

Loup City Northwestern

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

A luxury, as soon as we got used to it, becomes a necessity.

Another plan to protect authors is moot. How about the readers?

Even the new \$30,000,000 sewing machine trust will have its seamy side.

Mount Pelee is giving fresh proof every day of its great desire to be uninhabited.

Women's fall hats will be large. Fortunately in this case size does not affect the price.

If Emperor William wishes to keep up with the procession he will have to be operated on.

It would be a little queer if we had to appeal to the oil trust for protection from the coal trust.

All that good fuel oil burning in Texas and nothing to keep northern people warm. Think of it!

Look not upon the big apple when it is red. Too oft it biteth like a ball of yarn and tasteth like sawdust.

The American generals who were given a vacation in Germany may need five or six months to rest up.

It is becoming almost as dangerous to ride in automobiles as to be in front of them. This may bring reform.

The Massachusetts Red Men want the codfish as their totem. What will the aristocracy have to say about it?

Experiments at New York recently with the latest airship are pronounced highly successful—only the blamed thing wouldn't fly.

We still insist that the greatest of all American heroes is the taxpayer. His is the sort of heroism that keeps the government going.

S. Leszczynski and M. Grzegorz-kowna have been licensed to wed. It should not be very hard for the lady in this case to get used to her new name.

A woman has just recovered her sight after being blind for seven years. Perhaps you believe that her first inquiry was for the latest fashion magazine.

"I work harder than any other man in the entire world," said Buffalo Bill the other day. We have always wanted to know just who it is that works the hardest.

A Virginia editor has been arrested for smoking cigarettes. Virginia insists upon having her cigarettes smoked elsewhere, which is natural but not just.

The Newport smart set says "sour grapes" to Henry Watterson. But the colonel seems hardly the man to want to butt into a monkey dinner or a poodle party.

Raw onions and whisky are the prescription of a Mississippi doctor for malaria. The prescription would seem to involve solitude as an accessory treatment.

Being a prudent man and possessing some means, Mr. Rockefeller doubtless had his home insured. We do not anticipate that he will raise the price of coal oil.

It appears that the Chinese were addicted to profane swearing thousands of years ago. Modern civilization, in fact, can hardly claim any vice as peculiarly its own.

An English nobleman threatens to kill himself and everybody else if a Chicago girl does not marry him. Now and then our English friends get interested in something really worth while.

Why doesn't somebody invent a flying machine to shoot along say 100 feet above the earth, taking its power up through a trolley wire with a ring on the end running free on an overhead wire?

A visitor to Houston, Tex., claims that he slept in a saloon 15 minutes and lost \$160. This amounts to a little over \$10.60 a minute for his lodging. He must have dreamed that he was at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Kentucky judge who enjoined the McGovern-Corbett fight did so on the ground that it was to be a "real fight." From which it is seen that the bench in Kentucky retains its share of innocent credulity.

A Missouri farmer saw in a paper an advertisement of a fire escape for \$2. He sent the \$2 and received a copy of the New Testament. He indignantly claims that he was swindled.

Tom Sharkey announces that he has quit the ring to please his parents. The regularity of Tom's lickings were evidently mortifying to the old folks.

One of Brigham Young's grandsons is being held on a charge of murder. It was hardly to have been expected that they would all turn out well.

The Morning Summons.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts and the hardy on the plains,
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter sluggish veins;

Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger, like a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know,
While the night is hushed and holden and transpired by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong!
—Richard Burton in the Atlantic.

Filibusters.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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A group of Spanish officers were standing in front of the mess quarters at Bahia Honda. They had just come in from Havana and on the morrow were to start across the mountains toward Cristobal on special service. It had been a long, hard march, and they were hungry and tired. In spite of all that was behind and of what might be ahead, their one thought was of the meal whose savory odors were leaching from the hastily improvised mess quarters. The sun was not yet down, but the shadows of the date palms lay thick about their feet. They watched them listlessly, waiting for the mess call, and then ready to seek the low thatched building where they were to sleep. From the shadows of the same date palms a group of ragged, emaciated boys watched them keenly. They, too, were mindful of the odors that came from the mess quarters, for they sniffed eagerly, and from time to time they whispered to one another and pointed toward the building or the officers. Presently a boy of nine or ten, with keen, snapping black eyes, stole to a palm tree that was but a few yards from where the officers stood. In the shadow of this he waited until his companions had circled round to the shelter of a clump of bamboos on the other side, and very near to the entrance of the mess quarters. There they paused, as though for a signal.

And it was not long coming. With a sudden wild whoop the boy with the snapping eyes sprang forward into the very midst of the officers, swinging his arms and dancing about as though he were mad. In an instant almost, and before they had recovered from the surprise of the unexpected onslaught he had snatched a sword from one of the scabbards and bounded away. At the same moment a cry of consternation came from the mess quarters.

But the officers did not notice that. They were too amazed, too angry at the audacity of this ragamuffin, who had stopped a few yards away and was now brandishing the sword defiantly in their very faces. With exclamations of anger they sprang forward to a man, and the ragamuffin, instead of trying to escape, dodged this way and that, under the outstretched arms of one, behind another and almost between the legs of a third, all the time taunting them and daring them on. He was like an eel that squirmed out of their hands even after they caught him; or a flea that was anywhere except where they thought it. Five minutes passed in exasperating dodging and doubling before they succeeded in dragging him back, struggling and grinning to the mess quarters. And it was not until afterward that it occurred to them that he had made no real effort to escape.

As the excitement of the chase and capture began to subside they noticed



Snatched a sword from one of the scabbards and bounded away for the first time that their mess cook and his boy assistant were shuffling about wringing their hands.

"What are you doing here, Garcia?" one of the officers demanded impatiently. "Go back and hurry up supper."

But Garcia continued to wring his hands. "There is none," he wailed. "No meats, no breads, no fruits. Oh, senators! oh, senators! What shall we do? Me and my boy Jose were finishing a beautiful supper—oh, so beautiful!—and a horde of wild creatures rushed in and threw **four** into my face and

tripped Jose, and when we recovered there were no meats, no breads, no fruits. Oh, senators! oh, senators!"

Two or three of the officers rushed into the mess room. When they returned their faces were blank. "Garcia's right," they said, "the place is stripped as clean as though visited by locusts."

Then they stopped abruptly, as though making a discovery, and glanced at the captive. "You are responsible for this," one of them declared.

The boy grinned. "SI, senor," he said composedly, "why not?"



"Let this be a lesson."

They stared at him and at each other. Was the boy mad? If so, it was a madness that must be punished. "Shooting is too easy for a thing like that," scowled the one who had lost his sword. "It's a case for hanging."

"No; hanging's too easy," declared another, gloomily. "You don't know how hungry I am. But there goes the pursuit," as they saw soldiers scattering among the palms. "Perhaps the supper will be recaptured." The boy sniffed. "Five minutes' start," he grinned significantly. "A thousand men couldn't find the boys now. They know hiding places your soldiers never dreamed of."

The officer in command looked at him curiously. "There is something behind this," he said thoughtfully. "You are old enough to understand the consequences of such an act, and too wise to throw away your life for a little meat and a few loaves of bread." The boy's eyes began to flash and for the first time his face lost its grinning derision. "I have risked my life for a little meat and a few loaves of bread," he declared quickly, "and I do understand just what the consequences are. But what is life when my mother is sick and starving, and when my sisters and grandfather and grandmother are all starving. I would risk it, and lose it, too, a hundred times. The boys have food enough now to last them a month," his voice ringing with exultation. "You may kill me if you want to. But you haven't soldiers enough to get the food back. And it wasn't stolen, either. You have destroyed our crops and taken our cattle and fruits, and they would pay for this a thousand times over."

He threw his head back and looked squarely into their eyes. "There is another thing I don't mind telling you," he went on sturdily; "my father's away fighting, and I would be away fighting too, if I were old enough. As it is, we boys look after the family." Here the grinning derision returned to his face. "The horde of 'wild creatures' your cook tells about were just my three brothers and two of my cousins, the oldest only thirteen. They'll look after the family now, and when this food is gone, they'll find some way to get more. Now kill me if you want to. I'm not afraid."

A curious expression had been coming into their eyes. Above all things a soldier respects bravery.

"Come, gentlemen," said the officer in command gruffly, "we must settle this at once. Camp will be broken early, and there will be no time then. The case is a flagrant one, and calls for severe punishment. But I will leave the sentence to you, De Guise," to the officer whose sword had been taken; "as the most aggrieved of us; the first vote belongs to you. What punishment is adequate to the offense?"

The officer scowled. "I would condemn him to perpetual banishment from us," he answered harshly.

"And you, Bourmont," to the officer who had confessed he was hungry. "De Guise is too mild, too mild," this officer said, scowling also. "I would add that in addition to his sentence the condemned be made to carry away a sack of flour as large as himself—as large as a man can lift."

"And you," "and you," to the other officers.

"I consider the sentence just, and recommend it," said one.

"And I," "and I," said others. "With perhaps a little more added to the burden," finished the last judiciously. "A prisoner of this kind should be crushed."

"Very well, gentlemen," said the officer in command, "you will see that the sentence is carried out to the letter. And you," turning severely to the wondering boy, "let this be a lesson. Never do a thing unless you are ready to do it with your whole heart. If you had shown a white spot, I would have had you shot."

GRADY'S FEAST OF POSSUM.

Rival Ruined His Chance for the Colored Vote by a Mean Trick.

During a heated campaign in Georgia some years ago the late Henry F. Grady was opposed by an editorial associate, Captain Evan Howell. They were warm personal friends, but on the issue at stake were diametrically opposed to each other. Recalling that campaign, Representative Livingston tells a funny story.

The result of the election depended largely upon a certain ward in which there was a very large negro population. Grady bethought himself of a scheme to capture these colored voters, and, securing a vast number of possums, provided a great supper, at which they could eat. It was a master stroke and Howell knew nothing of it until the night the supper occurred. Then he was at his wits' end until an inspiration came to him. He sent for some of his negro supporters, gave them instructions and waited for the result.

An hour later while the colored barbers were having a great feasting time one of Howell's supporters cried "Meow." Another man repeated the cry. A third man was apparently taken sick and the fourth man exclaimed: "Deed boys, I think we are eating cats!" That broke up the supper and Grady never did quite convince the possum eaters that they had been imposed upon.

Brought the Bishop's Boots.

A humorous story is related in connection with the visit of an English bishop to a Virginia family. Everybody was directed to address the reverend bishop as "my lord," and a man servant about the place was especially told off to attend him. The bishop like every other Englishman, set his boots outside his door when he went to bed at night. His temporary body servant was instructed to take them, blacken them and return them before their owner should be ready to put them on in the morning. The boy did as he was told. The bishop was dressing when he knocked on the door in the morning, with his carefully taught response, "It's the boy, my lord, with your boots," on the tip of his tongue. The sound of the bishop's voice confused him.

"Who's there?" the bishop called out.

The boy forgot his speech utterly. "Who's there?" the bishop called again.

"It's the Lord, with your boots, my boy," said he.

Doing His Best.

It somehow seems little enough when you say "That fellow is 'doing his best.'"

It means that he toils and he hopes day by day

That Heaven will attend to the rest.

He is jostled aside by the hurrying crowd,

Unthought by the lonely; forgot by the proud.

He earns what he gets, and no more is allowed

To the fellow whose "doing his best."

But whenever a crisis arises, we look

To the man who is doing his best.

The prince with his splendor, the sage with his book.

Full oft fail to answer the test.

And when there's a home or a country to serve.

We turn to the man with the heart and the nerve.

The man whom adversity's touch could not swerve.

The man who kept doing his best.

—Washington Star.

His Best Investment.

"When I knew old Hunks, years ago," said the returned traveler, "he hadn't a soul above dollars and cents. I find him now the best read man, especially in history and the works of the standard novelists. I ever met. I can't understand the change in him."

"The explanation is easy," replied the old citizen. "He lent \$1,000 to a man who wanted to start a high-class circulating library. After a year or two the man failed, leaving nothing but the books as his assets. Old Hunks had to take them for the debt, and as nobody wanted to buy a lot of second-hand books, he started in and read all of them to get his money back."

King Edward's Pull.

To the French people of Canada Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the greatest if not the only great person living. Some time ago a "habitant" arriving in the city of Quebec met an old friend and fell to talking politics. In the course of conversation he happened to mention the name of Queen Victoria and the friend informed him that the queen had been dead for a year. "Dead!" exclaimed the countryman, "and who, then, rules in England?" When it was explained to him that the Prince of Wales had succeeded to the throne he shook his head wisely. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "but he must have a pull with Laurier."

WANTED TO GET EVEN.

Why Senator Allison "Had It In" for Senator Beveridge.

Senator Beveridge was a book agent during his college days and he never tires of telling how he made it possible for his parents to wear gold-rimmed spectacles and the younger children to go to school because of his success in forcing the people of Indiana to buy his books.

"It was a religious work," said the senator a few days ago to a number of his colleagues in a restaurant, "and it was called 'Error's Chain.' I believe its object was to show that all religions except the Christian religion have fallen when assaulted."

"I established headquarters in Des Moines and when school opened up that fall I do not believe there was a family in the entire state of Iowa that had not been given an opportunity to secure a copy of 'Error's Chain.'"

When Mr. Beveridge got thus far in his story Senator Allison interrupted him and in his fatherly way asked: "Beveridge, are you the person who is responsible for the circulation of 'Error's Chain' in Iowa?"

"I guess I will have to plead guilty," answered the Indiana man.

"Then just step out in the hall where we won't break any dishes. My wife has been holding up that book in my face for the last twenty years and I have always vowed I would get even with the man who sold it to her."

TIGER WAS IRISH HIMSELF.

Natives of the Emerald Isle Meet Under Strange Circumstances.

"No," said the lion tamer to Patsy Flannigan, "you can't have a job to look after the animals, but our pet lion died last week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you \$15 a week to dress up as the lion."

"Fifteen dollars!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right, sorr!"

So Patsy dressed himself in the lion's skin and lay down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened and the performance commenced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man, are ye mad?" said Patsy. "Think of me wife and children."

"Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsy thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him.

"What's the matter wid ye?" said he; "sure, man, ye needn't be afraid—I'm Irish meself."

Receipt for "X-Raise."

One of "Abe" Gruber's constituents who had been out of a position for some time came to him recently with the request for a loan of \$10, says the New York Times.

"I have a job in sight," he said, "that I can land with the aid of a ten-dollar note."

He got the ten all right, and after thanking the lender for that and past favors, went out with a smile on his face.

Bue he came back very soon wearing a look of deep dejection and wanted another ten, saying:

"I was walking down the street with the ten in my mouth, where I had put it for safe keeping, and a thinking of this job, when all of a sudden I swallowed it."

Mr. Gruber, reaching in his pocket, handed the man a quarter and said: "Here, go down stairs, buy some spicac, swallow it, and see if you can't make the X raise."

A Dramatic Situation.

An unfortunate mishap recently befell a theatrical company touring in Queensland.

They could only muster one frock coat, which had to be used by the doctor and the villain of the piece in turn.

One night the manager borrowed a pair of handcuffs from the local police station. At the right dramatic moment they were clicked on the villain's wrists amid loud applause.

Imagine the dismay when it was found that the key of the handcuffs had been forgotten, and the one and only frock coat was securely locked on the villain.

The doctor, who was in waiting in his shirt sleeves in the wings, had no alternative, but to go on as he was. He was equal to the situation, however, and at once explained that he had driven in his haste through pelting rain and left his frock coat outside to be dried.

Pilgrims.

Who hides beneath a roof to-day,
If he may set his foot abroad
Along the woody outland way,
Is little better than a clod!

There is no thing in all the land
That does not seem articulate;
The grasses smile, and understand
The viro calling to his mate.

Tail pine-tops unto pine-tops breathe
In sighings murmurous as the sea;
And through the birchen copse beneath
There runs a fluttering harmony.

In the half-dusks of tangled green
The pale wild-rose's censer burns,
And in each hollow may be seen
The fragile laceries of the ferns.

While over all, for all to share,
Pleasant and pure and wide and high,
Mist-softened by the searching air,
Broods motherly God's open sky.

Then grip the oak-staff, ye who may
And set the pilgrim's foot abroad;
Who, willing, bides within to-day
Is little better than a clod!

—Clinton Scollard in Youth's Companion.

A GREAT SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Mr. E. G. Moore, of 7, Phillips Street, Kingsland:

"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for many years, during which time I tried many remedies, from which I received but very little relief. Being advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, I did so, and am happy to say that after a few applications I felt great relief, and continuing its use I can now say I am perfectly well. St. Jacobs Oil is, in my opinion, a thing which should be in every household."

What a blessing, and what hours of suffering, pain and misery would have been saved had Mr. Moore adopted the wiser course and used St. Jacobs Oil at first, instead of wasting time and money on worthless embrocations and nostrums with which, unfortunately, the market is flooded. The public should not lose sight of the fact that St. Jacobs Oil has conquered pain for more than fifty years, and it isn't going to stop doing the same thing now or at any future time.—Fifty years' record of pain conquering is a record to inspire confidence.

To Prohibit Base Ball.

The legislature of Mississippi will probably be asked to consider a bill to prohibit the game of baseball between the 1st of September and the close of the year. The reason given for this is rather peculiar. It is said that when the season for cotton picking arrives the negroes become profoundly interested in baseball. In one little town the other day nine games of baseball were in progress at one time, thereby taking 162 men from the cotton fields, without counting the spectators. As the negroes keep their ball teams organized the year round in some of the cotton regions, it is held that they can get enough of the game in eight months of the year.

A Portable Street Light.

A portable street light of great illuminating power is the device of the Westminster county council for lessening accidents from London fogs. A cylindrical tank eighteen inches in diameter and two feet high is charged with twenty-five gallons of petroleum, and compressed air forces vapor from the oil into a standard pipe provided with a burner. On igniting, the torch flares up eighteen inches to two feet, with a power of 1,000 candles.

Violet Glass as Cancer Cure.

An expensive electrical apparatus which is known as an actinolete has just been placed in the New York Flower hospital, said to be the first complete instrument of the kind permanently set up in an American hospital. By its operation it is hoped to make a thorough test of the theory that a thoroughly concentrated chemical, or actinic, rays of violet-colored light possess distinctly curative properties in cases of cancer and tuberculosis. To the patient the operation is an entirely painless one, and its advocates claim for it that it has none of the objectionable features that often attend the application of the Roentgen rays to sensitive portions of the human body.

It is the man with an inexhaustible supply of profanity who objects to women using slang.

A Supervisors' Story.

Lockport, N. Y., Oct. 6th.—Mr. George P. Penfold, Supervisor for the first ward of the city of Lockport, has written the following letter for publication to the newspapers:

"It gives me great pleasure to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for Kidney Trouble. "My kidneys troubled me more or less for years and treatment by local physicians only gave me partial and temporary relief. "An old friend, knowing my trouble, advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills telling me at the same time how much they had helped him. "I used altogether six boxes and found a permanent cure. "This was two years ago and I have not since been troubled in any way with pains in the back or any of the many other distressing difficulties arising from diseased kidneys." (Signed) George P. Penfold, 307 Church St., Lockport, N. Y.

The crank is a man who talks photography when you want to talk old china.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Men should never flirt with the woman who writes her love affairs in indelible ink.

"Isn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen."

The boy belongs to the mother, but the man belongs to the world or some other woman.

31 YEARS AGO

We began our present business of selling general merchandise at wholesale prices direct to the consumer—two million of people ordered goods from us last year, saving from \$5 to \$6 per cent.

Your neighbors trade with us—why not? Our 16-page catalogue tells the story. We send it upon receipt of 1c.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO

The house that tells the truth.