

In his own hotel apartment, when

he drew off his gloves, Stanton was puzzled to find his right fingers slight

ly stained with crimson. Slowly mem-

ory brought back the fact, unnoticed

at the time, that Jessica's bracele

had been warm and damp to the touch when he picked it up. It had cut he

arm, then, in falling, he deduced. And

proving admiration, she had her broth

er's pluck. He hated whining people Only he wished that her eyes wer-

not so exactly like Floyd's; it con

CHAPTER VIII.

Team-Mated.

a fachion of his own, some days later "There's a gentleman down-stairs

see you, sir," the bell-boy brought i

formation to the latter, one afternoon

"He won't come up because he says h

Stanton looked at the card presented

a car stripped as hare of every supe-

fluous belongings as a pugilist enter

ing the ring. At the hiss of the de

scending elevator he turned to mee

Stanton with his smile of sun-sho

"I was afraid to let your machine

out of my sight," he exclaimed. "She

is going on to Indiana, to-night, and

the chief wanted you to see her first

There wasn't time to get you out to th

factory, after fixing her steering busi

ness the way you wanted, so they sen!

her down for you to look over. The

chief sent word for you to try her out

anywhere you liked and he would pay

the cost if you got in trouble, but to

can't leave his automobile, but he'd l

glad if you'd come down, sir."

and rose with alacrity.

Floyd returned Stanton's call afte

fused him.

cordiality.

race."

have been expected.

never mind."

she had not spiken of the hurt of cried out! Stanton laughed in ar

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, Grops dead. Strange youth. Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted.

CHAPTER II-In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces berself. The mechanician saves machine

CHAPTER III-The Mercury wins race, stanton receives flowers from Miss Car-isle, which he ignores.

CHAPTES IV-Stanton meets Miss Car-sie on a train. They alight to take valk, and Train leaves. Stanton and Miss arlishe follow in auto.

CHAPTER V-Accident by which San-ton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stan-ton again meets Miss Carlise and they dime together.

CHAPTER VI-Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have acci-dent. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness.

conspicuous enough to draw the giances of all those passing, as well as that of the man she called. Stanton bowed and would have continued on his way, but she called a second time, adding a gesture of summons. "Mr. Stanton!

Evidently she expected him to excuse himself momentarily from his companion, as she had moved a few steps from her father and the younger gentleman who accompanied her. But Stanton's eyes glinted cold resistance of the attempt at command. He deliberately retained Jessica's hand upon his arm and, since he must go. led her with him,

"You called me, Miss Carlisle?" be questioned. "Miss Floyd, let me introduce Miss Carlisle."

The two women bowed without effusion, Valerie Carlisle scrutinizing Jessica with an acute attention that seized every detail of her appearance. "Miss Floyd, have we not met?" she

puzzled. "Pardon, it seems so to me." "Probably you have met my twin brother," Jessica suggested, gravely

self-possessed. "He is much with Mr. Stanton." There was a shock of antagonism

in their meeting gaze, as there had been between Floyd and this girl when he had seen her in the railroad depot on the way to Lowell. Miss Carlisle turned to Stanton, enlightened.

your mechanician; I remem-"Ob. ber." "My friend and mechanician, yes,"

be amended. "Ah? But I am detaining you-I

"Oh, go ahead." merely wished to ask if you had quite "Well, he said he

Poodle ' "But it seems all right."

Around a curve ahead darted a blue iniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly haited motor-cycles in pursuit. "You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury slid to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his goggles.

Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged eight and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent. "Will you follow to the police sta



Miss Floyd, Let Me Introduce Miss Carlisle."

His mechanician was in the hal' tion, or will we have to take you?" gazing across the wide windows at a came the crisp question. "We've got low-swung, long-bonneted, dull-gray your number." motorcar that stood by the curbstone

"I'll follow wherever you like," .engaged Stanton. "Lead the way." They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity. "Name and age?"

"Ralph Stanton, twenty-siz." "Occupation?" "Automobile driver." "Name of car?"

get her shipped west to-night unless "Mercury." she had to go back to the factory, for "Owner?" there were rumors of a strike among "The Mercury Company." the train men and we might not be The shabby young man interrupted able to get her through in time for the

proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking "Who drove her down here?" Stan ton demanded, casting a jealou "That's Stanton? Stanton? And you glance out the window, but accepting

-who are you?" the facts more amiably than could "Jes Floyd, his mechanician," was

"The chief, until he left me at the Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd avenue corner, just now. He saidwas drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned

Fred Johnson sold Myral Warrick them in the 9th when they got 3 single

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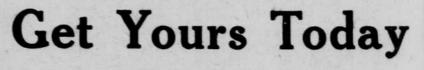
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Date

.191

most places. Choke cherries are ripe. Lots of ground being plowed for fall wheat.

Farwell 8. Ashton 10. Ashton won from Farwell. Sunday, by 10 to 8. Farwell had 3 scores to Ashton none until the 4th inning when Fort weakened allowing three hits, a couple of walks, together with errors gave Ashton 6 runs. With Peterson in the box Farwell held Ashton down until the 9th, when 3 single and two double gave Ashton 4 more runs. Farwell came near tieing



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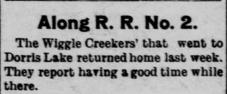


Chancellor Geo. Bradford

Come to this office for tickets

the wondering response. there.

back to answer the remainder of the



Chris. Oltjenbruns and family went

and expect to be gone until August 5.

Hattie Hayhurst is having a new

corn crib and granary built on her

Two boys from Arcadia, Neb., were

seen Thursday floating down the

river in a flat bottom boat, when

asked how far they were going; they

expected to be gone several weeks.

Burnice Casteel did not go to Dor-

Art Reed fixed Hugh Cash's well

Taylor Gibson has the contract for

Miss Hattie Hayhurst's new buildings.

Those that have cut weeds are, Geo.

er, Iver Lynne, Henry Kuhl and F.

place south of town.

nice trip for any one.

ris Lake last week.

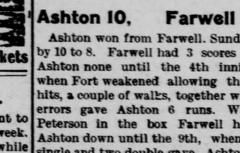
last Thursday.

week.

G. Snyder.

Reitzel.

west part of the route hay is fine in



recovered from your illness. When you left us that night, I never imagined you would try to race next morning. And you should not have done so: it resulted in an accident"

He opened his lips to deny that his illness had caused the Mercury's mishap, then paused. If he had not felt the average irritability of a strong man sick, would he have guarreled with Floyd and taken his car around the turn at such ruinous speed? He did not know.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," he answered, instead.

"Indeed, I am glad. Will you not come to see us soon-you owe us a dinner call, you know."

He did not echo her delicately expectant smile, his dark face hard.

"You must believe my appreciation of the dinner without that formality, Miss Carlisle. I start for Indiana in a few days," he regretted.

Her amber eyes also hardened, suddenly and strangely; she moved a step to retice, catching up her trailing lengths of satin and lace.

"As you will, of course. Ah; we found out what car wins when you are taken from a race, Mr. Stanton, as at Lowell. And you judged wrong -it was not the Duplex, but the Atalants. Good night."

Stanton looked after her, amazed, then abruptly turned his eyes to the frank, steadfast Tace of Jessica Floyd. "Come out in the fresh air," he re-

quested. "That perfume she wears smothers one."

"Sandalwood," interpreted Jessica, turning; she had her brother's habit of instantly obeying a suggestion. And as they emerged: "May I say something interfering and impertipent?"

"What right have I to object to any thing said to me? I show small grace to others."

"Then, pray do not go near Miss Carlisle just before a race."

He stopped short on the sidewalk. "You know-you think-"

"I know only what Jes knows," she declared. "But I think that Miss Carlisle is not good for your racing. Some people are naturally unlucky influences, perhaps."

Stanton shook his head, unbeguiled by the pleasantry.

"I understand what Floyd believes, but it is impossible, absurd. Besides. it is to her interest for me to win; the Mercury uses her father's tires."

"Yes," agreed Jessica impersonally, When he left her, in the faintly lighted hall before the door of her apart-

ment, she drew off her glove with a swift movement. "My father used to say that one

only offered a covered hand to an enemy," she said half playful, half serious. "Good night."

There was a tinkling crash, before he could reply. Stanton bent and re rear. covered her wide silver bracelet, shaken loose by her rapid gesture of the

"May I put it on?" he asked. But she held out her hand for the trinket; in the dim light he could

have imagined that she had becom suddenly agitated and hurried. "No, it is too heavy," she declined. out the machine lood night. I have enjoyed this even was that a slog?" out the machine here, of course, b

driver himself and knew how you would feel about having your car cian. vanked thirty miles across country roads by another driver; and, er-that he guessed that he was the only man summoned impatiently. in the shops who'd care to tell you he had done it." eyed and eager.

ad been a racing

"I'll get some driving things." sug gested Stanton, and went back to the elevator. When he joined Floyd beside the big

ar, he stood for a moment busied with to him?" the clasp of his gauntlet, before attempting to start.

"Miss Floyd told you of my call, the ther day?" he queried.

"Yes, of course. I was sorry to be way: I had-never thought of your hunting me up."

"You did not object to my taking her ut? There was no way of asking you." This from the self-willed Stanton! Floyd's eyes glinted with an appreciation at once humorous and touched. "Object? Why? You could take

care of her," he countered. "Fix the spark," bade Stanton, and went front to crank his motor.

"We'll not get half a block without drawing every mounted policeman for ten miles," Floyd called, above the roar of the exhausts. "We ought to have made ready by putting on a few

lozen mufflers." "What time must she be shipped?" "We must have her at the Mercury flice by six o'clock, unless you say she has to go back to the factory.'

"It is after four, now. No time to try the Long Island course, and there is a motor-cycle race on the Beach track. Get into your seat; we'll take

Pelham Parkway." "Pelham Parkway! Why-"

"Have you anything better to pro-

"It's a first offense." Floyd resigned himself. "They can't do worse than fine you."

that at the track. What?"

Stanton shrugged his shoulders, and the car rolled forward.

The Mercury glided through the teeming, congested streets, and left a faultiess record behind her. Not a traffic officer's slightest signal was dis-

"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaned forward

The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a guarter curled head in laughing refusal. of a mile ahead, and leaped.

Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in at, carefully avoiding view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized offof Jes and Jessica together, a precer struggling with his rearing horse, as they thundered past, and he enter-tained no doubt of the number in their

"She steers a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine' and two carriages. "But we can fix wants me.

"Two motor-cycle policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, devourwhy can't you wait and come on the train with me to Indianapolis? We might make the trip less monotonous for each other." ed by silent mirth. "Had enough?" "I haven't seen them yet. I can't let

examination. When the ceremony was a team last Tuesday. ended, he signaled to his mechani-J. E. Roush was hauling corn from

J. H. Burwell's last Thursday. "Come; I've got to go before the magistrate and give ball." he The carrier wishes to thank the patrons for the many presents he has Floyd came across to him, shining

past month. "Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants us to tell him about your doing John Johnson autoed to Loup City this. He needs a fresh story to make from Litchfield last Wednesday.

good with his paper-can't we give it Fritz Bichel threshed for John Pe tersen the past week. Stanton surveyed his companion Bruner of Arcaida put down a new

eyebrows lifted. well for Hugh Cash this week. "Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come." Chas. Schwaderer bought a new

"But he needs it; it would help auto of Will Criss the past week. him," Floyd urged. "He, he's thin and Fritz Bichel and son Henry have frayed out-Stanton, he looks hungry.' one of the finest threshing outfits in "Do you want to help him?" the driver queried, astoniehed. "Do you this part of the state.

care about a man you do not know and never see again?" "Don't you?" asked Floyd simply. "I'm not from Paradise," dryly answered Stanton. "Tell him anything

you like, but be quick." He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare

and gaunt, and pathetically young. Stanton had a rebuked conse of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his uccess. "You are an educating companion,"

he observed, as they went out with an officer. "Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled. But Stanton would elucidate no

urther. The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, produced a surety company's bond, and in

fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.

"We will reach the office on time, mmented the lawbreaker. "You do it like a veteran," Floyd

nused with mock suspicion At the office they left the car, but Brown. not each other. There was growing upon Stanton more and more the dethe wire fence Friday night.

regarded, no speed regulations were, materially fractured; Stanton drove itke a law-abiding chauffeur from the suburbs, and until they were in the suburbs, and until they were in the McFadden, Lars Nelson, Chris Oltjenbruns, C. J. Nordstedt, Henry Obermiller, Will Hawk, Jesse Fletch-

nanded, upon concluding arrange ments at the office. "No," Floyd replied

"Come to dinner with me, then." The mechanician shook his bronz

"There has been enough of that, Mr. Stanton; you come to dinner with me." "At your home?" escaped Stanton involuntarily. He had a sudden vision

monition of mental bewilderment before the spectacle of their incredible

likeness. "I would like that, but you know we live up town, and I have got to be back here in an hour. Mr. Green

"Oh, anywhere you say. See here,

Taken by surprise. Flord h

gave them five more scores. Score by innings Ashton 00060004 10108 Farwell 012000000 8 9 8 received for himself and horses the

Battery for Ashton, Jezewski, Polski; Farwell, Fort, Peterson, Burke; 2 base hits, Knutzen, Topolski, Kochanwski; 3 base hits, Fletcher; struck out, by Jezewski 6, Fort 5, Peterson 6. Base on balls, off Jezewski, 1, Fort 0, Peterson 1: Hit by pitched ball by Fort 2; stolen bases, Ashton 6, Farwell 4: left on bases Ashton 6, Far well 6. Time of game 2 hours. Umpires, Davy and Deela

Somebody Ought to Tell Them. The trouble with a good many wives s that they don't know that less than one woman in every thousand can to Lincoln in their auto last Thursday manage to look bewitching in a kimono.

> Pure Air on the Sea. Tests have shown that the air in the crowded sleeping quarters of modern warships is purer than in barracks or average residences ashore.

Temptation's Gay Colors.

said they did not know exactly, but Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine, gay colors that They had caught several fish on their are but skin deep.-Mathew Henry way down from Arcadia. This is a (1662-1714)).

Stallion Registration Law Declared Unconstitutional

Judge Paul, of the district court of Howard county, rendered a decree in the case of Frank lams, against W. Chas. Snyder had a well man up R. Mellor, et al, declaring the law esfrom Ravenna to fix his wells last tablishing a stallion registration board in Nebraska to be unconstitu-

Chas. Brown returned to his home tional. The attorney general filed a motion at Luana, Iowa, last Tuesday. He for a new trial which was overruled, has worked this summer for W. A. and the case will now go to the supreme court. Gordon Snyder had a horse cut in

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WE CAN CURE YOU

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3

GERMAN

Fall plowing commenced last Friday, July 26, and the ground was THE WAWBY YOUR TRUSS OF YOU ARE CURABLE good and wet.

Tessman was fixing his well last Thursday.

Chas. Snyder's wheat north of Fred Johnson's made over 16 bushels per acre.

Route 2 got from one and a half to two inches of rain over the entire routelast Thursday night. Lots of corn tasseling and silking. Thrashing and stacking is the order of the day all over the route. Pastures look better. Third cutting of alfalfa com ing on fast. Millet looks good; late Grand Island office

tatoes look better; cane looks good. Hay has improved some and on the

off Jezewoski together with two errors Entertainments-lecturers-RHE music. But its ALL entertainment.

It is all crowded into five days' time. That's as long as it lasts.

If you miss out the first day, you will have lost one-fifth of the Big Week.

If you start going the first day, you'll be there the four following days.

The season ticket makes the cost about 15-cents a number.

They are on sale right now. Ask any business man.

And get yours today.

The Chautauqua

Daily Thought.

Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps the sky, with the clouds that return after , White House, but a lot of mighty its rain .- George McDonald.

Matters Evened Up.

A woman who is advanced in her riews is likely to be behind in her fashions. It is a pother illustration of the law or compensation .- Fun.

Convert Gives Up Burglar Tools. Converted by t be Salvation army, 2 burglar stood bel pre the congregation at the hall in : Spokane, Wash., and drew forth two revolvers, an electric flash, a jimmy : md other parts of a burglar's outfit. He said that he had intended to rob some stores, because he was hungry, until he heard their 108 E 3rd street.

Tom Thumb Politicians.

. 3

Mrs. Tom Thumb is the smallest woman who has ever called at the small politicians have been there .--Washington Post.

Turkeys in Hawall, In the mountainous districts of Ha-

waii wild turkeys are very numerous,

and form an important resource for

the wandering camper. They are, of

course, imported American turkeys

gone wild. Some of the stockmen lib-

erated domestic turkeys, and they

promptly took to a bold life and are

thriving excellently, their only foe ap-

parently being the mongoose, which

ultimately will prove their undoing.

This simply shows how readily domes-tic stock harks to wild life when giv-

en an opportunity.