LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

r PA

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

O · IRWIN · MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text> all day, didn't she?"

CHAPTER XV .- Continued.

"Didn't I have a mother? Oh, these said that it was the understanding mothers! And who can make mother- they were to select the church music. wishes come true? Well! And you Not another word was said on the subjust studied with all your might; and ject." you'll keep on and on, till you're . .

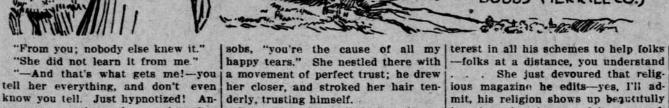
would have suited your mother, too." She withdrew her hand.

"My mother would have loved you," so well as Fran, about mothers' liking important was up. Well, Abbott, you for strange young ladies who train are certainly an infant in her hands, lions.

"Mine would you."' Fran asserted. with more reason.

Abbott, conscious of a dreadful emptiness, took Fran's hand again. "I'll tion behind her back." never be out of your reach, Fran."

She did not seek to draw away, but the bridge at midnight."



swer my questions: the morning after ing there at the fence by the gateand rested it on the back of the seatconfiding in you, telling you everya friendly compromise. Then she thing-I say the next morning, didn't shook back her hair and raised her you tell Grace Noir all about it?" eyes and a faint smile came into the "Certainly not." rosy face. "I'm so funny," she declared.

Abbott tried to remember, then said "Sometimes I seem so strange that casually, "I believe we did meet on I need an introduction to myself." She the street that morning." looked into Abbott's eyes fleetingly, "Yes," said Fran ironically, "I be and drew in the corners of her mouth.

lieve you did meet somewhere. Of "I guess, after all, there's something course she engaged you in her pecul- in religion!" iar style of inquisitorial conversation?" Abbott was so warmed by returning "We went down the street together." sunshine that his eyes shone. "Dear

sobs,

"Now, prisoner at the bar, relate all Fran!" he said-it was very hard to that was said while going down the keep his arm where she had put it.

not a word that I can remember, so it could feel its warmth burning her couldn't have been of any interest I cheeks. did tell her that since she-yes, I re-"Oh, Fran," cried Abbott impul-

member now-since she was to be out sively, "the bridge in the moonlight of town all day, I would wait until to- was nothing to the way you look now morrow to bring her a book she want- -so beautiful-and so much more than just beautiful . . ." "This won't do." Fran exclaimed, "Oh! And she wanted to know who

told you she would be out of town hiding her face. "We must get back to Grace Noir immediately."

"Oh, Fran, oh, no, please!" Abbott reflected deeply, then said "I won't please. While we're in with triumph, "Yes, she did. She asked me how I knew she was going to the She slipped her hand into his. city with Bob Clinton. And I merely you the whole truth about Grace Ncir." was beating its way through snowphere-she could look at him. now. "I want you to understand that

told you. That gave her a clew to my needn't frown at me, I've seen you with grim determination, but it wasn't

he declared, for he did not understand, rest of them. She guessed something you, Abbott Ashton."

but I guess you can't help it." Self-pride was touched, and he retaliated: "Fran, I hate to think of ory history from old Mrs. Jefferson, always third-in her home, or at ing anything-she's a sort of 'Profes-She crimsoned.

"You'd know how I feel about it," to tell you that history. You know to disturb conditions, merely by being said, with dark meaning, "Remember he went on, "if you understood her better. I know her duty drives her

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.) daughter won't. It's you and I, Abbott, against Grace and Mr. Gregory." He murmured, looking away, "You antic balling take me for granted, Fran." "you're the cause of all my | terest in all his schemes to help folks "Yes." Fran's reply was almost a whisper. A sudden terror of what he happy tears." She nestled there with -folks at a distance, you understand . She just devoured that relig-

But she repeated bravely, "Yes!" He turned, and she saw in his eyes mit, his religion shows up beguttully Presently she pulled herself to in print; the pictures of it are good, I told you what I meant to do-stand- rights, lifted his arm from about her, too. Old Mrs. Jefferson took pride hedge her soul about. "And you can in being wheeled to church where she always take me for granted, Fran; and

could see her son-in-law leading the "Not too long for you and me," said music, and where she'd watch every gesture of the minister and catch the Fran, looking at him breathlessly. "I may have felt," he said. "for some sound of his voice at the high places. time, in a vague way, what you have where he cried and, or nevertheless. Sometimes Mrs. Jefferson could get a told me. Of course it is evident that lozen ands and buts out of one dis- he prefers Miss Noir's society. But I course. Then comes your Grace Noir." have always thought-or hoped-or Abbott listened with absorbed attenwanted to feel, that it was only the

tion. It was impossible not to be in- common tie of religion-" "It was not the truth that you fluenced by the voice that had grown clung to, Abbott, but appearances. As to mean so much to him. "Grace Noir is a person that's su- for me, let truth kill rather than live perhumanly good, but she's not happy as a sham. If Grace Noir stays, the She tried to look at him steadily, but in her goodness; it hurts her, all the worst is going to happen. She may "Most charming, but unjust judge, somehow the light hurt her eyes. She time, because other folks are not as not know how far she's going. He good as she. You can't live in the may not suspect he's doing wrong. house with her without wishing she'd People can make anything they want

> make a mistake to show herself hu- seem right in their own eves. But I've man, but she never does, she's always found out that wickedness isn't staright. She's so fixed on being a mar- tionary, it's got a sort of perpetual tyr, that if nobody crosses her, she motion. If we don't drive Grace away,

> > "Fran-how you must love Mrs. Gregory!"

"She breaks my heart." tyrdom every time Mrs. Gregory "Dear faithful Fran! What can we do?-I say we, Fran, observe." nestled in an arm-chair beside the cozy

Gregory was like everybody else Noir, if you'll manage Bob Clinton."

avoid a direct answer, she knew I'd - and the other woman. Oh. you Mrs. Gregory clung to church-going there's a secret in his past, and she intends to send Bob to Springfield leaving the choir practice before the look that other way at me, so I know any use. The Sunday-school would where Mr. Gregory left that secret. have button contests, or the Ladies' Bob will bring it to Littleburg. He'll

> "Surely you don't mean that Mr. young, and that Miss Noir suspects

> > "Bob will bring home the secretand it will kill Mrs. Gregory, Abbott

Rhythmical Criticism.

Prof. Brander Matthews was talking of certain past participles that have fallen into disuse, reports the Washington Star. The past participle "gotten" has

sone out in England, although it still lingers on with us. In England, gotten is almost as obsolete as "putten." In some parts of Cumberland the villagers still use gotten and putten; and a teacher once told me of a lesson on the past participle wherein she gave her pupils an exercise to write on the blackboard.

In the midst of the exercise an urchin began to laugh. She asked him why he was laughing, and he answered: "Joe's put putten where he should

have putten put."

FACE BROKE OUT IN PIMPLES

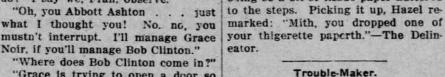
Falls City, Neb .- "My trouble began when I was about sixteen. My face broke out in little pimples at first. They were red and sore and then became like little boils: I picked at my red and sore looking and then I would

wake up at night and scratch it. It was a source of continual annoyance to me, as my face was always red and splotched and burned all the

- and others. "I tried but I could find nothing to cure it. I had been troubled about two years before I found Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and tried them and I then bought some. I washed my face good with the Cuticura Soap and hot water at night and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In the morning I washed it off with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. In two days I noticed a decided improvement, while in three weeks the cure was complete." (Signed) Judd Knowles, Jan. 10, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book, Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Evidently Knew the Kind.

Mrs. M. left the house for a few moments one morning, telling little Hazel to answer the door bell if necessary. Presently there was a ring. The lady caller, learning that Mrs. M. was not at home, opened her card case, and in doing so a bit of tissue paper fluttered



"Jobbs will always do his duty, no matter how irksome it may be." "Yes. No matter how irksome it may be to other people.

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT Avegetable Preparation for As-

similating the Food and Regula

ting the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful

ness and Rest Contains neither

Opium, Morphine nor Mineral

Recipe of Old De SAMUEL PITCHER

Aperfect Remedy for Constipation . Sour Stomach, Diarrhoed

Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-

ness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of

Charff Fletcher.

NOT NARCOTIC

Pumphin Sood -Alx Sonna -Kochelle Salts -Anise Seed -

Poppermint -BiCorbonate Soda -Worm Seed -Clarified Sugar Winbergreen Flavor



Missed Nothing. He and she arrived in the fifth in-

He (to a fan)-What's the score? Fan-Nothing to nothing.

She-Goodey. We haven't missed a thing!

Delightful Evening.

"They tell me you are very fond of good music."

"Never mind. Continue."-Le Rire (Paris.)

5 improved Iowa farms for sale at auction, Sept. 5, 6, 8, 9 and 10th. 1-10 cash and half the crop yearly until balance is paid, or in tea payments. J. Mulhall, 420 6th Street, Siour City, Iowa. Adv.

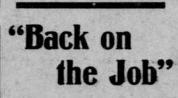
Apparatus for pumping an anesthetic into a person's lungs and insuring the administration of a definite dose has been invented by a Paris doctor.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

It is easier to break a man's will face continually and it made my face than it is to sidetrack a woman's won't.

LEWIS' Single Binder gives the smokes a rich, mellow tasting 5c cigar. Adv.

It isn't recorded that the Lord low eth a cheerful giver of advice.



again and very quickly, too, if you will only let Hostetter's Stomach Bitters help the digestion to become normal, keep the liver active and the bowels free from constipation. These are absolutely necessary in order to maintain health. Try it today but be sure it's



MEN. WOMEN everywhere: learn business. Make money with us; mail order work, Part. Wilson Co., 316 Knickerbocker, Denver, Colo.

WE CAN REDUCE YOUR FAT and remove

your wrinkles. Our remedies do the work. Write Holcomb, the Druggist, Garnett, Kan,

Always Bought

In

Use

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of

just makes herself a martyr out of the crash will come." the shortcomings of others." "As for instance-?" "As for instance, she suffered mar-

present."

could never be the same.

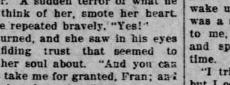
Sure-Enough Country, I mean to tell hearth, when a Ladies' Aid, or a Rally The name seemed to settle the atmos- drifts to the Walnut Street church. Mr. mustn't interrupt. I'll manage Grace your thigerette paperth."-The Delin-

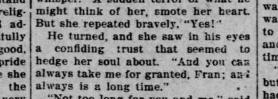
about Grace-he took her at her own "Where does Bob Clinton come in?" something is going to happen-must value, and that gave the equation: to "Grace is trying to open a door so "That was enough. Mighty neat. As happen, just from the nature of things, him, religion meant Walnut Street he can come in. I mean a secret in out of my reach, of course. Which soon as she saw you were trying to and the nature of wives and husbands church plus Grace Noir. For a while, Mr. Gregory's past. She suspects that

"Fran! Then you know that I-" Aid would give chicken pie dinners hand it over to Grace, and then she'll "No, you must listen. You've noth- down-town, and Mrs. Gregory would have Mr. Gregory in her powering important to tell me that I don't be a red button or a blue button, and there'll be no getting her hands off know. I're found out the whole Greg- she would have her pie; but she was him, after that."

your being willing to take her posi- without her knowing that she was tell- church, she was the third. It was her Gregory did wrong when he was husband and his secretary that undersor Ashton' in my hands-and I mean stood the Lord. Somehow she seemed lit?"

"Fran, you do not realize that your -and Grace will go off with him-I





"I remember how you looked, with to act in opposition to you, and I'm the moonlight silvering your face-you | sorry for it. But her religious ideals-" were just beautiful that night, little Nonpareil."

"My chin is so sharp," she murmured.

"Yes," he said, softly feeling the warm little fingers, one by one, as if to make sure all were there. "That's the way I like it-sharp." "And I'm so ridiculously thin-"

'You're nothing like so thin as when you first came to Littleburg." he declared. "I've noticed how you are-have been-I mean . . .

"Filling out?" cried Fran gleefully. "Oh, yes, and I'm so glad you know, because since I've been wearing long dresses, I've been afraid you'd never find it out, and would always be thinking of me as you saw me at the beginning. But I am-yes-filling out."

"And your little feet, Fran-" "Yes, I always had a small foot. But let's get off of this subject."

"Not until I say something about your smile-oh, Fran, that smile!" "The subject, now," remarked Fran, thing that makes people even treat a ory hasn't gone to church-" "naturally returns to Grace Noir."

"Please, Fran!" "I'll tell you why you hurt my feelings, Abbott. You've disappointed me

you think it an angel." "Meaning Miss Grace, I presume?" the secret, this time?"

"Didn't I trust you with the secret I don't care how far she's wandered--" jealous of Grace Noir-I don't know that I meant to apply for the position of secretary as soon as Grace Noir tress. "Don't cry, little one!" He webs without marring them." She was out of the way? And I was just had no intelligent word, but his arm paused. about to win the fight when here she was full of meaning as it slipped about came-hadn't been to the city at all, her. "Who has been unkind to you, Abbott reprovingly. because you told her what I meant to Nonpareil?" She let her head sink do-handed her the secret, like a child upon his shoulder, as she sobbed jump right into the thick of it. When giving up something it doesn't want." | without restraint. "What shams have | Mr. Gregory came to Littleburg, a com-

"You are very unjust. I did not tell pierced your pure heart? Am I the piete stranger-and when he mar-her your plan. I don't know how she cause of any of these tears? Am I?" ried, she was a devoted church-memfound it out."

"Abbott, be honest and answer-is there anything in it-this talk of doing God's will? Can people love God and hate one another? I just hate shams," she went on, becoming more excited. "I don't care what fine names you give them-whether it's marriage, or education, or culture, or religion, if there's no heart in it, it's a sham, and I hate it. I hate a lie. But a thousand times more, do I hate a life that is a lie."

"Fran, you don't know what you are saying."

"Yes I do know what I'm saying. Is religion going to church? That's all I can see in it. I want to believe there's something else. I've honestly searched. for I wanted to be comforted. I tell you, I need it. But I can't find any comfort in mortar and stained-glass windows. I want something that makes a man true to his wife, and makes a family live together in blessed harmony, something that's good on the streets and in the stores, some- that, for about three years, Mrs. Greg-

show-girl well. If there's anything in it, why doesn't father-" pear well."

She snatched away her hand that "Admit it? Yes, of course I must. she might cover her face, for she had And the world cares for appearances. twice. Oh, if I were a man, I'd show | burst into passionate weeping. "Why and not for the truth. That's why it any meek-faced little hypocrite if she doesn't a father, who's always taiking condemns Mrs. Gregory-and me-and could prize secrets out of me. Just about religion, and singing about it, that's why I'm afraid the school-board because it wears dresses and long hair, and praying about it-why doesn't that will condemn you: just on account of father draw his daughter to his breast appearances. For these past three Mrs. Gregory's idea seems to be-'If

. . close, close to his heart-that's years, the church has meant to Mrs. remarked Abbott dryly. "But what is the only home she asks for-that's the Gregory a building plus Grace Noir. home she has a right to, yes a right, I don't mean that Mrs. Gregory got

"Fran!" cried Abbott, in great dis- how to explain-you can't handle cob-"Jealous of Miss Grace!" exclaimed

"Let's go back, and take a running

trumpet without getting wheat mixed with chaff. She'd misunderstand-the neighbors would get it first-anyway

Correction.

words-they intimate-" know how it'll end." "She disturbed conditions, Abbott. "What is this secret?"

She was like a turned-up light at a "You are never to know, Abbott." seance. Mr. Gregory was appalled be-"Very well-so be it. But I don't cause his wife quit attending church believe Mr. Gregory ever did very Grace sympathized in his sorrow It wrong-he is too good a man." made him feel toward Grace Noir-"Isn't he daily breaking his wife's but I'm up against a stone wall, Abheart?" retorted Fran with a curl of bott. I haven't the word to describe the lip. "I call that murder." his feeling, maybe there isn't any. "But still!-But I can't think he

"Fran Nonpareil! Such wisdom realizes it." terrifies me . . . such suspicions!" "Then," said Fran satirically, "we'll In this moment of hesitancy between just call it manslaughter. When I

conviction and rejection, Abbott felt think of his wife's meek patient face oddly out of harmony with his little -don't you recall that look in her friend. She realized the effect she eyes of the wounded deer-and the must necessarily be producing, yet thousands of times you've seen those she must continue; she had counted two together, at church, on the street, the cost and the danger. If she did in the library-everywhere . not convince him, his thought of her seeing only each other, leaning closer.

smiling deeper-as if doing good "Abbott, you may think I am talk- meant getting close-Oh, Abbott, you ing from jealousy, and that I tried to know what I mean-don't you, don't get rid of Grace Noir so I could better you?" my condition at her expense. I don't

"Yes!" cried Abbott sharply. "Fran, know how to make you see that my vou are right. I have been-all of us story is true. It tells itself. Oughtn't have been-clinging to appearances. that to prove it? Mrs. Gregory has Yes, I know what you mean.'

the dove's nature; she'd let the evemy "You'll keep Bob Clinton from tell-"You must admit that it doesn't ap- have the spoils rather than come to ing that secret, won't you? He's to go blows. She lets him take his choicetonight, on the long journey-tonight, here is she, yonder's the secretary. after the board meeting. It'll take him He isn't worthy of her if he chooses three or four days. Then he'll come Grace-but his hesitation has proved back him unworthy, anyhow. The old lady

"But he'll never tell the secret." Abbott declared. His mouth closed as by a spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

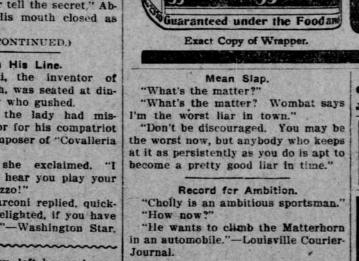
More in His Line.

Signor Marconi, the inventor of Abbott played delicately with the wireless telegraph, was seated at dinmere husk of this astounding revelaner beside a lady who gushed. tion: "Have you talked with old Mrs. Unfortunately, the lady had mistaken the inventor for his compatriot "She's too proud-wouldn't admit it. Mascagni, the composer of "Covalleria But I've shyly hinted . . . however. Rusticana.' it's not the sort of story you could

"Oh, signor," she exclaimed. "I would so love to hear you play your beautiful intermezzo!"

"Certainly," Marconi replied, quickly. "I shall be delighted, if you have

"Yes," Fran answered, between her ber-always went, and took great in she wouldn't make a move because her a wireless piano."-Washington Star.





OUEER WHIMS FOR FUNERALS before the hearse on the way to the influenced to abandon the world and MARRIAGE LAW IN ITALY secured her money, left her and mar the flesh, and he, to, became an encemetery.

A lady who left Liverpool some time

Englishman's Coffin Made of 4,000 Matchboxes-Unusual Burial at Sea.

Chester a few months ago to witness the funeral of an electrical engineer, structed by himself out of 4,000 matchboxes. These, with their tops visible and advertising their respective makers, were varnished over and strengthened inside with wood. On the coffin was placed an electric battery, says London Tit-Bits.

Some years ago a maiden lady died at Calemis-sur-Lys, in France, who was reported to have been a champion snuff taker. She enjoyed singularly good health, retained all her mental faculties and died at a ripe old age. Her funeral was most extraordinary. Her wish was that her coffin should be filled with tobacco, the floor of the mortuary chamber carpeted with it and the heir to the

ago by the Lucania crossed the At- Peter, however, held aloof from the lantic on a anique mission. A promi- meetings. None of the invitations of nent New York business man, who neighbors or brothers seemed to have An enormous crowd gathered at died recently, directed in his will that any effect. Finally the clergyman his remains should be cremated and called and made a personal appeal. the ashes scattered on the waters of Peter was rough and ignorant and a who was carried to the cemetery in the Atlantic from a Cunard steamer. little inclined to profanity, but honest a coffin that had been laboriously conite of the deceased gentleman, was He finally clinched his negative arguselected, and the lady in question, at ments with the clergyman when in a time fixed, so that simultaneously reply to a question he said: "John has become a Christian and Paul has the family could attend a memorial become a Christian and if I join your service in New York, cast the ashes from an urn into the ocean. A cerchurch who the-, excuse me, parificate was given by the captain of son, will weigh the coal!"

the Lucania stating the latitude and longitude in which the ashes were committed to the deep.

One Black Sheep Needed,

A revival of religion was in progcent article entitled, 'Ages of Celebriress in a town where Peter, Paul and ties,' we wrongly gave the age of the John were coal dealers. John was the famous actor, John Draws. As Mr. first to come under the influence of Draws has pointed out to us, a transvery eloquent preaching. He was honposition of figures made us say that he was thirty-six years old, whereas est and sincere about it and joined property charged to scatter tobacco the church. A week later Paul was he is, of course, sixty-three."

thusiastic suporter of the good work. Ceremony is Only Legal When Performed by Mayor of Place Where Couple Reside.

interfere."

In Italy marriage by law is a civil contract, only legal when performed arly betrayed committed suicide. by the mayor of the place in which the

-her mother-is a fighter; she'd have

driven out the secretary long ago. But

he can want her, after I've given him

myself. I'll not make a movement to

pour through the funnel of an ear-

Jefferson about-about it?"

couple who desire to be married reside, or his assessor, and it must be performed in the city chamber. Some hotels and not a few pensions in Rome are the constant resort of any trouble with neighbor Jones, but needy adventurers with titles real or this thing has gone far enough, and spurious to their names. Duke This I want you to tell me what to do." and Prince That, who are always on the lookout for money, says the Christian Herald. Aided, it may be, by

some one in the hotel or pension, they The Cinnaminson Scimitar will say get acquainted with a rich American

family with marriageable daughters. "We much regret that, in our re-To one of these love is made and marriage is arranged.

Such have no difficulty in finding a priest to perform their ceremony It is done. Then the adventurer deserts the girl, and she has no remedy Some few years ago a young girl was so treated. Her pseudo husband, having New York Press

ried civilly and legally an Italian woman with whom he was in love The victimized girl shot dead her be trayer and his wife. Recognizing the provocation she had received, she was left unpunished. Another girl simil-

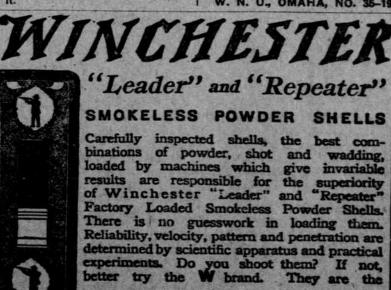
Legal Opinion.

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat. haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

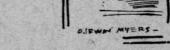
"No, but the fence does." "Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."-



FIRST CHOICE OF THE BEST SHOTS.







She Had Burst Into Passionate Weep ing.