

The Loup City Northwestern

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ALLAYING A SCARE.

It takes precious little, sometimes, to start a serious "scare." The merest irresponsible rumor may result in a rug on a bank, and a hint of fire may precipitate a disastrous panic.

His incorrigible activity in various parts of the globe has given the war god much to answer for during the last few months; but with gods as with men it can perhaps be said that there is some good in the worst of the species.

Increasing frequency of deaths by poison compels the conclusion that it would be better for the community if deadly drugs were less easily obtained.

The final settlement of the so-called German potash dispute out of court, so to speak, is a decided triumph for sane diplomacy.

The Journal of the American Medical Association warns against the use of thyroid as an obesity cure. It is dangerous because it reduces protein as well as fat, and has been known to bring on serious illness.

Glad tidings from Washington. The bureau of engraving and printing will put on an extra force of workmen in order to get out a large supply of small bills.

A wireless message has beaten all records by going a distance of 4,096 miles. Modern magic has gained mastery over both time and space in a way formerly thought possible only in fairy tales.

Another bloodless duel has been fought in Paris. The system has been tested, but it would be a great gain to humanity if it could be extended to bring about bloodless wars.

Europe has had an earthquake. A new and infernal device to shake down the American tourist.

The latest stolen Madonna has been found. Perhaps she was on a little visit to Monza, L. 12.

"TAMA JIM" AND HIS CORN-RAISING BOYS



THE champion boy corn-raisers from various states, educated in scientific methods by the department of agriculture, visited Washington the other day as the guests of the department and were given diplomas by Secretary Wilson.

DYE DELAYED GIFT

Paris Banker Refuses Chicagoan Present Because of Hair.

Mrs. Robert M. Arnold Darkens Silver Locks and Has Difficulty in Identifying Self for Agent.

Paris.—A moral pointed and a tale adorned by the experience of a young and beautiful Chicago matron is "don't get silver streaks in your raven locks colored to their former hue the moment you arrive in Paris."

The young woman whose tresses have brought her a queer quarter of an hour and then to Olympic laughter is Mrs. Robert M. Arnold, well known among the upper society set and philanthropic circles of Chicago.

Mrs. Eugene A. Hendrickson of Minneapolis, widow of the late Senator Hendrickson of Minnesota, and Mrs. Arnold came to Paris to put their daughters in a French school.

The description was as accurate as that of a passport and gave as a detail that her hair was grayish. It likewise stated that she would be in the company of Mrs. Hendrickson, who is well known at the Credit Lyonnais.

Kissing Is Great Nuisance

Denver Union Station Gateman in Appeal to Traveling Public During Busy Season.

Denver.—"Don't kiss in the gateway!"

"Kiss first and show your ticket afterward!"

"Kissing may be carried on between bars of the iron fence."

"Passengers will confer a favor upon the depot management by kissing before, and not after, they reach the station."

"Passengers affectionately disposed may kiss in the ladies' waiting room or in the lunch room. They are politely requested to avoid the other places."

"Don't try to kiss and show your ticket to the gateman at the same time. Don't kiss the gateman!"

"If you can't bear to part, take her along with you."

The above are rough drafts of a series of notices which the gateman at the union depot have asked the management to put up during the traveling season. Kissing, the gateman says, has become the one greatest nuisance

SHIP IS DELAYED BY FISH

Vessel in Midcoast Has a Remarkable Experience When Members of Finny Tribe Block Pumps.

Hullfax, N. S.—On the arrival here of the Furness liner Durango, from London, Captain Chambers reported a remarkable occurrence which took place when the liner was in midcoast.

The steamship was proceeding at a high rate of speed, when suddenly the engines refused to work and the vessel stopped. An examination by the engineers disclosed the fact that the circulation pumps had failed to act, and steps were taken to ascertain the cause.

LOT SOLD FOR \$1,000,000

New High Record in the Sale of New York Corner—Nearly \$870 a Square Foot.

New York.—A new record has just been established for New York City real estate in the sale for \$1,000,000 of the small corner plot at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, adjoining Macy's department store.

This exceeds the former record of about \$800 paid two years ago for the old Gillender building plot on the northwest corner of Nassau and Wall streets, on which, including some adjoining property, the forty-one-story Bankers' Trust building is nearing completion.

Previously to this the famous parcel at 1 Wall street, fronting on Broadway, was sold for about \$700,000. In area this contains about 1,200 square feet, making a trifle less than \$600 a square foot. Not far below the plot just sold is the property formerly occupied by the Union Dime Savings Bank.

Both the federal department of agriculture, through Dr. Haven Metcalf of the department of forest pathology, and the Pennsylvania forestry department are actively co-operating with the commission, of which S. S. Detweiler of this city is the executive officer

Hetty Green's Son Won Suit

Denies He Employed Any One to "Write Him Up" in a Book or in Newspapers.

New York.—Col. Edward H. Green, son of Hetty Green, "the richest woman in the world," has never employed anybody to "write him up," he testified in a suit which was brought against him by a "historical association," which claimed he owed it \$300 for a book containing portraits and biographical sketches of prominent men.

"Where is the train for Kansas City?" she asks frantically. "Oh, dear, 'way over there! My ticket—yes, I have it. Wait a minute. I've got it in my purse. Oh, where is it! I had it just a minute ago. Oh, dear, the train will leave me, I know. Goodness! Oh, here it is. Hurry up, will you! Is it all right? Can I go? Which track did you say? Goodbye mother dear—" and at this point the gateman swears because Cecilia must kiss every member of the family good-by, and her sweetheart as well. People

are standing at the gateway glowering at her, but she pays no attention.

"Be sure and write, sister. Goodbye, dear. Goodbye, dear mother—smack, smack, smack! And the gateman in vain tries to set her through the gate.

"People have all sorts of ways of kissing each other goodby, but a young woman with red hair and a black dress put through a farewell stunted the other afternoon that surprised even the hardened brakemen.

"She kissed him at the gate. Evidently he was her sweetheart. She drew back into the crowd and watched him fondly as he boarded the 3:45 Burlington. He went into the Pullman and presently appeared on the steps. As the train drew slowly past the gate the girl suddenly pushed past the gateman and ran out on the tracks. Her sweetheart was waiting, standing eagerly on the Pullman steps. He leaped from the steps, folded her tenderly many times as the train pulled out and then turned just in time to catch the rail of the last car and leap aboard. The girl watched him until the train was out of sight. It was a touching spectacle.

"And next time," said the bad gate man viciously, "I'll see to it that the last vestibule is closed."

LOSS BY CHESTNUT BLIGHT

Damage in Country Estimated at \$25,000,000—Greatest in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia.—Ten million dollars' damage has already been done in the state of Pennsylvania by the chestnut blight, according to the commission appointed on the authority of the legislature by Governor Tener to eradicate the disease.

In addition to this there has been damage in other states to the amount of about \$15,000,000. This will constitute but a small part of the loss occasioned, according to a statement made by the commission, if the blight is not checked, as the chestnut timber in Pennsylvania alone is valued at over \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

If the disease is not wiped out it will sweep the magnificent chestnut forests of the south. The annual chestnut output of the eastern part of the United States is worth \$22,000,000. Pennsylvania has appropriated \$275,000 to defray expenses in checking and wiping out the blight. Thirty trained men are in the field in this state. They have located the advance line of the blight and are supervising the cutting and burning of diseased trees and locating new infections.

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After some time it was found that the "intake" of the circulation feed pipe was tightly filled with a number of fish, which had been drawn into the passage by the suction of the pumps.

Captain Chambers stated that a short time before the Durango stopped she passed through a shoal of the fish. After the passage had been cleared of the fish the liner was able to proceed at her usual rate of speed.

Young Mr. Wells

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

There are certain men who feel a sense of proprietorship as soon as they become engaged. Perhaps this is the right thing, but now and then there is a girl who objects to it. It was so in the case of Miss Dora Thurston.

"Dora, you have given me the right to say what company you shall keep," was the reply. "You are so precious to me that—"

"That you would treat me like a five-year-old child! But you can't do it. Until we are married I shall insist on receiving my friends at this house. A great change seems to have come over you all of a sudden. Heretofore you have not objected to any of the gentlemen named."

"Because I had not the right. Even if I knew them to be cads I could not object. Now, however, it is different."

"Mr. Wells, do you mean to say that I have been receiving cads in my father's house?" the girl demanded.

"Well—er—you know."

"I know, sir, that I do not like the way you talk. I think you introduced me to every gentleman we have named."

"But being engaged to you, you see."

"Then we are engaged, are we?" "Perhaps not!" "And young Mr. Wells was just donkey enough to walk out of the parlor and out of the house and leave the impression behind that he had quit his job, and that it would take a great deal of coaxing to bring about his return."

came he would melt, but not too hastily.

"Not at home," was the reply of the butler.

"But they must be."

"No, sir. Went to the country three days ago."

"But they left a letter for me?" "No, sir, and none of us know where they went."

Mr. Wells and his dignity and forgiveness turned away. If he looked "bossy" as he ascended the steps, it had fallen from him like a mantle as he descended. He first declared that he did not care a cooper's malediction—that he was actually glad of it; that he had had a narrow escape from marrying a girl with a dreadful temper—one who would have driven him from home after a few weeks. And then he decided that he did care, but that he would be the boss or perish. The third decision was that he had made an idiot of himself and couldn't ask forgiveness any too soon. Give a donkey of a young man time enough and he will strike the right policy.

Mr. Wells wanted forgiveness, but where to go for it? He had a pull at the bank and got four days off. He had a crisp ten-dollar bill for the butler, and the butler proved disloyal to his mistress, just as she had figured that he would.

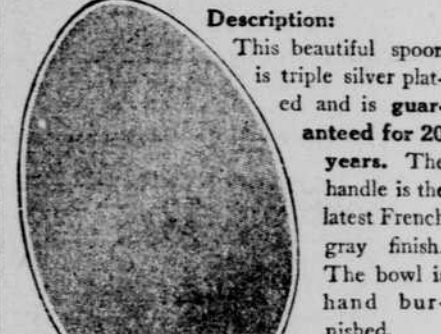
A grip was packed and the "bossy" young man hied him to a mountain resort. He hadn't planned that he would, but some one had planned for him. With a railroad time table and a lead pencil and thirty minutes to figure in she was sure even of the train he would arrive on. And half an hour before the arrival of that train, Miss Dora Thurston took to the woods. In other words, dressed for a walk on the hills, she left the hotel and took a path leading upwards among the trees and bowlders and outcrop.

Mr. Wells tried to arrive with his dignity, but it was rather a failure. He hunted up Mrs. Thurston and explained that he had been granted a few days off to cure his hay fever, and that he had arrived at the Bald Eagle courtesy by accident and she had the courtesy not to smile. It was all of three minutes and a half before he carefully inquired for Miss Dora and learned that she had gone for a walk. Then he carefully said he would look her up, as she would probably be quite anxious to know that the weather in town was so hot that truck horses were falling like autumn leaves before its fiery blast. Young ladies do take vivid interest in these things!

Miss Dora met a boy and she met a man, and she met two romantic girls and she took pains that they should see her take a path marked: "Dangerous—Beware of Avalanches!" Up that path to a spot where there had been a slide of rocks a week before and then she dropped her handkerchief, removed her hat and tossed it from her, and then went into hiding.

Miss Dora had figured time as close as a train dispatcher. She had not been in hiding ten minutes when Mr. Wells came up on the run. He saw the hat and handkerchief and uttered a groan and a shout. He was not up on avalanches, and he took this for a new one. Under it would be found the dead and mangled body of the girl he had tried to boss!

Free with Mother's Oats



Description: This beautiful spoon is triple silver plated and is guaranteed for 20 years. The handle is the latest French grain finish. The bowl is hand burnished.

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut this out and send to us with only 2 more coupons taken from two packages of Mother's Oats and we will send this beautiful 20-year guaranteed spoon free. Only one advertisement accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.

Mother's Oats, Chicago



Those Dear Girls. Maud—I am told I got my good looks from my mother. Ethel—I wouldn't repeat that if I were you. Maud—Why not? Ethel—People will think your mother was stinky.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletchere. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Tearful Pair. "I'm the saddest thing there is—the ghost of a lost love." "Huh! I'm worse than that! I'm the ghost of a vanished bank account!"—Puck.

Not Affinities. Mistress—And why did you leave your last place? Maid—Me and the missis was not congenial.—Harper's Bazar.

About one man in a hundred can stand prosperity. The other ninety-nine never have a chance to find out whether they can or not.

Sore Throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamilton Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

What has become of the old-fashioned man whose word was as good as his bond?

Profitable goods are good friends that we dearly love to part with.



No Hero Ever Toiled Harder.

Advertisement for Western Canada Farms, featuring a large illustration of a farm and text describing the benefits of the land and the availability of a silver cup.

Advertisement for Piso's medicine, claiming it is the best for coughs and colds.