

Sheep Lined Coats

Special Feature.

These coats have been bought at the very lowest price money can buy, and we are going to sell them the same way. You may compare these prices with any Mail Order House. To prove that we know what we say, we are quoting these prices to you without freight or express.

178--\$6.50 This is a strictly High grade MOLESKIN Coat, SHEEP LINED with Beaverized sheepskin collar.

The shell of this garment is made of a heavy drab moleskin cloth, generally known as English leather because of its great wearing qualities; body lined with selected sheepskin. Large beaverized sheepskin collar in imitation of beaver fur; sleeves lined with heavy gray blanket lining, reinforced moleskin cloth armholes, knit sleeve wristlets. Three set-in pockets corduroy bound edges, double breasted front which closes with automatic fasteners, and large sewed on collar tab; length of coat 34 inches. This coat is advertised in our Chicago catalogue at \$6.75 Chicago. Our price is only \$6.50 at Loup City Nebraska.

No. 135--\$5.85 Brown Duck Sheepskin Lined.

This coat is made of 10 ounce Brown duck and lined throughout entire body with selected sheepskin. Heavy gray felt sleeve lining. Large shawl collar imitation of beaver fur, double breasted front which closes with automatic buckles, knit sleeve wristlets and throat tab, length of coat 33 inches. This coat is advertised in a Chicago catalogue at \$5.75. Our price f.o.b. Loup City, Nebraska, is only \$5.85.

No. 134--\$4.95, Brown Duck Sheepskin Lined.

Made from good weight brown duck, double-breasted, lined throughout with a good sheepskin lining, has 7 inch roll beaverized lamb collar, which has a large corduroy throat tab, two outside pockets which are fastened with leather corners and corduroy bound, knit wristlets, Gray blanket lining sleeves, has buckle fasteners, length of coat 33 inches. You will find this coat advertised in a Chicago catalogue at \$4.89, add to that for express 38c, money order and stamp 5c-- or 43 cents and it will cost you \$5.32. Our price f.o.b. Loup City, is \$4.95.

LOUP CITY MER. CO

Watch

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Successors to O. F. Peterson

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We also have a good line of Fence posts, ranging in price from ten to fifty cents.

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REPUBLICAN TICKET

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For Secretary of State: A. D. DUNN
For State Auditor: W. L. MINOR
For State Treasurer: FRANKLIN C. HAMER
For State Supt. of Schools: A. O. THOMAS
For Attorney General: CHARLES W. SEARS
For Land Commissioner: FRED BECKMAN
For Railway Commissioner: THOMAS L. HALL
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PETER JANSEN

CONGRESSIONAL

For Congressman, 6th District: MOSES P. KINKAID

SENATORIAL

For State Senator, 23d District: ROBERT P. STARR

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For Representative, 57th District: J. W. BURLEIGH

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For County Clerk: W. T. GIBSON
For Clerk of District Court: W. S. WAITE
For County Treasurer: F. M. HENRY
For Sheriff: L. A. WILLIAMS
For County Attorney: J. S. PEDLER
For County Surveyor: E. B. CORNING
For County Coroner: A. S. MAIN
For County Superintendent: ETHEL PEARSON HEAPY

SUPERVISORS

For Supervisor, 3rd District: W. O. BROWN
For Supervisor, 7th District: F. T. RICHMOND

Married at Broken Bow

Dr. J. E. Weinman veterinary surgeon, formerly of Loup City, but now of Arcadia, was married at Broken Bow last Thursday, Sept. 24th, 1914, to Miss Blanche Freeman, also of Arcadia. The doctor and bride leave this week for Kansas City where he will take a seven months post-graduate course at the veterinary college, returning then to Arcadia where they will make their home. The congratulations of the Northwestern and the large circle of friends go with them.

Clyde Thompson, Valley county's next county clerk, was down from Arcadia attending the fair one day last week.

Ex-Senator Fries of Arcadia was a Loup City visitor last Friday.

CLIPPED

Is "war without cause" a mania of disease? We, the only world power at peace, set the pace a few months ago by going to war with a private citizen we had no valid excuse for the taking of Vera Cruz and can justify it by no international law. Now the greatest war of all is now raging in Europe for which no cause can be assigned that will be worthy the name.—Ord Quiz.

Ainslie, the five year old son of Editor and Mrs. A. L. Davis of Greeley, fell from a hay stack while playing Sunday and broke his right hip. Two years ago a fall resulted in breaking his left leg from which he had fully recovered.—Ord Journal.

Mrs. Davis was formerly Miss Zoia Reed of this city, our people will deeply sympathize with the parents over the injury to their little one.

What do you think of the democratic slogan in Nebraska, "Don't rock the boat"? The meaning of it is "stand pat." Abuse the republicans, coddle the progressives, let local issues severely alone and shout for the national administration with both lungs. The people of Nebraska are too intelligent to swallow that sort of a thing. They want to know what there is the charges preferred against the state administration by George Berge, and why, if the Wilson progressive program is the best thing for the people, it met with opposition at every turn of the road from Sena-Gilbert M. Hitchcock who was endorsed with vociferous (hic) hurrahs by the democrats in state convention at Columbus.—Bix in State Journal.

Lady (at piano)—They say you love good music. Youth—"Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on."

POET AND THE INGENUE

By C. WENGLER.

She had come into the hotel grill room with her chaperon. He was dining with a young friend. Eyes were drawn to eyes, and during the long dinner neither saw but one face in that crowded room.



She saw the head of a god, hair tinged with gray, delicate poetic hands, a sensitive mouth and eyes that looked a world of sorrow and understanding. He was a man, old, soul-seared, satisfied. But the girl was too young in life to read signposts.

He saw a young girl with innocent blue eyes, a full, rosy mouth that suggested kisses, cheeks red with a redness that has recently come from the country. She was fresh, full of light and laughter, curiosity and expectation. The man read her with the understanding of the expert in human nature.

When she passed from the grill room her eyes went to his and she smiled as a child smiles at some new and as yet unencountered pleasure. And he looked after her as a connoisseur in human weaknesses who has chanced upon a new toy.

Such was their meeting. The young girl spoke to her chaperon about the man with the godlike head. The chaperon told her that she must never mention his name, that she must not know that sort of a man.

The next morning the girl came into the chaperon's rooms noiselessly. The chaperon was at the telephone.

"Oh, splendid, Jack! I've wanted to meet Owen Marsh ever since I read that exquisite poem of his, 'The Lovers of Lara.' Bring him to tea at four and I'll ask some congenial people. Until four good-by!"

The girl slipped out of the rooms as quietly as she had come in. She couldn't bear to meet the eyes of her chaperon just then. Owen Marsh was the man with the godlike head!

A little later she returned to her chaperon, to await announcement of the afternoon tea. None came. Instead, that gracious lady turned to her:

"Child, Madam Manette telephoned that she would like you to take your lesson at four today, instead of two. Estelle will call for you at five and take you for a chocolate."

The girl made no reply. Her mind was in a whirl. But about 5:30 that afternoon, as Owen Marsh was whispering insinuatingly into the chaperon's delicate pink ear, a slip of a girl entered the rooms. She walked directly to her chaperon, but without looking at her. Her eyes were on the man with the godlike head.

The chaperon forgot herself. "I thought you were driving in the park," she said sternly.

"Estelle told me you were having a tea," still looking straight at the face that had so thrilled her, "and I didn't want to miss—him."

The girl dropped into the chair at the elbow of the man with the wonderful face. And there was nothing for the chaperon to do but—introduce them.

Some one called her away then, and the man and the girl were left alone. In all that roomful of people neither saw any other. It seemed to each that they had waited long for this moment. They made the most of it.

"They couldn't keep us apart," the girl said.

"I have known you always," said the man.

"I love you," said the girl.

"I've always loved you," said the man.

And then some one intruded, some one that could not be escaped.

"I'll meet you under the roses in the corridor," whispered the man.

Before the guests had all taken their leave the girl slipped away. When the man left the chaperon's room he found the girl—waiting—under the roses. He lifted her into the taxi and they drove far out into the country to a little inn, where a room always "waited" for the man.

He named her the Blush of Dawn and called himself the Valley of the Shadow. He was a poet; she was an ingenue. One night of inspiration was his. A night that shattered every illusion was hers. Then he told her that in the Valley of the Shadow men live—alone. He went back to his lair with one more sensation living his sluggish blood. It was on such moments that he lived.

She went into the street for the chaperon was a foolish woman; she closed the door against her. It was for this that the girl had grown up over night.

The man boasted of his conquest. He was a poet. Some men turned their backs upon him. Others took up the scent laid bare. Women read the poem the girl had inspired, and asked he poet to dinner. The chaperon sent him a silly note, swearing undying devotion. The girl's aunt invited him to give lectures on Blomman and Olsen in her home of Moorings.

But the girl—ah, the girl—why ask?

Point of View.

A mind prepossessed by high beliefs interprets all things largely.—George Elliot.

WHEN IN OMAHA VISIT THE Gayety "Omaha's Fun Center" Musical Extravaganza. Ladies Dine Matinee Daily. DON'T GO HOME SAYING: I DIDN'T VISIT THE GAYETY

FOR School Wear Every Day Wear All Kinds of Wear

BUY BLACK CAT HOISERY

R. L. ARTHUR

TWO LILIAN MARSDENS

By J. A. TIFFANY.

After I had been admitted to the bar, my father considering it best that I should have the opportunity of gaining experience in a large city before entering his own office, I went west, where I became associated with a law firm, the head of which was an old college friend of father's.

Mr. Marsden impressed me at first as my beau ideal of a man; while Mrs. Marsden was one of those naturally ladies, with a certain old-world courtliness of manner, sweet and endearing. There was a son, named Fred, about two years older than I, who appeared to be a jolly good fellow.

"Lillian," said Mrs. Marsden, as a young lady entered the room, "this is Mr. Donald Fairchild. My daughter, Donald."

Miss Marsden and I shook hands. "This is Lillian's twentieth birthday," Mrs. Marsden observed, evidently for the purpose of relieving my embarrassment. "She is our only daughter, Mr. Fairchild."

"I am sure, Miss Marsden," I said, finding my tongue at last, "I wish you many very happy returns of your birthday."

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the unalloyed delight of my first few days in the city. At the end of a week I had accomplished three things: I had secured nice room for my private quarters; been assigned a place in the offices of the firm, to which I was admitted as a junior partner, and fallen head over ears in love.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden must have known how things were going, but the knowledge appeared to cause them no uneasiness.

I had been here about six months, when I was entrusted with a commission that took me to Massachusetts—which, by the way, was the place where Mr. Marsden first became acquainted with his wife. It was there that they were married.

My business was to look up the title to certain real estate in Boston, and to obtain authenticated records proving the validity of a client's claim thereto.

Before starting on my journey, I declared my passion to Lillian, and became her accepted suitor, with the approval of her parents.

At the end of three days I had finished my search in Boston and armed myself with certified copies of the entries discovered.

But—alas, for my success! I had found something else—something for which I was not looking—something that took all the interest out of my mission and made life seem a hideous mockery and burden.

Standing out, as if written in letters of fire borrowed from the nether regions, I found this entry in the record of births in Boston.

"December 14, 1890—Lillian Agnes, daughter of John and Katherine Marsden."

And this was January, 1896! My affianced, who had been introduced to me on her twentieth birthday, six months ago, was a charming damsel of thirty-six!

When I reached the office on my return to the west, I found Fred busy poring over a pile of musty documents.

"Glad to see you back, Don," he said, "I'm just looking over some interesting family papers. Father is at work on our genealogical history. I suppose you know we came over in the Mayflower?"

"I wasn't aware of it," I replied; "but you wouldn't surprise me if you told me you came over in the ark. How did your sister stand the voyage?"

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Fairchild?" Marsden asked coloring.

"Well—don't you see—this paper proves she is thirty-six?" Marsden whistled, and then he laughed.

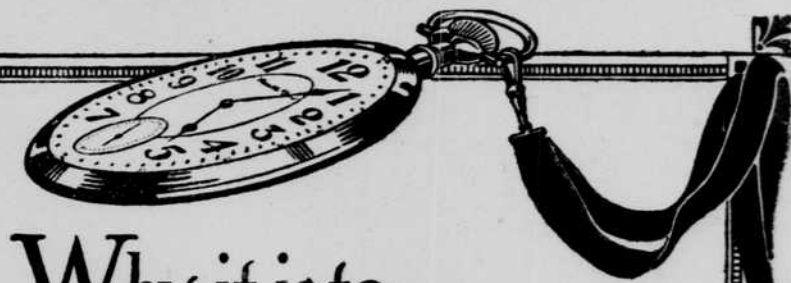
"Look here, Don," he said; "I think I ought to break your neck, instead of laughing at you—but it's too absurd. My parent's first child was a girl, who was christened Lillian Agnes. I was born nine years later; and five years after that came another girl, Lillian, who was a favorite name with my father; and the first child having died in infancy, they decided to revive the name. Accordingly, the second daughter was christened Lillian.

And I gave my head two or three good bangs against the wall. After which, I felt better.

Where He Was Welcome.

Picking himself up after a rapid flight down the stairs, the young man broke forth:

"Of course, it is your privilege to throw me out of the house, Mr. Roughman," he said, "but there is no need



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