

The Loup City Northwestern's Automobile Voting Contest

Opens with a Large List of Nominations

\$650.00 In Valuable Prizes

To be given away to the Popular Ladies of this and adjoining counties, Affords abundant opportunity for popular nominees. The capital prize incentive for the candidates to get busy now. Start your vote getting machine and ride to victory. List of nominations in this issue. Is your favorite's name among them.

Today Marks the Start of The Northwestern's Automobile Voting Contest

As announced in our last issue, The Northwestern decided to conduct a popular voting contest for the ladies, married and single, in this and adjoining counties. In order to determine who is the most popular lady, we challenge our readers to assist us in this decision. This is a straight subscription contest, with no merchants taking part, such as giving coupons etc. In order to be a winner, it is necessary for the candidate to secure votes, and there are three ways of getting them: First, the coupons that appears in each issue of the Northwestern, second, collect on back subscriptions for the Northwestern; third, secure new subscribers for the Northwestern. Get busy now, at the start of the contest, and get the votes. This contest will be conducted legitimately by expert contest managers. Call and let us explain the working plans thoroughly.

This Ballot Expires February 19.

The Loup City Northwestern's Automobile Contest

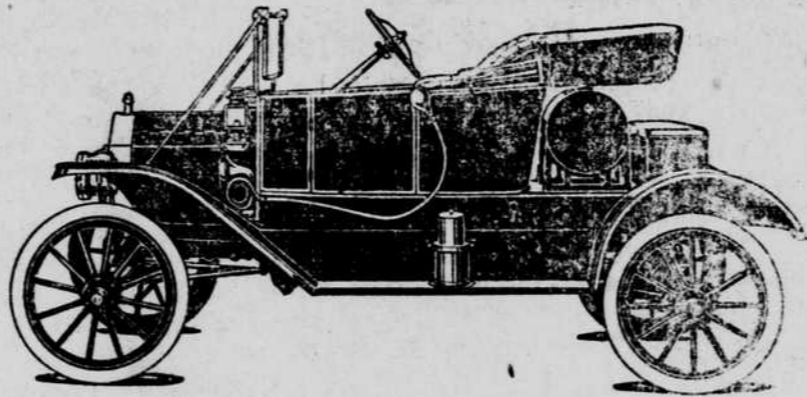
50 Good for 50 Votes 50

For M.....

Address.....

This ballot is good for 50 votes when filled out and sent to the Northwestern office, mail or otherwise. No ballot will be altered in any way or transferred after being received by the Northwestern.

Address Contest Manager, care of Northwestern.



Capital Prize, Bought of Ogle Auto Company

NOMINATING BLANK

The Northwestern's Automobile Contest

hereby nominate and cast 1000 votes for

M.....

Address.....

as the most popular candidate in the Northwestern voting contest.

Signed.....

Address.....

Read Every Word of This

As is a well known fact, every newspaper, to become a factor in the upbuilding of the community in which it circulates, must reach ALL the people, to do the most good as an advertising medium; as a carrier of the really good news of the locality as an implement of moral influence; and last but not least, a reliable medium in which can be found the general news, gathered promptly and served to the reading public in an impartial manner.

Although we have a large list of readers in the community, we want more. Our desire is to place The Northwestern into every home in Loup City and Sherman

county, and the surrounding territory. And in order to do this properly, and in the shortest possible time, we have enlisted the services of the best circulation builders procurable—and no expense is being spared to accomplish this result. Merchants, manufacturers, and every other person or concern in the world of business spend continually vast sums of money in advertising their wares; and we, although we are in the advertising business ourselves, must also advertise. Therefore we expect to spend a goodly sum in this advertising campaign.

We know from practical experience that two persons can do more work than one, that three can do more than two; hence we have adopted the

popularity voting method whereby we not only enlist the energetic endeavors of one, two or three, but the combined efforts of many. People who enter a contest of this high character, are usually ambitious, popular, and above all, determined hustlers of unusual ability. They could "make good" in almost any kind of human endeavor and are bound to succeed in nearly anything they attempt—and in offering an array of unusual and valuable prizes, such as will be awarded in this contest, we are assured of meritorious work on the part of every contestant who enters this campaign.

We have selected the best that money can buy in the way of prizes made the rules of the

contest very simple; made liberal concessions as to the territory in which the candidates may work, and altogether we feel that much good will come from the venture.

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 con-

test manager, care of the Northwestern with postage prepaid.

No employee 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.

Nominate a Candidate

Cut out this nomination blank, write in the name of a popular young lady or girl, sign and send to the Northwestern and upon receipt of same the young lady whose name appears upon it will become a candidate and is eligible to compete for the grand prizes offered. Only one nomination will be accepted for each candidate. Each candidate nominated will receive 1000 vote as a starting standing. Make a nomination now! Help some candidate win an auto.

Save the 50-Vote Ballots

Candidates are entitled to as many of these 50-vote ballots as she may procure. Each one counts 50 vote for the candidate whose name appears upon it. Ask your friends and relatives to save these free 50-vote ballots for you. Gather them up and bring them, or have them sent direct to the Northwestern office. Sign your name upon each one. Be sure you have them in the ballot box before expiration of date on the ballot.

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

Contest Manager, Care Northwestern

The Lady OF THE Mount

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM
Author of
"The Strollers"
"Under the Rose"
Etc.

Illustrations by
RAY WALKER

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Caught the Answer, Which Came in Tone Deep and Strong.

any hand an almost barbaric profusion impressed the guests with the opulence of the Mount; that few could sit in more state than this pale lord of the North, or few queens preside over a scene of greater splendor than

their fair hostess, his daughter! With feverish semblance of spirit, she took her place; beneath the keen eyes of his Excellency responded to sallies of wit, and only when between courses the music played, did her manner relax. Then, leaning on her elbow, with cheeks aflame and downcast eyes, she professed to listen to dainty strains—the sighing of the old troubadours, as imitated by a group of performers in costume on a balcony at one end of the hall.

"Charming!" The voice was the Marquis'; she looked at him, though her eyes conveyed but a shadowy impression. "You have quite recovered from your trip to the dungeons?"

"Quite!" With a sudden lift of the head.

"The dungeons?" His Excellency's gaze was on them. "I understand," looking at Elise, "you had a slight adventure?"

The glow on her cheek faded. "Yes." She seemed to speak with difficulty. "It—was too stupid!"

"To get lost? Say, rather, it was venturesome to have attempted to return alone."

"Just what I said to the Lady Elise!" broke in the Marquis. "And to have left us at a most interesting moment!"

"Interesting?" The Governor's steel-gray eyes regarded the speaker inquiringly.

"We were about to visit the Black Seigneur!"

"Ah!" A look flashed from his Excellency to his daughter; her glance failed to meet it.

Yet paler, she turned over-hurriedly to the Marquis. "What is that air they are playing now?" His response she heard not, was only conscious that across the board, the eyes of her father still scrutinized; studied!

At length, however, the evening wore away; a signal from his Excellency, and of one accord they rose and crossed to the star-lit cloister adjoining. There at the entrance, my lady, who toward the last had listened with an air of distraction, hardly concealed, to her noble suitor's graceful speeches, held back, and, as the others went in, quickly effected her escape and hastened to her own apartments.

"At last!" She threw back her arms; breathed deeper. Ah, mon pere,

you are hard—unyielding as the iron doors and bars of your dungeons!" She pressed her hand to her forehead. "And I can do nothing—noting!" she repeated; stood for a moment motionless and then mechanically moved toward the bell-trope at the other end of the chamber. But the hand she started to raise was arrested; through the slightly opened door to the adjoining apartment, she heard voices; words that caused her involuntarily to listen.

"I have made up my mind to tell her ladyship, Nanette!" The old nurse was speaking, in tones that betrayed excitement and anxiety. "It is, to say the least, embarrassing for me—your coming here! Yes, the daughter of Pierre Laroche, who emigrated to the English Isles! Who has always shown disloyalty for the monarchy at home!"

My lady, surprised, drew nearer; caught the answer, which came in tones deep and strong.

"At least, aunt, you are frank!"

"I must be! Under ordinary circumstances, I should be glad; of course, the child of my dead sister ought to be welcome."

"So I thought," dryly, "when I stopped off a few days ago to see you, on my way to Paris."

"If you had let me know, it is I who would have gone somewhere, near by, to have seen you!" was the troubled reply. "His Excellency—what would he say if he knew? Pierre Laroche, who has been called friend of privateersmen, perhaps even of the Black Seigneur, himself! I should have gone to his Excellency at once and asked if he objected, only you begged me not, and—"

"Were you so anxious to be rid of me?" quickly.

"I shouldn't speak as I do now, perhaps, only—"

"Only?"

"Your conduct, since you have been here—"

"What do you mean?" The other's tone had a sudden defiant ring.

"It is not seemly for a girl of your age and condition to be out alone so late, nights!"

"I just went down into the town to get something," was the careless response, "and the sands looked so attractive—"

"That's no excuse! And now," the old nurse's voice showed a trace of

embarrassment, "we've had our visit, and you had better carry out your plan of going to Paris."

"You want me to leave here—at once?" The girl drew her breath sharply.

"Perhaps it would be as well."

"You treat me as if—I were a spy!" angrily.

"I don't wish to do that," returned the woman in a constrained tone. "But now, after so many years of service with her ladyship! And her mother, the former lady of the Mount! If I should incur the Governor's displeasure—the words died away. "If I can be of any help to you, if you need assistance—money—"

"Money!" Nanette's derisive laugh rang out; was suddenly hushed by the tinkling of a bell!

"Her ladyship!"

For a few moments the Governor's daughter, now standing in the center of her apartment, heard no sound from the other room; then a timid footstep approaching the door was followed by an indecisive rap.

"Your ladyship rang?" inquired Marie, turning a half-guilty glance on her mistress.

"Yes! Did I hear voices, as I came in?"

"Did your ladyship? I mean I was going to speak to your ladyship. It's my niece!" suddenly. "On her way to Paris!"

"Your niece!" The Governor's daughter looked at the other. "And you—are pleased?"

"Your ladyship!—" The woman flushed.

"Of course, though, you must believe she is out there? Show her in!" quickly.

"But—"

"At once!"

"Very well, my lady!" Marie's manner, however, was depressed as, stepping to the threshold, reluctantly she beckoned.

Erect, with mien almost antagonistic, Nanette entered and stood before the Lady Elise. The latter did not at once speak; for a few moments the observant brown eyes passed in quick scrutiny over her visitor; noting the aggressive brows; the broad, strong face; the self-assertive pose of the well-developed figure. A woman to do to dare!—What?

"You wished to see me?" Nanette

first spoke. Marie lifted an expostulatory hand. What bad manners, thus to dare! But my lady did not seem to notice. "You are from one of the islands?" she began.

"Yes."

"Say, my lady!" broke in the old nurse. "I trust your ladyship will pardon—"

"Never mind, Marie!" with a quick gesture. "Your aunt tells me you are on your way to Paris?"

"Yes—my lady!" with the slightest hesitation before the last two words. "To seek a situation as lady's maid!"

"When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow morning, your ladyship!" interposed Marie quickly.

"So soon?" My lady continued to address the girl. "You have had experience?"

"No, my lady!"

"Then how can you secure what you wish?"

"How? At least, I can try!"

"To be sure! You can try." My lady's eyes fell; she seemed to be thinking. "Still, it may be difficult; Paris is far away. And if you should fail, her fingers tapped nervously on the chair, "we are very busy at the Mount just now," she added suddenly, directing her glance full upon the other, "and there may be something here—"

"Here! Your ladyship will keep me here!"

Marie made a movement as if to speak, but her niece intercepted her. "I will do my best, my lady!"

"Very well! Then shall you have a trial?"

"Your ladyship!" interposed Marie.

The Governor's daughter got up quickly. "I am very tired, Marie, and wish now to be alone. You need not remain—I shall not want you again tonight."

The old nurse murmured a dejected response; turned away.

"I thank your ladyship. The girl's last look was one of indubitable satisfaction ere she followed her aunt from the room.

My lady stared after them. "Daughter of Pierre Laroche! Friend of the Black Seigneur!" Marie's words continued to ring in her ears. She threw herself into a chair; sat long very still, her eyes bent straight before to dare!—What?

"You wished to see me?" Nanette

spot of color.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Stroll on the Strand.

"You are in a hurry, Monsieur Beppo?" arms akimbo, Nanette, standing in an embrasure of the rampart, called out to the Governor's man as he passed by.

"Ah, Mistress Nanette," Beppo stopped readily enough, "I didn't see you at first."

"Because you have more important matters to think of," she laughed, showing her strong white teeth.

The fat old man looked pleased; a few days before, Nanette had flashed a radiant smile at him from her easement, and, ever since, he had been inclined to regard her with favor.

"Not more important, but duties that must be attended to! The wedding hour draws near." The island girl half turned her head; a shadow seemed to pass over the bold, sun-burned features. "And her ladyship gives tomorrow a riding party for her guests—a last celebration before she is led to the altar. I am on my way now to arrange about the escort."

"A riding party!" Nanette spoke quickly. "You mean on horseback?"

"How else?" said Beppo. "It is a pastime her ladyship has always been very fond of, even as a child. In those days, not without an accent of self-importance, "it was my privilege—"

"Do they ride far?" interrupted Nanette with ill-suppressed eagerness.

"To the old Monastery St. Raulphe; an imposing ruin of tenth century architecture, my dear," he added pompously.

"And where is it?"

"Off the Paris highway, some ten miles from the Mount."

"Ten miles? And the country is beautiful? Not open; sandy, like the shore?"

"It partakes of a rugged grandeur." "With forests around?" quickly.

"Yes," indulgently. "You like forests, Mistress Nanette?"

"When they are thick and wild—"

"Then would you like these?"

The girl asked no further questions; yet still Beppo lingered, his glance seeming loath to withdraw from this exuberant specimen of vig-

orous young womanhood. "Which way were you going, good Mistress Nanette?" he asked finally. "On second thoughts, I have a little time to spare and will walk along."

Nanette looked down from the rampart toward the sands and the shore, did not answer, and, more insinuatingly, Beppo repeated his proposal. Nanette started.

"La, Monsieur Beppo! I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do. There's my aunt," tossing her head, "that careful of me! Won't even let me go walking on the beach alone! Do you ever go walking on the beach, Monsieur Beppo?" she inquired suddenly, regarding him with an eloquent look.

"I—it has not been my custom," he murmured. "But," the fishy eyes growing brighter, "with you—if I might accompany you—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that! Oh; no! Of course not! And I couldn't think of it. My aunt—"

But when a few moments later, she turned, to walk quickly away, the round and shining face of Beppo, watching her disappear, wore not the look of a man who had allowed himself to be rebuffed.

Out of his sight, Nanette's expression changed to one of somber thoughtfulness; it lingered as she entered the palace, with free swing, mounted the steps to her mistress's apartments; was still there, when she took a bit of embroidery from a table and seated herself at the window of an antechamber, bent over her task. Soon, however, she stopped, to sweep abruptly cloth and colored silks from

"It Gets Dark Early," Said the Girl.

her lap to the floor, and, leaning forward, her firm, brown hands clasped over her knees, she seemed to be asking herself questions, or weighing some problem.

"Yes; it is our only chance." In her eyes a steady glow replaced the varying lights, and, getting up with a sudden air of determination, Nanette crossed the room to where, near the door, stood a small desk. Glancing quickly around, she seated herself and, reaching for paper and pen, wrote carefully and somewhat laboriously a few words. She had finished and was contemplating the result of her

To be Continued