

## Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Shall we fix our stoves over to burn soft coal or Kansas corn?

Arctic explorers do not succeed in finding much except one another's remains.

Diamonds are worth \$300,000,000 a ton. Remember this, and don't pay a cent more.

Most of us know just how Explorer Baldwin felt when he found that he was short of coal.

No man can serve two masters. And it is harder still for any man to serve two mistresses.

Yet how many of us, even with a full complement of toes, could have done better than Peary did?

Roumania is acting very much like the saucy little boy whose brother is the biggest fellow in the school.

Mr. Edison has just made another of his justly celebrated predictions, but the horse is still jogging along.

St. Paul girls are organizing for the purpose of marrying union men only. Get your working cards, boys.

The man who gets a wife from a matrimonial agency generally has reason to believe that the camera lies like sixty.

Bogus Chicago matrimonial agents were fined \$100 each, but they will need only four or five good victims to get it back.

If Peary is correctly reported, he thinks the north pole can be reached for \$200,000. Even the north pole has its price!

No, no, Sir Thomas, don't try any balloon trips across the English channel until after the third Shamrock has been beaten.

The more we read about King Leopold of Belgium the less we feel like making our best bow to him when he comes to visit us.

Twenty-four thousand people at a ball game in Philadelphia! They haven't sunk to the ping pong point of athletics there as yet.

A Maine man has been pronounced insane because he ate raw beef. What would his fellow citizens have thought of him had they found him burning coal?

They are now paying \$6,000 apiece for boxes at the opera in New York. It must be the intention to have all the lady members of the troupe in tights.

A Chicago woman is seeking a divorce from her husband who is described as an enthusiastic amateur pugilist. She says he was too enthusiastic.

The judge who decided that piano playing is disorderly conduct evidently had been hearing some of the latest popular music interpreted by his neighbors.

Perhaps if Gov. Salazar of Colombia, would put a wet towel on his head and dampen it with ice water occasionally, it would soothe his seething brain.

The airship in which Mr. Spencer, the English aeronaut, is making his thirty-mile flights, has a pug nose. Eventually it will land in the demerol bow-wow.

Harriet Huggins of Youngstown wants her name changed. If she fully appreciates the snap she has with such a name she will have little trouble getting it changed.

Peary says he could discover the north pole if he had \$200,000. But if he had \$200,000 why should he ever want to do anything as disagreeable as discovering the pole?

A sweethearts' trust has been organized in a Nebraska town to correct the intemperate habits of the young men. Of course, in a case like this, it will be permissible to water the stock.

From the published pictures of the count de la Escosura, the putative husband of the Spanish queen dowager, her majesty could have got a better looking man by patronizing a matrimonial agency.

E. A. Robinson, who has just fallen heir to \$1,500,000, says he is going to spend his whole fortune in eighteen months. No, Mr. Robinson is not one of those vulgar Americans. He lives in London and was born there.

There is news in the fact that a Boston man lost his wife in Buffalo while on a wedding trip. It would have been scarcely worth mentioning had the couple hailed from Chicago.

King Alfonso wants to rehabilitate the Spanish navy. Gen. Weyler advocates an expansion of the army. Is Spain getting ready for another fight?

A Kentucky girl of unusual beauty is doing more damage in the fashionable circles of New York than any thing that Col. Watzson may say.

## Real Snakes in His Boots

"On at least one occasion I had snakes in my boots," said the man with the red nose to a reporter of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "and it was no wild delirious fancy, either. The snakes were genuine. They were very much alive, could crawl and did crawl, and they had eyes and fangs and forked tongues and all the other things which go with a well-made and complete member of the reptilian species. I had gone out on a fishing trip with some friends up in Arkansas, and we were quartered in a tent on one of the best lakes in the southeastern section of the state. It was during the hot season. I never saw as many snakes in all my life as we found around that lake, and they were of all sizes, shapes and colors. The heat was so intense—it was during a severe drought of 1881—that all the snakes of that section gathered around the lake in an effort, no doubt, to keep cool. They would slip down to the water's edge, burrow in the mud and cut other curious capers because of the prevailing drought.

"Late in the evening they would take a whirl at swimming, wriggling out into the lake for some distance, and then pull back to the shore again. I mention these facts merely to show that snakes were plentiful in that section. The heat had made them desperate, but we never anticipated any trouble from this source. We pitched our tent at the head of the lake, and were inclined to gloat somewhat over

the splendid location we had secured and the coziness of our surroundings generally. Of course we had the usual quantity of stimulating things which belong to a first-class fishing outfit, and to tell the truth about the matter, I had been pulling away at the jug and popping beer bottles until I was just a little shaky. After we had been out about a week I began to see things that a man under ordinary circumstances could not see. I was just in this condition one morning when I rolled out of my cot to begin the day's sport. The sun had been up for some time.

"My boots were standing beside the cot where I had put them the night before. In throwing my legs over the side of the cot I knocked both boots over. You can guess how I felt when two or three snakes wriggled out of my boots. I simply went up in the air. My nerves were in no condition to be tampered with. I couldn't get out of the cot, and I couldn't stay in it. I simply felt like melting into thin air. One of my friends witnessed the whole thing, although I did not know it at the time. I was ashamed to say anything about the snakes until he brought the question up. Finally he said something about the snakes that had spent the night in my boots, and I'll swear to you I never felt better in my life, for up to that time I was very much in doubt about the genuineness of the vision. I was glad to know that the snakes were real live snakes."

## Prowess of a Wire Mattress

Bronson had never taken a wire mattress to pieces, but he always thought he could. The mattress was too big to go up the stairway of the new house except on the instalment plan, and it had to go up there, the thing being so ordered by Mrs. Bronson. Bronson examined the mattress and found that it was composed of four modified scantlings, framed together by bolts and kept firm by the wire web. He diagnosed the case as one requiring a monkey wrench, and after he had searched half or three-quarters of an hour he found the wrench. He noticed that the nuts on the bolt turned hard, but said that they were rusty, and a little patience would conquer.

When the nuts finally came off the two end frames flew together like long-lost sisters and shut Bronson up in the folds of the web like a salmon in a gillnet. He got out after a while, and when he had expressed himself succinctly carried the mattress upstairs, where he got about putting it together again. To his great surprise he found that the web had shrunk about four sizes and that the frames refused to resume their former positions. He tugged and hauled for a while, but the sticks had an irritating habit of wrenching themselves out of his grasp and joining forces, and he always happened to be in the trajectory of one of them.

At last he nailed two of the scant-

lings to the floor and began drawing the other two into their places. Mrs. Bronson here entered the struggle, but still further reinforcements were required, and the children came. The family lined up along one stick and pulled till Bronson strained his wrist, and let go. Then the web got in its work, and two children were thrown violently to the ceiling, while Mrs. Bronson, caught by the escaping frame, was knocked breathless.

Bronson said a few things, gathered up the children and renewed the attempt. But the esprit de corps was gone from the community efforts, and after a few further trials, in which the list of injured was like that of an excursion train accident, Bronson summoned a neighbor. The two men toiled all the afternoon, and then the neighbor let go of the straining web at the wrong time. It was Bronson's jaw that suffered. Bronson thought he'd do it purposely, and the two fought earnestly and convincingly for half an hour, at the end of which time the neighbor's wife came and called him to supper.

"My dear," said Bronson that evening, when the doctor left the house, "I think if the second-hand man will give you 25 cents for that mattress you had better take it. I always despised that second-hand man, and this will be a glorious opportunity to show my ill will toward him."—Portland Oregonian.

## Huge Sums for Church Work

One would not be surprised to learn that the attempt of the Northern Methodists to raise \$20,000,000 as a twentieth century fund had been abandoned as impracticable. But the fact is that \$17,000,000 has already been subscribed, and the remaining \$3,000,000 may be fairly said to be in sight, says the Watchman of Boston. This great sum is to be devoted to freeing Methodist churches from debt, and for educational work. Methodism in the United States for the next five hundred years is certain to receive a mighty impulse from this great achievement.

The September number of the Church Economist gives the result of careful investigation to show how other denominations are getting on with their twentieth century funds.

The Methodists of Canada set their figures at \$1,000,000, and they have raised \$250,000 more than that, and the Presbyterians of Canada put their mark at \$1,000,000, and have already obtained \$1,430,000, with a probability that they will receive \$150,000 more. The English Methodists have raised \$4,500,000; the English Congregationalists, who sought \$2,000,000, have secured \$3,312,000; the English Baptists, who put their figure at \$1,250,000, have already received \$1,000,000, and the Congregationalists of Wales, who set

out to secure \$100,000 in five years, have received \$850,000 in three years.

The Economist reckons that the churches have secured \$30,000,000 of the \$40,000,000 proposed, and that the movement in all its branches is proving an unexpected and overwhelming success. Doubtless the entire sum proposed will be secured.

One of the interesting features connected with this movement is that the raising of these huge sums has not diminished regular contributions for denominational causes. It was feared that offerings for missions would be lessened, but that has not been the case.

Again the assertion has been demonstrated that there is no fixed sum for benevolence, like the alleged "wage fund" of the political economists, which cannot be diverted to one cause except at the cost of others. It has been shown that gifts depend on the inculcation of the giving spirit and that the larger the gifts the larger they will be.

These great sums have not been contributed by syndicates of rich men. For the most part they have come from people in moderate circumstances.

A married man says the best alarm clock is his wife's elbow.

## Must Be of Legal Age

What Milwaukee and St. Joe are to Chicago in the way of elopements Jersey City is to New York, and Justice of the Peace Roe of the last named place, has tied a great many hurried knots. He has just announced, however, that when he has the slightest doubt as to the real age of high contracting parties, he will require them to make affidavit. "There are too many silly, thoughtless marriages," says the justice, "and I don't propose to cater to such madness."

## Doyle Mistaken for Kitchener

On several occasions lately Conan Doyle, while walking in London, has been mistaken for Lord Kitchener, much to the author's embarrassment. Once he was nearly mobbed by a yelling crowd of enthusiasts, who cheered madly for "the hero of South Africa." By the way, it has seldom fallen to the lot of a man to reach affluence in a literary career so early in life as has been the case with Sir Conan. He is only 43, rich, titled and popular.

## SUSPICIOUS OF THE BRANDY.

Reason Why Congressman Hull Preferred Admiral Evans' Whisky.

Here is a good story of Admiral Robley D. Evans, of the navy, which some of his associates are telling: Soon after the close of the Spanish war the people of Iowa decided to present a sword to Capt. Evans as a memento of his command of the battleship Iowa in the Santiago fight. The presentation was made at the home of Admiral Evans in Washington. Mrs. Evans assisted her husband in entertaining the guests and presided over the collation which was served in the dining room after the speeches were concluded. "Bob" did not make a very elaborate address, but soon after the close of the formalities he said a few words which were highly appreciated by those who heard them. "Step into this room," said the naval hero; "we'll have a cigar and a toddy." Leading the way into a cozy den, Capt. Evans said: "I ran out of my favorite brand of whisky yesterday and was compelled to stock up with some that I don't know much about. But here is some brandy that I do know something about; it has been in this house for more than twenty years." Turning to Representative Hull, he added, "Which will you take, governor?"

"Just hand over that whisky decanter," responded Mr. Hull.

"Why, what's the matter with the brandy?" asked Evans in a tone of surprise.

"I don't know, Bob," said Hull, "but if you have had it in the house for twenty years without drinking it there must be something the matter with it. I'll take the whisky."

And Cap. Bob retired under the roar of laughter.

## Energy and Cheerfulness.

A minister writing from Rome tells of the blessings brought to the Pope by his busy and cheerful life, saying:

"Twenty-five years ago an old man, weak and thin, was selected by the Sacred College to be the successor of St. Peter at Rome. None of his contemporaries thought he would live long. But he shut himself up in the Vatican and kept busy and cheerful, and has seen all of his colleagues of a quarter of a century ago pass away from earth. The lesson here is that energy and cheerfulness are powerful tonics to the body, and a long life is the natural tendency of a right spirit. Not that happy natures always reach old age, but that the joy of the Lord is the strength of human life. It matters not so much what may be the circumstances surrounding life, the great token of success is the spirit with which we meet the world. A joyous heart is the Christian man's impregnable stronghold."

## Truly a "Devil's Trap."

Recently a foreign naturalist named Dunstan, was walking near the bank of Lake Nicaragua when suddenly he heard his dog howling at a little distance behind him. Rushing to the animal's assistance, he found that it was in the grasp of three black and greasy things which had coiled themselves around its neck and had torn it so badly that blood was flowing in several places. After some difficulty the naturalist freed the dog and in a few days its wounds were healed. The things, which imprisoned the animal were the principal portion of a plant which is known among the natives of Nicaragua as the "devil's trap." It is composed of black, flexible, leafless branches, which secrete a viscous fluid, and which are provided with numerous tiny hooks.

## At Sea on Land.

A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is anchor."

A half-concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said: "Mr. —, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied: "No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

## Water Substitute for Coal.

Herr Thormann, a noted Austrian engineer, has for several months been studying the waterfalls in Switzerland, and has come to the conclusion that they can be utilized in connection with electricity as a motive power for all the trains on Swiss railroads. He has discovered twenty-two waterfalls, the force of which is equivalent to 86,000 horse power, and this is more than is needed, as 60,000 horse power would be quite sufficient. Switzerland is obliged to import at considerable expense all the coal that is used on her railroads, and therefore it will readily be seen that she would gain a good deal by adopting Herr Thormann's suggestion.

## Languages of India.

Twenty-eight languages are spoken in India, and none of these is spoken by fewer than 400,000 persons, while the most general is the mother tongue of 85,000,000. Besides these there are in the remotest parts of the country dialects spoken by no more than 500 persons, which none other than themselves can interpret. India has nine great creeds, numbering their followers from the 208,000,000 Hindus down to the 9,250,000 Animists and the innumerable sects included in the 43,000 "others."

## STATUS OF GERMAN WOMEN.

Female Emancipation Has Made Little Progress.

Although German poets vie with one another in extolling the "eternal feminine ideal," there is no country where the emancipation of woman, which forms the great feature of modern life in England and in the United States, had made so little progress. An amusing instance of this occurred some days ago in the Prussian chamber of deputies, on an interpellation as to the right of women to take part in political meetings.

The minister of the interior, with his hair on end, his face pale with emotion, and a voice quivering with excitement, replied that although it would not legally be permissible to bar the door against a woman desirous of attending a political gathering, every possible means should be taken to prevent her from speaking. In other words, he declared, amid cheers from the outer part of the house, that women, like children, should be seen but not heard.

Womenphobia has always been a German characteristic, says the London Graphic. The admission of women into the civil service met with the most violent opposition in Germany long after female clerks and telegraphists had been successfully employed in England and in France. The right of women to practice medicine was called in question only three years ago when a committee of experts declared that the idea was too preposterous to be seriously discussed. In 1899 a proposal to establish gymnasia for girls was likened by the Prussian minister of worship "to a little spark which should be put out at once, lest it should break into a flame."

But there are many signs that even the German woman is growing impatient of her part as upper housemaid, and in the consciousness of being a thinking entity, with a separate life of her own, demands to take her share in the national public life.

## Antiquity of "Shoo."

"Shoo" is the only utterance you can make to startle chickens," says an observant young man. "You can shout at them until you get blue in the face, but that won't frighten them away, if such is your intention. But the minute you say 'shoo' they scamper. People 'shoo' chickens the world over. The Jap 'shoo's' his chickens, and so does the Hindu, the Kaffir, the Russian, German, Briton—everybody. Why does this hissing sound instantly startle fowl, when a shout or other human utterance will not? Have you ever thought it out? Well, you can put it down that 'shoo' was one of the first utterances that man learned to make. In primitive days the world was overrun with reptilian creatures, and these no doubt preyed on fowl, just as snakes nowadays have a fondness for birds. Feathered bipeds naturally came to recognize in the hiss the presence of their mortal enemy and took flight when it was heard. Primitive man would, of course, notice and appreciate the effect of the sibilant utterance. It's a cinch that our remote forefathers would put the hiss into use when the progenitors of our modern chickens came straying where they were not wanted, and there, you see, we get 'shoo.' A chicken runs when you say 'shoo' because of an instinct that has come down in the breed from the days when fowl recognized their foe by the hiss."

## Scripture Cake.

There was a church bazaar in the village of Comrie, Strathearn, Scotland, Aug. 23, and a novelty at one of the stalls was a sale of what was called "scripture cake," which was in great demand. It was made according to the following recipe: Take four and one-half cups of I. Kings 4:22 (first clause); one and one-half cups of Judge 5:25 (last clause); two cups of Jeremiah 5:20; two cups of I. Samuel 30:12; two cups of Nahum 3:12; one cup of Numbers 17:8; two tablespoonfuls of I. Samuel 15:25; season to taste with II. Chronicles 9:9, six of Jeremiah 17:11, a pinch of Leviticus 2:13, half a cup of Judges 4:19 (baking powder). Finally, follow Solomon's prescription, Proverbs 23:15, for making a good child, and you will have a good cake.

## New Bloom.

I heard the lilies growing in the night  
When none did bark;  
I knew they made a glimmer, dimly white,  
In the cool dreaming dark.  
Nothing the garden knew—  
So soft they grew—  
Until they stood new-risen in the light,  
For all to mark.

I heard the dreams still-growing in the night;  
Nor was there one  
That I saw clear or, seeing, named aright;  
But when the night was done,  
The fragrance to be  
Awakened me;  
I saw their faces leaning glad and white  
Toward thee, their sun.  
—Josephine Preston Peabody.

## A Vivid Description.

"Do tell me something about the play," she said to the young man. "They say that climax at the close of the third act was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good."  
"Can't you describe it to me?"  
"Why, the heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of pink ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice and sank half-conscious into a very handsome algrette. This may sound queer, but the lady in front of me didn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked."

## IN A BAD WAY.

Night after night with rest and sleep broken by urinary troubles.

Painful passages, frequent calls of nature, retention, make the day as miserable as the night.

Men, woman or child with any wrong condition of the bladder and kidneys is in a bad way.

Don't delay till dangerous Diabetes comes. Cure the trouble before it settles into Bright's Disease.

Read how certain are the cures of Doan's Kidney Pills and how they last.

John J. Scharschug, a retired farmer, residing at 474 Concord St., Aurora, Ill., says: "Three years ago I was a sufferer from backache and other kidney disorders, and for months exhausted all my knowledge of medicine in an endeavor to obtain relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and time has not diminished my estimation of this preparation. Not only did Doan's Kidney Pills cure me at that time, but although over three years have elapsed there has not been a symptom of a recurrence of the trouble. I consider this preparation to be a wonderful kidney remedy and just as recommended."

A FREE TRIAL of this great Kidney medicine which cured Mr. Scharschug will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

## Doctors' Incomes in England.

The British Medical Journal ventured an estimate of the average income that might be expected by the general practitioner in England, and put it at £400 to £500. The estimate was copied into several daily papers and has produced a large crop of correspondence, teeming with ridicule and indignation. The general practitioners, who ought to know, declare that only a small proportion of their number earn so much even after years of arduous work. The competition brought about by the overcrowded state of the profession is, they declare, so great that it is a cruelty to induce men, by inflated estimates, to enter it.

## His Wife a "Matinee Fiend."

A novel cause for divorce is alleged by Joseph Madison of Hoboken. His complaints set forth that his wife has become a "matinee fiend." She is a young and beautiful graduate of the Hoboken high school. Her husband states that they lived happily together for three years, until, in the winter of 1900, she contracted the matinee habit. She would go to the theater five or six times a week, devoting her attention chiefly to continuous performances and to vaudeville. The husband does not charge her with selecting any particular idol for histrionic worship, but merely with neglecting her home for the footlights.

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

It is undoubtedly a fact beyond dispute that the strongest advertising 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, Leo 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.

Only a loving mother can weep bitter tears over a lost child and then wield the slipper energetically when it returns.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than others.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Though you lead a man to water, you can't make him drink.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE, Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Don't say you haven't time. You have all of it there is on tap.

## INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

Many a dishonest heart beats under a ragged coat.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 311 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A man seldom wants a thing after he gets it.

## THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT

will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

It's a mistake to imagine that itching piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a day longer than you can help. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief and permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

It is not the coat that makes the man; it's the trousers.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Take care of the pounds and everybody will rush to take care of you.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. RONNIE, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The mustache is the key of character.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggists.