

The Republicans of Valley county have decided not to call their county convention until September.

It is highly gratifying to see the southern democratic press teaching the northern copperhead a lesson in Patriotism now days.

The war in the Philippines should and will be prosecuted to a successful finish, W. J. Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding.

In his speech Monday, Col. Bryan said he stood now, just where McKinley stood 18 months ago, and an old farmer remarked, "eighteen months behind, by gosh."—Val. Co. Times.

Since Alger has resigned it is hoped that the sore heads, copperheads and mullet heads of the country will have common decency enough to give us a short rest. But they will soon find another mares nest.

The Land Lady at the hotel where W. J. Bryan stopped at Ord last week was so disgusted with the speech of the apostle of free silver that she decorated his room completely with yellow and they say Bryan didn't even have night mare.

The radical leaders of the democratic party who are always putting up a fight against prosperity and are ever ready to disgrace the flag both at home and abroad are a disgrace to that party and should be compelled to leave it and start a party of their own.

Nebraska has't much to be proud of in the way of colonels in the late war. The three "B's" Bills, Bryan and Bratt, if tied up in a bunch would't make a high private in the rear rank. Bryan got to Jacksonville, Bratt behind a stone fence and Bills didn't get anything.

Bryan did not like the looks of those yellow ribbons and impressed that fact on the minds of his hearers by sneeringly referring to "you farmers with yellow ribbons." The printing offices were kept busy after that printing more yellow ribbons with the legend thereon, "McKinley and Prosperity."—Ord Quiz.

The Ash Grove Commonwealth, a stalwart Missouri, democratic paper of Missouri says, "It is only the small mind, and the fellow who will split a nickel to buy chewing gum, that will sit around and whine about the necessary expenses of his government. The Democratic party helped to force this war, and, by the eternal Andrew Jackson, we will be the last Democrat in Missouri to raise any objection to the expense necessarily and legitimately incurred."

When Aguinaldo made his speech at Tarlac and told his hearers that the democratic party in the United States were their allies, he evidenced the fact that he was not acquainted with Yankee politics. These George Wathington stories about Aguinaldo only come from a little scare head copperhead element in that party that are looking for an office and if Bryan is nominated by them in 1900 Aguinaldo will discover it when the votes are counted.

An editor with a gizzard is too frequently the case in the fraternity. The editor that has not the courage of his convictions should master the art of the pick and shovel and drop that of the pen. For the welfare of the community in which he resides an editor should criticize when needed, always tell the truth as far as possible and speak well of all who deserve his praise, but the editor who toadies to the "gang" for fear of losing a little patronage is like the preacher who preaches hell fire in the winter and camp fire in the summer. When a man is right, he is right and he should say so if even some boss don't like it.

A. Mr. Hayes of Ord is the proud possessor of the finest turnout in Valley county and also of prime republican proclivities. The populist committee procured this superb outfit for Mr. Bryan to ride in from the depot and Mr. Hayes sent his son, to drive it. The son, being of the same commendable characteristics of the father, put on a McKinley badge. The pops requested him to take it off at the depot but were kindly informed that if Mr Bryan could not ride up town beside that badge he might walk. Bryan rode up town.

Tillman of North Carolina, said at the democratic pow-wow in Chicago last week that "the democrats would stand by free silver in 1900 and in 1904, and in 1908 if necessary, for if it was right in 1896 it was right now. He said, "In the language of Abraham Lincoln, what was right was right." Just so! We are glad to hear him quote our martyred President, but how much better it would have been for our country if the ex-governor and his ilk would have discovered that Abraham Lincoln was right during the rebellion instead of waiting thirty five years before it was possible for them to take a tumble. The question here arises, If it takes a moss back democrat thirty years to decide that Lincoln was right, how long will it be before they will be quoting McKinley.

That press censorship at Manila is causing quite a considerable comment among the Journals of this country since the Round Robin from the newspaper correspondence in the Philippines has reached them and from the appearance of things it probably was a little too rigid. But we must remember that when people are at war a censorship is generally absolutely necessary if the movements of the respective armies are kept from the knowledge of the opposing generals and with all the circumstance known to our people in the case of our war in the Philippines when it is known that there is a copperhead element the United States that is always ready to transmit news to the enemy as against their own government, and further that they are and have been secretly doing it at every opportunity. Our commanding General should be excused if even his censorship is apparently a little harsh. Most likely Otis has not forgot the Schoville in Cuba and is therefore inclined to keep the future Schoville well in hand as he should do.

Robt G. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic passed away very suddenly at his home last Friday from heart failure. Mr Ingersoll was the greatest agnostic of modern times and a man whose humanity endeared him to all liberal minded men who became intimately acquainted with him. But on account of his advanced ideas his deeds of kindness were not scattered broadcast but rather suppressed by the outside world and only those who dared to secure liberal literature were made acquainted with his private history. His great protegee, Charles Bradlaugh of England died some ten years ago. Mr Bradlaugh was the man who forced the English Parliament to make it possible for a man elected to that body to be qualified by affirmation instead of the time honored oath. The last words of Mr Ingersoll was to his wife and were "Oh better" when ask how he felt. He died without a tremor or a struggle, never expressed a desire to change his belief. Mr Ingersoll was a good man and if his belief was wrong he was honestly mistaken. And the man who does right from his sense of right should not need to have a change of heart for honest conscience is the best judge.

The "life-line" is out extending the "glad hand" of life, hope and happiness. Reaches around the globe. Tis Rocky Mountain Tea 35 cents.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring an image of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text: "Don't Stop taking Scott's Emulsion because it's warm weather. Keep taking it until you are cured. It will heal your lungs and give you rich blood in summer as in winter. It's cod liver oil made easy." Price: 50c and \$1. All Druggists.

The Expert Met His Match. At a North Side boarding house one of the newly arrived boarders, named Burton, is an expert accountant. The first evening after his arrival he began boring the other boarders by talking "shop" and relating the great feats of mathematics that he had accomplished in his time. Smith, one of the star boarders, made up his mind to rid the parlor of shop talk, at least for that night. "I have a little piece of addition work that I think you would have a hard time in doing. If you can add it without the aid of a pencil and paper, you are a good one." "Name each item, and I will add," said Burton. "Five barrels of cider at \$4.56 a barrel. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Four bushels of bran at 90 cents a bushel. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Fifteen kegs of horseshoe nails at \$2.35 and two strings of garlic at 50 cents a string. Have you got that down?" "Yes; go on." "Six gallons of castor oil at \$4.25. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Sure you've got it all down?" "Sure, I have," said Burton. "H—m! How does it all taste?"—Chicago Journal.

Proved His Theory, but Died. The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The hall had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vallandigham died.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

This Dog Can Spell. There is a South Side lady who owns a Gordon setter which she believes is endowed with almost human intelligence. This is not a hastily formed nor unfounded opinion, but has been developed by years of experience. Here is one of the many incidents from which has sprung her faith in her dog: Last Sunday, having finished her dinner, the lady went into the drawing room to read the paper. On a rug near the window the setter was basking drowsily in the sun. The lady's two sons were still in the dining room finishing the repast, and the mother overheard something said about bones. Now, the good lady has a mortal dread that her beautiful dog will choke to death on a bone some day, so, raising her voice, she called out: "Boys, don't give Dan any c-h-i-c-k-e-n-b-o-n-e-s," spelling these two words so the dog's attention would not be attracted. "I am afraid he will choke." As she spelled "chicken" the dog raised his head and listened; at "bones" he got up, walked into the dining room and looked at the bones the boys were picking.—Chicago News.

The Coquette. A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Alas! coquettes are too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusements, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let any one pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyze the cause of his satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolic phantom of a coquette.—Lord Beaconsfield.

The Widow's Devotion. There was a man hanged for murder in Sydney, Australia. By his widow's consent, his figure was exhibited in a local waxworks show. Every Sunday for six months the woman, dressed in deepest mourning, called and put a clean shirt on the unresisting form of the wax man. Then her visits stopped. Some time after, happening to meet the manager of the show the lady explained, with many blushes, that she had married again, and her new husband energetically objected to her wifely attention to the toilet of No. 1's graven image.

An Artistic Proposal. Letter—Indeed, Miss de Vine, I must say it—you are the star of the links. Miss de Vine—Now that is very nice of you, and you are the first to discover me too. "Then may I have an astronomer's reward?" "What is that, Mr. Loffer?" "The right to give you my name."—Brooklyn Life.

No Company For Him. Rich Old Party—What do you want a wife for when you can hardly support yourself? Why, sir, my daughter would starve! Snooks (with great dignity)—Well, sir, if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve I don't wish to enter the family.—Fun



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BURLINGTON ROUTE—Cheap Tickets to Detroit, Mich. Take advantage of the low rates—One fare plus \$2 for the round trip to Detroit—which the Burlington Route has made for the '99 meeting of the Christian Endeavor and go east at about half usual cost. July 3-4-5 are the dates of sale. Berths, tickets and information about return limits, side trips from Detroit, etc., can be had at any Burlington Route ticket office. J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

If You Go to California. Late in June or early in July, you can buy a round-trip ticket to Los Angeles at about half the usual rate. Liberal return limits and stop-over privileges. Don't make a mistake and go any other way than through Denver and Salt Lake City. That is the route nearly 20,000 Christian Endeavorers selected two years ago. Being the most elevated of all the direct lines to the Coast, it is coolest and freest from dust. Penetrating the very "Heart of the Rockies," it surpasses all others in beauty of scenery. Information and California literature on request. J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Fresh Bread every morning 5 cts., a loaf. Cake every Saturday at A. E. Chase's.

AGENTS WANTED.—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches, nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor caxton Building, Chicago.

NOTICE. We will stand the Stallion "Bill Mac" the ensuing season at the barn of B. T. Snyder, in Loup City. B. T. SNYDER, N. B. THOMPSON.

CATTLE AND IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE. The Ord State Bank will sell improved farms on time. Also cattle on same terms. Ord, Nebraska.

Advertisement for a musical instrument, possibly a guitar or violin. Text: "Write for FREE musical Catalog e. Address, A. Hooper, Omaha, Neb."

CAPT. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER. Congressman from New York, is the president of THE NEW YORK STAR, who is giving away FORTY DOLLAR BICYCLE daily as offered by their advertisement in another column. Hon. Amos J. Cummings, M. C., Col. Ass. Bird Gardiner, District Attorney of New York, ex-Governor Hoag, of Texas, and Col. Fred Felgel of New York, are among the well known names in their Board of Directors.

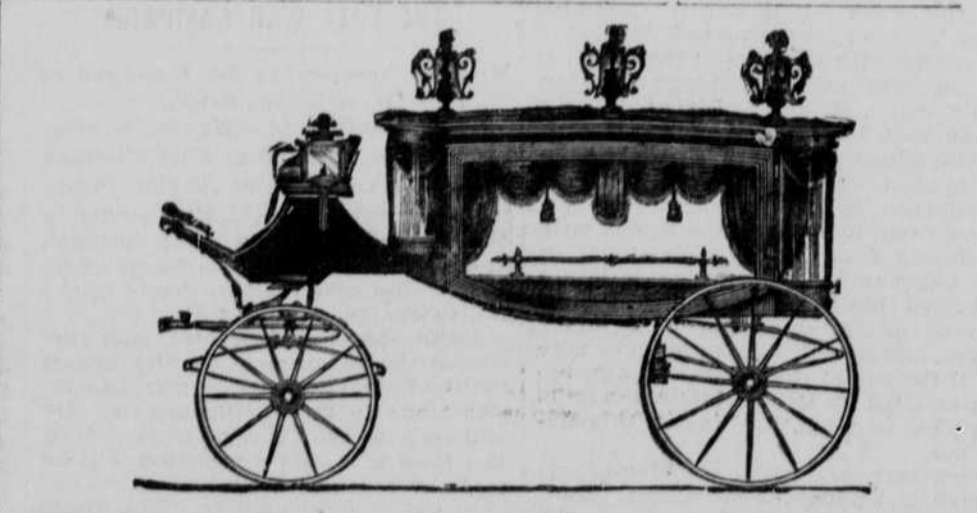
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NOTICE. The public is hereby warned to not picket their horses or other stock sufficiently near the school house fence to do damage. Any one doing so will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. A. ANGLER.

Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

COURT IS NOT IN SESSION, but I am out making loud calls for you to come and see the car load of new agricultural implements and to learn of THE BIG BARGAINS in store for you at

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