

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

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

The curse of litigation seems still to hang over the Fair millions.

Too much thinking on the subject of microbes will dull the heartiest appetite.

There is a double reason for calling it hard coal, since it has become so hard to get.

The fact that coal and diamonds are chemically identical ceases to wear an air of paradox.

An Indiana man burned up \$6,000 in greenbacks before committing suicide. Is this patriotism?

Grave diggers are taking risks when they go on a strike. There are no strikes at crematoriums.

Since his father's will was read young Mr. Mackay has not had to worry about his board bill.

We have not read the coronation ode written by William Winter, but it is better than Alfred Austin's.

King Edward should remember that uneasy lies the head that doesn't take off its crown on going to bed.

President Castro should know how to take his medicine. It is the same dose he has served out to others.

The Viceroy of Chili means well enough, but his proclamation reads like something from a comic opera.

Henri Rochefort of Paris wears a straw hat which is said to have cost \$1,000; but then one can say anything.

It is a severe strain on the transportation facilities to move even the stories that are told of this year's crops.

It is to be hoped that the rest of the South American republics will not insist positively on having revolutions now.

England is drinking California wine, with "California" on the label and likewise on the cork. Will the "invasion" never end?

It takes courage to buy a big daily newspaper only to suppress it, as Mr. Ochs has practically suppressed the Philadelphia Times.

One ambitious and able-bodied mosquito will cause more bloodshed than all the Central American and Haitian warriors put together.

One of the first signs of autumn is the prima donna's annual interview about the fabulous salary she has had to decline because of a previous contract.

The farmers' \$50,000,000 trust will not need to go east after financial assistance if it can hold on to its products until the east really needs them.

American women led all others for costly jewels at the coronation, a fact which the customs officers in New York will try to recall a little later in the year.

The empress dowager has caught another Chinese reformer and suggested that he be sent to the place where reforms are either unnecessary or impossible.

Possibly the cigars that a Texas railroad is offering as a bonus to travelers are of the kind that make the discomforts of travel seem as nothing by comparison.

Because a waitress hands a customer a piece of peach pie when he says "Give me the kind that resembles you," would you accuse her of being egotistical?

Really that New York woman who is suing her first husband for abandonment after she has tried six other matrimonial ventures is paying him a very high compliment.

The lady who drenched her husband in vitriol must have been an extravagant housewife. It is not necessary to have more than a few ounces of the fluid about. Besides there was her temper.

Since the walls of Solomon's temple have been discovered in Samaria and Noah's ark has been found in Greenland, there appears to be a chance for some scientist to locate Adam and Eve's first teepee.

In Tolstoy's latest book the Russian pessimist asserts that English fiction died with Dickens and American literature ceased with Emerson and Lowell. This is tough on Samuel Eberly Gross and Mary McLane.

A New York mendicant has admitted in court that he makes \$1,800 a year begging. But, poor fellow, how can he expect to cut any kind of a figure in New York on \$1,800 a year.

A Boston man is trying to start a home for poor inventors. It should be fitted up with a number of padded cells for the perpetual motion crowd.

Such lovely, artistic ways of serving watermelons as one reads of! At the same time, for pure relish, can anything beat the small boy's way?



Up to Date.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
His letter began abruptly:

"It's no use, mon ami, I love you. And when a man loves a woman, friendship is but as stones to a starving man. People prate of the possibilities of the platonic—and such things may be. Yes, if each party be as cold-blooded as a compressed air machine. You may smile at this, questioning: 'Are not all beings compressed air machines?' My mind does not run along scientific lines. I take little stock in the 'brazen Baals' and 'talking fetishes' with which you are wont to satisfy all deep emotions. And I love you. Let the saying stand even so long as I live.

"What then? And you would fain shrug your shoulders. But, think a moment, friend of mine. You may burn incense before many altars—yet what gift can the gods bestow that shall equal the love of man—strong, tender, unflinching? You will say that for praising my own wares I am close second to a Jew. True. But a modesty that stands between a man and his happiness is a foolish modesty.

"Do I not know whereof I speak? Seeing that it has forced me to risk my all upon a single throw? You smile—there in your pleasant sea-green serenity—saying: 'A man's love is not his all.' Many there be who will agree with you; yet what says the inspired Paul of Tarsus? 'If I have not love in my heart I become as a tin pan beaten by sticks'—or something to that effect.

"Do not answer this for ten days, mon ami. Give the gods of chance an opportunity to throw their dice in my favor. Would to the Lord I could load the dice.

"Do not doubt my sincerity, for I tell you straightly that should you find it impossible to give me love for love my life will be worth no more to me than a bad egg—though the chances are that I shall go on living pretty much as the next man does. Custom and culture, like American manufacturers, strive steadily to reduce individuality to a fixed standard—that if one part be broken or mislaid its substitute may be readily supplied.

"But, dear, though this is true of the surface, there are myriads of men striving to content themselves with shadows instead of substances; and dear, dear, man of few fears that I am, my heart falls me at the thought of such a life—day after day without you.

"Mon ami, I know well that you laugh at love, yet I lay my love before you. Know, also, that you have bitter prejudices against matrimony, yet I ask you in all seriousness to become my wife. What reply can you make? A quotation from the prince of stoics? I fear so. And yet I am not so unlovable. Women have loved

called his dearest on each third line and spoke much of undying devotion. For ten days. Hope held it tantalizingly before him—fine writing on tinted paper. Then her letter came. Perfectly correct; mortally cold. He shivered slightly as he ripped open the envelope and unfolded the crackling sheet. But he set his teeth and forced his attention through the formal opening.

"Anent your interjection touching stones and loaves, I would suggest that were paving stones eatable they would be no more plentiful than bread and would be quite as highly prized.

"And, my friend, do not let Kipling lead you astray as regards brazen Baals and greasy altars. They have their uses and so long as they be confined to their own sphere they stand for good. For you will admit the truth of this trite saying: 'There is no virtue that may not by exaggeration become vice.' To overdue is the crime for which humanity stands convicted. The dumb brute alone knows how to let well enough alone. An ox could give Plato or Aristotle lessons in philosophy. Still we have been bitten by the bad bug, Ambition, and the fever is in our veins. We must go on or go down. 'No backward path,' through the highways of the world. Only to keep the face steadily toward the goal and stamp on so sturdily as we may—stamping alike over burrs and blossoms.

"Brutal, you will say. Yet it is the sesame of success. And, after all, while there are stars overhead why should be trouble ourselves about the silly snowdrifts under foot? A misplaced tenderness is surely weakness even as misdirected strength becomes brutality. Well, as you perceive, I stand in need of beans and my thoughts do not come clearly.

"Concerning that other matter you mention: You have evidently examined the situation more carefully than I have yet been able to do, so I rest upon your judgment is the wisest course to be pursued.

"And this, I believe, answers yours of recent date. Nothing has happened since I saw you last, so I have no news save, that to judge from present appearances, I shall not be burning incense this afternoon upon that greatest of altars."

It was several hours from afternoon, but the man got up hurriedly and began looking around for his hat.

Out in the park by the fountain he drew forth again that thin, typewritten sheet. Crisp, correct and ever so cautious. Had he published it, she would have stood unconfessed. For

altars—propriety. You have burned much incense upon it. Did it ever occur to you that it came high?

"Well, when all is said, I love you. What are you going to do about it?" He sealed the letter without pausing to read it over and shot it into the chute.

What would she do about it? His heart answered him promptly enough. Yet he allowed hope to drag him through ten days of sickening uncertainty. Luring him on with the memory of those faded letters he had once pondered over, wondering how on earth a woman as wise as his mother could have allowed herself to sloop over so in sentiment and bad spelling. This was before he began to crave such a letter. A letter that

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a moment he thought of those letters of long ago, scented with violets and overflowing with sentiment. A letter that any careless eye might read with one smile for the gusa and the spelling. But this, this was for him alone. He alone could read the delicious meaning so cunningly hidden between those rigid lines.

Good heavens, how could he wait until the afternoon?

And then it occurred to him that he need not wait.

NEW DEFINITION OF USURY.

And It Seemed as if the Right Phrase Had Been Used.

During the active days at the great Muscle Shoals improved conditions prevailed somewhat similar to those often found in new mining districts; nothing akin to calm.

A fellow who had occasion to take a long ride in a great hurry, "borrowed" a native's horse without stopping to speak to the owner about it.

But in the course of a few days he returned the animal.

The native did not take a kindly view of the situation, but concluded to be content with legal redress. He announced his intention of having the offender arrested.

"What'll you have him arrested for?" was asked.

"For horse stealin', of course."

"How can you make horse stealing out of it, when he returned the horse?"

"Ain't it stealin' if he brought 'im back?"

"I'm not a lawyer, but I don't see how it could be."

"All right, then; I'll have 'im arrested for usury."

"I don't see how you can make usury out of it, either."

"Why, — it all! he used 'im, didn't he? Yes, sir, he used 'im three or four days, and used 'im mighty hard, too, by the looks of 'im."

Of course a thoughtful person would have seen at once that e-lope-ment was the crime committed.—New York Times.

LAST OF FORT GUNNYBAGS.

From Its Windows San Francisco Murderers Were Hanged.

What is possibly the most interesting historic building in San Francisco, the old two-story structure on Sacramento street, between Davis and Front streets, which served as headquarters for the vigilance committee of 1856, is being partly torn down. It will be rebuilt and its identity so merged in the new structure that its historic interest will be lost.

It was here that organization of the committee proceeded, and in its rooms that, on the following day, Casey and Cora, the slayers of King and Richardson, were imprisoned after their surrender by the authorities to the committee. The trials were held here, and from the projecting beams of the old building Casey and Cora were hanged on the afternoon of May 22, while thousands of armed vigilants kept back the 20,000 people that crowded into the vicinity of the scene of execution.

The committee continued to meet in the same rooms, and the subsequent fortification of the building with sandbags filled with the name of "fort Gunnybags."

Not until William T. Coleman and his fearless associates had completed the work that struck terror to the hearts of the lawless and had adjourned, did the building now being destroyed cease to be the center of fearful and wholesome interest.

PRESERVE THE WEDDING GOWN

Most Women Desire Some Memento of the Most Important of Events.

A woman's wedding gown is seldom worn except on anniversary occasions after the day upon which the nuptials are celebrated. Most women regard this garment as especially sacred and take extraordinary means to preserve it in all its pristine purity. The wedding gown box is a recent fad for the well-to-do bride to adopt, and it bids fair to have quite a vogue. That every bride possessed of any sentiment wishes to keep her wedding gown in a state of preservation is a foregone conclusion, and this elegant receptacle is admirably suited to the purpose for which it was designed. It is made of light wood enameled with white and having the bride's initials in silver letters on the outside. A lining of tufted white satin is revealed on opening the box, and locks of silver and white leather straps fasten it. A photograph of the wedding gown is often taken by the modiste before sending it home and making a collection of the photographs of wedding gowns or any other distinctive costume is one of the present fads, the idea being to preserve the pictures as mementoes for future generations and also as illustrations of present-day fashions.

The Wedding Day.

It shall be, then, upon a summer's day; The sun, my joy's accomplice, bright shall shine.

And add, amid your silk and satin fine, To your dear radiance still another ray:

The heavens, like a sumptuous canopy, Shall shake out their blue folds to droop and trail

About our happy brows, that shall be pale With so much gladness, such expectancy;

And when day closes, soft shall be the air That in your snowy veils, caressing, plays,

And with soft-smiling eyes the stars shall gaze Benignantly upon the wedded pair.

—Verlaine.

One active cause of a shrinkage in values is the assessor's visit.

TRIBUTE TO HORACE GREELEY.

An Interesting Letter Written by Henry Ward Beecher in 1872.

Immediately after the conclusion of the political campaign in which Horace Greeley was snowed under by U. S. Grant, for the presidency of the United States, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in common with thousands of others, felt sad over the terrible desolation of his old friend, and just as soon as Mr. Greeley announced himself once more in journalistic harness, addressed to him the following letter: "Brooklyn, Nov. 9, 1872.

"My Dear Mr. Greeley: I read your card in the Tribune with sincere pleasure, and congratulate myself and the cause of journalism on your return to a field in which you have won so much reputation and where you have done such service that the history of America cannot be written without including as an important part of it your life and services.

"You may think, amid clouds of smoke and dust, that all your old friends who parted company with you in the late campaign will turn a momentary difference into a life long alienation. It will not be so. I speak for myself, and also from what I perceive in other men's hearts. Your mere political influence may for a time be impaired, but your own power for good in the far wider field of industrial economy, social and civil criticism, and the general well-being of society, will not be lessened, but augmented. It is true that hitherto the times called for a warrior, and such you were; yet I cannot but think with regret how much ability has been spent by you that died with the occasion, and which might have built up positive and permanent elements. But I look upon your years to come as likely to be more fruitful and irradiated with a kind and beneficent light, which will leave your name in honor far greater than if you had reached the highest office.

"I beg that you will pardon my intrusion, especially when you stand in the shadow of a great domestic trouble. I hoped that a word of honest respect and sympathy might not displease you. There are thousands who would like to do as I have done, and who with me will rejoice once more to be in sympathy with you in all things beneficent and patriotic. I am, my dear Mr. Greeley, very truly yours,

"Henry Ward Beecher."

WIT OF PRESIDENT WOODROW.

New Head of Princeton Makes Himself Popular With Students.

A Princeton man tells of an incident of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's elevation to the presidency of Princeton which he regards as indicative of the way in which he will hold the students in leash by ready wit and a genial smile instead of trying to awe them with his dignity.

When darkness lent cover to the project, on the evening of the day on which the announcement of Dr. Wilson's election was made, some of the more boisterous spirits organized a celebration, and having requisitioned horns and a green grocer's stock of head lettuce, descended upon the new president.

At the first toot of a horn he knew what was coming, but before bedlam could break loose, Dr. Wilson was out among the serenaders, grasping each one by the hand and thanking them individually and collectively for their congratulations, pretending not to see the lettuce heads which the students made desperate efforts to keep out of view and to get rid of.

When the students recovered from this unexpected overthrow of their plans some one shouted:

"What's the matter with Woodrow Wilson?"

And the answer came loud and clear:

"He's all right. He's a brick."

The students then marched away, singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and carrying their lettuce heads with them.

Love's Triumph.

He waited while the long years wore away;

To one, in happy youth, he gave his heart;

But fate was jealous of him, and one day

Contrived, for spite, to put them far apart.

Another claimed her, but the man who first

Had given her his love went on alone;

The love she gave to him he fondly nursed.

Still hoping he might claim her as his own.

Through many long and lonesome years he prayed,

And she in widow's weeds one day went past—

He rushed to claim the joy so long delayed—

And held her in his arms—his own—at last!

He waited long and hopefully and drew Her fondly to his heart at last, and then

Grew weary of her in a month or two—

And wished that he could wait and love again.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Very Loud Call.

A committee called on Minister Wu to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the fact that the youthful minister of the church had recently resigned to enter upon a new field of labor on the Pacific coast.

"Why did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu.

"Because he had received a call to another church," was the reply.

"What salary did you pay him?"

"Four thousand dollars."

"What is his present salary?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius, "A very loud call!"

New Use for Horseskins.

One of the novelties is an automobile for men and women made of horseskin, says the New York Evening Journal. Sable and long hair furs are not suitable, or they catch the dust. The skins of colts, either in white or brown, have come in great favor, and the white trimmed with a darker fur, and automobilists do not disdain piebalds. They all require lining. Helmet shaped head-dresses of the same skin often accompany these coats.

Cowardly fear finds no favor with God.



W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world.

W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good Year Welt (Hand Sewed, Process) shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.

\$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can improve this statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1902 sales, \$1,108,820; 1901 sales, \$2,940,000.

Best Imported and American leathers, Heil's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vic Kid, Corona Calf, Nat. Kangaroo, East Color Eyelets used.

The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Illinois factory free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

From Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. We employ a chef who is an expert in making

LIBBY'S

Natural Flavor Food Products

We don't practice economy here. He uses the very choicest materials. A supply on your pantry shelves enables you to have always at hand the essentials for the very best meals.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for our booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers

Keep the rider perfectly dry. No matter how thick is the sleet, or how wide and long is the storm. Extra preparation at shoulder seams. Warranted water-proof. If you do not believe it, ask a dealer.

Have them write for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

We would teach the lady who buys.

Lesson number one. Starch is an extraction of wheat used to stiffen clothes when laundered. Most starches in time will rot the goods they are used to stiffen.

They contain chemicals.

Defiance Starch is absolutely pure. It gives new life to linen. It gives satisfaction or money back. It sells 16 ounces for 10 cents at all grocers. It is the very best.

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The DEFIANCE STARCH CO.

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