

THE NORTHWESTERN
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Roberts of Utah, has gone home to the bosom of his families.

Congress has passed a notice that should not need repeating. It reads: No polygamist need apply.

All that can be said of the Transvaal war is addition to last week, is that the English have again turned their coat tails to the Boers.

The Virulence of Democratic greed for power has culminated, in Kentucky, in the shooting of their candidate, Senator Geschel, on Monday.

The December Treasury surplus was \$7,613,000. Even with a war in progress the Republican Administration falls into the old habit of declaring surpluses.

The pop officers at the state house are at it again. Porter stirred up the animals and they are threatening to give the whole bundle away if he don't quit telling.

W. J. Bryan seems to manifest a Philippine policy almost identical with that of his administration, according to his late utterances. Just space enough left to kick.

As Colonel Wattersson expresses it, "the country is in a state of helpless prosperity" and so the Democratic captains are traversing the land in a painful endeavor of trying to find a place to stand.

Six Americans are reported to have been shot in Mexico last week by the order of General Turres, commander of the Mexican army now fighting the Yaqui Indians. The Americans were charged with too freely mixing with the Indians to suit the grangers. Such acts may disturb the slumbers of Dias if persisted in.

A wounded soldier of the First Nebraska, who has been at the hospital in Omaha since his return from the Philippines, applied to General Barry last week for state assistance to complete a cure as his own money had run short, and was informed by the general that the legislature had made no provision for such cases, so goes the dispatches. The facts are that \$2,000 was set aside for assistance of our sick and wounded, and an examination into the matter is reported to have revealed the fact that the general placed \$1,000 in the hands of a lady and sent her to Manila last summer to relieve the boys as much as possible, and that he and Governor Poynter drew on the same fund for their expenses to San Francisco, when the first regiment came home, and that he purchased those memorable chest protectors with a part of it, and although the general declined any information as to this fund, yet it was ascertained that about \$500 was still on hand.

Ten days ago the news papers of this country spread broadcast the report that Europe had announced her intentions of protesting against the United States building and fortifying the Nicaraguan canal, as such a proceeding would be detrimental to their interest and a violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. England was claimed to be in the front rank of protestants. Yellow Journalism has become so rampant in our fair land that the thinking men must make radical statements with a grain of salt. That England would object to any action this government might take in the premises is not likely. Three days after the above announcements, a message comes from England that places that country in a different light and one which she seems anxious to proclaim. It announces that she regards the building and fortifying of the canal by this country as a great benefit to her, and her papers suggests that overtures be made to the United States to modify or abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty at our pleasure. A

gain the American people should be impressed with the lesson that "He who is not for me is against me" whither as an individual or a nation. Can we readily forget the recent past? Can we forget that when Spain blew up our good ship Maine, and sent 261 jolly American jacksies to the bottom of Havana harbor and the wrath of the American people called for reparation, that all the continent of Europe convulsed with another "crush American arrogance," as they termed it, and the movement swept west from the Ural mountains until it was ripe for action, and all continental powers were fanning the flame. Its mutterings were viewed with considerable trepidation in this country, but alas for they who looked with covetous eye upon American ascendancy, when their mountain of jealousy reached the shores of Biscay, it was John Bull who calmly arose and silenced their aversive clamorings by a wave of silence and an injunction that Brother Johnathan was capable of justice and would meet it out in Anglo-Saxon form. Shall we forget those snarlings, and Von Dietrich in Manila bay in a moment and forever remember George III and Cornwallis?

THE FEAR OF A MOUSE.
One Instance Where It Made a Lunatic of a Woman.

A mouse has long been known to be the bitterest enemy of womanhood. Just why the average run of femininity should fear such a helpless, harmless little creature cannot be explained.

During the civil war a famous female spy was betrayed through the instrumentality of a mouse. The woman was masquerading as a boy and succeeded admirably in deceiving the enemy until one evening while dining with a party of men at a farmhouse a black mouse jumped from a cupboard to the table, almost in the face of the supposed boy. With a shrill feminine shriek the spy threw up her arms and rushed across the room, and springing on a couch, went into hysterics from sheer fright. The men, of course, suspected her and, rather than be searched, she confessed, but by the aid of the loyal old farmer and his wife she made her escape in the night.

A well known woman physician of Chicago says she can do any kind of surgical work without a tremor, but the sight of a mouse turns her strangely ill and thoroughly "unwomanly" her.

Another woman has such a terror of mice that she recently went insane through fright at one of the wee creatures. The woman was sweeping her cellar when a mouse darted out from an old barrel and ran about her feet. She tried to step on it and bent at it with her broom, calling piteously to her little boy to help her. But the boy, thinking she was in fun, frightened the terrified woman toward the woman whenever it tried to get away. At length the boy rushed at it in earnest and the mouse darted under the woman's skirts and she fell to the floor insensible, only to lose her mind when at length consciousness returned to her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

START THE YEAR RIGHT.
 By this we mean that if you are not already a subscriber to The Nebraska State Journal you should become one at once. The Journal is Nebraska's old reliable. Being published at the state capital it prints more news of interest to Nebraskans than any other paper in the state. Many of its patrons have been subscribers for over a quarter of a century. The Journal has built up a tremendous business by its push and energy and the paper stands at the head of the column. Its daily and Sunday issues not only contain all the current news of the world, but are filled with special features. The Semi-Weekly Journal, which by many is called "the farmers' daily," gives 104 papers a year for \$1.00 and is one of the greatest bargains ever offered readers. The year 1900 will be a record breaker for the Journal, as 1899 has been. Join the army of readers for the coming presidential campaign.

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CULINARY DEPARTMENT.
 (J. F. CURTIS, Editor.)

Boston Brown Bread—1 cup of black molasses, 1 cup of water, 1 cup of unsifted graham, 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup of white flour, ½ tea spoonful of soda, pinch of salt, 2 table spoonful of butter or lard. Mix all together, steam two and a half hours.

Mock Cherry Pie—For two pies take one quart of cranberries, 1½ cup of sugar, add two table spoons of butter, 1 of flour, 1 tea spoon of almond extract. Mix all together and bake in two crusts, shut your eyes and eat cherry pie.

Breakfast cake,—½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 pint milk 2 tea spoonsful baking powder, put together quick, bake in shallow pans, brush top with butter, sift powdered sugar and cinnamon on top and serve.

Ribbon Blanc MANGE—Take 1 qt. of milk, 1 cup of sugar, lamp of butter the size of a small egg, put on to boil, dissolve 4 heaping table spoons corn starch in a little cold milk, when the liquid boils stir in the starch, let it cook about 5 minutes remove from the fire, divide into 3 parts, color 1 part pink or red with fruit coloring such as is used at soda fountains, color one part black with melted chocolate, put into molds, put white at bottom next the red and black at top, when cool turn out into saucers of whipped cream or yolk of egg custard, by using 4 parts color, one part yellow with yolk of eggs. Then you have a nice pretty desert.

Meat Turnovers—Take any cold meat, mince fine, season high with pepper, salt, melted butter and a little water, mix well together, take good, short pie paste, roll out thin cut out rounds with a two quart pail cover place a good large spoonful of the crust fold over, pinch the edges together, place on baking pan and bake, serve a spoonful of nice gravy under.

Steamed Spice Pudding—The following pudding is made without eggs, the same mixture will make a good spice cake. ½ cup of black molasses, ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk or water, 2 tea spoonful of baking powder, flour to make a good stiff batter. Where egg are not used the mixtura will require more beating, add lastly ½ cup of raisins, ½ cup of currents well floured, steam about two hours.

An Editors Life saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
 During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial, bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyand, Ill. For sale by Oden Dahl Bros.

NO CHINESE IN LEADVILLE.
Two Pigmalee Celestials Who Were Tabooed by the Town.

Every well known nationality except the Chinese is represented in Leadville. Only two Celestials ever entered the camp, and the story of their short stay is unique and interesting. There wasn't much of a demonstration on their arrival, for it was late at night when they climbed down from the roof of one of the cactuses into the busy streets and hastily surveyed the strange surroundings.

Word was whispered about in the dives with which the street was lined, and soon the pigmials were encompassed with a quiet and gentlemanly mob of perhaps a hundred miners and hoboes. Scarcely a word was spoken, but as soon as the language of the passengers and the mails were taken from the boat of the Corcad, the China boys were assisted to the seats they had just vacated, the driver was given a tip and the distinguished arrivals were whirled out of town in much quicker time than they had entered it, for it was a down hill pull to Malta, the nearest settlement down the gulch. There they were left to shift for themselves as best they might.

What means of communication with each other these strange little people have I know not, but the news of the reception that was tendered to the first representatives of their race to visit Leadville traveled rapidly, and the fact soon came to be understood by them, in all localities where they congregated in Colorado, that they were not wanted. I later queried a Chinaman in an adjoining town as to whether he had ever been in the great mining camp, and his reply was characteristically laconic: "I go Lead-v-i-l-le. Lead-v-i-l-le too much like helle!"—Santa Barbara.

Prosperous Marine Trade.
 Farmer (who has never seen the sea before to fisherman on the Great South bay)—Who's all this here water belong to?
 Fisherman (patting his chest)—Us, me man, to us.
 Farmer—Heow much d'yer charge for it?
 Fisherman—Oh, we generally charges 10 cents a gallon.
 Farmer—Cheap enough. I'll take a gallon of that hum with me for me old woman. But what kin I put it in?
 Fisherman—Go over there to the tavern, and they'll lend you a jar.
 Farmer gets his jar and has his gallon of water put in and leaves it at the railroad station while he goes for a walk. On his return he finds the tide at low ebb. "Gosh," he says, "don't they do a big trade!"—New York Press.


Twain Wasn't Well.
 Here is a story of Mark Twain, whose after dinner speeches are unique. At a dinner to which he was invited his name was associated with the toast of "Literature" by an orator, who referred with great eloquence to Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Mark Twain. In response the humorist thanked the speaker for his kindly references and excused himself from making a longer speech by saying, "Homer is dead, Shakespeare and Milton are no more and I—I don't feel very well myself!"—Detroit Free Press.

Earned the Reward.
 "Ma, Mrs. Smith gave me a big piece of cake."
 "Jimmie, I've often told you not to ask for anything to eat when you are over there."
 "But, ma, she gave me the cake because I told her who was here to dinner last night."—Chicago Record.

The Englishman, it is calculated, exports on the average \$250 a year for instance; the German \$215, the Frenchman \$210, the Italian \$110, the Russian \$95.

A doctor in France is not permitted to inherit property left to him by a deceased patient.

Coming!



The people of LOUP CITY and vicinity will again have the opportunity of consulting **The Romine Dental Company** OF ST. PAUL, NEB. who will visit the city February 13th remaining until Sunday February 18th.

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