SYNOPSIE.

frederic Thornburgh

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV-Stanton meets Miss Car-Hole on a train. They clight to take walk and train leaves. Statton and Miss Carliele follow in auto.

CHAPTER V-Accident by which Sun-ton is burt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood, Sinn-ton again meets hims Carline and they dine together.

CHAPTER VI-Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have acci-dent, Floyd hart, but not zerfoosly. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very III

CHAPTER VII-(n recovery, at his hotel Stanton recode a invitation and vis its Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. velopes and time-tables to illustrate

their points and even leaving rows of figures upon the menu cards in the dining-car. Incidentally, both men displayed a

thorough training in mechanical design and construction, Stanton's far the more finished and scientific. "I did not know-" Floyd marveled, at last.

Stanton forestalled the question by indifferently explaining.

"I am a mechanical engineer: I graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup

Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womenish as Green." "Too had. Still I have to be at the

Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough." Struton surveyed him, irritated, yet

without taugible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have Imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length. They stayed the half day at Buffalo,

and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet

to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally draw from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unbesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged-only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices eched loud through the desolation, where the massive, motionless machinery stood towering above the visitor and the slight young master of the domain, the metal-spotted, roughened factory floors reverberated under their foot-

As they made the tour from room to room and building to building. Floyd grew slowly whiter, his explanations more brief. When they finally arrived at a glass-set door marked office, he stopped short and laid his hand upon the wall as if to steady himself.

"Go away, for a moment," he re quest, his voice catching. "I'll come after you. I haven't been here since

Stanton swung on his heel and went out; out to look at the mile track, where Edgar Floyd used to practice racing with little Jes tied in the car beside him, and where later the older Jes played mechanician to his father's greet him, but from a chair near a driving. And standing there under the Juli October sky, Stanton thought When Floyd came after him, half an

hour later, Stanton turned from his position against the track railing. Floyd, what do you figure is going

to become of your sister?" he abrupt-

Floyd stopped, gazing at the other with parted lips and startled gray A strong wind was blowing off Lake Erie, tossing his bronze hair and wrapping his long coat about him. "My sister?" he repented. "Why?"

"She is a woman, she must have four o'clock and I can offer you hossome life of her own. You can't keep her like a nun until she finds herself grown old without a chance at living." Floyd continued to gaze at him, saying nothing; that half-hour in the office had left him almost wan in the gray afternoon light.

You know me, Jes Floyd, if any one does. You know my vile temper, my rough tongue, and that I am a cross-grained brute at best. But I think there may be enough of the inberent gentleman left in me to make me decent to a woman. If, in time, things fell out so that I'd asked you for your sister, would you be willing? eak frankly, if you do not think me fit to be trusted with her, say so-it will not break our friendship."

"You have seen her once." Floyd recalled, as if to himself. He lisped, his surest sign of excitement. Stanton had never heard him use that soft. slurring speech except on the race tracks; heard now in the quiet country surroundings, it infected the listener with a contagious agitation and

"I know, I know," he deprecated. "But, I might see her more, and see ing no better men she might come to bear with me. Not that there is much in me worth it-she probably never would look at me. What I am asking now, is whether you want me it

we will shake hands and drop the subject for ever."

Very slowly Floyd held out his slen-"Jessica has the right to a chance," he agreed. "I'm not goin' to meddle things beyond my understandin'.

I'd rather have her your wife than hing else in the world. Only -rou've seen her just once-you can't tell if you want her, yet." Stauton shot him one straight, exressive giance.

She is like you," slipped from him avoluntarily: then, furious at his berayal of sentiment, he dropped the ther's hand. "We had better go, c we'll miss the train," he bruskly re

"Oh, she is like "ne," confirme Noyd; he turned to look again at th actory. "We are pretty close chum 'es, you an' I had better De gettin' t

he train. Thy walked back to the neare: rolley line, both slient. The subject was not touched again

intil the following morning, when the

oft the train in New York. "When shall I see you?" Stanton mestioned, as they exchanged farrel's in the noisy depot. "To-mo:

"I'm going to be out of town for th est two weeks, Mr. Green tells me," loyd replied. "They want me at the ercury factory, and there are some ther trips, too, I believe. Jessica is poing to be rather deserted; if you appen to look her up, no doubt she cald be glad to speak to some one esides her nurse.

"Thank you," accepted Stanton, as arelessly. "Take care of yourself." He had not reached the exit when Floyd overtook him.

"Here are the entries for the Cur race," he panted, thrusting a folded sewspaper into Stanton's hand. "There ere two Atalanta cars to run against is. It's you who need to take care of yourself, until afterward."

"Floyd wait! What do you mean! Do you really think-" But his mechanician evaded the

question "Some people are hocdoos," he laughed. "Keep away from them. lease. Good-by."

He had not spoken Valerie Carlisle's name, yet Stanton knew against whom he warned. And the melodramatic absurdity of the idea did not prevent



Both Shent.

it of dicomfort and insefrom which he took his usual

tot in the hat it of hiding from brodees or not. Good-by." Meter mind."

CHAPTER X.

An Interval.

It was on the second day after his tral in New York that Stanton illed upon Jessica Floyd. This time went more confidently up the stairs the quiet apartment house, sure of ds right

As before, the little old Irishwoman lad in black silk was waiting to admit him; as before, he could have cried out in the wonder of seeing this girl who turned Floyd's candid face to him and smiled with Floyd's gray Only, this afternoon Jessicia did not rise from the plano seat to

"Jes is away again," she regretted, giving him her hand. "I came to see you, by his permis

Stanton returned The rich color flushed under her marvelous skin, that was like no other woman's he had ever seen. Floyd differed there, man from girl, his complexion being much darker and less translucent.

"It is too early to give you tea and cake," she told him, with a playfulness partly shy. "But if you will talk to me for half an hour, it will be after

"What shall I talk to you about?" he doubted. "I am better at listening, I

"Oh, anything, everything. Suppose I were Jes: I like what he likes, rac-

ing, factories, motor-cars." Although the season was early, a fire burned in the tiny hearth, on either side of which they were seated, facing each other. In the ruddy light Stanton contemplated the smiling girl, in her pale-blue gown with its lace ruffles foaming around her full young throat and falling low across her

"Your brother has told you of the business partnership that we plan for this winter, Miss Floyd?" She nodded her bronze-crowned

"Yes; I am very glad." "Did he," a sudden fancy prompte the question, "did he tell you that I was coming here to see you, if I

"Did he know of it?" she asked in Floyd had kept the confidence given then, although no formal restraint had been made. The expres-

sion that crossed Stanton's dark face was warm and very gentle. "He knew, yes. I wish I could have met your brother years ago: I might

keep away from her. Say yes, and have been less hard a man, more fit to sica I now him, and you, now."

> "You hard!" "Has he not taught you that I am

In her earnestness she leaned for ward, her eyes fearlessly on his. "Never. Do not imagine he thinks you that, do not so wrong his memory of your kindness. A rough word-what is it? The first gentleness cancels it: what is a friend worth who does not

Stanton bent his head, looking at the fire.

"I have not had much gentleness shown me," he said. "My mother died when I was born; when I was thirteen my father married again. My step-

mother was a good woman, whom I loved as well as my father did. But within the second year after the marriage, the horses they were driving ran away, dragging the carriage over an embankment, and my parents died within a few moments of each other while being taken to the hospital. Have I said that my father was wealthy? He was so. He had made his will, a year before, leaving everything to his wife; well knewing that she in her turn would pass all on to me. She was much younger than he, almost certain to outlive him, and entirely to be trusted. But she had never made a will, delayed by chance or forgetfulness, I suppose. When he died five minutes before her, all his fortune passed to his wife; then, upon her death without a will, again legally passed on to her relatives. I was left with no share or claim."

"But it was yours by every right! Surely, surely, your step-mother's relatives did not take it?"

"They took every penny and every inch, Miss Floyd. And I, at fifteen, was sent out into the world, a beggared orphan. They had no interest in me, and I was old enough to support myself. One of them offered to get me a position as office boy." "Oh! You-

"I-lived," he grimly answered. "I asked them for nothing. What peronal trinkets belonged to me, I sold, for the first needs; then I set to work. My father had wished me to be a mechanical engineer, and I meant to fulfil his plan. Perfect health I did have-for six years I regularly worked twenty hours out of each twenty-four. until I was graduated from college. For six years I was always tired, occasionally hungry, and took just one recreation: every night I walked through the avenue where my former nome stood, and looked at it. I saw the people who had robbed me go handsomely clad and sleek, I saw their carriages and servants pass and repass. I watched, and I concluded that there was just one thing in life

worth while.' The girl shivered slightly, her gaze on his firm profile with its lines of relentless strength.

"You meant to punish them," she faltered. "Revenge? No: it was not worth

taking. I will not deny I thought of that as a boy; as a man I was too practical to waste my time. What I decided to have was money. I found in my aptitude for this automobile racing my best and quickest way to secure a starting capital. If I killed myself in doing it, very good: that was better than poverty. I was poor for Talked Back to the Car Line, six years; poor for a lifetime I will not

"No, you will not be," she agreed, her voice quite low and agitated. "You were born to bend circumstance, for

"Circumstance bent me, when it set very well," acquiesced Floyd your brother in my path," he cor-"her if you won't take care of rected. "I never before had a friend, or cared-" He shook his head impatiently, turning fully to her. "Bah, what dead history am I boring you with! Forgive me; I only meant to say there might be some small excuse for my savagery. It is after four o'clock, I was promised tea."

> Jessica rose to cross to the little tea-table, but lingered for an instant. "Jes once told me that he had been guilty of the impertinence of saying his driver had the best disposition and the worst temper he had ever seen. I think that if he were here, he would apologize for the last part.'

> "Perhaps he may yet retract the first," he warned lightly, yet touched. When she summoned him to take his cup, Stanton looked at the brown beverage, then in quizzical surprise at

his hostess. "Yes," she laughed, coloring. "With three lumps of sugar in it. Jes told me that whenever he was out with you, you drank chocolate syrup and weet. I thought it was only girls who liked sweet, syrupy things.'

"And do you always give people



what they like?" he asked, amuse and oddly pleased "I would like to," she retorted. "Then I would like very much to

have you go to the theater with me, "As you like," she conceded, her offender. "Besides, he's working. Is neavy lashes sweeping her cheeks. it true, Floyd, that you can make a The first step was made. For the worn-out taxicab motor run like a new next two weeks they saw each other foreign engine? Some one told me frequently. Twice Stanton brought

one of the Mercury cars and took Jessica for sedate afternoon drives. Several rainy days she gave him sweet sweet reply. "Come crank the Merchocolate and sat opposite him before the bright little hearth, listening or hear her run." talking with the equable sunniness so like Floyd's. Indeed, Stanton soon forward, but paused as a tall figure came to feel with her the sense of companionship and certainty of being understood that he felt with her brothadvanced from the shadow of the To be continued er. But he never was rough to Jes

Clear Creek Items During that interval he did not Andy Coppersmith and Ed Fielding meet Floyd. Jes was busy thirty miles were Loup City visitors Friday.

get away even once or twice to see

Meanwhile the Cup race was ap-

proaching. On the last evening before

Stanton went out to the Long Island

"It is possible to come into New

York, of course," he said to her. "But

I shall stay out there until after the

race. After that, after Floyd and I

come back, shall I see as much of

you? Or won't you want me around

Startled, she met his eyes, then

turned away hurriedly to the piano.

Sometimes things get twisted wrong."

"Nothing-nothing but me. Only I

mind, I wish you all good luck and

"What was that song you were sing-

ing on the first day I came here?" he

She hesitated, then struck a few

"Yes. Will you sing it to me,

With her charming trick of prompt

obedience, she at once seated herself

It was no ornate classic, no love

song, that the velvet-and-gold contral-

to voice braided into Stanton's mem-

ory, to be in the near future a torture

more acute than physical pain and per-

That was the quaint stiff melody of

On reaching home, an hour later,

was dated from Long Island, and re-

minded him that the course would be

Stanton put down the letter, frown-

ing at it in irritated astonishment.

race, with Green and by his direct or-

der? How then could he, Stanton,

know anything about his mechanician

and why did not Green know every-

might attempt to keep away the mech-

'Yes, Mercury. Mr. Stanton? Wait.'

"-to Long Island tonight," was faint-

ly resumed. "He'll be on his job when

you need him. Stanton; go a bit easy

on the poor kid. He isn't a machine."

Stanton exclaimed something ugly

and hung up the receiver with a snap.

Bailey was a fool, he mentally sneered

and Green was another, and he him-

self the third. As for Miss Carlisle

the trip to Indiana. No more orchids

and laurel. He smiled in sardonic re-

lief and went to open a window to

the pungent October air. To-morrow

he would see Floyd at the course and

begin the work which intoxicated him

as it does all those who once acquire

the fearless mastery of a car at high

speeds and taste the strong excite

ment of the racing game. He drew a

breath of anticipated exhilaration;

this was the ground where he and

Floyd stood closest in understanding

and where Jessica could never come.

looked so strangely grave and wistful, that evening. It troubled him.

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Race.

tinguisher in your camp?"

voice across the gray dawn mist.

then; Jack's whistling again.'

"Say, Floyd, got a spare fire ex-

But he wished that she had not

and day to fill its orders.

distance.

morning during the early hours.

fifty years before, that Jessica Floyd

sung to Stanton before they parted.

Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Fond memory brings the light

chords upon the piano. "That?"

course, he called on Jessica.

when you have him?"

ed wrong, Miss Floyd?"

her shoulders at him.

victory for the race.'

asked irrelevantly.

at the instrument

"Oft, in the stilly night

Of other days around me

sonal grief.

his sister.

up the Hudson valley, at the Mercury factory, Jessica said, and as Stanton of course knew from his mechanician's own statement. Only it impressed him as rather strange that Floyd could not

> Mr. Lawrence Hayden spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wash Peters.

ger and children spent Sunday with along? Mr. and Mrs. Warren Edson.

Mr. Emery Runyon, of Mason City was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Adams Sunday. Mr. Frank Potter was kicked by

"Jes and . I do not tire of our friends," she rebuked. "But beyond Mr. Russell Adams made a flying that, how can any one tell what will happen? We can just live our best trip to Mason City Sunday afternoon

every day and wait to see further. to meet train No. 39. Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Clark, Mr. Vir-"What is the matter? What is twistgil Weller and Mr. Jim Hager autoed

to Hazard Sunday. She shook her head, smiling across Mr. Claud Stapleton commenced working for Walter Shutler Monday feel disgustingly gloomy to-night; as if Jes and I were very far apart. Never

> A week of camping during the week of Sept. 1st to 6th offers an opportunity for entire families to not only take a fine out door vacation but to see the greatest exposition ever held in Nebraska at the State Fair grounds Lincoln. Tents, cots, tables, chairs, ing rivers, and morning, and evening, considerably to the world's supply. blankets and pillows can be rented and summer, and winter, I love thee Hitherto an alcoholic beverage has on the grounds. No charge is made for tenting space but each person over twelve years of age must have a season ticket which costs \$2. Children free. The attractions are the best ever offered at a Nebraska Fair and that is "going some" when we consider the splended program of last year. No progressive family should fail to attend.

BASE BALL

Sargent 7, Loup Gity 4 Stanton found a letter awaiting him from the assistant manager, Green. It

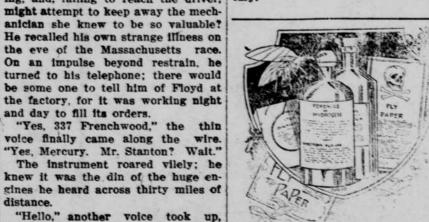
Loup City 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 4 5 9

open for the last day's practice next Three base hits Burt: 2 base hits. Prichard, Rowe: Struck out by Gilbert "The car is at last ready, and if you see Jes Floyd, tell him that we 5, Duryea 6: base on balls Gilbert 1. can not get along without him any Duryea 1; Umpires, Charlton and longer," ran the concluding sentence. Hall. Time 2:10.

Loup City Had not Floyd gone to prepare for the Ravenna,

Ravenna 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Loup City 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 5 4 3 base hits, Hosek: 2 base hits Hothing? Possibly Floyd had been kept at the Mercury factory; but in that sek, Roberts; struck out by Strubble case Green would surely have sent 12, Roberts 5: base on balls 1, Strubthere for him, instead of trusting to ble 0. Umpires Mailory and Swanson. the faint chance of Stanton's encoun- Sim 1:35. tering him. Of course Floyd must be

ready to go out for the delayed pracimpatiently; of course he would be That the ancients did not exclusively use mirrors of polished metal, as generally believed, has just been A thought like a needleprick halted proved by the finding of a number of him when half-way across the room, a wild fancy. Could it be conceived small glass mirrors in a graveyard at Laibach, Austria. They are said to credible that Valerie Carlisle did wish date from the second or third cento prevent the Mercury car from racing, and, failing to reach the driver,



through the drone. "Stanton? This is Mr. Bailey. What? Oh, why Floyd's A Full Line gone on-" there was a blank clicking

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"I guess so," called a gay rippling Real "Just throw it into the next pit, A tousled head appeared from the third in the row of repair pits.
"Let Floyd alone, he'd rather hear Insurance And me whistle than you talk," jeered the See

Dougal "Why, yes, Jack; but I haven't any time to fix your car now," came the cury for me, one of you, I want to OFFICE OVER One of the laughing mechanics ran

State Bank Building

A Few Political Ques- Harvest Festival Loup tion

What party elected Woodrow Wil-A few of the young people from son governor of New Jersey? Was it this vicinity attended the party at the progressive Democratic · party, Mr. Wash Peters Saturday evening. then hardly in its embryo, or was it A dance was given at the home of the Democrats of the old school? If Mr. and Mrs. Wash Hammond Sat- the progressive democratic party tions ever assembled in this part of few of them are found in congress?

the whole story of "The Progressive Big doin's. Come! Democratic Party."

Thoreau to Longfellow.

birds, and gleaming stubble, and flowmy friend.

City, August 21-2-3

Greatest aggregation of free attracreally existed at the time of Woodrow the country. Death defying feature Wilson's election, why is it that so act, twice each day. The great Alabama Nine Jubilee singers, dancers, What has been Woodrow Wilson's and entertainers. A bunch of celeattitude toward the straight demc. brated acrobats and tumblers, noted Mr. and Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Bur- crat party from a school teacher all for their skill and special line of entertainments. Best of moving pic-On what ballot did the New York tures free every evening from 8:00 to convention cast its entire vote for 11:00 o'clock. There will be plenty of Woodrow Wilson at the Baltimore the best of music furnished by the convention? Is it not nearly impos- Loup City Cornet Band and other sible to locate the New Yorkers in bands secured by the committee. horse Friday evening and was badly that convention, and that being the Other free attractions too numerous case, does it to t indicate that they to mention. All above attractions steered clear of Bryanism until Bryan are absolutely free. Baseball at 2:30 had picked out their very man (W. p. m., each day, Rockville vs Loup Wilson) and piedged himself to Wil- City, Wednesday 21st, Ravenna vs son's support, whereupon the New Sargent, Thursday 22nd., Arcadia vs Yorkers put in their vote somewhere Ord, Friday 23rd. Special train from (nobody knows when) all the time Grand Island August 22nd. Special leaving Bryan to believe that he was auto train from Ord on Friday Aurunning the Baltimore convention, gust 23rd. Convenient train service from Sargent. Comstock, Arcadia, The reader thinks the proper an- Ashton, Rockville and Boelus every swers to these questions will relate day. One continous round of pleasure.

Sugar From Palms.

Sugar of a superior quality is being extracted from the sap of the ripa-As I love nature, as I love singing palm of the Philippines, and, if an industry should be developed, may add been made from the sap.

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