

# PUBLIC SALE!

I am leaving the country and will offer for sale at my farm 1-2 mile north of Loup City, on the Arcadia road the following described property, to-wit:

## WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1912

Commencing at Ten o'clock A. M. Sharp

### 19 HORSES AND MULES 19

1 bay horse 6 years old, weight 1300; 1 bay horse 3 years old, weight 1150; 1 bay mare 4 years old, weight 1100; 1 gray mare 3 year old, weight 1200; 1 gray horse 3 years old, weight 1000; 1 gray mare 6 years old weight 950; 1 gray mare 12 year old, weight 1100; 1 black mare 4 years old, weight 1100; 1 black mare 10 year old, weight 1000; 1 brown mare 3 year old, weight 950; 1 brown mare 7 years old, weight 1050; 1 brown mare 12 years old, weight 950; 1 brown horse 3 years old, weight 800; 1 team geldings 4 and 6 years old, well matched, weight 2100; 2 sucking colts; 2 black jacks 2 and 3 years old.



### 7 HEAD OF CATTLE 7

5 Extra good milch cows and two bull calves



### 16 HOGS 16

Fifteen pure bred O. I. C. pigs, one boar



### FARM MACHINERY

1 Great Western Manure spreader; 1 new disc; 1 new moline Lay-by; 1 riding lister; 3 walking cultivators; 1 harrow; 2 wagons; 2 hay racks; 1 mower; complete set hay tools; Feed grinder; 1, 41-2 horse power Olds gas engine; 1, 2 seat carriage; 1 top buggy; 1 breaking plow; 4 sets work harness; 2 cream separators; 3 incubators, brooders; 1 book case; 5 beds; cupboard and other household articles too numerous to mention.

### FREE LUNCH AT THE NOON HOUR

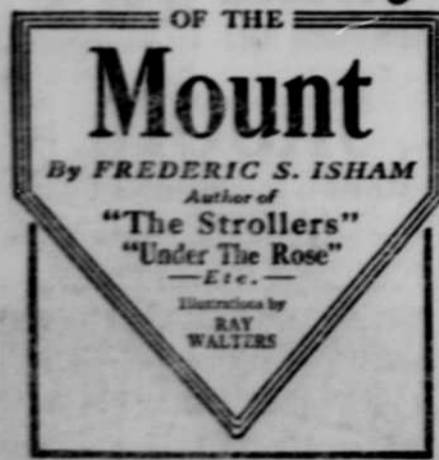
Terms of Sale:-- All sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, a credit of 8 Months will be given by purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale, property to be settled for before being removed from the place.

## Mrs. A. H. HANSEL,

J. G. PAGELER, Auctioneer,  
W. F. MASON, Clerk,

Northwestern Power Print, Loup City, Neb.

## The Lady



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### SYNOPSIS.

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 northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a government stronghold. Devising that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman.

CHAPTER III--Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sends the governor's daughter to 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 La Seigneur Nola.

From where he stood, by day could be seen, almost directly beneath, the tiny habitations of men clinging like lizards to the precipitous sides of the rocks at the base; now was visible only a void, an abyss, out of which swam the sea; so far below, a boat looked no larger than a gull on its silver surface; so immense, the dancing waves seemed receding to a limit beyond the reach of the heavens.

"You found him?" A girl's clear voice broke suddenly upon him. He wheeled. "Elise! You?" "Yes! why not? You found him? The commandant?" "At your command, but--" "And I'm here, Elise!" "All her could tell." "It is reported at the castle that the man escaped!" quickly.

"It is true, but," in a voice of languid surprise, "I believe you are glad--" "No, no!" She shook her head. "Only," a smile curved her lips, "Beppo will be so disappointed! Now," seating herself lightly on the low wall of the giant rampart, "tell me all you have learned about this Black Seigneur." The marquis considered; with certain reservations obeyed. At the conclusion of his narrative, she spoke no word and he turned to her inquiringly. Her brows were knit; her eyes down-bent. A moment he regarded her in silence; then she looked up at him suddenly. "I wonder," she said, her face bathed in the moonlight, "if--if it was this Black Seigneur I danced with?" "The Black Seigneur?" My lord started; frowned. "Nonsense! What an absurd fancy! He would not have dared!" "True," said the girl quickly. "You are right, my lord. It is absurd. He would not have dared."

CHAPTER VII.

A Distant Menace.

But guests come and guests go; pastimes draw to a close, and the hour arrives when the curtain falls on the masque. The friends of my lady, however reluctantly, were obliged at last to forgo further holiday-making, depart from the Mount, and return to the court. An imposing cavalcade, gleaming in crimson and gold, they wended down the dark road; laughing ladies, pranked-out cavaliers who waved their perfumed hands with farewell kisses to the grim stronghold in the desert, late their palace of pleasure, and to the young mistress thereof.

"Good-by, Elise!" The marquis was last to go.

"Good-by."

He took her hand; held it to his lips. On the whole, he was not displeased. His wooing had apparently prospered, for, although the marriage had been long arranged, my lady's beauty and capriciousness had fanned in him the desire to appear a successful suitor for her heart as well as her hand. If sometimes she laughed and thus failed to receive his delicate gallantries in the mood in which they were tendered, the marquis' vanity only allowed him to conclude that a woman does not laugh if she is displeased. It was enough that she found him diverting; he served her; they

were friends and had danced and ridden through the spring days in amicable fashion.

"Good-by," he repeated. "When are you coming to court again? The queen is sure to ask. I understand her majesty is planning all manner of brilliant entertainments, yet Versailles--without you, Elise!"

"Me?" arching her finely penciled brows. "Oh, I'm thinking of staying here, becoming a nun, and restoring the Mount to its old religious prestige."

"Then I'll come back a monk," he returned in the same tone.

"If you come back at all!" provokingly. "There, go! The others will soon be out of sight!"

"I, too--ahs, Elise!"

He touched his horse; rode on, but soon looked back to where, against a great, grim wall, stood a figure all in white gleaming in the sunshine. The marquis stopped; drew from his breast a deep red rose, and, gazing upward, gracefully kissed the glowing token. Beneath the aureole of golden hair my lady's proud face rewarded him with a faint smile, and something--a tiny handkerchief--fluttered like a dove above the frowning, time-worn rock. At that, with the eloquent gesture of a troubadour, he threw his arm backward, as if to launch the impress on the rose to the crimson lips of the girl, and then, plying his spurs, galloped off.

And as he went at a pace, head-long if not dangerous and fitting the exigencies of the moment, my lord smiled. Truly had he presented a perfect, dainty and gallant figure for any woman's eyes, and the Lady Elise, he fancied, was not the least discerning of her sex. And had he seen the girl, when an unkind angle of the wall hid him from sight, his own nice estimate of the situation would have suffered no change. The Mount, which formerly had resounded to the life and merriment of the people from the court, on a sudden to her looked cold, barren, empty.

"Heigh-ho!" she murmured, stretching her arms toward that point where he--they--had vanished. "I shall die of ennui, I am sure!" And thoughtfully retraced her steps to her own room.

But she did not long stay there; by way of makeshift for gaiety, substituted activity. The Mount, full of early recollections and treasure-house mystery, furnished an incentive for exploration, and for several days she

devoted herself to its study; now pausing for an instant's contemplation of a sculptured thing of beauty, then before some closed door that held her, as at the threshold of a Bluebeard's forbidden chamber.

One day, such a door stood open and her curiosity became cured. She had passed beneath a machicolated gateway, and climbing a stairway that began in a watch-tower, found herself unexpectedly on a great platform. Here several men, unkempt, pale, like creatures from another world, were walking to and fro; but at sight of her, an order was issued and they vanished through a trap--all save one, a misshapen dwarf who remained to shut the iron door, adjust the fastening and turn a ponderous key. For a moment she stood staring.

"Why did you do that?" she asked angrily.

"The governor's orders," said the man, bowing hideously. "They are to see no one."

"Then let them up at once! Do you hear? At once!"

And as he began to unlock the door, walked off. After that, her interest in the rock wane; the Mount seemed but a prison; she, herself, desired only to escape from it.

"Have my saddle put on Saladin," she said to Beppo the next day, toward the end of a long afternoon.

"Very well, my lady. Who accompanies your ladyship?"

"No one!" With slight emphasis. "I ride alone."

Beppo discreetly suppressed his surprise. "Is your ladyship going far? If so, I beg to remind that tonight is the change of the moon, and the 'grand,' not the 'little' tide may be coming in."

"I was already aware of it, and shall keep between the Mount and the shore. Have my horse sent to the upper gate," she added, and soon afterward rode down.

The town was astir, and many looked after her as she passed; not kindly, but with the varying expressions she had of late begun to notice. Again was she cognizant of that feeling of secret antagonism, even from these people whose houses clung to the very foundations of her own abode, and her lips set tightly. Why did they hate her? What right had they to hate her? A sensation, almost of relief, came over her, when passing through the massive, feudal

gate, she found herself on the beach. Still and listless was the day; not a breath stirred above the tiny ripples of the sand; a calm, almost unnatural, seemed to wrap the world in its embrace. The girl breathed deeper, feeling the closeness of the air; her impatient eyes looked around; scanned the shore; to the left, low and flat--to the right, marked by the dark fringe of a forest. Which way should she go? Irresolutely she turned in the direction of the wood.

Saladin, her horse, seemed in unusually fine fettle, and the distance separating her from the land was soon covered; but still she continued to follow the shore, swinging around and out toward a point some distance seaward. Not until she had reached that extreme projection of land, where the wooing green crept out from the forest as far as it might, did she draw rein. Saladin stopped, albeit with protest, tossing his great head.

"You might as well make an end of that, sir!" said the girl, and, springing from the saddle, deftly secured him. Then turning her back toward the Mount, a shadowy pyramid in the distance, she seated herself in the grass with her eyes to the woods.

Not long, however, did my lady remain thus; soon rising, she walked toward the shadowy depths. At the verge she paused; her brows grew thoughtful; what was it the woods recalled? Suddenly, she remembered--a boy she had met the night she left for school so long ago, had told her he lived in them. She recalled, too as a child, how the woman, Marie, who had been maid to her mother, had tried to frighten her about that sequestered domain, with tales of fierce wild animals and unearthly creatures, visible and invisible, that roamed within.

She had no fear now, though faint rustlings--and a pulsation of sound held her listening. Then, through the leafy interstice, a gleaming and flashing as if some one were throwing jewels to the earth, lured her on to the cause of the seeming enchantment--a tiny waterfall.

The moment passed; still she lingered. Around the Mount's high top, her own home, only transcendent silence reigned; here was she surrounded by babbling voices and all manner of merry creatures--lively little squirrels; winged insects, romping in the twilight shade; a portly and well-satisfied appearing green monster who regarded her amiably from a niche of green. A butterfly, poised and a rumbling detonation, faint, far-off, broke in upon the whispering and tinklings of that wood nook. Getting up, she stood for a moment listening; then walked away.

Near the verge of the sand, Saladin greeted her with impatience, tossing his head toward the darkening heavens. Nor did he wait until she was fully seated before starting back at a rapid gallop along the shore. But the day offered no protest; her face

**COMING TO LOUP CITY**

United Doctors. Specialists Will be at MILBURN HOTEL Monday, Oct. 21st.

Remarkable Success of these Talented Physicians in the Treatment of Chronic Diseases

One Day Only

Hours 10 a. m., to 8 p. m.

### Offer Their Services Free of Charge

The United Doctors, licensed by the state of Nebraska for the treatment of deformities and all nervous and chronic diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this trip, consultation, examination, advice free, making no charge whatever, except the actual cost of medicine. All that is asked in return for these valuable services is that every person treated will state the result obtained to their friends and thus prove to the sick and afflicted in every city and locality, that at last treatments have been discovered that are reasonably sure and certain in their effect.

These doctors are considered by many former patients among America's leading stomach and nerve specialists and are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases and so great and wonderful have been their results that in many cases it is hard indeed to find the dividing line between skill and miracle.

Diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, diabetes, bed wetting, leg ulcer, 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, gall stone tumors, goiter or certain forms of cancer. They were among the first in America to earn the name of the

"Bloodless Surgeons," by doing away with knife, with blood and all pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for chemical analysis and microscopic examination.

Deafness often has been cured in sixty days.

No matter what your ailment may be, no matter what others may have told you, no matter what experience you may have had with other physicians, it will be to your advantage to see them at once. Have it forever settled in your mind. If your case is incurable they will give you such advice as may relieve and stay the disease. Do not put off this duty you owe yourself, friends or relatives who are suffering because of your sickness, as a visit this time may help you.

Remember this free offer is for one day only.

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

For a Square Deal IN Real Estate And Insurance See J. W. Dougal Office First Floor, 4 doors south of State Bank Building

**DON'T WAIT**

Delay and improper treatment of disease means loss of time, money and health.

Consult a reliable Specialist, one who is not afraid to use his own name, and who has a permanent business and residence. DO NOT BE DECEIVED by nameless doctors who come and go. There is no one day cure for Piles or Rupture or low day cure for Chronic or Private diseases.

**DR. RICH** Private Diseases. MASTER SPECIALIST, Chronic and Private Diseases. Piles and Rupture cured without an operation. 606 for Blood Poison.

TEN YEARS IN GRAND ISLAND

## Don't Read This

If YOU are satisfied with the high rent you are paying here and the crops you are receiving in return. IF NOT SATISFIED read the two letters, get out your pencil and see what you could do by paying us one-fifth down and the balance both principal and interest by delivering one half your crop to us each year.

Burns, Wyoming, Sept. 18, 1912

The Federal Land and Securities Company, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Gentlemen:

Replying to your inquiry as to the amount of wheat raised by me this season and yield, will say that of my 160 acre farm, I had 150 acres in Turkey Red Winter Wheat. I have threshed it all and have received the following amounts of money for what I have sold:

To the elevator at Burns.....	\$175.00
To the elevator at Egbert.....	285.00
To A. E. Heath, for seed.....	16.00
To Mr. Walling.....	22.00
To J. W. Bledsone.....	16.00
To Fred Klugher.....	15.00
Making a total of.....	\$219.00

worth and still I have 200 bushels on hand which I have saved for seed for myself and neighbors who have spoken for it. The wheat sold to the elevators tested 29 pounds, to the measured bushel.

My farm lies about three miles southeast of Burns, is upland prairie and, of course, as there is no irrigation in this section I depend entirely upon rainfall to raise my crops.

Yours truly,  
JAMES MANFULL.

Egbert, Wyoming, Sept. 18, 1912.

The Federal Land and Securities Company, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Gentlemen:

Replying to your inquiry will say that I have finished threshing my 155 acres of Turkey Red Winter wheat on sod breaking, on my farm 2 1/2 miles southwest of Egbert, and secured a yield of 3816 bushels. On 66 acres of the land the sod was broken early and was quite well rotted and on that I secured a much better stand than on the balance of the field and this made a yield of 2409 bushels or 36 1/2 bushels per acre.

I came here four years ago from Polk County, Iowa, and am now getting my farm improved and am making money.

Yours truly,  
PETER DANIELSON.

### What They Have Done

### You can do

You will have to GET BUSY, however. "Thinking about going out this fall," will never get you there. You will have to start and if you wait until your work is all done you will not get to go at all.

The people who have gone from this section to see this land have all told you that everything is as represented.

### It is Your Move

And that move ought to be to go out next Tuesday afternoon to see the Golden Prairie District. We leave St. Paul at 5:10 on the U. P. Motor Car.

**The Federal Land and Securities Co.**

CHEYENNE WYOMING