

Loup City Northwestern

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

Campaign poets are beginning to break cover.

Sir Thomas Lipton feels he has one more good lift in him.

The fast young man who lengthens his nights also shortens his days.

Modified arbitration is prescribed as the modified milk of the coal cocoon.

Another thing for which civilization is clamoring is a noiseless match.

The Candy Trust, if it is oppressive enough, will do a vast deal for this country's teeth.

Those gray old boys recently at Washington have a good many parades in them yet.

One may be permitted to wonder what Gen. Sherman would have called a prolonged coal strike.

"It's a matter of love for the flag," says Sir Tommy. Same here. We'd like to see you win it, but—

Multimillionaire Stratton's millions will not multiply very rapidly in the bands of the Colorado lawyers.

Beefsteak is 44 cents a pound in Berlin, and the policy players are all inserting the price in their gigs.

Nellie Jay won the Kentucky Futurity stake, which was worth \$10,000 to her owners. She's no Jay.

The business people of Venezuela want peace. But business people have not been running Venezuela for a long time.

The hero who is about to marry into Miss Anthony's official family has not yet made public the pledge he has had to sign.

Dr. Louis G. Knox, the famous lion tamer, has taken to himself a wife, and will continue the work of his profession.

Prof. Patten of Dartmouth college believes that man is descended from the horseshoe crab. Why, this is worse still.

If the Sultan of Sulu ever realizes how extensively he is being used for farce comedy purposes he will probably revolt.

Frenchmen are now fighting duels over Zola. This fact would not of itself indicate, however, that Zola was a great issue.

The sultan of Turkey has built a private theater, probably figuring that this is the only way he can get rid of the encore fiend.

A bottle has drifted in three seas for 28 years. On land it would have been found and its contents noted within 23 minutes.

A servant girl famine threatens New York City. So far as we know, there is not a servant girl feast anywhere in the country.

This has been a comparatively bad year for Russell Sage. He has had to dock himself for being off eight days, owing to one cause and another.

The sweat box has been declared illegal and police authorities may be compelled hereafter to put suspects in an ice-box and freeze the truth out of them.

Carnegie has received the freedom of the city of Perth, Scotland. It is safe to turn Andy loose in a canny Scotch town where he can be watched.

An Iowa jury has declined to award damages to a young man who sued for breach of promise. He probably failed to exhibit the necessary signs of wear and tear.

A Milwaukee woman has vindicated her sex by leaving a will in which she bequeaths her estate to her husband during his life, providing that he does not marry again.

At a wedding in Connecticut recently "The Angel's Serenade" was whistled by a young woman while the ceremony was in progress. Can you guess what tune will be whistled a year hence?

A Chicago jury has just awarded an "injured" husband one dollar as damages for the alienation of his wife's affections. The information is not at hand as to how many of the jury were old bachelors.

A bridegroom in New Jersey, 60 years old, threatens with arrest a lot of serenaders who threw bad eggs at him because he refused to set up a keg of beer. When a man of that age marries he can't understand a joke.

The largest increase in postal receipts in the history of the service was shown in the reports of fifty leading postoffices for September. That was the month in which the people who were away on vacations wrote home for money to get back with.

PYRAMID OF GIZEH, EGYPT.



COLD STORAGE AND CORNERS.

New Methods of Preserving Constituents Aid to Trusts.

The improved methods of preserving foodstuffs devised by science have been supplied to constitute an unmitigated gain for mankind, enabling us to spread the good things of one season over another and to correct the shortage of one year or country by the abundance of another. But cold storage has, it appears, its disadvantages, since it enables the speculator to corner the supply of perishable foodstuffs and exact a higher price, says the Baltimore Sun. The market need not be glutted with peaches or eggs if the cold storage man can put the extra supply away to wait for a scarcity and higher price. While the cold storage thus increases the available food supply and tends to prevent waste, at the same time steady prices and preventing violent fluctuations, it also increases the control over the market exercised by combines. But there is a limit to the power of the combine to affect prices, as is seen in the case of wheat or corn which are not so perishable as peaches and eggs. Theoretically the capitalist should be able to control the world's supply of wheat and be able to sell at starvation prices, but in fact he does not do so and cannot do so. In the long run the prevention of loss by cold storage may tend, by increasing the general supply of a given article, to reduce its average price.

ORIGIN OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

Many Countries Contend for the Honor of the Invention.

Much controversy was at one time excited about the country that could claim to have originated wood engraving. A very simple process was known to the Egyptians for the production of stamps, and it has been asserted that the Chinese printed from blocks of pear-tree as early as the tenth century. The independent origin of the art has been generally credited to Germany among modern nations. In the Cologne district a St. Christopher, which has often been re-

produced, was cut in 1423, a St. Sebastian in 1437 and a Madonna has been dated 1418. Playing cards were, however, in use in France in the middle of the fourteenth century, and the figures were impressions from wood blocks, states the Scientific American. It is allowable for France to dispute the priority of Germany, and many attempts have been made to claim the art as due to French enterprise. M. Henri Bouchot of the Bibliotheque Nationale, now declares that a part of a block with a representation of a crucifixion has been discovered in a country town of France. The costumes are evidently those worn in the middle fourteenth century, and it is assumed that the wood block belongs to some time between 1340 and 1350.

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.

How Mr. Ingalls' Lesson in Politeness Was Wasted.

M. E. Ingalls, prominent in railroad affairs of the middle west, has a rule that callers must send in their names from an outer office and await his summons if he desires to admit them. It is told of him that, not a great while ago, the rule was ignored by a stranger, who swung wide the door, let it close with a bang, and jerkily asked:

"Ingalls in?"
"I am Mr. Ingalls," replied the railroad man, his cholera rising.
"So?" queried the stranger. "Letter for you?"

And he handed over an envelope. When Mr. Ingalls read the contents he appeared surprised and asked:
"Do you know what this says?"
"Yes," replied the stranger. "Station agent in our town said you'd give me a job if I brought that to you."
"Indeed!" commented Ingalls, ironically. "Well, do you not think your chances would be better if you at least knocked before entering, removed your hat when you entered, and asked for 'Mr. Ingalls' instead of merely 'Ingalls'?"

The stranger looked discomfited, reached for the letter, and slowly left. Before Ingalls recovered from his surprise, there was a knock on the door,

and, responding to his 'Come in!' the stranger re-entered softly, removed his hat and gently inquired:

"Is Mr. Ingalls in, sir?"
The magnate, deeply impressed with the fact that his little lecture had produced quick results, said cheerily:
"Yes, my friend—I am he. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" came the answer. Then, louder: "Do for me! You can go to the devil for me, you bald-headed little duffer! That's what you can do!"

And he departed, slamming the door.

A PATRON OF ART.

Boston Woman Who Was Mistaken About Value of Her Purchase.

One of Boston's "patrons of art" stepped into a picture store on Boston street the other day, and, after an inspection of the stock, called a salesman and asked the price of a bit of coloring that appealed to her fancy.

"Three fifty," was the reply. "You may send it to my address," she said, and took her departure.

A few days later she was again in the store, wearing a look of extreme dismay. Having located the clerk from whom she had made the purchase, she inquired if some mistake had not been made in the price. "I think not," he said, "have you the bill with you?" "Yes, here it is." "I see no mistake in it." "You don't mean to say that the price was \$350?" "Why, certainly, and we considered it a very low figure."

Taking the picture from under her cloak, she handed it back to the salesman, saying, "I thought the price was \$3.50 from what you said."—Boston Herald.

Paris Has Bad Summer. The summer season of 1902 will count among the worst in the annals of Paris. It has been a failure in every way.

Steamers on Swiss Lake. There are 65 steamers on the Swiss lakes. The largest can transport 1,200 passengers.

JUST A TRUCK DOG.

Scrappy and Dirty, but He Did His Duty Well.

He was a dirty, scrappy dog, but he maintained the dignity of his standing, or running, in fact, in jogdom. He might have been white at one time, with his black spots defined sharply, but circumstances evidently had compelled an existence that in recent years had not permitted a bath other than that provided by falling rain, and the indications were that he had not taken advantage of opportunities in that respect frequently.

He was trotting along under a truck that crossed Fulton street at a busy hour of the day. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but kept his gaze on the heels of the horses in front. If he had been a coach dog he would have been under the axle of the front wheels, but, being a truck dog, he was under the rear axle. Whether he had been trained to trot there as a protector of the tail-end of the truck from the exasperating urchins of the street, says a writer in the New York Times, or had of his own volition dropped back to a rear position as a concession to the difference between a coach dog and a truck dog, the chronicler knoweth not. At any rate, he knew his duty, and he was doing it.

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

Artist Tells of Somewhat Ludicrous Incident at a Well.

Mortimer Menpes, the artist, tells the following travel story of an incident near Naples: "A whining Neapolitan pestered us with requests that we should taste his orange liqueur and buy a bottle, only one bottle. This made us cross, for we were very hot, and neither I nor my daughter were blocking our view. To get rid of him we attempted to climb a wall by the side of a well. I got over safely, but in attempting some more graceful and acrobatic feat my daughter missed her footing and fell headlong into the well below. On rising to the surface she clung like grim death to a small piece of mossy stone projecting from the side of the well, and I, above her, waited in agony of mind, scared and shivering, until ropes and ladders were lowered and she half walked and was half pulled up. The most excited person of all was the wine merchant, who leaned over her, his face deadly white with patches of green, pouring plints of his precious orange liqueur down her throat gratis."

Some Young-Old People.

Mrs. Castlebury writes from Philadelphia to her 75-year-old son in New York that she never felt so gay and jolly in her life as at this very time, and feels quite positive that she will live to be over 100. Her handwriting is like copperplate, it is so steady and clear. At 97 she is planning amusements five years ahead. "Old Man" Cochrane, a highly respected citizen of Brooklyn, aged 93, walks from his home in Lewis avenue to Richmond Hill, a distance of seven miles, to romp on the lawn with his grandchildren. The late Secretary Gresham's mother has just celebrated her 100th birthday, hale and hearty. The advertising collector and assistant advertising manager of the Detroit Free Press is younger at 82 than any other man on the paper. He walks thirty or forty miles a day, takes a drink whenever he feels like it, and plays cards until midnight. James F. Secor, at 88, superintends his farm and country place at Pelham Manor, and there is scarcely a day that he does not handle a rake or hoe himself. As a diversion he pushes a lawn mower. There are others. Glory to every green and vigorous old age!—as Chas. A. Dana said.

A Frontier Jail.

Graham county jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is unique. It comprises four large apartments hewn from the solid quartz rock of a hillside. The entrance is through a box-like vestibule of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of steel gates. The floor of the rockbound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined exclusively in the larger rooms. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that so one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. The wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

Limit in Initials.

"These initials that girls are wearing," declared Dick, "are about the limit. They have them stuck over everything they wear—embroidered, I suppose the term is. Whenever I see a girl with an 'M' on the shoulder an almost irresistible temptation to say 'Hello, Mamie,' seizes me. When a girl with a 'C' sprawling all over her neck passes me I never know whether to whisper, 'Good morning, Carrie,' or 'Cissy, wink.' The worst ever in initials was traveling along Fourteenth street on Thursday. The poor, misguided girl wore a white gown with a black crepe clasping the left sleeve. A high three-inch 'D' embroidered in white almost covered the mourning band. An initial on a crepe band would breed doubts whether 'D' was the person mourned or the wearer of the crepe."—New World.

Baer's War Record.

George F. Baer, most bellicose of the mine owners at the recent conference in the White House, has a war record of which he has some reason to be proud. He was the youngest captain and later the youngest major in the army of the Potomac during the civil war, having been commissioned to the former grade before his 20th birthday. Mr. Baer is considerably the youngest looking of the coal operators who attended the conference. He leads an active life, getting up every morning at 6 o'clock and walking miles daily before retiring at night.

An Obstacle to Piety.

One of Senator "Billy" Mason's stories is about two of his brothers, Ed and Jim, who dealt in wool at their home in Iowa. Jim went to a revival meeting (unthinkingly, the senator says) and "got religion." In his first burst of enthusiasm he told his brother of how much better he felt since his conversion and urged Ed to come into the fold. The latter pondered gravely for a time and then said: "Ain't no doubt but that religion's a good thing and I'm glad you've got it, Jim, but I guess you better let me alone just now," he continued, reflectively. "You see, Jim, one of us has got to weigh the wool."

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In cases where bronchitis has become chronic from want of proper treatment in the earlier stages, there is nothing so good as Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea, in conjunction with which is strongly advised the use of St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application along the front of the throat, from close up under the chin to well down to the top of the chest; the one remedy assists the other and as intended, they work in complete union. The wonderful penetrating power of St. Jacobs Oil enables it to reach the adhesion of foreign matter, which lines the bronchial tubes and which makes breathing more and more difficult. As these adhesions become inflamed and enlarged St. Jacobs Oil causes such adhesions to break away, making expectoration easier and more free. Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea, drank slowly and very hot, soothes and heals the parts, is comforting and quieting, stops the cough and relieves the breathing. This manner of treatment (and there is no other two remedies that will work together so successfully) reaches the difficulty from the outside and the inside at the same time. St. Jacobs Oil reaches the roots of the adhesion and assists Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea in clearing them; then both remedies act in union in healing and curing. The above remarks apply with equal force in cases of asthma, croup, whooping cough, enlarged tonsils and all bronchial affections. Every family should have St. Jacobs Oil and Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea always in the house in order that they may be promptly used in the first stages. Often the maladies develop with wonderful rapidity and complications take place with equal suddenness.

Nothing is more distressing than young men trying to act old or old men trying to act young.

Beware of Outlets for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is terrible and you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts upon the blood. F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pedigree never filled a hungry man's stomach.

W. N. U.—Omaha, No. 44—1902

7% INVESTMENT

The Preferred Stock of the

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

Capital Stock, \$2,000,000.

\$1,000,000 Preferred Stock.

\$1,000,000 Common Stock.

Shares, \$100 each. Sold at Par.

Only Preferred Stock offered for sale.

The Preferred Stock of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company pays better than Savings Banks or Government Bonds. Every dollar of stock offered the public has behind it more than a dollar's worth of actual assets. W. L. Douglas continues to own one-half of the business, and has always been and always will be the active head of the concern.

This business is not an undeveloped prospect. It is a demonstrated dividend payer. This is the largest business in the world producing Men's

Goodyear Welt (Hand Sewed) Dress Shoes, and has always been immensely profitable.

There has not been a year in the past twelve when the business has not earned in actual cash much more than the amount necessary to pay 7 per cent annual

dividend on the preferred stock of \$1,000,000.

The annual business now is \$2,000,000, it is increasing very rapidly, and will equal \$7,000,000 for the year 1910.

The factory is now turning out 200 pairs of shoes per day, and an addition to the plant is being built which will increase the capacity to 10,000 pairs per day.

The reason I am offering the Preferred Stock for sale is to perpetuate the business.

If you wish to invest in the best shoe business in the world, which is permanent, and receive 7 per cent on your money, you can purchase one share or more in this great business. Send money by cashier's check or certified check, made payable to W. L. Douglas. If there is no bank in your town, send money by express or post office money order.

Prospectus giving full information about this great and profitable business sent upon application. Address

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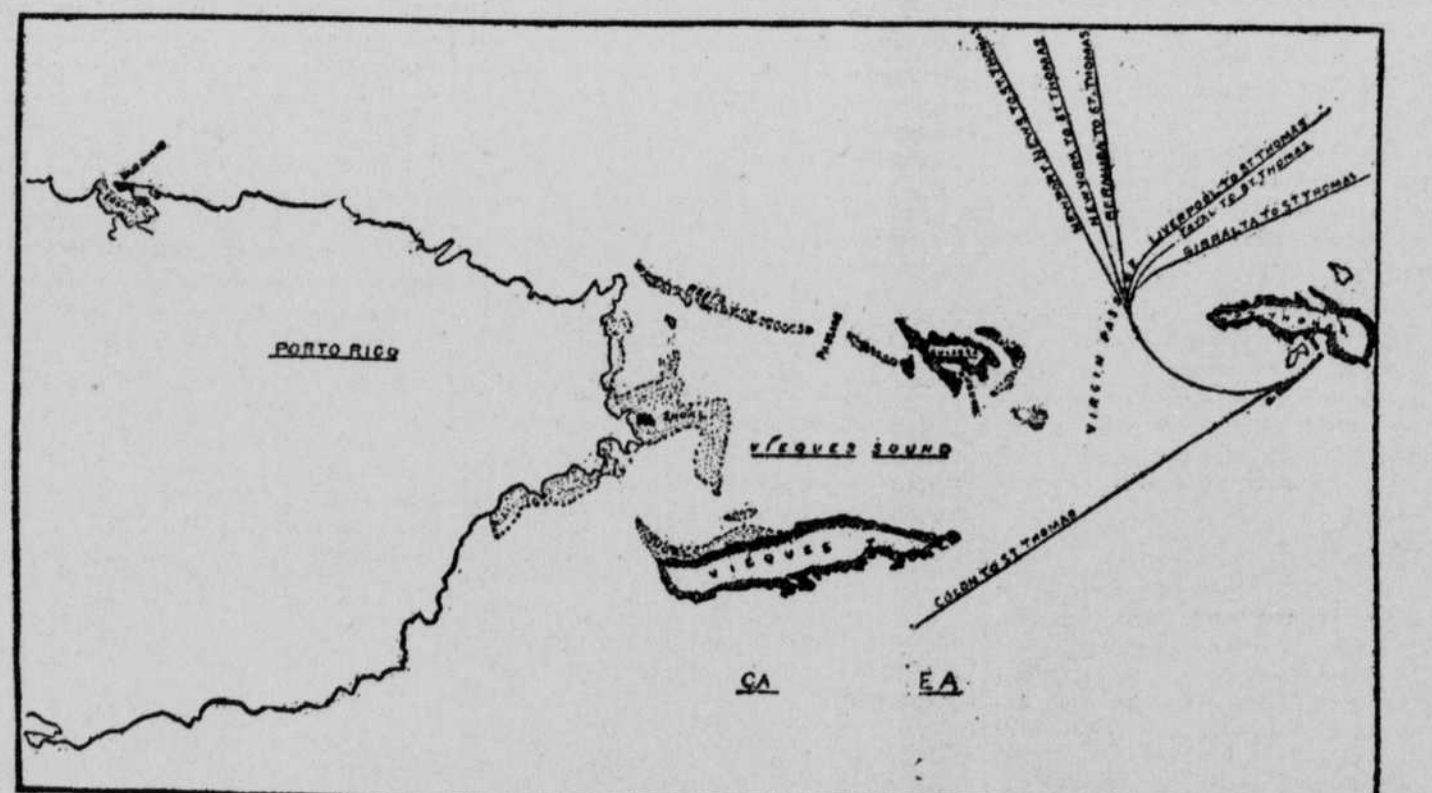
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AMERICAN NAVAL BASE IN CARIBBEAN SEA.



The rapid growth of the government's idea regarding the amount of control we should exercise over the waters of the West Indies and the surrounding territory may be inferred from the increase in the program announced only a few weeks ago by the navy department. The statement was then made that, owing to the unsettled conditions prevailing in this part of the world, the gunboat Bancroft has been ordered to Porto Rico as a station ship.

Heretofore, when it has been necessary to display our flag in some turbulent Latin-American port, much valuable time has been lost and extra expense involved by dispatching a vessel from New York or Boston. It

seemed advisable, therefore, to station the Bancroft 1,200 miles nearer the scene of action, where she would be able to reach her destination in two or three days from the receipt of orders from Washington.

Scarcely had the Bancroft started when the navy department decided to anticipate by nearly six months the naval maneuvers to be held next winter, and ordered Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan to assume command of the newly created Caribbean division of the North Atlantic squadron. Admiral Coghlan expects to hoist his flag on the Olympia Oct. 20 and sail for Culebra Island, which will be the headquarters for our Caribbean naval force. In addition to the

flagship Olympia there will be seven other vessels in Admiral Coghlan's division.

Culebra is one of the several small islands of the eastern coast of Porto Rico which we acquired from Spain when that island was ceded to us by the treaty of Paris. The largest of this group of islands is Vieques or Crab Island, five miles from Porto Rico and eight miles from Culebra. It has a length from east to west of twenty-one miles, with a width of six miles and forms the southern boundary of Vieques Sound.

Culebra is only about half the size of Vieques Island, but has been given the preference as a naval base on account of its fine harbor.