

**LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN**

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.  
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Let us hope Mr. Wu may be able to spend his vacations in the United States.

Did any woman ever speak of her husband's pipe without prefixing the words "that old"?

Europe is again discussing disarmament. But the Krupp gun works are running right along.

The old feeling against foreigners is said to be rising again in China. Does anybody wonder?

The new Anglo-American club of London has not yet been absorbed by any of Mr. Morgan's mergers.

Mount Pelee must be trying to sustain itself on a diet of roasting ears, watermelons and green peaches.

The new sultan of Zanzibar has one excellent qualification for the place. He is a ferocious football player.

The Santo Stefano tower in Venice is threatening to tumble. It seems to be high time for Venice to brace up.

Gout is said to be on the increase in America. This is one trouble the common people do not have to worry over.

King Alfonso wants to have it distinctly understood that some of the children are going to be heard as well as seen.

Uncle Russell Sage denies that he was trying to steal a ride when he was dragged fifteen feet by a car the other day.

If a fathers' congress should ever convene probably the proceedings would be limited to a motion for an adjournment.

They all say that Mackay, the bonanza king, was a "genuine American." Is it because he had so much wealth that he could not count it?

In presenting a claim against the estate of Lord Francis Hope for \$40,000 May Yohe has demonstrated that she is in no pressing need of a nerve tonic.

The fact that Australia alone of the six continents was not visited by earthquakes this year will not cause an overwhelming rush for the Antipodes.

Secretary Wilson, who is trying to encourage Americans to cultivate silk worms, evidently does not know that the rustling petticoat fashion has passed.

Carrie Chapman Catt says nine-tenths of the criminals are men. This is letting us down easy. She might have said nine-tenths of the men are criminals.

Gen. Kitchener should desire no greater honor than to be referred to by his countrymen as "the gentleman in khaki." It beats any of the garters or rosettes.

London bridge still stands, in spite of the children's doggerel, but the latest dispatches seem to show that a good part of Venice is in danger of falling down.

The scientist who declares that the skull dug up near Lansing, Kan., is 35,000 years old appear to have a grudge against poor Adam's reputation for previousness.

The Missouri man who admitted in court that he had spent \$70,000 on liquor during the past seven years ought to be a good judge of such stimulants, if of nothing else.

While lovely woman is supposed to go almost any length in her beauty doctoring, not many of them can make the decision to talk less because wrinkles are caused by too much talking.

The single man should not forget to put an engagement ring in his pocket before starting on his vacation. He may not have occasion to use it, yet it is better to have one handy in case of emergency.

For improving the Mississippi river \$43,572,693 has been spent in the past twenty years. Farmers with submerged lands adjoining that interesting stream are wondering what was done with the money.

It was to be expected that the millionaire laborer who wore his working clothes when he went in search of a wife would find a girl with imagination enough to guess how he would look in a dress suit or golfing togs.

The English papers are saying that wherever golf goes there is an increased demand for Scotch whisky. Let us hope, since the championship has been won by an American boy that home-made goods may now supplant the Scotch product.

John Bull promises to make the Boers so happy under his rule that they will be ashamed of themselves for not having begged him to take hold at the beginning. It is to be hoped that John isn't merely talking in order to hear the applause.

**PATTI RENEWS HER YOUTH**  
THE SECRET: SHE NEVER WORRIES AND IS NEVER EXCITED

When I read in the papers that Mme. Adelina Patti was going to sing at Albert Hall I went out straightway and bought seats, writes Jennetta L. Gilder. I had not heard Mme. Patti since she sang in opera at the old Academy of Music, New York, supported by the long since dead and gone Nicolini. That was in —, but why give dates? It was too long ago for one to be particular about such details. I am sure that Mme. Patti would rather not have me recall the year.

And here was Patti—the real flesh and blood and no ghost—going to sing again. There was no Nicolini this time, but a brand new young husband, whose name was published in brackets under her more famous one:

MME. ADELINA PATTI.  
(Baroness Cedarstrom).

To the present generation the name of Adelina Patti is what that of Jenny

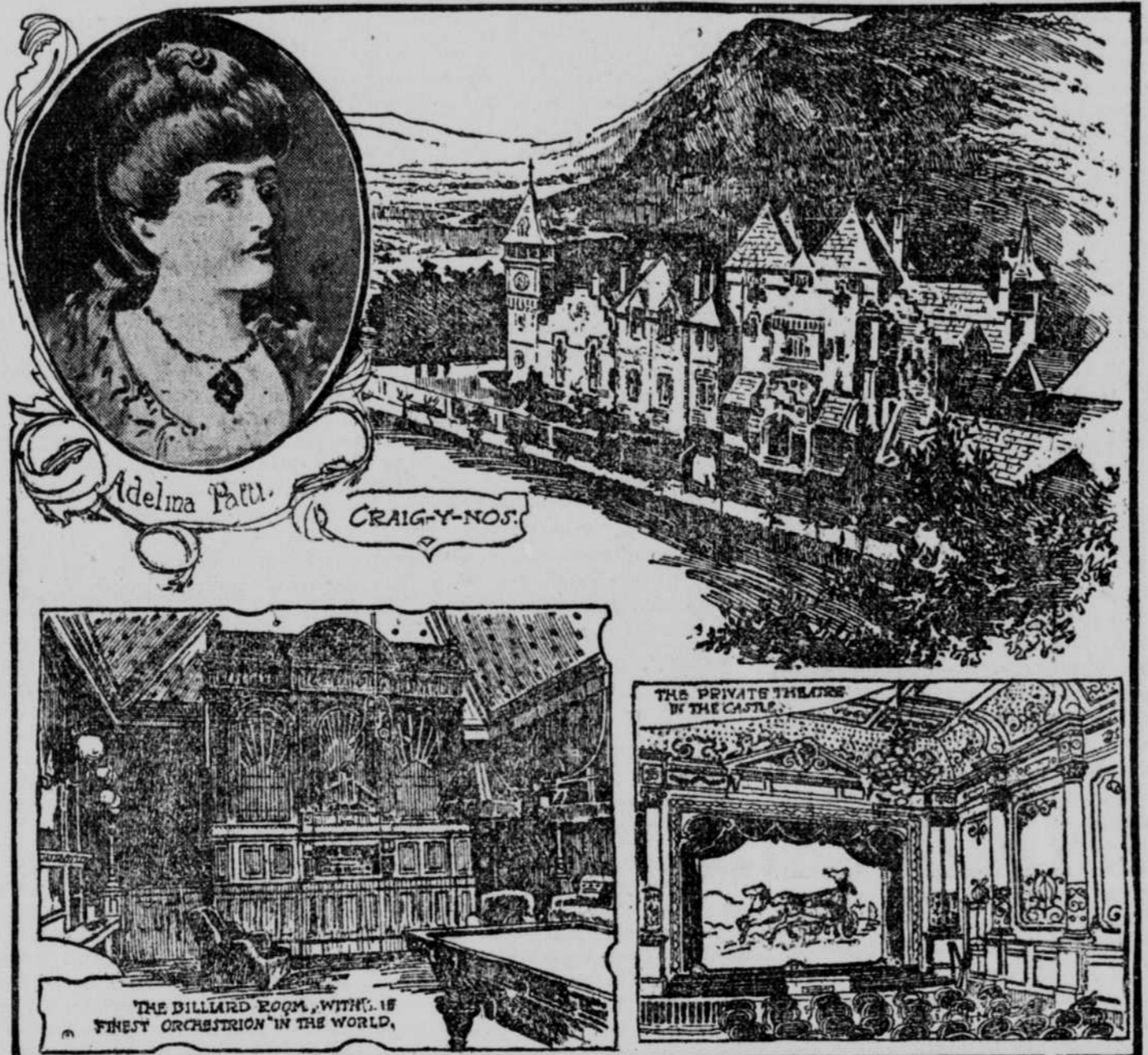
Do you remember that trill? And then the way, later, that she played with the "rye" as a kitten with a ball, tossing it higher and higher, rolling and turning, till it finally ended in a big, round gurgle and then came to an end. It was in the simpler things that Mme. Patti was best—"The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," and the enormous audience that filled Albert Hall arose to these and gave her an ovation.

As far as manners and appearance go Mme. Patti was as young and go-quettish as ever. She was dressed in pale yellow with a "picture hat" perched upon her black and curling hair. To have seen her running airily up the inclined plane that leads to the platform of Albert Hall, bowing gayly to right and left, you would not have given her a day more than 20. She is a wonderful woman, is Mme. Patti. I doubt if any prima donna of to-day will have such a record of song. Fortunately for her she has never torn her voice with Wagner's music.

what she likes, she lives as she likes, she takes exercise as she chooses, she has no physician in attendance. She has no nerves." If this be true times have changed. When she was last in New York she had her own cook, her own doctor and her own physical attendant. As for nerves, she had them all over her body. She seldom ventured outside of her hotel, and when she did she drove in a closed carriage and stuffed cotton in her ears to keep the cold out.

Mme. Patti has not yet succeeded in selling Craigy-Nos, her Welsh castle, and she still spends the most of her time there. The place has cost her a fortune and it takes a fortune to run it. Like every prima donna that ever was born, Mme. Patti loves the country. It is, of course, the contrast to the excitement of their public life that makes singers and actors eager for the peace and quiet of green fields.

I say again, Mme. Patti is a wonderful woman, and it is still a genuine



Lind was to a generation past. When I told a young American girl that I was going to hear Mme. Patti sing she looked at me aghast. "Patti sing! I thought that she was dead and buried ages ago." To prove that she was alive and singing I took the young American girl to the concert with me. To my great delight Mme. Patti gave her old familiar repertoire. She first sang "Costa Diva," with "Voiche sapeta" as an encore. Then the jewel song from Faust, with "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town" as an encore. Then "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' Thro' th Rye."

No one can truthfully say that Mme. Patti's voice is as fresh to-day as it was thirty years ago, but every one must admit that it is marvelous, considering her age, for she has turned 60. As for her style and method, they are unimpaired. It seemed to me as though her songs had been cranked for a lower key than of old, but I may be mistaken. Her trills were liquid and brilliant as far as they went, but the famous one, "None, they say have I," was much shortened.

Grand as that music is it is death to any but German voices, and even they cannot long withstand its strain. Patti has confined herself to Italian operas and English ballads. Since she was so small that she had to stand upon a table to be seen, she has been singing in public, and before that she played the violin in an orchestra of which her father was the conductor. Notwithstanding her long life before the public, she shows few signs of wear and tear, because her life has been made easy for her. She has always had some one to stand between her and all worry. She is never allowed to be excited. Louisa Loew, the companion of fourteen years, after her quarrel with Mme. Patti published the story of her life to the world. It was not all a pretty story, particularly the part relating to Nicolini, but it was undoubtedly true. Mme. Patti has been treated more or less like a valuable racehorse. Her food, her exercise, her rest, all are looked after by specialists, and have been for years. An article published recently in a London paper tells a different story. It says she "eats

pleasure to hear her sing. I would much rather hear her, even though her voice may have lost some of its freshness, than most of the famous singers of to-day. Patti was born, not made, and she still sings with all her old time grace and charm. The young girl alluded to at the beginning of this letter was enchanted. "I feel," she said, turning to me, "as you might have felt if you had been taken to hear Jenny Lind." "Not exactly," I replied, "for I could only have been taken to hear Jenny Lind before I was born."

**BIRDS MADE THE SIEVE.**

How a Truthful Coal Shoveler Wasn't Believed.

In the mountains of Tennessee a stranger came upon a man who was shoveling coal upon a wooden sieve. Upon inquiry how on earth he got such a curious thing, the old man replied:

"Stranger, I don't think you'll believe me if I tell you."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the man. "I will believe you."

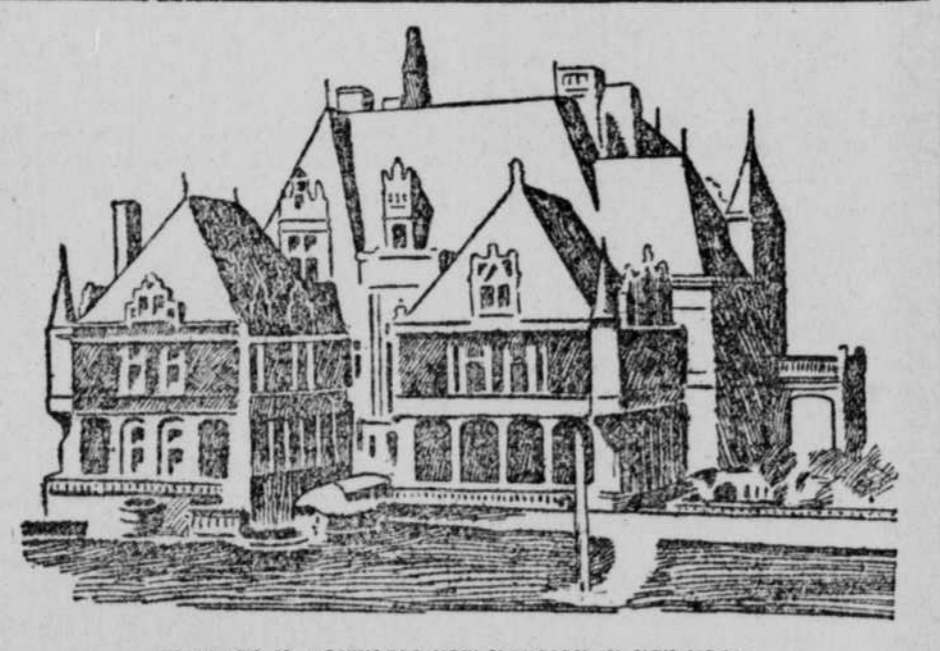
"Well," said the mountaineer, "it was this way. About five years ago I lived down on the side of the mountain whar woodpeckers and other kind o' birds is powerful thick. That ar' thing—pointing to the sieve—"war my door to my cabin. It 'ud mock any bird that flies. I 'ud jest sit thar some summer evenin' and jest move it and every bird came that war imitated."

"Howsumever, one day I left my cabin to go huntin' and went preambulin' down the mountain. Wa'll, some wind come along and made that ar' door imitate a woodpecker. First one come and then a whole pile o' the critters. They lit in on the door and when I come it war jest like ye see it."

The man thanked him and moved on.

"I declar," said the mountaineer, "I don't believe he thought I war tellin' the truth," and he resumed shoveling.—New York Herald.

**Schwab's New York Palace**



Charles Schwab, head of the great steel trust, is building a palace in New York that will outvie in splendor any of the mansions of the money kings that adorn the great metropolis. It will, with the grounds, occupy one entire block, and the cost, exclusive of furnishing, will be close to \$3,000,000.

Every device that adds to the comfort of modern life or turns barren surroundings into spots of beauty is to be used. When finished and ready for occupancy the steel magnate will be able to boast that his home is as magnificent as any abode on earth, with the exception of royal residences.

**How Napoleon Studied Law.**

Among the Napoleon Stories recently circulated is one which may be apocryphal, but is surely instructive. It is said that some one once asked the emperor how he acquired his remarkable knowledge of the civil law. He replied that when a lieutenant he had been unjustly placed under arrest for ten days, and in the room where he was confined he found a digest of the Roman law. He spent his time absorbing the contents, and when he regained his liberty his head was stored with useful knowledge in that line.

**Englishwomen as Sailors.**

Titled Englishwomen are fast developing a love for the sea and its pursuits that make their brothers, fathers and husbands a little careful of their own prowess in that respect. Fact is beginning to be quite the thing among Englishwomen, and the marchioness of Londosjerry is said to take the lead among her associates as a sailor. The marchioness has directed the sailing of several races at Cowes and is looked upon as an experienced yachtswoman.

Only the brave can stand their own company.

**What a Good Name Does.**

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 11th.—Mr. Vahlberg of 222 South Peoria St., this city, had for years been an invalid with liver complaint and kidney trouble which was fast hastening him to the grave. The Doctors gave him up and his friends and neighbors all declared he could not live.

His brother came from Minneapolis to see him before he died and inquired if he had tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

On being told that this remedy had not been used he went out at once and bought a box, feeling satisfied from what he knew of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the noble work they had been doing in Minnesota, that they would save his brother's life.

The first two days Mr. Vahlberg seemed to grow worse, but after that he gradually improved under the treatment and was soon restored to complete good health.

Never put off till tomorrow the creditor who will wait till next week.

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