

Big Decline In Oil Meal

We have just received

A CAR LOAD
AND BOUGHT IT RIGHT. THIS IS A GOOD

Feed For Spring

The Loup City Mill and Light Co

EVERY PIANO OWNER Should Know That

A Piano needs Tuning at least ONCE a year
No Piano can long give good service under
the treatment accorded it by would-be
tuners of no responsibility.

Reliable tuners do not need to canvas nor
bother intelligent people, soliciting.

The leading teachers and musicians Demand
the best workman to be had.

Tone-quality is always the first consideration
when the piano is purchased, therefore see
that the instrument is cared for as the man-
ufacturer intended it should be.

Chas. C. Pery

PIANO-FORTE TUNER

Private instruction in N. E. Conservatory, Boston,
Mass. Employed by Grand Island Conservatory; well
known teachers and discriminating musicians; also
piano dealers of Grand Island, Lincoln and Omaha

Leave orders at
ELSNER'S JEWELRY STORE



HOW ABOUT THAT PIANO

Have You been in to look over our line yet? If not take
a few minutes time to come in and see for yourself, then
tell your friends and neighbors about them.

OUR LEADER "THE HALLET & DAVIS"

Established in 1839, Boston, is a well known household favorite, and has
139 Gold Medals, won fame from the great Fairs and Expositions of the
world. This piano is too well known to need commendations for tone,
beauty and durability. They have no superior.

We also carry a full line of medium makes

which we defy all competition on. Others have been in and seen the merits of our pianos,
why not you? Remember we sell direct from factory to the customer.

Second hand instruments taken in exchange. Terms for payments to suit the customer.

Spring will Soon Be Here, AND YOU WILL WANT

A good nut coal for summer use in your
cook stoves--we have Aztec nut and Pinnacle
nut.

BOTH ARE EXCELLENT COALS

For a cook stove, we screen this coal and
our prices are right,

TAYLOR'S ELEVATOR

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Government land that will increase in value, is yours—
if you want it. A start in life, a prosperous future!

The U. S. Government is offering 80 acre irrigated farms
and 320 acre farms without irrigation, on the same kind of
land that is raising the crops which are making Wyoming
prominent. The new homestead laws make it easy to get one
of these farms.

I will send maps and printed matter and answer your
questions—then you can join one of our homeseekers, excu-
sions which I will tell you about, and at small expense you
can see what you can have. For anyone who has a wish to
better himself and family this is the chance of a lifetime.

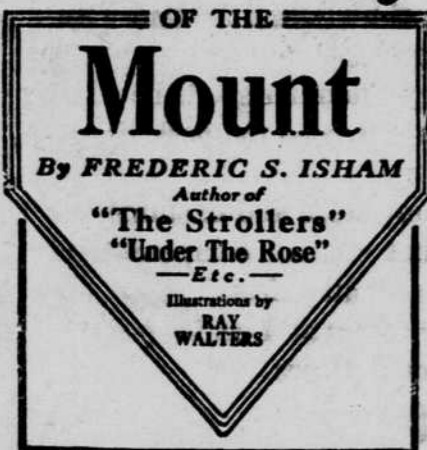
Write me a postal and state whether you are interested
in irrigated land or non irrigated land.



D. Clem Deaver, Immigrant Agent

1004 Farnam Street, Omaha Nebraska

The Lady



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"From what your father tells me,
Miss Nanette," the man, an aged
priest, was speaking, "the Seigneur
Desaurac should be here today?"

"My father had a letter from him a
few days ago to that effect," answered
the young woman somewhat shortly.

"Let me see," apparently the old
man did not notice the change in his
companion's manner, "he has been
away now about a year? It was in
July he brought the Governor's daughter
to the island one day and called
the next!" Nanette made a movement.
"How time flies!" he sighed.
"Let us hope it eases your grief, as they
say! You think she is contented
here?"

"The Lady Elise? Why not? At
least, she seems so; has with her,
her old nurse, my aunt, who fortun-
ately escaped from the Mount—"

"But the death of her father? It
must have been a terrible blow—one
not easy to forget!"

"Of course," said Nanette slowly,
"she has felt his loss."

"The old man gazed down. 'I have
sometimes wondered what she knows
about the causes of the enmity that
existed between his Excellency and
the Black Seigneur?'"

"The other's eyes lifted keenly.
"When last did you see her, Father?"
"She comes often to my cottage to
walk and—"

"Talk?"

"Well, yes!" The fine, spiritual face
expressed a twinge of uneasiness.

"About the past?"

"The priest smiled slightly. 'Some-
times! An old man lives much in the
past and it is natural to wander on
a bit aimlessly at times, and—'

"Confess, Father, she has learned
much from you!" Nanette laughed.

"No, no; I trust—"

"Surmised, then?" said the girl.
"She is one not easily deceived. Clever
is my lady! And you talk, she
says nothing, but leads you on! If
there's aught she wishes to learn that
you know, be assured she's found out
from your lips."

"Nay, I'll not believe—'tis true once
or twice I've let a word slip. But she
noticed not—"

"No doubt!" The island girl's
voice expressed a fine scorn. "How-
ever, it matters little, doesn't she say
of the Black Seigneur?" suddenly.



Curbed a Natural Curiosity.

than yonder in France, if tidings be
true," said the other irrelevantly.

"Ah, ma belle France!" murmured
the old man regretfully. "How she is
torn within—threatened from without!
but fortunately she has her deien-
ers," his voice thrilled, "brave men
who have thronged to her needs. I
suppose," he continued abruptly, "it's
to arrange about the new ship that
brings the Seigneur once more to the
island?"

"I suppose so," assented the other.

"A true Frenchman, Pierre Laroche,
your father, has shown himself, in giv-
ing one of his best ships to the cause!
Although perhaps he would not, have
been so ready," thoughtfully, "had not
the Paris Assembly seen fit to appoint
Andre Desaurac in command of all the
vessels to guard the coast against the
intrigues of the French royalists with
foreign powers and allies! Well, well,
he was and here many old friends!"

"Yourself, for example, Father, who
helped him in the courts to establish
his right to his name," said the young
woman quickly.

"And you, Mistress Nanette," the
kindly eyes lighting with a curious, in-
dignant look, "who went to the Mount
stone, unaided, to—"

A frown gathered on the dark, hand-
some face of the girl. "Unaided?" she
said, staring at the sparkles on the
waves before her.

"Oh, the people never weary of talk-
ing about it! and how you—"

"Yon's a sail!" Abruptly the young
woman rose; with skirts fluttering be-
hind her, gazed out to sea.

Several hours later, just before dusk,
a ship ran into the harbor, dropped
anchor, and sent a boat to the shore.
In the small craft sat a number of
men, and the first of these to spring
to the beach and mount the one stair-
way to the inn, was met at the top;
warmly greeted, by old Pierre him-
self! Mon dieu! To see the new-
comer was like old times! Only now
the landlord observed jestingly, the
profits would be small! But a big
passionary, in these days when men's
patriotism should be large; do what
he, the Black Seigneur, would with
the new ship, even if he sunk her, pro-
vided it was in good company, and he
went down with her himself! To which

protestations the other answered; pre-
sented his companions, and greeted
the assembled company within.

Busy at a great board, laden with
comestibles interspersed with fagons
of wines, Nanette welcomed him brief-
ly, and again his glance—keen and
assured, that of a man the horizon of
whose vision had widened, since last
he stood there—swept the gathering.
But apparently, one he looked for was
not present, and he had again turned
to the young woman, a question on his
lips, when on the garden side of the
house a door opened. It revealed a
flowering background, a plateau, yel-
low in the last rays of the sun; it
framed, also, the slender, black-clad
figure of a girl, above whose white
brow the waving hair shone like
threads of gold.

"An old friend of yours, my Lady!"
called out blunt Pierre.

A moment the clear, brown eyes
seemed to waver; then became steady,
as schooled to some purpose. She
came forward composedly; gave the
Black Seigneur her hand.

"I am always glad to see old
friends!" said my lady, with a lift of
the head, over-conscious, perhaps, of
the concentrated gaze of the company.

He looked at her; made perfunctory
answer; she seemed about to
speak again, when the hand he let fall
was caught by another.

"Elise!" From among those who
had come ashore, a man in fashionable
attire sprang forward, a little thinner
than when last she had seen him, and
more cynical-looking, as slightly soured
by world-contact and the new tenden-
cies of society.

"My Lord!" Certainly was my lady
taken unawares; a moment looked at
the Marquis as if a little startled; then
at the Black Seigneur:

"A pleasant surprise for you, my
Lady!" said the latter. "But you owe
me no thanks! An order from the
chief of the Admiralty, properly signed
and countersigned, directing me to
transport the Marquis de Beauvilliers
hither, was not to be disregarded!"

"A somewhat singular dispensation of
Providence, nevertheless!" observed
the nobleman dryly. "After our—what
shall we call it?—little passage of
arms? You must acknowledge, how-
ever, that in truth the Lady Elise and
myself had some reason to discredit
your assurances that night—"

"Far be it from me to dispute it, my
Lord," and the Black Seigneur turned,
while the Marquis, slightly shrugging
his shoulders, addressed my lady.

Half blithely, then half bitterly,
relapsing occasionally from the old,
debauch manner he had assumed, he
spoke of his escape from the Mount;
months of hiding in foul places, amid
fields and forest, with no word of her;
his success, at last, in reaching Paris,
and, through rumor, learning where
she was, and hastening to her—

A bluff voice interrupted further
explanations and avowals; the steaming
flesh-pots, it informed the company,
awaited not soft words and honeyed
phrases; monarch in his own dining-
room, ostentatiously conscious, per-
haps, of his own unwonted prodigality,
Pierre Laroche waved them to their
places—where they would!—so that
they waited not!

Quickly my lord lifted his brow;
truly here was a Republican fellow
who appreciated not an honor when
it was bestowed upon him, nor saw
anything unusual in a Marquis' pres-
ence beneath that humble roof. Some-
thing of this he murmured to my
lady, in a tone others might have
heard; but she answered not; took her
place, with red lips the firmer, as if
to conceal some weakness to which
they sought to give way.

Not without constraint the meal
passed; the host, desirous to learn
the latest political news, looked at the
Marquis and curbed a natural curiosi-
ty, until a more favorable moment
when he and the Black Seigneur should
be alone. My lady, although generally
made to feel welcome and at home
there, seemed now, perhaps, to herself,
a little out of place, like a person that
has wandered from a world of her own
and strayed into another's. Cross-cur-
rents, long at strife in her breast,
surged and flowed fast; the while she
seemed to listen to my lord, who ap-
peared now in lighter, more airy hap-
piness. And as she sat thus, with fair

market Monday

Mrs. Alfred Jorgenson is visiting
at Doniphan, Neb., this week. She
expects to be gone about two weeks.

It looked odd to see the farmers
plowing the past week and the snow
deep in places in the field.

Gehring put up a new mail box
Monday.

Billy Rowe and son, Art, have been
building a new barn for Sam Daddow
on his farm on Route 2 this week.

F. M. Mickow commenced to paint
his new house last week.

Dr. Longacre and H. G. Hosier were
out on Route 2 Monday.

Art Wilson has been in Grand
Island the past week.

Joe Rieman had his men putting in
two cement wings at head of the flume
this week.

The carrier said last week that the
water would be turned in the race
some time during the week, but it was
filled with snow instead, last Thurs-
day.

E. J. Pugsley repaired his mail box
the past week.

Last Thursday, April 10, this
country was visited by one of the
worst blizzards of the winter. Carrier
on Route 2 made the trip but thought
that we would have to give up on ac-
count of the horses baling up so but
at the home of Tom McFadden we
decided not to let this stand in the
way of making the Route, so got him
to help us take off the horses' shoes
and in this way got home at 11:15 that
night.

Friday, April 18, seven years ago,
Route 1 was established out of Loup
City. Carrier on No. 2 drove that
route three years and then transferred
to Route 2. We never will forget how
good everyone was to us in opening
up the roads in the winter and in a
great many other ways during that
time. But we have no desire to go
back on No. 1 for there are only a few
of the old timers left and it would
not seem like home now. We have
been carrying the mail for seven years
and have traveled over 65,000 miles,
and still have two of the same horses
we started with. The mails were
quite different seven years ago. The
average number of pieces was from
45 to 65, while now they run all the
way from 130 to 300 pieces per day.

Mrs. Will Kneopful went to see her
little girl that is in the hospital.

Bert German has been hauling hay
to Loup City market the past week.

Ernest Garnette was a Loup City
visitor Saturday evening.

Vincent Bogard marketed hogs at
Loup City Tuesday.

Jake Roy bought some brood sows
of V. T. Wescott Tuesday.

J. A. McIlravy and wife were trad-
ing at Loup City Tuesday.

The water was turned into the mill
race for the first time Tuesday.

Geo. McFadden and Will Hawk
each shipped a car of hog to the South
Omaha market Wednesday they ac-
companying their shipments.

M. E. Goddard is a new patron on
Route 2 this week. He is located on
the J. V. Thomas place.

Ruth McFadden attended school
this week after a week's sickness.

Geo. Wagner has a box on Route 2
now.

Wm. Rutherford has been painting
his house this week.

J. A. Converse and Eugene Tracy
were out on Route 2 Monday. Mr.
Converse was looking after his farm
interests.

Henry Goodwin and Hans Truelsen
were hauling hay from Rutherford's
Tuesday.

Morrison, road boss along the
devide was dragging the roads this
week. This is something that ought
to be done on all the roads.

Jim Roush and Jim McBeth put a
flag pole up on the front of the Wiggle
Creek school house and the fine flag
the teacher and scholars earned last
year was raised and floated over the
school house Tuesday.

Ed. Flynn did some graining around
his mail box Wednesday. This is
what makes all mail carriers feel
good.

Carrier found a can of cherries in
McBeth's mail box for his birthday.
Thanks.

Francis Spencer passed in the 8th
race examination last week.

Mr. Snodgrass spent Sunday with
Earl Spencer.

E. M. Marvel and family visited at
the home of Geo. McFadden last Sun-
day week.

Francis and Elnora Spencer spent
Sunday at the home of Fred Daddow.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Wilson are
again patrons on Route 2. They have
moved on the Wescott farm.

Vern Allemen and family spent
Sunday at the home of his brother,
Clark Allemen.

Joe and Mable McFadden are again
attending school in Dist. 37.

Miss Lettie Peugh was entertained
at the home of Lew Williams over
Sunday.

Mr. Obermiller purchased several
tons of alfalfa from V. T. Wescott and
has been hauling it during the past
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Homer
Hughes and family, Winifred Hughes
and family, Ira Daddow and family
took dinner at Tom McFadden's Sun-
day.

Those receiving attendance certifi-
cates for month ending April 3, in
Dist. 37, were Carl, Arthur, Fred,
Ferdinand and Hans Obermiller.

Fred Daddow's children on their
way to school last Thursday got stuck
in a snow drift and had to leave their
buggy and when the carrier came
along the buggy was over half covered
up with snow.

Miss Marble is working at the home
of Will Paulman this week.

Robert Dinsdale has been putting
down cement sidewalks around his
new home in West Loup City this
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Foss live on
Route 1 again, just north of Eugene
Miller's.

Dr. Main was out on Route 1 Mon-
day.

All the Wiggle Creekers seemed to
be working at the Verdure cem-
etery Monday, putting in a fine fence
along the road. The whole cemetery
fenced with woven wire fencing five
feet high, with good large cedar posts.
Along the front or main traveled road
they have added extra good fencing.

Following is the program to be given
at the Bichel school Friday, April 18:

Song Happy Greetings
Recitation Welcome
Recitation Our Birds
Dialogue Entertaining Sister's Beau
Recitation If I Were Older
Recitation Arithmetic
Solo School Days

Dialogue The Old Photograph Album
Recitation Grandpa's Chickens
Recitation A Model Love Letter
Dialogue A Sudden Betrothal
Recitation When Teacher Gets Cross
Recitation A Queer Table
Dialogue The Lemonade Stand
Recitation Not Born an Orator
Recitation Counting Eggs
Duet Lambkins
Dialogue A Backward Glance
Recitation I'm a Fisherman
Recitation A Little Pilgrim
Solo My Kitty
Dialogue A Practical Joke
Recitation Grandma's Quilt
Recitation Good Night

Closing Address
Edna Henderson, Teacher

The following program will be given
at Dist. No. 72, Friday evening, April
25. Everybody invited:

Recitation Welcome
Song Gay Little Butterfly
Dialogue Social Difficulties
Recitation Teaching Dollie
Solo If I Only Had a Home Sweet
Home
Recitation Mother's Almanac
Recitation Howard's Wish
Dialogue Buying Eggs
Recitation Letters
Song Far Away
Exercise What Girls Love To Do
Recitation Widder Budd
Dialogue Entertaining Sister's Beau
Song Secrets of Success
Solo Miss January Jones
Lecture on Woman's Rights
Recitation Trials of Twins
Dialogue Capable Servant
Solo Apples for a Penny
Recitation Mr. Piper
Dialogue At the Photographer's
Song Slumbering Isles
Recitation Quarrel in the Oven
Recitation Baby Logic
Song The Chase
Dialogue April Fool Joke
Recitation Closing
Lula McFadden, Teacher.

Along R. R. No. 2

Rufus Hiddleston and John Need-
ham, Jr., drove to Hazard Monday.

Carrier wishes to thank the road
overseers and all patrons who assisted
in opening the roads last Friday and
Saturday.

Sarah Gray has been working for
Mrs. Hans Obermiller the past week.

Jorden and Mable Gray got storm
bound at Ira Fletcher's last Thurs-
day.

Iver Lyhne had a load of eggs and
other farm produce on the Loup City