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DR. RICH MASTER SPECIALIST, Chri TEN YEARS IN GRAND ISLAND



"Under The Rose"

WALTERS

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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 gov-ernment stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman.

CHAPTER III-Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for 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 Le Seigneur Nois. CHAPTER VI-The Black Seigneur es-

CHAPTER VII-Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" tide. CHAPTER VIII-Black Seigneur rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

CHAPTER XII-Seigneur and a priest

CHAPTER XIII—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XIV—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners. CHAPTER IX-Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the fish.

CHAPTER X-Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before

CHAPTER XI-Lady Elise has Sanchez CHAPTER XV-Disguised as a peasant Lady Elise mingles with the people and Lady Elise mingles with the people and nears some startling facts.

CHAPTER XVI—A mysterious Mounte bank starts a riot and is arrested.

CHAPTER XVII—The Mountebank is locked up after making close observations of the citadel, and is afterwards summoned before the governor's daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII-The governor enters the room during the interview with the Mountebank. CHAPTER XIX—As a miserable buffoon, the Mountebank is released buffor of the governor.

No; with two black figures; ominous; armed. He could see the glitter of their weapons, and ventured to move his thick tongue, when, fiercely silenced, he crouched down; waited, with hands clenched, an interminable period: until faintly from afar sounded the note of a night-bird.

Roughly jerked to his feet, between close; stepped out into the night. Many times had he made his way between wheel-room and guard-house. but now the route seemed strange and, looking around near the structures at the entrance to his dungeons Jacques shook his head as if to rid his brain of some fantasy. But the scene did not change; the guard-house remained-familiar; unlike, with unknown faces peering from it, and an



"Seigneur, We Hardly Dared Hopeimperious voice issuing commands to him, once unquestioned commander

And comprehending what was being said, he struck his breast violently; with curses would have answered that the keys were his own; the dungeons, too, and what they held, and that he would never lead them there; never open these doors! But this grim, sav- above; already was the wheel turning age, determined band beat down his arms, and his courage; and, with the shadow of the grave again before him, the dwarf walked on; past the stable into the guard-house, where familiar forms once had been seated, and into the passage leading to the dungeons beyond.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the Verge of the Aperture. The footfall of the Black Seigneur, near the guard-house of the dungeons. was measured, yet noiseless, as he stepped on the soft earth, alongside the stone walk, now toward the passage in the direction of the wheel-room, then back into the little square. That his thoughts, however, moved not in accord with that deliberate stride, the brows impatiently knit, and the quick glances he continued to cast over his shoulder, bore testimony.

Stopping at length near the Tour Bernard, he looked fixedly down at the town, wrapped in a stillness that should have reassured him. Nevertheless he appeared not satisfied; and had stepped out into the court again, when some sound he heard, or fancied, sent him quickly to an embrasure in

merly for cannon in defense of the fenils, and the poulain, or planking for the hoisting of goods-he leaned far out, his glance instinctively turning toward the barracks, some distance to the right and far below. As he stood thus, that which had first attracted his attention—the sound of a voice giving orders-was repeated; at the same time where had been only darkness now shone many windows, while to the left, near the entrance he had passed after leaving the stable, lights

began to dance like fireflies. At these signs of activity and the sounds breaking the general quietude, an exclamation fell from his lips; then, pausing only a moment to listen and observe, he sprang toward the guardhouse. Crossing the threshold, defined by a faint glimmer from a distant corner, he made his way past several motionless forms, into a low passage beyond. Here he called out impatiently; but from those depths, leading down into the dungeons where his comrades had gone, no answer was returned. His voice, hollow, mocking, seemed stifled in a tomb; more loudly he shouted; walked farther in, when an indistinct response was followed by a pin-point of light, and, ere long, by the bearer of a little lamp, Sanchez.

"The others?" At the head of a dark stairway into which he would inadvertently have plunged, had he gone farther, the Black Seigneur confronted the man, as he approached.

"They will soon be here," said the old servant, springing up the steps and walking after his master, who had already turned back toward the guard-"Jacques-curse him!"-puting out his light in obedience to a gesture from the other-"fumbled with the keys; pretended he couldn't find the right ones! So it took longer to open the doors." "The prisoners?"

"I left our men working at the last dungeon to come on ahead-to let you know you might soon expect them." "Soon," ironically, "may be too late."

"You mean-?" "The hue and cry is out! I have long been expecting it; I do not understand why it didn't come before; unless a mountebank, locked up, was considered safe enough for the

"Then some one knew-?" "Some one?" A bitter laugh was lips. "Hark! Listen!"

"Sounds below! the soldiers!" exclaimed Sanchez, and started toward the window to look out, only to fall

quickly back. "What is it?" With his hand on the other's shoulder, the Black Seigneur whispered the question. "A face! At the window!"

"So soon? The hounds are quicker than I thought! Or," drawing his sword, "It may be only one or two in advance. In that case-"

But no enemy, single or plural, met their view, either in front, or at the side of the guard-house; only the darkness, void, empty, and the bare rampart wall winding around the head of the Mount like a monster guardian dragon, asleep at his post. "Here is no one!"

"No one! Yet am I sure I saw-' "A shadow!" answered the other. "And we have nothing worse to fight!" "Some one was there. Seigneur." stubbornly, "and fled!"

"Eh bien! He's gone!" "He? It looked like a-" "Back with you, quick! Is this a time for talk? Call those who can

they would save their

"Here they are now," exclaimed the servant, and, as he spoke, the first of their men, blowing out the light he carried, ran quickly across the guardchamber and into the open air. Others hastily followed, until the gathering, swelled by those brought with them from the dungeons, stood expectantly before the little stone struc-

"All the prisoners are here?"

"To the wheel-house then!" But as they hastened across the square and into the narrow way, the Black Seigneur again spoke to the man just ahead "The hunchback?"

"We left him below, locked up in the Devil's Cage!' "The Devil's Cage! Quelle bonne plaisanterie! Although," looking back, "it may cost us dear!"

And indeed, behind the sound of pursuit came nearer; the clatter of soldiers' feet grew louder, until, reaching the little square and the guard-house, all tumult suddenly ceased. A momentary silence, strange, ominous, was broken by a din of voices, as the flaring here and there of torches threw grotesque reflections high against the grim background of black

To those now within the wheel-room, the cause of that abrupt clamor was not difficult to divine; his Excellency's soldiers had found the sentinels overpowered in the guard-house! Would the former stop to investigate; search first those subterranean passages? Already had the prisoners, the weaker of the Black Seigneur's men, filled the car, or hung clinging to the rope -almost before the key had turned in the lock at the entrance.

"Seigneur!" "Sanchez?"

"When we left the wheel-room, we closed the door.'

"When we got back, it-" A footfall without interrupted, followed by the sound of a hand at the door, and other steps drawing near. "Jacques!" An expectant voice spoke; waited; calkd louder. Then those outside listened; some one ex-

claimed, and hurried footsteps retreated toward the guard-house. As they died away, in the wheelroom the car came up for the second time empty, and inquiringly the men there looked from one to the other; but, even in that moment of danger, not one of them moved, or made sign of impatience. Some must go; others remain, and stoically they awaited

the word of their leader. "Down with all of you! I'll let you out the line," taking a turn with the rope around a stanchion near the

wall, "and then come down myself." The command was unexpected; for the first time those that had never questioned their leader's authority, hesitated, and more sharply was the the wall. From this opening for order repeated; whereupon they "I'll let it out myself," said San-

"Get in!" "No!" was the obdurate reply, when the Black Seigneur made a sign; hands reached up, seized Sanchez, and a moment later the car started down. The line strained; as it played out, now running free about the stanchion, then stopping with jerks, the man in the wheel-house almost looked to see it part. The hempen strand, however, proved sound; held its human freight;

but another danger pressed near. Scarcely had the car begun its downward journey than an attack, indications of whose approach had not been wanting, manifested itself without. Beneath a sudden, savage assault, the door shook; yet engrossed at the line, every muscle strained, the man at the stanchion heeded not. Swiftly, mechanically he worked, apparently as unconscious of the clamorous soldiers without as of a silent presence within -some one that had been concealed in the little store-room adjoining, opening into the wheel-house, and now peered out; but at once drew back, as, with a crash, the door fell in.

At first, in the comparative darkness, with only the sky at the aperture staring them in the face, the in-rushing black figures paused, uncertain; lights soon were pushed forward, however, and then could they see the great wheel going round, unwinding the rope; the man at the stanchion.

"The prisoners! He's letting them down." "Cut the line!"

Some one with a knife rushed for ward, severed the strand; but at that moment the car touched the bottom. Then did the solitary man at the rope for the first time awaken to his own situation; with a backward sweep of the arm he struck so flercely the foremost of those to rush at him that the fellow fell, hitting hard the stone floor. Those nearest stumbled, and drawing his sword, with a thrust of point or blow of hilt, the Black Seigneur, for a moment withstood the first confused on-coming; then extricated himself and leaped to the narrow space behind the wheel. Here was he protected behind by the wall; at one end, by the masonry jutting out, while, at the other, only one or two could attack at the same time. But in front, through the spokes of the broad wheel, they might

well hope to reach him. At once the soldiers sprang forward, when, seizing the wheel, the man behind, with a savage jerk, set it in motion. The swords thrust at him were turned aside, one or two of his assailants were caught in the ponderous mechanism, and, before those attacking him had recovered from their surprise, the blade of the Black Seigneur shot in and out; to the right, to the left. Those ahead fell back upon their comrades; two, however, were unable to withdraw, and sank to the ground before the wheel. A third, with his hand to his throat and making strange sounds, staggered back to the wall.

Momentarily disconcerted, the others hesitated. "In the flend's name, fear ye one man?" shouted an authoritative voice. "A devil!"

"Tis the Black Seigneur! I had good sight of him. 'Beat! beat! 'Mid marsh-muck and mire-

came in mocking tones from behind "The mountebank!"

"Sacre tonnerre! But mountebank, or outlaw, you shall pay! This way!' And at the unprotected side of the wheel the commandant sought to bring the issue to a conclusion. One blade the Black Seigneur struck down, while his own weapon retorted with more effect, though as it did so, another soldier made a lunge, and his sword entered the shoulder of the man behind the wheel. A shout of triumph that fell from the lips of the Governor's trooper was, however, abruptly checked; lurching forward with the stroke, ere he could recover, something heavy—a brass hilt—beat like a hammer on his head and he dropped to his knees. The others pressed closer; but with the desperation of a man resolved to sell his life dearly. the Black Seigneur fought on; regardless of cut and thrust, was holding the narrow entrance, when from the rear. somewhere, came the report of a fire-

"Back! Stand back!" Those nearest the wheel, not unwilling, perhaps, to desist, drew away; ther detonations followed and smoke filled the place, obscuring the gaze. In the yellow fog they waited; until first it was swept aside close to the opposite wall by a draft of air from the aperture of the adjoining storeroom, and the commandant, in an effort to see, moved impatiently forward. Ere, however, he could reach the wheel, near the threshold of the store-room, he felt his arm suddenly

"Look, listen!" The warning ery-a girl's voice-rang through the wheel-room; but the commandant did not at once heed it; at that abrupt touch he had involuntarily wrested his arm away; he stared, not in the direction she who had called out pointed, but at her! The white, drawn face, the eyes di-

"You, my Lady! Here?" he stam-But she only made a wild move-

ment; again grasped, drew him forward. "Quick, or-" And suddenly was he

brought to a realization of what she wished him to see; a figure drawing

itself along, slowly, painfully, toward the verge-"Don't you see? Rather than be taken, he's going to throw himself

The excited, admonishing sound of her voice aroused the commandant. He gave a sharp order and the soldiers sprang forward; laid roughly hold of the prostrate form; drew it back. The Black Seigneur yet struggled, but not for long! A moment, and his eyes turned to the Governor's daughter.

"Ma foi! I must needs yield-to your Ladyship! Yet, what matter, ince I have done what I came to do!" His gaze, darkly glowing, seemed to envelope the shrinking figure whose cloak only partly concealed the gay,

ich gown beneath: lifted to the brilliant affrighted brown eyes "Your Ladyship has bright eyes, forsooth!" An ironical laugh burst from his lips. 'But sharper than their swords!" He strove to speak further, when a hand holding a weapon fell heavily. At that cry escaped the girl's lips.

"No, no; you shall not!"

The Black Seigneur lay still. "Ciel! It's fortunate we got him," uefully the commandant gazed around. "It would have made a pretty tale, if-" he turned to the Governor's

To be Continued

#### BROKLYN ABERNACLE BIBLE - STUDY-UN --ADAMS SIN PUNISHED THE DEATH-CURSE.

Genesis 3-Jan. 19. "Boery one that committeth sin is the servant of sin.-John 8:34.

DAM'S first sin brought the penalty specified in this lesson. The Bible proposition is that God, having made Adam perfect, required perfect obedience as the condition of everlasting life. One act of disobedience broke the covenant between God and Adam. (Hosea 6:7. Margin.) Immediately he dropped from favor, under the sentence, "Dying, thou shalt die." Nothing that Adam or his children could do subsequently could recover covenant relationship with God. favor, under the sentence, "Dying,

The death penalty was the limit.

By the law of heredi, Adam transmitted to his race a share of what he possessed, good and bad. As Adam could not increase his penalty, neither can his children. But as Adam could, can his children. But as Adam could. by obedience to the Divine Law, prolong the process of his dying, so may his children. But the impairment wrought by sin has so progressed that many of Adam's children die in iufancy; and few maintain the struggle for existence for a hundred years.

Death the Curse-Not Torture. Our forefathers during the Dark Ages misunderstood the Heavenly Father's character and Plan. Misunderstanding the Bible to teach that God arranged for the eternal torture of all except the Church, they sought to copy their misconception of Je-

hovah by torturing their fellow-creatures. Because God's people have been gradually getting back to the teaching of His Word, the horrible practises of the past are no longer approved. But many have

much yet to learn T respecting the true teaching of the Bible. The curse which God pronounced

against our race is not eternal torment at the hands of devils; but as the Apos tle says, "The wages of sin is death." The remedy is a resurrection, secured through the Redeemer's death at Calvary. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." All experience the death penalty. All will have opportunity sometime of regainng everlasting life through Messian redemptive work and His Kingdom.

For a Little Flock, who in this Age have obeyed the Master's Voice, God has provided glorious things, far superior to anything that Adam lost. To those who walk in Jesus' footsteps, God promises a share with the Master

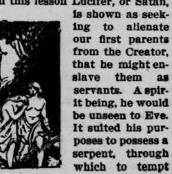
in His glorious Kingdom. The Lesson of This Study. If our Christian forefathers could properly have appreciated today's leson, they would have known what the Bible teaches respecting the "wages of sin," and have seen how seriously public thought had drifted away from the Divine testimony, to "doctrines of demons." How distinctly God forewarned our first parents that eating the forbidden fruit would bring upon them the death penalty! After they had disobeyed, God drove them out of Eden, that the penalty pronounced against them might be accomplished. Had

they continued in Eden, eating of its

life-sustaining fruits, they would have

ived indefinitely. Why Evil Was Permitted. God foreknew the fall of man, before the foundation of the world, and provided the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world. God had a glorious purpose interwoven with His per mission of sin, which the majority but faintly discerned until lately. Jesus intimated that shortly before the establishment of His Kingdom His Divine Plan previously kept secretthey will have an appreciation of God's permitted sin and death for six thousand years.

The Temptation of Eve. How Lucifer and holy angels became disloyal to God we will inquire into later. In this lesson Lucifer, or Satan,



tions speak louder than words.'

It suited his purposes to possess a serpent, through which to tempt Eve. The serpent

by signs; as we sometimes say, "Ac-

The serpent ate of the forbidden fruit in the sight of the woman and then manifested its wisdom. The woman perceived. She craved knowledge. Could it be that God wished to keep them in ignorance, and for that reaso had forbidden their eating of the fruit? Such disloyal thoughts should have been promptly spurned. But the insidious poison worked. She was not de ceived as respects the wrongdoing, but regarding the result. Seeing that the serpent was not poisoned by the fruit. she did not realize that the poison to her was that of disobedience, bringing the death sentence. Adam's eating of the fruit was with full knowledge of the result. In love with his wife, he ate knowingly, preferring to die with her rather than to live without her.

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