

Loup City Northwestern

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

Some men borrow trouble and others leave their porch chairs out on Hallowe'en.

Who will want to keep on trying to be a millionaire after what Marie Correll has said?

When you remember how wide the world is, it is astonishing how many people get in your way.

Spain wants a new navy. She has been looking on the remnants of her old one with Dewey eyes.

The sad case of Charles M. Schwab should be a warning to the American "hustler"—and this is no joke.

Rabbi Hirsch is going after the story of Mother Eve and the apple. But why make assaults on the dead?

Educated cats are all the rage now in Parisian society. This seems to be a case of education going to waste.

If Gen. Uribe-Urbe would uncouple his name and manage to get on with half of it the press would be obliged to him.

Gambling has increased to such an extent in Europe that another Monte Carlo is to be established and suicide made easier.

Shamrock III. will be longer than Lipton's two former boats, but he hopes it will not be any longer in making the race.

The man who has a deck of cards and knows how to play solitaire is the only one who is sure to be able to get into the game.

There are a whole lot of people who will agree with the Peoria judge in his condemnation of jail life. They've been there.

An Iowa judge decides that the value of a baby is \$3,000 in cash. Yet there are lots of people who won't have one at any price.

Toledo springs to the front with a novelty. A young couple eloped and were married on board the train. The irate parents were not even on their track.

A Chicago student attending Hobart college has been "accidentally" kicked to death in a football game. Accidents will happen even in football games.

Dr. Grossman is of the opinion that young lars are caused by indigestion. If that be so, mothers should substitute tincture of rhubarb for the switch.

That Cleveland man's platform in which he promised not to wear a dress suit if elected to congress has at least the merit of being easily understood.

George F. Baer, the tyrannical coal king, began life very poor. And how hard the very poor who have become rich can be to the very poor who are still very poor.

Apostle Reed Smoot, the Utah aspirant for the United States Senate, may or may not be a polygamist, but a man with a name like that might be guilty of anything.

A New York lady who sued for \$25,000 for breach of promise has been awarded damages in the sum of six cents. That ought to take the conceit out of the fellow.

Walking Shield, a bad Indian, has been hanged for killing his prospective mother-in-law. Eventually white men also will have to recognize that mothers-in-law have rights.

Finger prints are now utilized in the courts for establishing the identity of persons. Little children should be warned that mamma can discover who put their dirty hands on the wall paper.

Probably if Uncle Sam could establish a belief that fishing worms are plentiful along the line of the Panama canal he could get an army of rosters to tear up a hole down there without paying for it.

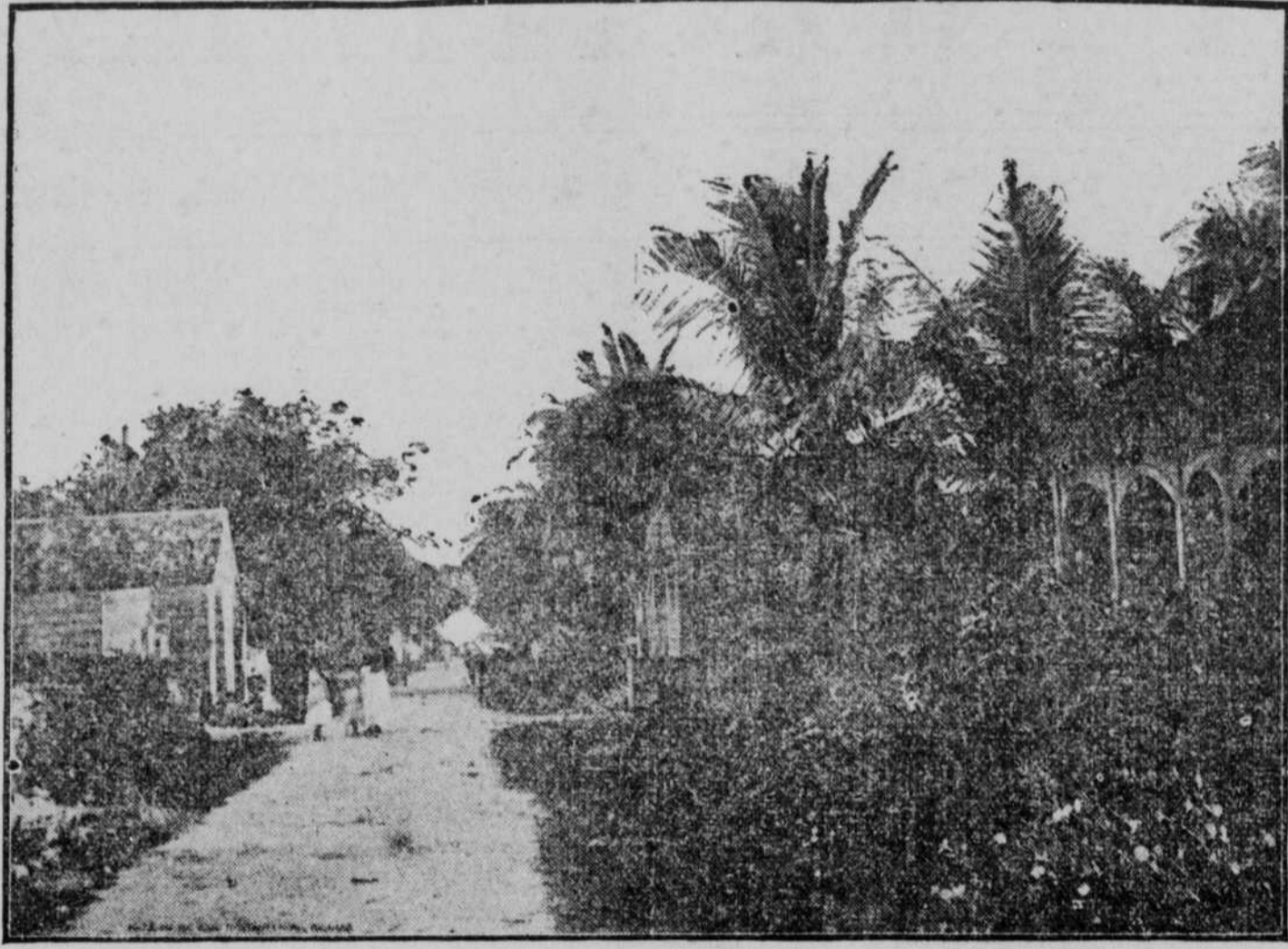
In an Ohio town a father named Kohl has named his helpless infant daughter Anthracite. We trust that there will be as great a demand for Anthracite Kohl eighteen years hence as there is now.

A man returned \$9 to the Great Northern railway for a ride he took twenty-two years before. As yet no tramp has appeared to give up ten cents for a drink he bummed from a bartender in the past.

On the society page of a Chicago daily is printed a two-column half-tone portrait of a handsome woman with lines under it telling that she is Mrs. Whatersname, former wife of Mr. Whatycallim, "who weds again soon after obtaining a divorce." It is hard to imagine anything more exquisitely Chicago than this.

Mary MacLane has abandoned the hope of discovering the devil in the east and has gone back to her Sand and Barrenness. Mary is the kind of a looker the devil usually side-steps.

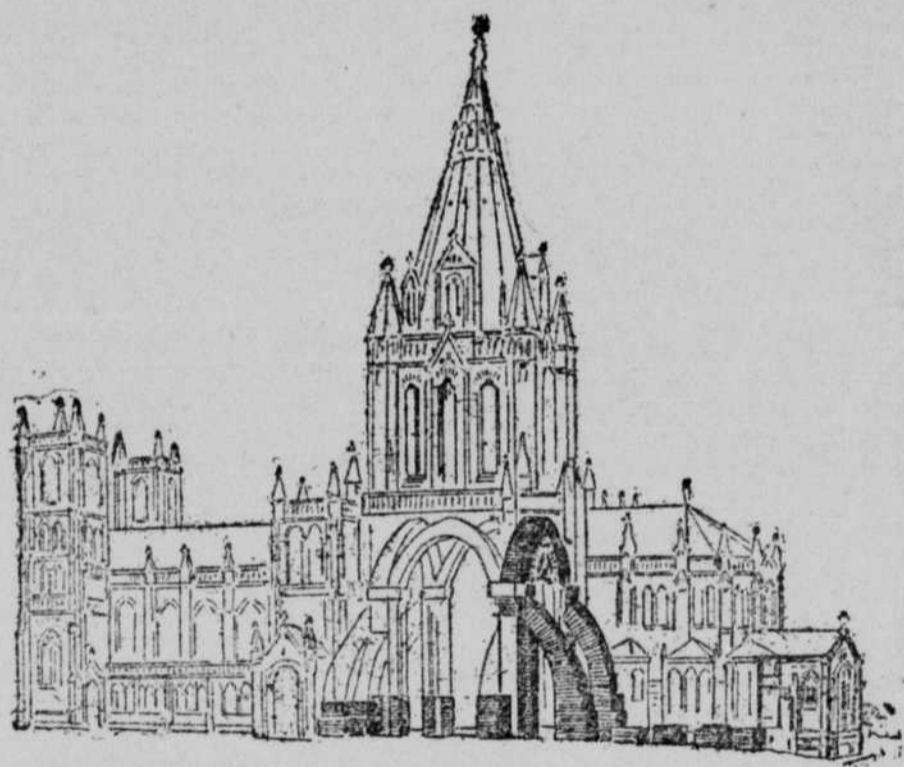
ROAD NEAR GRANSTOWN, BAHAMAS



NEW YORK'S GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Bishop Potter of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, recently went up to Morningside Heights to inspect the work being done on the largest cathedral that has been undertaken in centuries. He was accompanied by an ecclesiastical friend from the west, who, in the course of the inspection, said to him: "I can't begin to grasp the bigness of this cathedral of yours. For the last ten years I've been hearing about the record-breaking dimensions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and I've marvelled thereat. "But now that I am here on the

grasp an idea of the magnificent proportions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the intricate and delicate architectural problems that its construction has brought forward. Just one big little thing will give a fair impression of the vast task the cathedral's builders have assumed. It is the intention to begin work on the choir of the cathedral this fall. The choir will be 120 feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and its ceiling 108 feet above the floor. It will have an area of 6,480 square feet. On the cathedral grounds is a \$25,000 stone mill, erected for the ex-



The Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Shaded Parts Show the Extent of the Work Done in the Last Ten Years.

clusive use of the cathedral. Last year forty stone cutters, with the aid of the latest improved machinery, dressed and finished 10,000 cubic yards of stone. Working at this rate, which means working every day in the year except Sundays and holidays, it will take these forty men ten years to dress and finish the necessary amount of stone for the choir's interior. The stone workers began this long task a few days ago.

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HOW DIAMONDS MAY EXPLODE.

Cases in Which Only Ordinary Degree of Heat is Necessary.

It has long been known that diamonds, especially the class known as "rose diamonds," are likely to explode if subjected only to what would seem a very ordinary degree of heat, such as strong rays from the sun, etc. It is now believed that the explosions are the result of the rapid expansion of certain volatile liquids inclosed in cavities near the center of these precious stones. A great many diamonds, even though cut, mounted and worn as gems of perfection, are still in an unfinished condition—that is, the liquid drop from which the stone is being formed has not as yet deposited all of its "pure crystals of carbon." These movable drops may occasionally be seen with the naked eye.

When this is the case, a strong microscope will give the drop the appearance of a bubble in the fluid of a carpenter's level. It is also highly probable that besides the liquid mentioned these cavities may contain gases under great tension. This being the case, one may readily comprehend how a very small amount of heat would cause the liquid and gas to expand to such a degree that the diamond would give way with all the characteristics of a miniature explosion.

Seeks to Stop Dueling.
Signor Ottolenghi, Italian Minister of War, has practically put a stop to dueling by imprisoning those participants who escape death.

Turned-in toes are often found with reoccupied absent-minded persons.

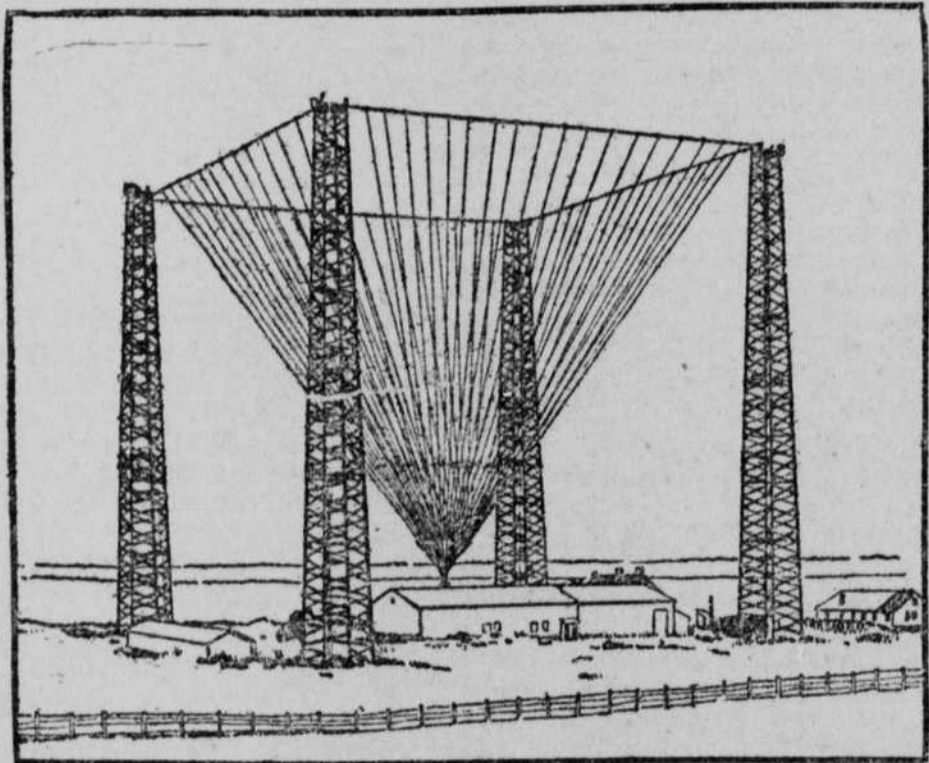
HAS DAVY CROCKETT'S RIFLE.

Valuable Relic Owned by Tennessee Secretary of State.

One of the most interesting relics on exhibition in the office of Secretary of State Crockett is the rifle which was presented by admiring friends to his great grandfather, the immortal Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo and author of the equally immortal phrase: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." This gun was carried by the grandson of the first owner, the late Gen. "Bob" Crockett, who fought down much game with it, but now it has been retired with honor and full pay to pass the remainder of its days, or centuries, as a relic of one of the greatest characters this country has ever produced. It is a formidable-looking weapon, originally of the flint-lock type, with a 40-caliber bore. The barrel was originally forty-six inches long, but some of it has been cut off and it is now only forty and a half inches. It was presented to David Crockett soon after his second election to congress in 1829, by some of his admiring young whig friends of Philadelphia. It cost \$250 and was made especially for him. The donors raised the money by contributing half a dollar each to the fund. The stock is trimmed in sterling silver, appropriately designed with figures of the Goddess of Liberty, a raccoon, a deer's head and other figures. Along the upper part of the barrel are the letters, set into the metal in gold, some of which has worn out: "Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett of Tennessee." In similar letters near the muzzle are the words: "Go ahead."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"Tim" Sullivan is Temperate.
"Tim" Sullivan, who has come to the front so strongly in New York city politics of late, has been a saloon-keeper for many years, but it is not of record that anyone ever saw him take a drink. In Albany at one time he was taken seriously ill and a physician ordered him to take a stimulant. "Don't you think I can pull through without whisky?" asked Tim. "You might," was the reply, "but you are so frightfully run down that I don't think you ought to risk it." Tim reflected for a minute and said: "I'll take the chance. D—n if I'll take a drink." And he didn't.

MARCONI'S GLACE BAY STATION



This is a picture of Marconi's new wireless telegraph station at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. The inventor is now on his way across the Atlantic to make long-distance tests with his improved apparatus and put the station in practical operation. Since he last visited this country Marconi has been occupied in improving his machinery for wireless telegraphy. Sixty English warships and twenty-seven commercial vessels are at present using his system of signals. In England there are forty-one stations of the Lloyds using it under contract. In the United States the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America has been organized, with a capital of \$5,500,000 to control all the business, including Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. There is, in addition to this company, a company in England and one in Belgium.

C. M. SCHWAB FAILED ONCE

He Tried to Be a Horseshoer, but the Horse Objected and He Quit.

"Even a great man has to choose his trade. He can't succeed at any old thing," a horseshoer told an outsider at the recent Philadelphia convention of the trade. "A genius in the iron trade once tried mine and gave it up after one attempt.

"You've heard of Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate who is building a palace for himself in New York with a few of his millions. Well, he tried to shoe a horse once and couldn't do it.

"It was when he was a young man just about old enough to earn his own living. He used to take his father's horse to the shop of Pat Moran, the horseshoer in Loretto village, to be shod.

"Time and time again he asked Pat to let him nail on a shoe. He seemed to like the business.

"'Ah, g'wan,' Pat would tell him. 'Yer can't shoe yerself. Yer daddy has to do it fer yer.'

"But young Schwab stuck to it and finally one day the smith let him try it. And he bungled it so that after a while the patient horse landed out with his foot and away went the youngster to the other side of the smithy.

"I guess I can never learn horseshoeing," he said when he picked himself up.

"He never tried again, but took up a trade of which he could make himself the master.

"He calls to see Moran whenever he goes home to Loretto now, and they talk about how a promising recruit to the trade gave it up.

"Well, he couldn't shoe a horse, whatever else he's able to do," the blacksmith says when he hears about another of Mr. Schwab's successes."

FOR THE NEXT GENTLEMAN

Street Gamin's Fellow Feeling for Those in Distress.

An amusing incident was witnessed in a cigar store on Chestnut street the other afternoon.

A newsboy, having picked up a cigar stump, walked in and, addressing the man behind the counter, said: "Say, boss, give us a match."

The man behind the counter, looking down, said: "My young friend, we are not here for the purpose of giving away matches; we sell them."

"How much are dey?" was the question. "One cent a box," the clerk announced. Theurchin stuck his hand into his pocket and produced, after a great deal of hunting, a penny and handed it to the man.

He received his box of matches, and, taking one out, lit the "butt." Returning the box to the man back of the case, he said: "Say, put dis back on de shelf, and when a gentleman comes along and asks you for a match, why, give him one out of my box."—Philadelphia Times.

Wrong Environment.

Louis Evan Shipman, the novelist and playwright, when in Philadelphia a fortnight ago, looking after his interests in Actor Hackett's performances of "The Crisis" told of an aged negro who, visiting in a strange town, strolled into an Episcopal church that had a "Strangers Welcome" placard displayed at the door. She was a good Zionist, and very regular and devout with regard to the services in her own church at home. The responsive reading and the frequent "Amen's" interested her and, in time, made her very fervid; and she began to punctuate the service with lusty "Hallelujahs." She attracted attention, and finally was approached by the sexton, who said:

"Madam, you cannot carry on that way here."

"But I've got religion!" she explained, ecstatically.

"That may be so," answered the sexton, "but madam, this is no place to show it."

Fagged Out.

(This poem is an imitation of Paul Kester's "I Want to Go Home." Too tired to originate.—Author's Note.)

I want to let go,
To drop the whole thing,
The worries, the frets,
The sorrows, the sins;
Just to let myself down
On the bed or the ground—
Anywhere, so it's down—
And let myself go.

And the folks? I don't care;
And my business? The same,
Hell and heaven? Too tired.

I want to forget,
And don't want to say
What I want to forget,
And I don't want to think;
Just to let down my nerves,
Just to smooth out my brain,
Just to sleep. And that's all.

Please leave me alone
With your pillows and things;
'Tisn't that that I want,
Nor a doctor, nor folks.
I just want to let go,
Oh, I want to let go,
—Amos R. Wells in Lippincott's Magazine.

Career of Admiral Selfridge.

The late Admiral Selfridge's eighty-four years' service in the navy came near covering the entire history of an American sea power. The admiral entered the navy as a midshipman and was retired thirty-six years ago. His son of the same name, who was graduated from the naval academy in 1854, also attained the rank of rear admiral, and went on the retired list in 1898. The late admiral's grandson is in the service now. The elder Selfridge, who was a contemporary of Farragut, was said to be at the time of his death, the oldest naval officer in the world, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel of the British navy being five years his junior.

To be born without humor one loses two-thirds of life's enjoyment.

The only advice that we willingly accept is that which fits into our own desires.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Berville, Mich.

Success makes some people forget how they wrestled with their first baby.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

What constitutes one man's happiness may be another's misery.

HALF RATES.

Plus \$2.00, one way or round trip, via Wabash Railroad. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month to many points south and southeast. Aside from this tickets are on sale to all the winter resorts of the south at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the shortest, quickest and best line for St. Louis and all points south and southeast. Ask your nearest ticket agent to route you via the Wabash.

For rates, folders and all information call at Wabash corner, 101 Farnam street, Omaha, or address:

HARRY E. MOORES,
Gen. Pass. Agt. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Water for Jerusalem.

Work has finally been completed on a new water service whereby the entire city of Jerusalem is supplied with water from King Solomon's "Sealed Fountain," seven miles south of the city.

When faith is lost and honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.

Eleven Points in the Evidence.

Fast trains that make time; smooth and level tracks; charming scenery; luxurious through sleeping cars; excellent dining cars; barber shop and bath; stock reports and daily and weekly papers; ladies' maids and stenographers; buffets and libraries; courteous and attentive employes; and centrally located stations, are a few of the reasons for the marvelous passenger traffic of the New York Central Lines.

Honduras Stamps to Be Made Here.

The government of Honduras has decided to have its postage stamps and postal cards engraved abroad this year and the work is to be done in the United States, according to a report from Consul W. E. Alger of Puerto Cortez. The government has also arranged for a supply of silver coins to be minted in Philadelphia.

When an old man tackles religion it raises a doubt as to his staying qualities.

In the endless race for wealth men are too prone to forget the ordinary claims of humanity.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is no index to character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

I do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOWEN, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1904

Boston may drive away a few of the shivers with synthetical coal.

WHY IT IS THE BEST

is because made by an entirely different process. Danes Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 19 cents.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Any young man who is in love likes to say good night the next morning.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

\$25 ON IS WHAT YOU CAN SAVE

5 TON Also B.R. Pumps

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