

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

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

The stage Tracy will be worse than the original.

If the French are still dreaming of revenge, nothing will wake them up.

Where is Mr. Morgan first, in war, peace, or the hearts of his countrymen?

If Santos Dumont doesn't look out he will get himself into the Nikola Tesla class.

Mr. Morgan wears his panama hat fedora style. For ambitious financiers that sets the style.

Tourists returning from Europe will be glad to learn that baled hay is now admitted free of duty.

New Zealand is doing its best to attract immigration by posing as a land where strikes are unknown.

It took six centuries to complete the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice. It came down in about six seconds.

Webfeet harvest hands are wanted in several sections of the country where the rainfall has been abnormal.

Rather than give tips proportional to the Monte Cristo stories about him, Mr. Pierpont Morgan gives no tips at all.

Mr. Carnegie must not be discouraged if the first \$10,000,000 fails to bring about the discovery of the secret of life.

In England the spoils of office are called "liver." There is no use trying to keep the meat question out of politics.

The czar of Russia employs twenty-four doctors, besides trying all of the patent medicines submitted for his approval.

Sometimes we almost suspect that women who use the kerosene can when making fires, never look at a newspaper.

The bishop of Delaware, who insists that women should wear bonnets to church, evidently wishes to promote a millenium.

The preacher who hurled a lighted ramp at a disorderly man in the congregation was not hiding his light under a bushel.

Those new olive-green uniforms may be all right and practical, but "the boys in blue" is a phrase that is hard to give up.

It seems that Washington has been expecting Turkey to keep her word without constant pushing. This is the climax of credulity.

Order has been restored in Siam. This is probably the first real quiet spell they have had there since the days of those famous twins.

When asked the other day to pose for a photograph, J. Pierpont Morgan said he wouldn't do it for \$5,000,000. Oh, how that man must hate his face.

The talking match between Explorer Baldwin and his captain proves that a diet of blubber and ship's biscuit does not diminish the muscular strength of the tongue.

Mr. Schwab refuses to disclose the actual purpose of his visit to Europe. Probably he is making the trip in order to get a little more iron into his constitution.

A wine trust has been formed in Spain for the purpose of exploiting the United States market. Evidently we pounded more ideas than one into the Spaniard.

The news that an Indian chief of Oklahoma was killed by a faction led by his mother-in-law shows how the poor red man is succumbing to the perils of civilization.

Explorer Baldwin is doomed to failure in his arctic lecture business. If he cannot produce the pole the public will have no interest in the particulars of his expedition.

If the Windy City objects to the name Chicago because the word is Indian for skunk why not call itself "Chic-hogo," which does not mean skunk, but is appropriate, nevertheless.

When the Duke of Marlborough ran his automobile over a woman he stopped and conveyed her to a hospital. For this breach of the scorchery code he may expect to be sharply censured.

A Chicago woman had a neighbor arrested on a charge of witchcraft, the specification being that evil spirits were invoked to disturb her domestic serenity. The inference is that the evil spirits originated in Peoria.

Census statistics just issued show that illiteracy among male adults is less than half as prevalent in the large cities as it is in the rest of the United States. But it is not alarmingly prevalent in either the cities or the country.

ALONE

She had not any word to say—
There was no one who stood by her;
For one misstep in life's young day,
When love had seemed so good to her,
She walked from all the world apart,
And kept her grief locked in her heart—
A comrade dear seemed Memory;
So all alone walked she.

But sang the blackbird in the brake,
It seemed his song was made for her;
And all along the calm blue lake
The lilies pure were laid for her.
The honeyuckle in the dew
Around her door its fragrance threw,
The ewe lamb by her side would lead,
And white doves there would feed

I dream the Christ of Galilee
Who on the dread cross died for her,
When near to death her steps shall be,
The gate will open wide for her,
That angel hands will draw her in,
And lock without the old-time sin,
And on her brow again will press,
Her lost youth's happiness.
—Cora A. Matson Dolson, in the Era.

The Awakening of Princess Valerie.

BY CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Pretty Princess Valerie, they had called her, back in the little kingdom of Arstadt, when Duke Fritz had wooed and won her in the guise of the Count of Neinhelm, and with the wily old Prime Minister had plotted against a girl's willfulness to give her the sweetest of love marriages. Well! That was years ago. Since then, only yesterday, a weary truth had come to Princess Valerie—that men may love; but men will tire, and the newest face has ever a charm.

It was a bitter smile that curved the proud red lips, as she watched Duke Fritz stroll under the lindens, murmuring pretty speeches into the faint ear of the Countess Isobel. Countess Isobel of Hohenhauffen, the veriest flirt ever sent to overturn the peace of the little court of Auerstadt.

cloudlike, sombre, from which the white marble of throat and bosom gleamed like frost.

Duke Fritz stood at her side until the tedious ceremony was ended; then he made his way to the Countess Isobel, and Valerie, glancing up, met the eyes of Katherine de Graffenried filled with mocking laughter. The ebb and flow of the music, the glide of the feet over the polished floor, the murmur of voices, with their set speeches, came to her as through a mist. She had some wild thought of leaving it all and rushing out into the white night, of going to Rudolph, her brother, the king of Arstadt. She would claim his protection. Then a thought gripped her heartstrings—her child. She could not leave him,



"Valerie!"

and the people of Auerstadt would never suffer their little prince to be raised in another land. No, she must stay and bear her martyrdom. Rudolph would be the first to bid her return, and Princess Valerie could have risen then and there, and beat her hands against the wall in sheer despair. Across the room, she could see the duke's fair head bent low above Countess Isobel; it was maddening.

A little page came hurrying down the long room and bowed before her, his face white and anxious. "Highness, the little prince is ill, and should have the Herr doctor immediately."

Valerie sprang to her feet, and an instant hush fell over the audience chamber, as she swept past the little knots of courtiers and laughing women, a princess, but yet a woman, who has heard the cry of her child in need of her.

A group of frightened attendants made way for her, as she fell on her knees beside the low, white bed. The rosy limbs, that she had kissed so short a time before, were rigid, and a blue shadow grew around the tightly drawn lips, as the child lay locked in one convulsion after another. To the end of her life she never knew whence came the strength that enabled her, when the doctor called for assistance, to brush aside the panic-stricken nurses, and herself force the clenched mouth open, while he poured the medicine down. What matter that the little white teeth ground upon her delicate fingers until the blood trickled down, the child had ceased to struggle, and the warm pink came back to the little face, and the tense limbs relaxed. With a burst of tears, she gathered the sleeping baby to her breast, and the old doctor's eyes were misty, as he laid a kindly hand upon the rebellious curls that had somehow slipped their fastenings and tumbled in head-long beauty to her waist.

The minutes slipped by, as Valerie knelt with the child's cheek pressed against her own, then someone entered and closed the door, very gently. Valerie never stirred, scarcely conscious of anything but the fact that the child was given back to her arms—a thankfulness that almost blotted out the other great sorrow for a time. Duke Fritz knelt down beside his wife, and drew the dark head to his breast. For a moment she yielded to the sense of rest and peace, then pride awoke, and she drew haughtily away from him. "Why come to me? Where is the Countess Isobel? Is she indisposed that you should turn to me and the child?"

The duke sprang to his feet, his fair face flushing like a girl's. "Valerie! There was a world of reproach in the mere word, and Valerie winced, half-guiltily. A long silence fell between husband and wife. Afar off in the distance, the midnight bell



"Highness, the prince is ill and should have the Herr doctor immediately," yet he glanced wistfully toward her once or twice; but that inscrutable, cold smile lay on the lovely lips, repelling all approach, and unfortunately, Valerie never caught that look, only suffered and wound the scourge closer to her lured bosom.

When her women came to robe her for the evening she thrust aside the gay tissues, the shimmering satins, and bade them put on a trailing black gown of some misty material,

proclaimed the passing of another day, and the quiet lay over the city like a pall; only, here in the palace were flashing lights and anxious faces lingering in the corridors to know how fared the little prince. A long time, the blue eyes of the duke held the brown ones of Princess Valerie with that proud reproach; then, woman-like, she fell to sobbing upon his breast, knowing, without a word, that the wrong was right; and the duke asked no questions, but presently, stroking her curls, told her how the Countess Isobel, who had laughed down love and many suitors, was at last caught in the web of her own devising, and that the matter was a difficult one, as the man in question was a mere officer in the guards, the bare mention of whom as a husband for their imperious beauty had set the whole Hohenhauffen clan by the ears. In desperate case, the lovers had appealed to no less a person than the hereditary duke, and, though hereditary dukes are mighty in their small worlds, there are some things in which it is not safe to meddle, hence, all the walks and talks, in which the young officer had formed an anxious third, and which the little De Graffenried had forgotten to mention when relating the story to the princess.

"Why didn't they come to me?" demanded Valerie. There is nothing so provoking to the average woman than to find out that an interesting love affair, with all of its proper complications, has been going forward under her very nose and she not aware of it.

The duke pulled his long, fair mustache helplessly. "The truth is, the countess tried to tell you, but after you had left the terrace the little De Graffenried came back and told her that you did not approve of her choice; in fact, desired that the subject should not be alluded to in your presence, and, naturally, she could not expect any sympathy from you."

"Oh!" said Valerie. Ten minutes later, in the presence of the court that was still assembled in the audience chamber, Princess Valerie summoned Fraulein De Graffenried and bade her return at the earliest possible moment to her father's Schloss.

Thus, the awakening of Princess Valerie.

BE BRAVE.

The world is wide, remember this,
Nor shrink from fate's deep furrowed frown.
Woo fortune with your brightest smiles,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

It spoils your chance for future deeds,
To frame your face with dull care's crown;
Brace up, and higher hold your head,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

The world will bow in servile zest
To one who sways it with a frown;
Toss up your head, and flash your eye—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If scandal's lip should seek to stain
The name you hold as honor's crown,
By your own life refute the lie,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If bare your purse, your heart most sad,
Your life near crushed by sorrow's crown,
Then mask them well with song and jest,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

—Kate Thyson Marr.

Journalist's Triumph.

Miss Janet Priest of Minneapolis has proved to the satisfaction of a coterie of self-satisfied players in her vicinity that in her case where there's a will there's a way, and, incidentally, that she is not what is called in the sporting section either a "piker" or a "bluffer."

Miss Priest is the dramatic critic of the Tribune in that city. Recently she commented adversely on a performance given by some members of the Frawley company. She was sarcastically asked if she could do better. Miss Priest is very and replied by studying one of the roles in question and appearing in one of the performances. She scored an immediate "hit" and has been asked to continue in the profession. But this she has refused to do and has returned to her former labors.

Courtroom Repartee.

An expert does not always relish being tackled by an overharp lawyer. Yet in such verbal duels the former frequently scores. A mining expert was giving evidence in connection with an important mining case, and he was being exposed to a galling fire of cross-examination. The questions related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps."

"Now," said the sharp lawyer, "how large are these lumps? You say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," was the ready reply, "as long, but not nearly so thick."

The court roared, and a beautiful smile shone upon the face of the expert.

Gossip From Tien-tsin.

A traveler in Tien-tsin, mentioning the razing of the walls of the ancient city, relates that the work was done chiefly by former boxers, hired for the streets. Even the children on the streets made life unpleasant for these turncoats by taunting them with a two-line doggerel running as follows: From our cakes you ate up all; Now you've come to spoil our wall. The reference in the first line is to the large flat cakes of unleavened flour, mixed with brown sugar, upon which the boxers were fed by the patrons of the movement in Tien-tsin. To many of them boxerism was merely a means of earning a living.

PERILS OF THE DIVER.

How His Work Exposes Him to Constant Danger.

A successful diver must possess great courage and nerves of steel. Such a man connected with a large wrecking company was visiting some years ago the pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, where sharks abounded. On one of his trips in quest of the pearl oyster he had a narrow escape from a fearful death. He had been instructed never to stir from the bottom until he had looked up and around. Fortunately he heeded the advice. Having filled his bag he glanced quickly about, and caught sight of a huge shovel-nosed shark watching him, in an emergency mean fast. Near the diver was a large rock. He moved quickly to the other side of it, hoping to dodge the ferocious monster, but the maneuver did not work. The shark watched every movement, changing his position by a slight motion of his powerful tail. Time was precious, and the diver conceived the idea of blinding the shark by stirring up the mud. Under cover of that he might escape. He worked for dear life, and had the water thick with mud in less than half a minute. Slipping around the rock again, he rose to the surface, having barely strength enough to reach the side of the boat, and was hauled on board just as the voracious man eater made a rush for him.

A NEW MILITARY ORDER.

How Colonel of Hibernian Rifles Maneuvered His Men.

The annual encampment of the Second regiment, Connecticut National Guard, at Niantic, brought out this story from Col. T. H. Sucher of New Haven a few days ago: The colonel and a number of others were swapping stories one evening in the tent of Brig. Gen. Frost. When it came to Col. Sucher's turn he spun the following: "Col. T. F. Murphy of the Bridgeport Hibernian rifles and I have always been close friends," said he, "and one time not long ago he invited me down to that city to witness the annual parade of the Hibernian rifles from all over the state. Col. Murphy, who was in command, and I were at the head of the big parade as it turned into Main street, and everything went along in good shape until we met an electric car. I noticed the colonel was squirming around in his saddle, and he looked at me several times. Finally the car drew near to us, and then it was that Col. Murphy faced his men and yelled at the top of his lungs: "Split in the middle, boys, and leave the trolley car go through."

ON THE FLOORS OF THE SEAS

Gold and Iron in Immense Quantities in the Ocean.

Besides being a vast gold mine and salt mine, the ocean is also a great iron mine. To get out the salt in the ocean waves is easy enough—all that is required is evaporation—but to extract the gold from sea water is a feat that has never yet been successfully performed, though everybody knows that there is plenty of gold there if it can be got at.

Every year, however, large quantities of iron are brought up from the ocean depths. Ships are constantly going about losing anchors and chains or getting wrecked on lee shores where the waves pound them to pieces and scatter their iron work far in the trine. Or, perhaps, the ship goes down in a storm or is burned, far from land, and her ironwork dropped into the waters. If it is iron the ocean floor is all the greater. So tons and tons of iron lie all over the ocean floors, the property of any one who shall come along and mine it from "the hollow caves of the sea."

Last year 150 tons of this iron were dredged up off the east coast of England alone.

TOO SLOW FOR FUNERALS.

Abraham Lincoln's Opinion of a Livery Horse.

In Lincoln's early political career, he had occasion to travel quite a distance to be in time for a convention in which he had a deep interest. He went to a livery stable and asked for the best horse possible—one that was both fast and fresh. Lincoln reached the convention too late to be of service to those he had wished to serve, and drove back to the stable, where he quietly asked to see the keeper.

"What do you commonly use that horse for?" "Waal," drawled the dealer, "we find him a good horse to draw a hearse at funerals, he's so tractable."

"Too slow for funerals—too slow entirely!" commented Lincoln. "Why, that horse wouldn't get the corpse around in time for the resurrection!"

Census Humorists.

At the last English census a household could not tell how many children he had had, and whether his wife had been married before or not; she had "never mentioned it to him." Another persisted that his wife was a spinster. A resident in Ireland entered two pigs and a sheep dog as members of his family. And what trouble will be given by the countryman who mentioned in a witness box, a short time ago, that his daughter "had a lot of different names," but, being pressed, could not definitely remember any of them! A West Indian entered himself at one census as a duck stealer. A High church clergyman, who had a very Low church son (also a clergyman) staying with him, is alleged by his parishoners to have registered him as a "lunatic" in the proper column.

She was Persuaded to Try St. Jacobs Oil, and All Pain Disappeared Immediately.

It is undoubtedly a fact beyond dispute that the strongest advertisement medium the proprietors have is that of people who recommend others to use St. Jacobs Oil. People who have themselves experienced a happy result which invariably follows the use of this great remedy, show their gratitude by recommending it to those whom they know are similarly affected. This is the case of Margaret Lee, of 71 Brightfield road, Lee Green, Wis. "Having suffered from muscular rheumatism for years, and not receiving any benefit from various remedies, I used St. Jacobs Oil; pain and soreness removed at once; no return of rheumatism." St. Jacobs Oil is sold in 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes by all druggists.

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HALF RATES, round trip (plus \$2.00) to Sandusky, Columbus, Toledo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville and many points in INDIANA, OHIO AND KENTUCKY. Tickets sold September 2, 9, 16, 23. LESS than half rates to Washington, D. C., and return. Tickets sold October 2, 9, 16, 23. HALF RATES, round trip, to Buffalo, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus and many points in MICHIGAN, INDIANA, OHIO, PENNSYLVANIA, WEST VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY. TICKETS sold October 2, 9, 16, 23. HALF RATES, Boston, Mass., and return. Sold October 5, 12, 19 and 26. LONG LIMITS and STOPOVERS ALLOWED at Niagara Falls and Detroit on above tickets. For rates and all information call at Wabash New City Ticket office, 1601 Farnham St., Omaha, or write Harry E. Moore, Gen'l Aget. Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

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