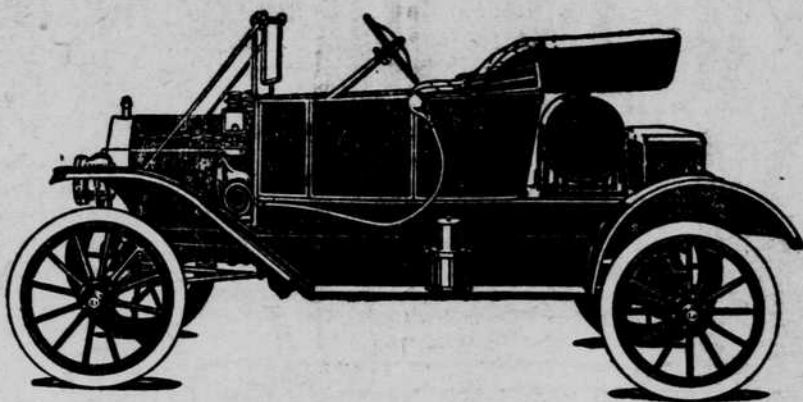


\$565



FORD

AUTO GIVEN AWAY

Also other prizes to be given in this contest

BY THE LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN IN THE GREATEST

Subscription gift contest ever given by any county newspaper in this part of the state. This contest opens Monday, February 3rd, and closes March 22nd, 1913. We reserve the right to postpone the closing in case of sickness or death, or other just cause, but only for a short time.

Rules Governing This Contest

Any lady is eligible, providing conditions set forth below are complied with, but the contest manager reserves the right to reject objectionable nominations. No candidate will be permitted to transfer votes to another after receiving them for herself. Ballots sent in for names not properly nominated will be destroyed uncounted. Every candidate should be regularly nominated on a blank printed in this paper or a similar blank furnished by the Northwestern. A coupon will be printed during the first weeks of the contest. This

coupon will count for the votes designated therein. All coupons will be dated and will be void unless received at this office on or before the expiration of the time set as printed. All ballots must be sent to the contest manager, care of the Northwestern with postage prepaid. No employe of the Northwestern will be eligible as a candidate. Any questions or controversies that may arise are to be settled by the Contest Manager. In accepting nomination, all candidates must agree to abide by above conditions. In case of a tie vote a

prize of equal value will be awarded, or the prize so tied sold and money equally divided. The Contest Manager reserves the right to govern the closing date in case of sickness or death. The way to secure votes is by paying money for subscriptions or cutting out free votes from the Northwestern. Positively no notes will be sold for cash without subscriptions to the paper. Candidates may solicit votes in any part of the United States. The regular vote schedule below will not be increased during the contest except in special ballot periods.

No young lady should hesitate to go into this contest, as everyone has a fair chance to win a handsome and valuable prize. The main object the Northwestern has in view is to get subscribers and the girl who works the hardest is the one we want to have the best prize. Don't hesitate to ask your friends and neighbors whether they take the Northwestern. Hustle and there will be nothing to defeat you. The list of candidates nominated will be published next week. Read them over; probably your name will be among them.

Note

When properly filled out and mailed or delivered to the Contest Manager the nomination blank will count for 1000 votes for the candidate nominated, except that but one nomination blank will be accepted for each candidate. Nominations written on an ordinary sheet of paper will be accepted, names of parties making nominations will not be divulged only when requested. In next week's issue we will publish a list of candidates whose nominations have been received up to the time of going to press.

Nominating Coupons are free—Use the 1000 vote coupon below and nominate your favorite candidate, a young lady, woman or little girl, today. Every copy of the Northwestern contains a nominating coupon. Get your friends, your grocer, your butcher to give you the coupons from their paper. Only one nomination blank will count for a candidate.

Schedule of Votes on Subscription Contest

1 year \$1.50.....300 votes	6 years \$9.00.....3300 votes
2 years \$3.00.....700 votes	7 years \$10.50.....4200 votes
3 years \$4.50.....1200 votes	8 years \$12.00.....5200 votes
4 years \$6.00.....1800 votes	9 years \$13.50.....6300 votes
5 years \$7.50.....2500 votes	10 years \$15.00.....7500 votes

Cut out this coupon today

and nominate yourself or your friend

NOMINATING BLANK

I hereby nominate and cast 1000 votes for

Name _____
 Address _____
 as the most popular candidate in the Northwestern voting contest.
 Signed _____
 Address _____

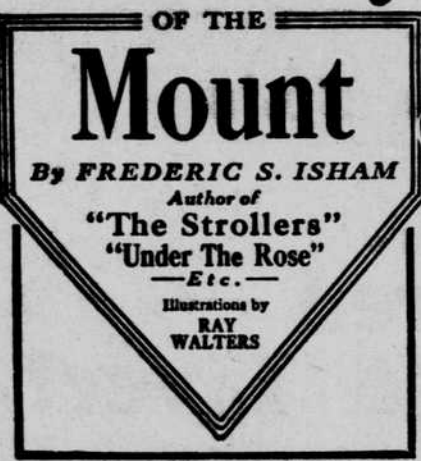
HOW VOTES MAY BE SECURED—The only way you can secure votes is by collecting money on new subscriptions or renewals or cutting the free votes out of the Northwestern. Positively no votes will be sold for cash without subscriptions to this paper. Early issues of The Northwestern will contain free vote coupon which may be delivered or mailed to our office. The regular schedule will not be increased during the contest, except for special ballots for special efforts.

Only one district. Anybody, anywhere may enter this great contest, provided the above rules are complied with. It doesn't make any difference whether you are a woman, young lady or little girl, you may enter this contest providing you are willing to get out and hustle for votes. Mail all subscriptions, nominating ballots and contest correspondence to contest manager.

J. W. Burleigh
Proprietor

THE LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

The Lady



terrogatory extraordinary" were no longer pressed into service; the King had ordered them relegated to the shelves of the museum. The cabanons, or black holes? Louis XI. built them; the carceres duri and vade in pace, however, dated from Saint Mauritius, fourth abbot of the Mount. "And the Black Seigneur? How have you accommodated him?" "In the petit exil; just to the left! We are going there now." "I am going back!" A hand touched the arm of the Marquis, last of the file of visitors, and, lifting his candle, he held it so that the yellow glimmer played on the face of the Governor's daughter. Her eyes looked deeper; full of dread, as if the very spirit of the subterranean abode had seized her. He started. "Surely you, Elise, are not afraid?" "I prefer the sunlight," she said hurriedly in a low tone. "It is not cheerful down here! No; do not call the guide—or let the others know. I'll return alone, and wait for you at the guard-house."

little hurt, too, perhaps, for heretofore had their intimacy been maintained on a strictly ethical and charming plane. But he had no time for analysis; the others were drawing away to the left, into a side passage; and, with a last backward glance toward the retreating figure, the Marquis reluctantly followed the majority. Despite, however, her avowed repugnance for that under-world, my lady showed now no haste to quit it; for scarcely had the others vanished than she stopped; began slowly to retrace her way in the direction they had taken. When the narrow route to the petit exil connected with the main aisle, a sudden draft of air extinguished her light; yet still she went on, led by the voices, and a glimmer afar, until reaching a room, low, massive, as if hewn from the solid rock, again she paused. Drawing behind a heavy square pillar, she gazed at the lords and ladies assembled in the forbidding place; listened to a voice that ran on, as if discoursing about some anomalous thing. Again was she cognizant of their questions; a jest from my lord, the Marquis; she saw that several stole forward; peered, and started back, half afraid. But, at length, they asked about the oubliettes, and, chatting gaily, left. Their garments almost touched the Governor's daughter; lights played about the gigantic pillars, and like will-o'-the-wisps whirled away. Now, starting straight ahead toward the chamber they had vacated, my lady's attention became fixed by a single dot of yellow—a candle placed in a niche by the jailer's assistant. It seemed to fascinate; to draw her forward; across the portals—into the room itself! How long she stood there in the faint suggestion of light, she did not realize; nor when she approached the iron-barred aperture, and what she first said! Something eager, solicitous, with odd silences between the words, until the impression of a motionless form, and two steady, cynical eyes fastened on her, brought her to an abrupt pause. It was some time before she continued, more coherently, an explanation about her apprehension on account of her father, which



"My Father Hates You, and You—"

had entirely left her when she peered through the window of the guard-house. "You thought me, then, but a common assassin?" a satirical voice interposed. "My father hates you, and you—" "My Lady has, perhaps, a standard of her own for judging!" Unmindful of ironical incredulity, she related how she had been forced to take refuge in the wheel-house; how, when Sanchez had seen her, alarmed she had fled blindly down the passage; waited, then hearing them all coming, at a loss what else to do, had opened the wheel-house door; run into the store-room! What she had seen from there, disconnectedly, also she referred to; his rescue of the others; his remaining behind to bear the brunt—as brave an act as she knew of! Her tone became tremulous. From behind the bars came a mocking laugh. "You don't believe me?" She caught her breath. "Believe? Of course." "You don't!" she said, and clung tighter to the iron grating. "And I can't make you!"

view of a figure; the chains from him to the wall; the bare, damp floor—then, of a voice low, tense, that now was speaking: "Your Ladyship, indeed, found means to punish a presumptuous fellow, who dared displease her. But ma foi! she should have confined her punishment to the offender. Those stripes inflicted on him, my old servant! Think you I knew not it was my Lady's answer to the outlaw, who had the temerity to speak words that offended—" "You dream that! You imagine that!" The warmth of his hand seemed to burn hers; her fingers, so closely imprisoned, to throbb with the fierce beating of his pulses. "I do not want you to think—I can't let you think," she began. "Elise!" The searchers were drawing nearer. She would have stepped back, but the fingers tightened on her hand. "They will be here in a moment—" Still he did not relinquish his hold; the dark face was next to hers; the piercing, relentless eyes studied the agitated brown ones. The latter cleared; met his fully an instant. "Believe!" that imploring wild glance seemed to say, Did his waver for a moment; the harshness and mockery soften on his face? "Elise!" From but a short distance came the voice of the Marquis. A moment the Black Seigneur's hand gripped my lady's harder with a strength he was unaware of. A slight cry fell from her lips, and at once, almost roughly, he threw her hand from him. "Bah!" again he laughed mockingly. "Go to your lover." Released thus abruptly she wavered, straightened, but continued to stand before the dungeon as if incapable of further motion. "Elise! Are you there?" "There!" Caverns and caves called out. "There!" gibed voices amid a labyrinth of pillars, and mechanically she caught up the candle; fled. "Here she is!" Coming toward her quickly out of the darkness, the Marquis uttered a glad exclamation. "We have been looking for you everywhere. Did I not say you should not have attempted to return alone? Mon dieu!

you must have been lost!" CHAPTER XXVII. A New Arrival. Thrice had the old nurse, Marie, assisting her mistress that night for the banquet, sighed; a number of times striven to hold my lady's eye and attention, but in vain. Only when the adorning process was nearly completed and the nurse knelt with a white slipper, did she, by a distinctly darting pressure, succeed in arresting, momentarily, the other's bright, strained glance. "Is anything the matter?" My lady's absent tone did not invite confidence. "My Lady—" the woman hesitated, yet seemed anxious to speak. "I—my Lady," she began again; with signs of encouragement from the Governor's daughter, would have gone on; but the latter, after waiting a moment, abruptly withdrew the silken-shod foot. "The banquet! It is past the hour! An instant she stood, not seeing the other or the expression of disappointment on the woman's countenance.

then quickly walked to the door, and, as the Governor's daughter moved down the long corridor, with crimson lips set hard, was she cognizant of another face that looked out from one of the many passages of the palace after her—the face of a younger woman whose dark, spying eyes glowed and whose hands closed at sight of the vanishing figure! The sound of gay voices, however, as she neared the banquetting hall, perforce recalled my lady to a sense of her surroundings; at the same time a figure in full court dress stepped from the widely opened doors. An adequate degree of expectancy on his handsome countenance, my lord, the Marquis, who had been waiting, lover-fashion, for the first glimpse of his mistress that evening, now gallantly tendered his greetings. Seldom, perhaps, had the ancient banquetting hall presented a more festive appearance. Fruits and flowers made bright the tables; banners medaled, trophies of many victories, trailed from the ceiling; a hundred lights were reflected from ornaments of crystal and dishes of gold. On ev-

We Invite You
TO
THE NEW THEATRE

Nothing but Good, Clean shows will be permitted to be put on here.

Good High Class Motion Pictures

On account of so many other attractions in our theatre during the next few months we will show pictures only three nights a week.

Change of Program every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

LEE & DADDOW