton shot a glance askant out of the corner of a stormy blue-black eye. He was irritated by the lost time, he felt more ill than he could have been brought to admit, and interference pricked him like a spur.

"I'll give you a lesson in driving," he cast across his shoulder, and bent over the wheel.

It was Stanton at his worst and best who made the next two circuits of the long course. Other racers, warned by their mechanics of the thunder bolt bearing down upon them, drew suddenly to one side, preferring the chance of later regaining the advantage. From every angle and curve the people fled, at sight of the gray car followed by its whirlwind of dust and carrying the huge "S" on its hood.

Twice the Mercury rushed past the grandstand, to a tumult of cheers drowned by the car's own roar. The second time, the two men glimpsed an official rising, megaphone in hand, and rightly guessed that they had made the fastest circuit of the day.

And Floyd had received the promised lesson, for Stanton had safely negotiated the turn that before cost them a tire, at a pace equally fast.

Safely, once; but, not content, he came around the second time driving as furiously, with unslackened speed. Down upon the turn they swept again, Stanton unerringly repeating the ex-

quisite feat of skill and twisting the Mercury around on the two inside wheels; then the predicted happened. The crack of an exploding tire came while they were on the bend, instantly echoed by the bursting of its mate from the opposite wheel; the car tore itself from control under the double shock and shot off the course into the field beyond, plowing deep furrows in the soft earth until it overturned with a final crash.

Partly held by his steering-wheel, Stanton was flung out on the meadow grass as the car upset. Its speed then so much checked that he escaped scarcely bruised. Floyd, unprotected, had been hurled from his seat by the first shock and lay half-stunned near the edge of the course.

From far and near came the people's cries of horror and shouts for aid. But before the first man reached them, Stanton was up and at the side of his mechanic.

"Floyd!" he panted. "Floyd!"

Floyd was already rising to one knee; gasping for breath, soiled with dust and grass-stains, and with the blood welling from a jagged rent in his left arm, but with his attention only fixed on Stanton.

"You're—all right?" he articulated. "I? Yes. A fool always is. You—"

But he could see for himself that the mechanic was not seriously injured, without Floyd's reassuring nod.

"Call me what you like," Stanton permitted, between clenched teeth, as he dragged out his handkerchief to bandage the slender arm.

The appalled crowd was upon them. With a spluttering roar the Duplex machine rounded the turn and sped down the straight stretch, its mechanic staring back over his shoulder at the wreck. But Floyd brushed the girlish curls off his forehead and staggered sweet, helpless laughter shaking him.

"Call you? I think you've got the best disposition an' the worst temper I ever saw! Tie this up an' we'll right the car. We've got to be movin' on."

There were plenty of sympathetic helpers. Incredible to the witnesses, but as Floyd had foreseen, the Mercury had not materially suffered. The big car was righted by fifty hands; Stanton and Floyd—unaided, according to racing rules—put on the new tires, and took their seats amid hearty admiration and good wishes.

Twenty minutes after she left the course, the Mercury shot down it once more. By the time the grandstand was fully aware that Stanton had not his again, and the ambulance had been hurried clanging to the scene of the possible tragedy, the Mercury whirled past the judges, running more comet-like than ever.

But Stanton took the turns conservatively; for him.

The race was lost. Even Stanton could not regain the half-hour lead

People From All Directions Flocking Around.

given his competitors. Late in the fourth hour he signaled Floyd to lean closer, and when he was obeyed:

"Where's the Duplex?" he questioned eagerly.

"At its repair pit for the last hour," Floyd made hopeful answer. "An' there's only the Atlanta ahead of us."

Stanton shook his head, but let out his car a little faster.

The Mercury came across the line, at the finish, just five minutes behind the Atlanta; to receive fully as great an ovation as the winning car. The spectacular driving, the record of the fastest lap and highest speed ever made on that course, the second place won in spite of the accident, almost eclipsed the Atlanta's victory.

In the midst of the joyous tumult, Floyd descended, stiff and weary enough after the continuous run of five hours and fifty-eight minutes. But Stanton did not follow; leaning upon his steering-wheel, the focus of snapping cameras, curious crowds, and blended congratulations and sympathy. Only when one of the judges came over to shake hands, was the explanation made evident.

"I am to get out, some one will have to help me," announced Stanton impulsively, and unclasped his mask, baring a face gray with exhaustion under its coating of caked dust.

And, in fact, it was necessary to aid the cramped, over-taxed driver to dismount from his car; to the wonder of all those familiar with his usual superb endurance.

A little later Floyd, some of the grime removed, somewhat rested, and leaning from the ambulance surgeon's care with his arm bandaged in civilized fashion, felt a touch on his shoulder.

"I'm going to get out of this up-roar," Stanton briefly imparted. "Come with me; send for your things and

stay at my hotel tonight." Floyd drew back, hesitating oddly. "I'm sorry," he began. Stanton's straight dark brows contracted. "You mean that you don't want anything personal to do with your brute of a driver? Oh, say so."

"No, no! Only—I—" The steel-keen eyes sent one direct glance into the troubled gray ones. "Good-by," pronounced Stanton definitely, and turned on his heel.

"Stanton!" cried Floyd, in distress. The other kept on, unheeding. "Stanton!" Floyd appealed, overtaking him. "Please—I give you my word I never meant that. I've got to be back at my own hotel, tonight, that was all. I'll do anything you say."

Stanton slowly halted. "Will you come with me now, to dinner? Suit yourself."

"I'd like to," was the humble surrender. Like a woman, Floyd yielded to a superior will; like a man, there were no small reservations in his yielding.

There was a taxicab waiting; to it Stanton led the way.

The destination was one of the large hotels of the city, and neither of the companions were dressed for the public dining-room. In the guest-crowded lobby Stanton paused to order dinner sent to his own apartment, perfectly indifferent to the sensation caused by their entrance.

"You are unwell, sir?" the clerk ventured, regarding him wide-eyed.

"No," he denied laconically. But he looked far more fatigued than his comparatively frail mechanic, nevertheless. Fatigued, and ill.

"You didn't hurt yourself in our upset, I hope," Floyd said with anxiety, when they were alone in the stiff, impersonal hotel room.

"No. I had a bad night of it," Stanton explained. He sat down in an arm-chair, resting his head against the cushioned back. "Make yourself comfortable as you can, Floyd. There is nothing the matter with me—there can't be, I never was sick a day since I can remember. Probably I need feeding; I've eaten nothing since that confounded dinner last evening, and it is nearly six o'clock now."

But, after all, when the food was brought, Stanton could eat none of it; although maintaining a pretense of doing so, which forbade his companion to comment upon the fact.

"Were you feeling ill yesterday?" Floyd inquired, when the last course was removed and they were left to themselves. His own bearing was less assured than usual, his gait subdued to quietness almost savoring of timidity.

"Not until evening, after dinner." The mechanic looked at him, started to speak, checked himself, and at last impulsively put the indiscreet question:

"Do you mind telling me where you dined?"

"Of course not," Stanton returned, without a trace of hesitation. "With Mr. Carlisle of the tire Company, and his daughter. They are here for the races. He wanted to talk tires to me, Heaven knows why. We didn't get very far; after Miss Carlisle left us I began to feel so sick that I excused myself and got away to the nearest doctor."

Floyd turned his head, and caught his breath in a brief, quick sigh. When he looked back at his host, his candid eyes were clearer and more gentle than they had been since the assistant manager had given the account of Stanton's amazing disappearance.

"Acute indigestion, your doctor called your attack?"

"Something like it."

"Miss Carlisle doesn't seem to be a lucky companion," Floyd observed dryly. "She made you miss your train here, you came near breaking your wrist with her car, and her dinner seems to have poisoned you. What did she give you, lobster and ice-cream?"

"No—I hardly know. I never care what I eat." He passed his hand impatiently across his forehead, suddenly giddy.

Floyd leaned nearer. "Stanton, how did you feel? What? Tell me; I'm not just curious."

"Nausea, violent successive attacks of seasickness that left me too weak to stand. I've got the headache yet."

His voice died out; he had a vague impression of Floyd starting up and coming toward him.

"I had to make the doctor steady me with some drug so I could race," he resumed abruptly. "I'm brute enough without that in me, Floyd."

"Hush, try to rest," urged his mechanic's earnest young voice across the mist.

"I'm tired," he conceded. It seemed to him a long time afterward that a sensation of exquisite coolness extinguished the flame-like pain binding his temples, although the rich sunset glow was still in the room when he opened his eyes. Floyd was bending over him, bathing his forehead with light, firm touches. Stanton's savage irritability of the strong.

"What a position for you and me! What will you do for me—the engine is shaking loose from the chassis, by the feeling? Get your tools."

"Don't try to talk. I have sent for a doctor," soothed Floyd. "You are all right. Here," a hand was slipped behind his head, a glass of water held to his lips. "Drink this."

"You might have been a nurse," Stanton wandered dreamily. "Your sister couldn't do better. And you're so nonsensically good-looking! Floyd," the feverishly brilliant eyes flashed wide. "What is your sister's name?"

"Jessica."

"Jesse—Jessica? I told you that. They named us so purposely."

The heavy white bandage encircling his mechanic's left arm caught the patient's falling attention.

"You've had a bad day; go home and rest," gasped Stanton the brute, before things slipped from his ken.

CHAPTER VII.

The Girl Like Floyd.

Stanton awoke slowly, with a consciousness of physical well-being and singular restfulness. The shades of his room were lowered, but the dazzling sunshine streamed in around edges and through cracks, glittering over a scene of disorder with—

To be continued

Chautauqua August 17 to 21



Come to this office for tickets.



The Riner Sisters



The Riner Sisters



Alonzo Moore

Here's a Real Bargain

Big 1912 Atlas Map FREE

To the Northwestern Readers

Here is an opportunity for your friends and our friends to obtain a yearly subscription to the Northwestern a yearly subscription to the Nebraska Farm Journal and the new 1912 official Atlas map of Nebraska.

ALL FOR \$1.50

This is the best offer we have ever made. Read it over carefully and then act at once. Never before have we been able to offer such a

Newspaper Bargain

We want more new subscriptions and we want all of our old subscribers to take advantage of this offer and renew their subscriptions

We have made arrangements with the Nebraska Farm Journal of Omaha, the largest and best twice-a-month farm and stock paper published in Nebraska, whereby we are enabled to offer one year's subscription to the Northwestern, one year's subscription to the Nebraska Farm Journal (24 big, interesting, helpful issues containing departments of special interests to all the family) and the 1912 four page atlas map, size 28x36 with metal hangers; containing the official state map of Nebraska, complete map of United States, complete map of the world and many other features. And also, as long as they last, we will add the map of Sherman County, of which we have several hundred on hand, all for only \$1.50

You want your home paper, of course, and we believe you want a live, up-to-date farm paper that is devoted to the agricultural and livestock interests of this state. Now is your time to get a bargain. We cannot make this offer for a definite period.

Use This Order Coupon

To take advantage of this offer fill out the coupon in the corner of this advertisement and either mail it or bring it to the office of the Northwestern, Loup City, Nebraska.

Date _____ 191__

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.50 for which please send me the _____ and the Nebraska Farm Journal for one year and the new 1912 official state atlas map of Nebraska as per your offer

Name _____

Address _____

CHAUTAUQUA

At

LOUP CITY

THE BIG 5 DAYS
STARTS AUGUST 17th

- Signor Tassoni and Chancelor Geo. H. Bradford
- The Imperial Guards The Dunbar Singing Orchestra
- Band from Sunny Italy.
- The Riner Sisters and Bernice Lathrop The Litchfield Trio
- J. Everest Cathel on Abraham Lincoln Dr. James G. Whiting
- Halwood Robert Manlove The Nashville Serenaders and Alonzo Moore

The Season Tickets are on sale. They make the Chautauqua cost about 15 cents a number. See any local business man.

The 5 Big Days

Chautauqua August 17 to 21

Unworthy Men of Wealth.
The men who have not realized the responsibility of wealth are imperiling the social system of the present time.—Exchange.

Boy Scouts Opportunity.
If boy scouts can agree that they will not fight with scouts of other nations the peace of the world will be assured without the aid of diplomacy.

Mean Temperature.
When the weather man speaks of mean daily temperature he does not use mean in the usual sense, but he might as well.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

By the Beard of Mohammed.
A Turk in a court case in New York insisted on swearing by the beard of the Prophet Mohammed. The accuracy of such testimony naturally hung by a hair.

But They Think They Could.
About one man in a hundred can stand prosperity. The other 99 never have a chance to find out whether they can or not.

Seems Queer Cure for Asthma.
Strange as it may seem, some medical men have recently taken to recommending the smoky parts of Sheffield, England, for sufferers from asthma.

Pessimistic Outcry.
O, woman! woman! thou shouldst have few sins of thy own to answer for! Thou art the author of such a book of follies in a man! —Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

As to Calling Cards.
"What are the proper calling cards?" "Threes or upward are considered very good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lincoln's Lament.
Oh, how hard it is to die and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Advice.
"Givin' a man advice," said Uncle Eben, "generally don't amount to nuffin' but worryin' him wif talk about troubles dat he knows a heap mo' about den you does."

Convict Makes Odd Request.
A convict in the Auburn, N. Y., prison who has 13 years yet to serve, asked the warden for a time table. In reply to the warden's question as to why he wanted it, he said that he might be able to identify the trains as they pass through the station, and know what train to take when his time is up.

EXTRA Nebraska People

Rejoice at the Announcement of the return of the

United Doctors

Will be in Loup City at Miburn Hotel

Tuesday and Wednesday July 30th, and 31st Two days Only

Consultation and Examination free this trip

The great and good work of these doctors in the west during the past three years has gained for them a standing that places them in the high rank of specialism and merits for them the most implicit confidence in every vicinity they have visited in the state.

The doctors that constitute this organization of specialists were selected from different parts of the country and are medical specialists of ability and success. The sole object in view when organizing, that each one might be benefited and enlightened by the experience of the others which of course is true, and has led them to success, which is shown by their many cures of diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, granulated eyelids, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, dropsy, ulcers weak lungs, and those afflicted with long standing, deep seated, chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of the family physician, should not fail to call.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gallstones tumors, goiter or certain forms of cancer. They are among the first in America to earn the name of the "Bloodless surgeons," by doing away with the knife, with blood and with these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles, bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for examination.

Their Hypodermic Injection treatments for cancer, tumor, tubercular glands, piles, old sores, is the best curative treatment in the world.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.